Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

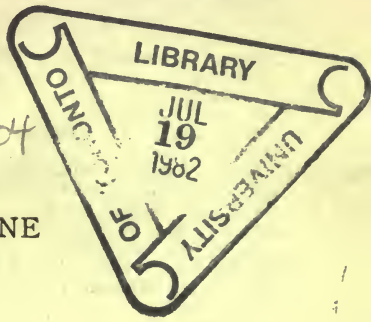
http://www.archive.org/details/catholicworld104pauluoft

70235

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

AP
2
C3
v.104



A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

PUBLISHED BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

VOL. CIV.

OCTOBER, 1916, TO MARCH, 1917

NEW YORK:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD
120 WEST 60TH STREET

—

1917

CONTENTS.

Aged, The Care of Children and the.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* 56
American Statesmen and Freedom of the Seas.—*Charles O'Sullivan,* 447
An American Treck in the Footprints of Shakespeare: The Two John Wards.—*Appleton Morgan* 13
Apostolate, The New York.—*John E. Wickham,* 738
Art of Paul Claudel, The.—*Thomas J. Gerrard,* 471
"Bondage," Science in.—*Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D.,* . 577
Call of the Child, The.—*Joseph V. McKee, A.M.,* 523
Canada, Tercentenary of the Establishment of the Faith in.—*Anna T. Sadlier,* 303
Care of Children and the Aged, The.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* 56
Catholic Charities, Impressions of the National Conference of.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.,* . . 193
Catholic Note in Modern Drama, The.—*May Bateman,* . . . 164
Catholic Scholar-Statesman, Filippo Meda, A.—*William P. H. Kitchin, Ph.D.,* 158
Child, The Call of the.—*Joseph V. McKee, A.M.,* 523
Christ, Christianity Without.—*F. A. Palmieri, O.S.A.,* . . . 145
Christ, From Christmas to.—*Henry A. Doherty, Jr.,* 357
Christian Unity and the Eastern Churches, The Prayer of the Pope for.—*F. A. Palmieri, O.S.A.,* 606
Christianity Without Christ.—*F. A. Palmieri, O.S.A.,* . . . 145
Christmas, A Merry.—*Blanche M. Kelly,* 334
College Problems, Some.—*James A. Burns, C.S.C., Ph.D.,* . . 433
Coming of Age of the X-ray, The. —*Brother Potamian, Sc.D.,* . 78
Debt of the Catholic Faith, Indiana's.—*Louis P. Harl,* . . 496
Defining Dostoevsky.—*Richardson Wright,* 820
Drama, Sincerity and the Modern. —*Thomas J. Gerrard,* . . . 1
Dr. John B. Murphy.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* 365
Earls, The Flight of the.—*Michael Earls, S.J.,* 651
Filippo Meda, A Catholic Scholar-Statesman.—*William P. H. Kitchin, Ph.D.,* 158
Flight of the Earls, The.—*Michael Earls, S.J.,* 651
France, The Organization and Work of Catholic Chaplains with the Allied Armies in.—*Francis Aveling, D.D.,* 675
Freedom of the Seas and American Statesmen.—*Charles O'Sullivan,* 447
From Christmas to Christ.—*Henry A. Doherty, Jr.,* 357
General Convention in St. Louis, Protestant Episcopal. — *James Coffey,* 385
Hickey, Emily, The Poetical Works of.—*Eleanor Hull,* 202
Historians, Human Nature and the. —*Gilbert K. Chesterton,* . . 721
Hugh Francis Blunt, The Poetry of. —*Hugh Anthony Allen, M.A.,* . 663
Human Nature and the Historians. —*Gilbert K. Chesterton,* . . 721
Immigrant Making a Living, The.—*Frank O'Hara,* 214
Immigration, The Restriction of: A Medley of Arguments.—*Frank O'Hara,* 289
Impressions of the National Conference of Catholic Charities.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.,* . . . 193
Indiana's Debt to the Catholic Faith.—*Louis P. Harl,* . . . 496
Insane and Defectives, The Story of Organized Care of the.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* . . . 226
Irish Rebel as a Literary Critic, An. —*Padraic Colum,* 83
Justification of Luther by History Alone, The.—*Moorhouse I. X. Millar, S.J.,* 768
Literary Critic, An Irish Rebel as a. —*Padraic Colum,* 83
Living, The Immigrant Making a.—*Frank O'Hara,* 214
Luther and Social Service.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* . . . 781
Luther by History Alone, The Justification of.—*Moorhouse I. X. Millar, S.J.,* 768
Mark Twain, The Tragedy of.—*George Nauman Shuster,* . . . 731
Merry Christmas, A.—*Blanche M. Kelly,* 334
Milton—Man and Poet.—*Gilbert K. Chesterton,* 463
Modern Drama, The Catholic Note in.—*May Bateman,* 164
Modern Thought and the Nature of Its Progress.—*Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D.,* 44
Murphy, Dr. John B.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* 365
New York Apostolate, The.—*John E. Wickham,* 738
Organization and Work of Catholic Chaplains with the Allied Armies in France, The.—*Francis Aveling, D.D.,* 675
Paul Claudel, Mystic.—*May Bateman,* 484
Paul Claudel, The Art of.—*Thomas J. Gerrard,* 471
Paul the Jew.—*L. E. Bellanti, S.J.,* 617
Poetical Works of Emily Hickey.—*Eleanor Hull,* 202
Poetry of Hugh Francis Blunt, The. —*Hugh Anthony Allen, M.A.,* . 663
Poor Step-Dame, The.—*Joyce Kilmer,* 807
Poverty and Riches.—*Helen Grierson,* 66
Prayer of the Pope for Christian Unity and the Eastern Churches, The.—*F. A. Palmieri. O.S.A.,* . 606
Progress, Modern Thought and the Nature of Its.—*Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D.,* 44
Protestant Episcopal General Convention in St. Louis.—*James Thomas Coffey,* 385
Recent Events, 127, 269, 416, 563, 698, 849
Restriction of Immigration, The: A Medley of Arguments.—*Frank O'Hara,* 289
Richard Brinsley Sheridan.—*Brother Leo,* 593
Riches and Poverty.—*Helen Grierson,* 66
Science in "Bondage."—*Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D.,* . 577
Shakespeare: The Two John Wards. An American Treck in

the Footprints of.—*Appleton Morgan,* 13
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley.—*Brother Leo,* 593
Sincerity and the Modern Drama.—*Thomas J. Gerrard,* . . 1
Social Service, Luther and.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* . . 781
Some College Problems.—*James A. Burns, C.S.C., Ph.D.,* . . . 433
Step-Dame, The Poor.—*Joyce Kilmer,* 807
St. Paul at Work.—*L. E. Bellanti, S.J..* 751
Story of Organized Care of the Insane and Defectives, The.—*James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.,* . . 226
Tercentenary of the Establishment of the Faith in Canada.—*Anna T. Sadlier,* 303
Tragedy of Mark Twain, The.—*George Nauman Shuster,* . . 731
Was the Son of Man Brusque to His Mother?—*Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D.,* 342
With Our Readers, 136, 278, 424, 570, 710, 857
Work, St. Paul at.—*L. E. Bellanti, S.J.,* 751
X-ray, The Coming of Age of the.—*Brother Potamian,* . . 78

STORIES.

"Dempsey."—*Helen Moriarty,* . 792
Old Wine and New Bottles.—*John Ayscough,* 177, 317
One Who Feared Much.—*Rose Martin,* 631
Polly's Pudding.—*M. E. Francis,* . 373
Pure Gold.—*Charles Phillips,* 89, 235
The Sentinel Mother.—*Edmund A. Walsh, S.J.,* 511
The Tyranny of Circumstance.—*Thomas B. Reilly,* . . . 31
The Weird Gilly.—*Shane Leslie,* . 762

POEMS.

A Road of Ireland.—*Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.,* . . . 767
Apportionment.—*Armel O'Connor,* 65
Epiphany Song.—*Caroline Giltinan,* 462
Father Lacombe, O.M.I.—*George Benson Hewetson,* . . . 650
Give Us This Day.—*Charles McGill,* 364
Mater Desolata.—*Theodore Maynard.* 616
Old Hudson Rovers.—*Michael Earls, S.J.,* 29
Quis Desiderio.—*Thomas Walsh,* . 533
Thanksgiving.—*Helen Haines,* . 201
The Coward.—*Caroline Giltinan,* . 192
The Crimson Snow.—*Charles Phillips,* 332
The Singing Girl.—*Joyce Kilmer,* . 43
The Sleeping Christ.—*Caroline D. Swan,* 356
To a Dead Child.—*James B. Dollard, Litt.D.,* 522
To a Friend.—*Marian Nesbitt,* . 806
To My Guardian Angel.—*Emily Hickey,* 88
"The Road to Coom."—*Alice M. Cashel,* 791
Urania.—*George Noble Plunkett,* . 234

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Brief Commentary on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, . 841
A Brief History of Poland, . . 833
Accidentals, ... 124
A Century of Scientific Thought and Other Essays, . . . 107
A Companion For Daily Communion, ... 555
Alcohol and Society, ... 119
A Lecture Entitled: The Christian Science Church, . . . 540
A Little White Flower, . . . 259
American Men of Letters, . . 554
A More Excellent Way, . . . 141
An Alphabet of Irish Saints, . 258
An Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916, ... 831
An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious, ... 123
An Introduction to Economics, . 546
Archæology and the Bible, . . 407
A Retrospect, ... 115
A Retrospect of Fifty Years. . 689
Arlo, ... 554
A Sheaf, ... 835
A Short History of the Catholic Church, ... 257
A Spiritual Pilgrimage, . . . 827
A Story of Love, ... 841
A Student's Textbook in the History of Education, . . . 548
A Volunteer Poilu, ... 696
Belle Jones, ... 556
Bird Friends, ... 559
Blackbeard's Island, ... 414
Brief Discourses on The Gospel, . 551
Christian Armour for Youth, . 123
Concilium Tridentinum, . . . 401
Cupid of Campion, ... 554
Damaris, ... 538
Dante, ... 836
Dante: How To Know Him, . 267
Dead Yesterday, ... 543
Defoe: How to Know Him, . . 406
Democracy or Despotism, . . 115
Distributive Justice: The Right and Wrong of Our Present Distribution of Wealth. . . . 545
Doing Their Bit, ... 541
Duty and Other Irish Comedies, . 263
El Supremo, ... 538
Enforced Peace, ... 839
Faith in a Future Life, . . . 550
Far Hence to the Gentiles, . . 124
First Lessons in American History, 558
Five Masters of French Romance, 694
France: Her People and Her Spirit, ... 687
French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778, . . . 555
Friends of France, ... 541
From Convent to Conflict, . . 553
Fruit Gathering, ... 829
Gerald de Lacey's Daughter, . 847
Ghenko, ... 844
Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor, . 396
Guide for Postulants, . . . 126
Half Lights, ... 844
Heart Songs and Home Songs, . 262
Her Father's Share, ... 558
Her Husband's Purse. . . . 121
International Finance, . . . 116
Ireland's Literary Renaissance, . 830
Joseph Conrad, ... 247
Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work, . . . 399
Julius Le Vallon, ... 392

Juvenile Play Catalogue, . . 409
La Lourdes du Nord, . . . 126
La Salle, ... 560
Louise and Barnavaux, . . 110
Love and Lucy, ... 398
Marie of the House d'Anters, . 113
Memoirs of Sister Mary of Mercy Kéruel, ... 124
Michael Cassidy, Sergeant, . . 254
Modern Essays, ... 262
More Wanderings in London, . 550
Morning Face, ... 413
Mr. Britling Sees It Through, . 405
My Slav Friends, . . . 264
Nationality in Modern History, . 548
Nature Miracle and Sin, . . 540
Old Glory. 395
Only Anne, ... 113
Our Hispanic Southwest, . . 535
Paul Mary Pakenham: Passionist, 114
Penrod and Sam, ... 556
People Like That, ... 267
Philippine Folk Lore, . . . 847
Philosophy: What Is It? . . 259
Potential Russia, ... 542
Prayer, ... 409
Priests on the Firing Line, . . 403
Prose Types in Newman, . . 122
Refining Fires, ... 539
Reminiscences of the Right Honorable Lord O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, . . . 692
Sermons Preached on Various Occasions. 125
Shakespearean Studies, . . . 261
Societal Evolution, . . . 118
Society and Prisons, . . . 400
South America, ... 263
Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, ... 536
Speaking of Home, ... 409
Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Intrepretation. 414
St. Catherine of Siena: Her Life and Times, ... 109
Students' Mass Book and Hymnal, 558
The Advance of the English Novel, 248
The Allies' Fairy Book, . . 413
The Best Stories of 1915, . . 553
The Bird House Man, . . . 399
The Bombardment of Arras, . 126
The Book of the Junior Sodalists of Our Lady, ... 559
The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel, 406
The Borodino Mystery, . . 255
The Bright Eyes of Danger, . . 124
The Case of American Drama, . 547
The Catholic Platform, . . 123
The Celt and the World, . . 697
The Chevalier de Boufflers, . . 552
The Circus and Other Essays, . 826
The Clergy and the War of 1914, 126
The Commonitorium of Vincentius of Lerins, ... 252
The Criminal Imbecile, . . 845
The Crowd in Peace and War, . 255
The Divine Master's Portrait, . 840
The Divinity of Christ, . . 841
The Emperor of Portugallia, . 697
The Facts About Luther, . . 838
The Fairy Bride, ... 552
The Founding of Spanish California, ... 390
The Fourth Reader, . . . 414
The French Clergy and the War, . 415
The Gate of Asia, ... 542
The God of Battles, . . . 117
The Great Push, ... 256
The Green Alleys, . . . 264
The Heart of Rachael, . . . 394
The Hermit and the King, . . 263
The History of Marriage and Divorce, ... 250
The History of St. Norbert. . . 407
The Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking, ... 116
The Ideal Catholic Reader Series, 561
The Insurrection in Dublin, . . 843
The Intelligence of Woman, . 846
The Irish Rebellion and Its Martyrs, ... 693
Their Spirit. 696
The Know About Library, . . 412
The Leatherwood God, . . 397
The Life of John Marshall, . . 534
The Life of King John Sobieski, John the Third, of Poland, . 112
The Life of St. Columban, . . 258
The Life of St. Paul, . . . 125
The Literary History of Spanish America, ... 389
The Little Hunchback Zia, . . 112
The Magnificent Adventure, . . 268
The Manual of Natural Education, 551
The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church: Liturgical, Doctrinal, Historical and Archæological, ... 695
The Mastering of Mexico, . . 254
The Melancholy Tale of Me, . 557
The Mind and Its Education, . 560
The Mothercraft Manual, . . 842
The Nest-Builder, . . . 110
The New Reservation of Time and Other Articles, ... 546
The Old Blood, ... 840
The Owlet Library, . . . 412
The Painters of Florence, . . 834
The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard, 394
The Poets Laureate of England, . 411
The Prayer Book for Boy Scouts, 125
The Present Hour, . . . 117
The Press and the War, . . 126
The Psychology of the Common Branches, ... 413
The Representative English Plays, 410
The Rising Tide, ... 560
The Romance of a Christmas Card, 395
The Seminarian: His Character and Work, ... 840
The Sunday Missal, . . . 400
The Syrian Christ, . . . 551
The Taming of Calinga, . . 554
The Thirteenth Commandment, . 552
The Tide of Immigration, . . 249
The Truth About Christian Science, 257
The Tutor's Story, . . . 397
The Ultimate Belief, . . . 842
The Vale of Shadows, . . . 117
The Wayside, ... 114
The Way to Easy Street, . . 413
The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. . . . 388
The Whale and the Grasshopper, . 540
The Whirlpool, ... 539
The Wiser Folly, . . . 843
The Wonderful Year, . . . 398
The Woodcraft Girls at Camp, . 559
The World for Sale, . . . 263
Toward An Enduring Peace, . 404
Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras, . . . 391
Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders. 692
Voices of the Valley, . . . 557
Wind's Will, ... 122
Within My Parish, . . . 124
With the Zionists in Gallipoli, . 396
Workmanship in Words, . . 412
Yonder? 841

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CIV. OCTOBER, 1916. No. 619.

SINCERITY AND THE MODERN DRAMA.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

IT is not only the modern drama, but the whole of modern art and culture that claims the distinctive note of sincerity. The word echoes through our schools, through our studies, through our galleries. It has become the touchstone of art criticism. It is the test of a good biography. To say that any given piece of work is sincere is to say the most important thing you can about it, while to say that it is not sincere is to damn it. The artist expresses what he feels, and his work must bear evidence that what has been expressed has been previously felt. So insistent is this feature of the new culture, that it has almost become a cult in itself and for its own sake.

Like all new tendencies of life-thought this note carries with it excesses as well as virtues. The idea has been gaining ground that, provided a work is sincere, it may justifiably express anything or everything. This is painful enough in the realm of æsthetics. But in the drama, as also in other branches of literature, we have the principle carried into the realm of morals. There the elements of æsthetics and morals are so closely interwoven that the artist claims the right to be a moralist. Nay, so seriously does he take himself that he claims the right to propound brand new moralities. Mr. G. B. Shaw, for instance, makes such a clean sweep as to define as immoral anything which is contrary to established manners and customs. And then he goes on to state his

Copyright. 1916. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

aim and profession: "I am not an ordinary playwright in general practice. I am a specialist in immoral and heretical plays.....I write plays with the deliberate object of converting the nation to my opinion in these matters."[1]

The modern dramatists of England have recently spoken about their work and told us explicitly their views and principles. The published report of the recent Parliamentary Committee appointed to investigate stage plays is an important document. It is valuable also to us in America, since the witnesses who were heard have vogue in our country as well as in England.

Mr. Shaw, for instance, tells us that he suffered enormous pecuniary loss in America because his play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* was condemned by the English censorship. Mr. Archer, the leading critic, thinks that the local authorities here have quite as much power as they have in England, and that the Puritan element, or what is sometimes called the Non-Conformist conscience, is as active in America as it is in England. Mr. Hall Caine relates how he was in New York at the time when *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was produced. The hotel at which he stayed was just opposite the Garrick Theatre. He saw the crowd buying tickets from the speculators, and he saw the policemen go in and the policemen remain outside. He thought of the Chief of Police, a man who knew nothing about the drama or the Ten Commandments outside their interpretation in the criminal code. And this man was to sit as the sole arbiter over the work of one of the most distinguished of literary men! In an article on *The New Spirit in the Drama,* written by Mr. Galsworthy, the eminent dramatist clearly defines his idea of sincerity and its application to the drama. "What then is there," he says, "lying at the back of any growth or development there may have been of late in our drama? In my belief, simply an outcrop of sincerity—of fidelity to mood—to impression—to self. A man here and there has turned up who has imagined something true to what he has really seen and felt, and has projected it across the footlights in such a way as to make other people feel it. This is all that has lately happened on our stage."[2]

Although that is all that has happened, yet it has met with grave difficulties. It usually makes a commercial failure; it is dubbed "serious," whereas not all of it is serious; it is regarded unfavorably by actor-managers, because it does not provide them

[1] Introduction to *The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet,* pp. 318, 319.
[2] *The Hibbert Journal,* April, 1913.

with a constant succession of big parts for themselves; and it is hampered by the censor, because the censor is the natural guardian of the ordinary prejudices of sentiment and taste.

With such obstacles in its way, the new drama must needs find it hard to sustain the note of sincerity. And the case becomes harder still when we realize the range of action which the new drama demands. "Sincerity," continues Mr. Galsworthy, "bars out no themes—it only demands that the dramatist's moods and visions should be intense enough to keep him absorbed.....It is not the artist's business (be he dramatist or other) to preach. Admitted! His business is to portray; but portray he cannot if he has any of that glib doctrinaire spirit, which, devoid of the insight that comes from instinctive sympathy, does not want to look at life, only at a mirage of life compounded of authority, tradition, comfort, habit."

Thus do we come to the crux of the question. Is the new spirit of the drama to have an unlimited range, unrestrained by any form of censorship, official or unofficial. Or must it submit to a censorship, thereby losing more or less its character or sincerity? Or is there a third way by which at the same time sincerity may be saved and due deference paid to authority and tradition? I submit that the last is the only way that can be followed, and that such way is the best whether in the interests of sincerity, or of æsthetics, or of morals.

First, however, we must have a clear notion as to what is real sincerity. Presumably every dramatist wishes to conform to the highest ideal possible. He must, therefore, take pains to acquaint himself with due information as to what is the highest ideal. That ideal will then hold sway over his moods, his impressions, his self. The artist, being a man, will want to produce the highest of which a man is capable. This implies that his work must always be in accord with right reason. Being also a child of God, the artist will want to produce work which is in conformity with the will of God. This implies that his reason will be informed by the revealed law.

We must, therefore, go a step further than Mr. Galsworthy in his definition of sincerity. It is fidelity to mood—to impression—to self, but only in so far as the mood, the impression, and the self are controlled by right reason and God's law. Having secured this all-important extension we may then enter into full sympathy with the advanced artist, and insist, with him, that all

art must be conscientious, conscientious indeed whether it be non-moral, such as the portrayal of a landscape, or whether it involve the most fundamental principles of morality, such as drama dealing with marriage and divorce. But the conscience must be rightly informed and must use the whole of its information. If an episode is portrayed which ignores a moral principle for the sake of artistic effect, then the result bears with it neither the note of sincerity nor the perfection of spiritual beauty. And the æsthetic beauty which is expressed is lacking its complements. The work considered as an artistic whole is a failure.

For the due informing of the conscience, however, something more is needed than its own subjective intuitions and inferences. It has to take into account all the various spheres of existing law. Further, the various vehicles by which these laws are conveyed to the mind of the dramatist are, roughly speaking, just those things which Mr. Galsworthy would exclude from the real vision of life; namely, authority, tradition, comfort, habit. Authority and tradition convey to us all divine, natural and positive law, the function of which is to conserve life and to develop it to its richest fullness. Comfort and habit are given to us not, as many suppose, to make us content and lazy with the measure of life already attained, but to leave our faculties free for the attainment of higher and more fruitful expressions of life.

Far from these things being a hindrance to sincerity, they give it a wider scope. Be faithful to your ideal by all means, but first make sure that your little ideal is not opposed to a much greater one. If you define sincerity as fidelity to mood—to impression—to self, first make sure that the mood is legitimate, that the impression is not a false one, and that the self is not the lower self. In other words, the small subjective individualistic ideal must always be corrected by reference to the large objective universal ideal. Nay, since we are daily growing in experience, true sincerity will imply a constant readjustment of our individual and subjective ideal in response to the demands of the universal and objective ideal.

The great practical difference between the two ideals is that the small subjective one, being so small, can be seen immediately and at one glance, whereas the large objective one, being so large, can only be seen piecemeal and after much reflection. Hence the duty of being sincere is not so easy as it looks. It is as Mr. Galsworthy says: "But there is nothing easier in this life than to

think one is, and nothing much harder than to be, sincere." The easiness lies in the clearness of the conscious vision, whilst the difficulty lies in the obscurity of the subconscious vision, the impossibility of concentrating a long line of discursive reasoning into one intuition. Hence the very path of sincerity may have a semblance of insincerity. In being faithful to the higher ideals you may have to be a traitor to the lower ones. If you are going to be sincere to the whole truth, you must appear to be insincere to half-truths. If you want to minister to the more perfect beauty, you must seem to be ruthless in destroying the less perfect. Francis Thompson, in *The Hound of Heaven,* thus marks this contrast:

> I tempted all His servitors, but to find
> My own betrayal in their constancy,
> In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
> Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.

So wide is the objective ideal that the dramatist, like all other men, needs the help of his fellowmen in order to help him to make a practical use of it. Even the advanced dramatist is not so precious as to be above criticism. Every artist needs a censorship of some kind. The proposition is simply intolerable that, under the guise of sincerity, he may portray anything or everything that may present itself to his immediate vision. We cannot allow for a moment that no themes are barred, provided only they are sincere. If the dramatist cannot see where his immediate vision clashes with the universal moral law, he must have it pointed out to him.

Let the dramatist then reconcile his mind to this inexorable law. Otherwise there will be no room for sincerity. He will forever be trying to evade someone, and will have to resort to every kind of subterfuge. But if he faces the fact boldly and deals with it as with a legitimate check upon himself, then he will construct his work accordingly, and it will have the notes of unity and sincerity. Nay, if he would save himself an endless trouble in adjusting himself to the various forms of censorship, official and unofficial, he must have regard to that one *ultimate* aim of all writing, the one that keeps all the rest in order; namely, the manifestation of divine praise. He may follow Mr. Shaw in holding that the purpose of the drama is to preach; or Mr. Galsworthy, in that it is to portray; or Mr. George Edwardes, in that it is to dis-

tract and amuse. These, however, are but proximate aims. The test of their value is their relationship to the final aim.

Perhaps it may seem rather futile to some people to be dragging in such high spiritual principles in a matter so non-spiritual as having a night at the theatre. But the mere mention of the practical difficulties which the modern dramatist has to meet, shows that he is right up against these high spiritual principles.

So paramount indeed is the need of an open admission of an eternal law and purpose that no intelligent discussion of censorship is possible without it. And the reason is that other people besides dramatists have consciences. The sincerity of the manager, the sincerity of the actors, the sincerity of the audience, all these are factors in the artistic production of a piece. Our plea is for sincerity, but for sincerity all round.

The characteristic of the judgment of the general public has an all-important bearing upon the advanced dramatists and their passion for sincerity, for it represents the sincerity of the mass of humanity. The writers maintain that the due development of the drama requires that it should be free to criticize contemporary life and customary ideas. But in the criticism of customary ideas, it does not stop to consider whether those ideas pertain to the natural and divine laws which are immutable, or whether they pertain to conventions which may and even ought to be changed. There is a world of difference, for instance, between a play which advocates the dissolution of the marriage bond and the one, say, which advocates votes for women. And the healthy judgment of the public will always stand for that which is embedded in human nature, the reflex of the divine Mind.

But, surely, the artist retorts, you cannot allow the general public to be the judge as to what is the true development of art? No, we answer, but the general public is to be allowed to judge what offends its moral sense. It is precisely here where the advanced dramatist confuses his functions. Is he out for the advancement of art or for the teaching of morality? If for art, let him say so, and we will see to it that he keeps within his province. If for morality, let him say so, and we will see to it that he is duly qualified. As we shall see later, some of the advanced dramatists have very queer notions on the stability of moral law and on the value of moral science.

Mr. Chesterton is never prudish. Nay, he even approves of the two forbidden plays of Mr. Shaw. But he speaks the judg-

ment of humanity when he speaks of the freedom demanded by the advanced dramatists. He was asked: "Do you sympathize at all with the authors who desire that the drama should be free?" He replied: "The word 'free' as applied to the intellect is a frightfully tricky thing. If you mean, is anybody to be free to put anything on the stage that he likes, that is so nonsensical that I imagine that it cannot be discussed for a moment. The Roman amphitheatre, with people butchered in it, would be a mild image of what might happen if the thing were entirely free."[3]

Nor would Mr. Chesterton leave the choice to the manager and the author—they are too susceptible to financial interests. Nor again has he much confidence in the critics—they are too far removed from the people. He admires the man on the bus and prefers a jury of ordinary citizens. The question of censorship is not a question of art but a question of morals, and where the morals of a community are involved, nobody can judge except the ordinary citizen of that community. Instead of a single Examiner of Plays it would be better to have a democratic or elective body.

Of course, this would eventually influence the art itself. And so it ought. In art, even as in morals, we cannot set aside the ultimates. "You cannot get any further than the actual and ultimate soul of a people. If you have really got to the normal judgment, that is all you can go by.....I think that no kind of good art exists unless it grows out of the ideas of the average man..... If the people is not the ultimate judge, who is?"[4]

Mr. Shaw, within certain limits, admits the necessity of a referendum to the social judgment. Asked if he admitted that some control was necessary he replied: "Yes, there should be control over every possible sphere of human activity." But as soon as details were mentioned then he began to shuffle. "Should you consider that things which all mankind would condemn as grossly indecent should be prohibited?" He replied: "Well, you know there is not anything at all which all mankind would consider grossly indecent."[5] He was questioned too upon the point of religion. "You think that any outrage on religion, or attack upon religion, or ridicule of sacred personages, should be allowed on the stage?" He replied: "I think it should. I think the public would look after that." But this referendum to the public is not at all because Mr. Shaw takes the voice of the public as a sign of what is right and good. It is only because, when the

[3] Report, p. 345. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 343. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 48.

community at large will not tolerate a thing, he must accept the inevitable.

Mr. Galsworthy is quite frank. He objects to any sort of censorship before a play is produced. Censorship before production "acts as an irritant and deterrent to men of letters."[6] An imaginative writer demands that he should handle his emotions, his feelings, and his thoughts freely. But any kind of censorship is always, as it were, saying to an imaginative writer: "You must not freely handle your emotions, you must touch them only with the tips of your fingers." He either cannot see that, provided he keeps the moral law, he can have every liberty that he wants, or he desires the liberty of going beyond the moral law. He thinks it very hard that authors should be deterred in the choice of their subjects.

Mr. Thomas Hardy cited the case of his ballad, *A Sunday Morning Tragedy*. At first he wanted to produce it as a tragic play. He had gone as far as shaping the scenes, action, etc., when it occurred to him that the subject would prevent him ever getting it on the boards. So he had to abandon it. Mr. Henry James thought that the English man of letters was in this respect worse off than any other man of letters in Europe, and that the situation was deterrent to men of any intellectual independence and respect. Mr. Wells admitted that the censorship had always been *one* of the reasons why he had never ventured into play-writing. Mr. Joseph Conrad could not say whether a dramatic author was ever deterred from producing good work by the existence of the censorship, but he was certain that he might be shamefully hindered. Mr. Arnold Bennett was most emphatic of all. "Most decidedly," he wrote, "the existence of the censorship makes it impossible for me even to think of writing plays on the same plane of realism and *thoroughness* as my novels. It is not a question of subject, it is a question of treatment. Immediately you begin to get *near* the things that really matter in a play, you begin to think about the censor, and it is all over with your play. That is my experience, and that is why I would not attempt to write a play, for the censor, at full emotional power. The censor's special timidity about sexual matters is an illusion."

The utter chaos which has been produced in the moral science through the rejection of authority is nowhere made so obvious as in Mr. Granville-Barker's evidence. With him there are no experts

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 127.

in moral science. Such is the opinion of those who have lost the power of regarding any one individual as true Catholics must regard the Pope of Rome.

Mr. Zangwill pleads for the dramatist's right to express himself. He maintains that all the best authors consider merely the theme they wish to elucidate, irrespective of the pecuniary aspect. The only control that he would allow is that of the common law. He divides dramatists into three classes—pioneers, plain men and pornographers. He considers that the last are sufficiently provided against by the common law, but as to the first, they should be left alone or to their own risk.

Sir Arthur Pinero holds that censorship degrades the dramatist, and that it operates as a depressing influence on a body of artists who are as fully alive to their responsibilities as any in the country. He objects very much to the "young person" being made the sole arbiter of English drama.

Mr. J. M. Barrie stands out amongst English dramatists as the one who does most to solve the problem of sincerity. His plays are remarkably free from offensive episodes, even though he does sometimes deal with sexual topics. And if perchance he falls below himself occasionally, excuses are made for him. Sincerity is the very stuff out of which his drama is made. He belongs to the new culture in the sense that he finds material for romance in the unromantic things of life—in homeliness and in ordinariness. He is paradoxically romantic in the fact that the motive of most of his work is not the love between a man and a woman but between the mother and her child. He glorifies all women into mothers. And *Peter Pan* sums up all his qualities. It is *Peter Pan* which preëminently places Mr. Barrie amongst the "Pioneers of the New Culture," for it is there that sincerity is focussed on the real stuff of life as a whole. It is *Peter Pan* who renews the life of the world: "I am youth. I am joy. I am a little bird that has just come out of an egg."

What is the secret of this? It certainly is not that Mr. Barrie comes short of Mr. Galsworthy in sincerity. He says explicitly: "With regard to the official mind calling works immoral, my view is that we should be cautious of applying this term to work that is obviously sincere—and happily it is usually easy to say whether work is sincere or not. It is my opinion that the well-intentioned play of a rebel character would do good for the drama; it would be judged on production, perhaps derided off the boards,

perhaps accepted as a fine thing; but it should not be barred along with the play of low intention as if they were really the same thing."

The secret of Mr. Barrie is that his sincerity carries him further than the little group of authors for whom he so generously strikes a blow. They confine themselves to their own subjective moods and imaginings, whereas he goes out into the soul of the people. "With regard to some of us," he says, "our ideas just happen to be what the public like. We are rather conventional, and we have an easy time of it, but these others have a hard time of it really." Like Mr. Chesterton, he is willing to consult an elective democratic body, like a local town council, when it is a question of the moral or the immoral in a serious play. He claims indeed that this body would actually use the test of sincerity in coming to a decision. Not that sincerity meant merely "pains." In a body of ordinary men it would mean something more than pains. It would mean that the author had in his mind a worthy idea which he was working out to the best of his ability. "I have written what I should have written whether there was a censor or not," said Mr. Barrie.

That is the key to the situation: sincerity in touch with objective reality; sincerity in touch with law as written on the heart of humanity; sincerity in touch with law which is a reflection of the divine mind.

What a contrast is this to the sincerity of Sir Herbert Tree when he presented the play by Mr. Knoblauch, entitled *Marie Odile!* It professed to give a picture of convent life, in which a young novice yielded to the attraction of sexual love. At the approach of soldiers the community deserted the convent, but left behind them a young novice in charge. The soldiers departed, but a corporal remained to look after their affairs. The result was that Marie Odile became a mother.

We may readily grant that the play was sincere, but we emphatically maintain that the sincerity was deplorably misinformed. The play was fairly true to an ideal, but it was the ideal which is usually set forth in "escaped nun" books. Sir Herbert Tree thought he was giving a natural picture. No doubt he was—natural to his own mood—to his own vision; but not natural to the objective reality. So far, however, were Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Knoblauch from objective reality that they failed to convince their audience that they were giving them even that which was natural.

When Marie Odile claimed that her child was miraculous, the audience only tittered.

There is one classic play, however, with which the advanced dramatists endeavor to cloak all their risky situation and plots—*Hamlet*. Here they say is a play in which one of the chief factors of its development is an act of incest. Yet no one would dare to prohibit it.

> Within a month;
> Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
> Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
> She married: O most wicked speed, to post
> With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
> It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
> But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

It is the general tendency of a play that we must keep in view. There are some plays indeed which end with a very good moral, but which are so licentiously treated as to produce an evil tendency. Their insincerity is obvious.

Everything of this kind, however, is conspicuously absent from *Hamlet*. It was of the very essence of Shakespeare's philosophy that he was intimately in touch with the heart of humanity, and keenly alive to the disastrous consequences of tampering with eternal and unchangeable laws. There is thus nothing in either tone or treatment of the incestuous relationship in *Hamlet* that would not tend to excite a disgust for the sin.

There are, of course, various passages in Shakespeare which are coarse, nor is his name sufficiently great to justify them. Mr. Bowdler has his function to perform in this world as well as the great dramatist. I doubt if any company now performs the works of Shakespeare exactly as he wrote them. But the parts that are cut are never essential ones.

So too in the matter of libel. It is said that if only Shakespeare wrote in these days a play relating to the present Royal Family as closely as *Henry VIII.* related to the then-reigning Queen Elizabeth, it would not pass the censor. Quite so. But it is our conventionalities which have changed in the meantime, not an eternal law. The law which says we should show respect to authority was as valid in the days of Queen Elizabeth as it is in our own day. But we have different conventions by which that respect is shown. We have our own ideas of good manners. And it is almost certain that if Shakespeare were alive now he would

never wish to write such a play as that suggested, for his absolute sincerity would take into account the feelings of the people.

The supreme question, then, may be stated as follows: Is the divine law and the natural law to be set up as a rule of conduct, or is conduct to be reduced to the norm of mere impulse? Is sincerity to be regarded as fidelity to unchanging law, or as fidelity to passing mood and fancy? If there is a law for all men, then there cannot be one morality for the jaded playgoer and another for the *jeune fille* on the threshold of life.

Nay, if we consult the most recent conclusions of the psychological science, we must admit that the young girl between seventeen and nineteen years of age is a fair test of what is good for the community as a whole. Professor Foerster[7] of Zurich has shown that what the present age is suffering from is rather a surfeit than a dearth of sexual thought, and that by far the most important principle in the hygiene of sexual instruction is that the imagination should be kept as free as possible from sexual images. M. Gustave Le Bon[8] has further shown us that the presence of a crowd, which the theatre implies, constitutes a special danger in the emphasis which it gives to impressions received from the stage. A crowd is an entity quite different from those who compose it. Its intellectual power is lowered whilst its emotional power is raised. It is peculiarly susceptible to suggestion. It tends to let go its self-control. All this makes the effect of a sexual play unhealthy for everybody concerned. Some may be more callous than others, but the influence is nevertheless there.

In the face of these facts, then, I submit that what cannot be presented to the young girl ought not to be presented on the stage at all. For who is this simple girl about whom the previous ones speak so contemptuously? She is the virgin of all Christian history, about whom so many poems have been written. She is the person who will soon have the nursing and the training of our future generation. And surely what is bad for her must be bad for mankind. In many cases she is kept in ignorance of things which she ought to know. But what she ought not to know is not suitable matter for stage drama. And the dramatist who cannot square this doctrine with the most perfect sincerity, ought to seek some other medium for his artistic expression.

[7] *Marriage and the Sex-Problem.*
[8] *The Crowd, a Study of the Popular Mind.*

THE TWO JOHN WARDS: AN AMERICAN TRECK IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY APPLETON MORGAN,
President of The New York Shakespeare Society.

IN a late issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD[1] we had occasion to lament the serious displacement sustained by Shakespearean inconography through the over-devotion of an eighteenth-century actor who, in 1746, "repaired" the great dramatist's mortuary bust authorized by his family to be placed as his likeness over his grave. But, by taking thought of the situation, may we not force a valuable suggestion for an actual presumptive probability for a real likeness of Shakespeare out of this very lamented departure? That is to say, the very earliest attempt at such a likeness was the Stratford bust of 1616, antedating by full seven years the Droeshout of 1623. But, since this bust has been repaired and restored out of existence, why not take the next best thing possible, namely, an authoritative drawing of that bust made barely forty years after it was placed over the tombstone in Stratford church—in 1656.

Serious as this question is to the scholar or student who holds these things of moment, it will not perhaps lose interest for the general reader from the fact that in two other instances this same eighteenth-century actor is found to have bequeathed actual problems and puzzles in Shakespearean memorabilia not only to our time, but also to our own country and for our own inspection! Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' dictum, "He who concerns himself with Shakespearean matters must expect surprises," surely never approached better exemplification!

This actor was by name John Ward, the identical name of a Vicar of Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, a hundred years earlier. And we will see shortly how this identity of names has had its share in precipitating the small avalanche of coincidences with which this article has to deal. These coincidences are best dealt with in the order of their relative importance to Shakespearean hermeneutics.

THE STRATFORD MORTUARY BUST.

Dr. Doran's *His Majesty's Servants,* which is the fullest

[1] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1916, p. 1.

chronicle of early English actors we have, does not mention this John Ward. But when, in 1834, Thomas Campbell the poet wrote a life of the great Mrs. Siddons, he could trace her ancestry no further back than to her grandfather—this identical actor, John Ward—born about the year 1686, who managed and maintained a theatrical company in the mid-English countries in or about the years 1748-1775.

All that Campbell could state of this John Ward was that he had been an actor in the company of Thomas Betterton, "had all the suavity of the old school of gentlemen," and he unearthed this anecdote: "He disapproved of his daughter Sarah Ward marrying an actor, Roger Kemble, and when he found that her union with Kemble was inevitable, he was with difficulty persuaded to speak to her. But he finally forgave her with all the bitterness of his heart, saying 'Sarah, you have not disobeyed me. I told you never to marry an actor, and you have married a man who neither is nor ever can be an actor.'" Nature, however, is not to be deprived of her occasional little joke. She occasionally makes sprats beget whales. However bad an actor or no actor at all was Roger Kemble, the name of his great daughter—Sarah Siddons née Sarah Kemble—has certainly filled the throat of stage renown from that day to this.

Now the only source of information we possess as to whether the Stratford bust is a reliable likeness, or was "repaired" and "restored" out of all value as a semblance of its great subject, is from this John Ward himself. In a letter, dated Leominster, May 31, 1769 (soon to be quoted in full), he says: "Myself and company went there for repairing his [Shakespeare's] monument in the great church, which we did gratis, the whole of the receipts being expended upon that alone."

"The entire receipts" must have been considerable, though we can only guess at their amount. To be sure, restorations conducted under the personal supervision of John Ward might have been careful, competent and intelligent, for he was not only a sharer in the prestige of Betterton who was rehearsed in the part of Hamlet by Joseph Taylor—a member, according to the first folio list of Shakespeare's own company—but Betterton himself possessed a portrait of Shakespeare painted from life by Burbage (a record of a payment to Burbage for painting an "imprese" it will be recalled was unearthed from among the house accounts of Belvoir Castle in 1905); and this portrait was given by Burbage to

Taylor, who left it by will to D'Avenant, who in turn gave it to Betterton. And it is not easy to believe that John Ward had never seen this portrait.

What is the value of a Shakespeare tradition? Certainly the two men best fitted to answer this question would be Edmund Malone and Halliwell-Phillipps, both of whom spent their entire lives in Shakespearean researches. Malone's dictum was: "Traditions in Shakespeare matters are mostly adumbrations of some fact; indications of something in kind similar or analogous." Halliwell-Phillipp's touchstones were: "What was the date at which the tradition first appears," and "at such date was it to anybody's interest to misrepresent or misstate facts?" Applying these touchstones to the traditions as to Burbage, Taylor, D'Avenant and Betterton, the burden of probability would be in favor of the tradition, were it not that the portrait in question happens to be the Chandos, long since rejected by experts as a life-time portrait. Indeed Boaden, writing of the portraits in 1824, gives the above tradition only for what it is worth.

Now the difficulty is, that the bust as we see it now in Trinity Church is, barring a detail as to the right hand, the bust as John Ward's repairers and restorers left it in 1746—while the Dugdale drawing[2]—however accurate or inaccurate, skillful or clumsy, a drawing—is a drawing of the bust as Shakespeare's wife, daughters and sons-in-law left it in 1616, seven years before the Droeshout engraving appears from parts unknown, espoused by an equivocal rhyme of Ben Jonson's, which may or may not be interpreted that this engraving is a likeness at all!

The problem, therefore, that John Ward has unfortunately substituted for the apparent certainty of the bust as Shakespeare's family approved it, is: why not hark back to the wretched little drawing in Sir William Dugdale's[3] *Antiquities of Warwickshire* as the best and nearest we can possibly come to a likeness of Shakespeare as to, at least, his lineaments at his death?[4]

[2] See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1916, p. 2. [3] *Ibid.*

[4] Sir William Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire,* of which the New York Public Library possesses an interesting original, is a bulky book of some six hundred quarto pages, closely printed after the manner of those days, when a book was a work of magnificent leisure, in Roman, italics, and big and small capitals, copiously sprinkled with wood engravings of monuments, tombs, recumbent and equestrian statues, hatchments, coat armor, and everything notable in cathedral, church or shrine. Among these engravings (in a vignette occupying about two square inches of a page) is given this bust of William Shakespeare, as it must have existed in 1656, forty years after Gerald Johnson made it, when there was no possible inducement or haste leading to slovenly or careless work.

John Ward must not be held to be the only sinner who contributed to make the Stratford bust unreliable. One William Roberts of Oxford, in 1790, supplied a forefinger and thumb and a quill pen to the right hand of the bust in place of whatever had been in their places before. Malone daubed the whole bust over with a coat of white paint in 1797, and in 1861 somebody else was permitted to attempt original colors for the whole—brown for the hair, blue for the eyes, red for the cheeks, etc.

Well, why not? At least there is a superficial resemblance between the Dugdale drawing and the Devonshire bust found amid the débris of D'Avenant's[5] own theatre. In the lineaments of each are lines of care and of maturity. In neither of them are the snug and oleaginous smirk, long upper lip, abbreviated nose, curls "bunched" around the ears, impossible chin-whisker and dapper little "mustachios" of the present Stratford bust. The fact that the hands of the Dugdale repose palms down upon a cushion (or "woolsack" as those worthy persons who cannot get Baconism out of their brains will persist in calling it), whereas, in the present bust, the right hand holds a quill, while the left hand rests upon the semblance of a sheet of paper or parchment partially bent over the ledge before the bust, shows that the Ward repairs or restorations were by no means trivial. With the high improbability of a death mask having been executed in 1616 in an obscure little mid-England village, especially when at that date Shakespeare was not the object of the world's adoration, but only a man like other men, we have already dealt.

The "Gunther" Autograph.

The second Ward riddle is possibly not so important as the last described, which disturbs many a carefully laid proposition in Shakespeare iconography. But it still demands attention from students of the Shakespeare chirograph, derived from the five indubitable signatures of Shakespeare we actually possess, as set over against the score or more of putative autographs now in various private collections, with always a suspicion hovering over them of the Ireland and Collier forgeries of a hundred and twenty years ago.

It was in the year 1662 that King Charles II. appointed the Rev. John Ward vicar of Shakespeare's church at Stratford-on-Avon, vice the Rev. Alexander Bean, when at the Restoration all the

[5] The Catholic World, April, 1916, p. 2.

Presbyterian or Puritan clergy were removed at one fell swoop. And he remained vicar until his death. Besides his clerical functions, he practised medicine and surgery, having been attracted to those sciences in his youth by attending lectures in anatomy at Barber Chyrurgians Hall in Mugwell Street, London; and on going to Stratford, obtaining a license to practise "per Totam Angliam." This Vicar John Ward kept a diary and commonplace book regularly from 1662 until his death in 1697. Some of its entries are curious in relation to medical matters, such as, *e. g.*, this: "Remember that I make a comparison betwixt the body of a man and the properties of Either. If I bring it to anie head to print it." This and some like entries led to this diary being preserved among the collections of the London Medical Society, and induced the Registrar of that Society, a Dr. Charles Severn, in 1838, to undertake to edit it for the press. In the diary Dr. Severn found the following allusions to Shakespeare: revealing that among other interests he came to Stratford prepared to inquire curiously as to Shakespeare, whose plays, as we are told in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion,* had been the favorite reading of the first Charles and his courtiers. The Shakespeare entries are as follows:

> Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays and be versed in them that I may not be ignorant in that matter.
>
> Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning the dramatick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare.
>
> A letter to my brother to see Mr. Quiney to send to Tom Smith for the acknowledgments.
>
> Shakespeare had two daughters, one whereof Mr. John Hall the physician married, and had by her one daughter the Lady Bernard of Abbingdon.
>
> I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit without any art at all, he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days he lived at Stratford and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for that he had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of a thousand pounds a year, as I have heard.

Now this latter proves that the good vicar was dependent mostly upon gossip, since "a thousand pounds" in those days would have been quite ten thousand pounds today's value of money. It was disproportionate to value then, for the dramatist had only paid sixty pounds for the estate and curtilages of New Place itself, where all this thousand pounds a year must have been lavished.

Of course Shakespeare was, for the little town and for the date, a wealthy man. Besides, Shakespeare's Will disposes of barely £367.6.8 ready money, and though mentioning realty besides New Place, in Stratford-on-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcome, and in Blackfriars, in London, is silent as to the shares in the Globe and Blackfriars theatres which Dr. Wallace found sworn to as Shakespeare's in the pleadings in the Chancery suit of Osteler *v.* Hemmings, which Dr. Wallace estimates, from the counts as to like shares in other ownership (the parties to the suit), as bringing in Shakespeare a sum not exceeding £300 a year.

Dr. Wallace also found, in the Public Records Office, Shakespeare's own deposition under oath, that, in 1616, four years before his death, he was occupying lodgings over a wigmaker's at the corner of Mugwell and Silver Streets in London. Was this because Mistress Shakespeare, assisted by her daughters Susannah Hall and Judith Quiney, were spending the poor dramatist's income so lavishly at New Place that he was obliged to save at the spigot while they wasted at the bung? Would such a guess account for the gossip that survived until Dominie Ward's vicariate? If Shakespeare did seek an obscure suburb of the capital in order that his wife and daughters might live lavishly, it falls in with the universal testimony that Shakespeare was of a genial, lovable, unselfish and affectionate disposition; but there is nothing by way of rumor, record or tradition portraying him as a wastrel or even as a liberal spender.[6]

So, even as to Shakespeare's worldly goods, we must, as Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps cautioned us, "be surprised at nothing."

Still another entry in the good man's diary is, "To see Mrs. Quiney." And then comes the fatal entry which all Shakespearedom has refused to accept: "Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feaver there contracted." The fact that Shakespeare died as Addison and as our own Edgar Poe died, has been so repugnant that even Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, usually so absolutely determined to reveal whatever befell, has surmised that his idol died rather of malaria from the wretched drainage of what Garrick called "the dirtiest little town in England." Unfortunately, however, this entry, fatal as it is, is absolutely the only entry anywhere

[6] No greater proof of the sweetness of Shakespeare's nature is needed than the fact that all who refer to him, seem to have uniformly connected his name with such epithets as "worthy," "gentle" or "beloved"—Harness (1837).

that even alludes to the manner of Shakespeare's taking off, and so cannot be whistled down the wind.

It is interesting to guess whether John Hall, physician, the dramatist's son-in-law, would have called it "a Tertian" or "a Quatern" (names for malaria then) in his diary, which he calls "Cures, Historical and Empirical; experienced on Eminent Persons in severall Places, Observations." He, as a rule, avoids giving names to the maladies of his clients, contenting himself with stating only their symptoms. Though he does note that "Mr. Drayton, an excellent poet labouring of a Tertian, was cured by the following: The emetic effusion, one ounce; syrup of violets a spoonful; mix them; which given, wrought very well upwards and downwards."

But, mistaken as Vicar Ward's entries were, they are vastly important because—in point of date—actually the first memoranda that we possess as to Shakespeare. John Aubrey indeed made a lot of desultory notes (among them the discredited one that Shakespeare was at one time a schoolmaster) in 1708, and then came the notes of the Rev. Richard Davies, Rector of Sapperton, Gloucestershire, upon Rev. Mr. Fuhman's diary in that same year, which recorded that Shakespeare died in the Old Faith.

In the course of his editorial functions, Dr. Severn somehow learned that in the ancient city of Bath there was in existence a copy of the second-folio Shakespeare, which contained not only a slip pasted upon the inside of its first cover upon which was the signature "William Shakespeare," but, written therein, the signature "John Ward." Small wonder that Dr. Severn leaps to the conclusion that this signatory John Ward is his vicar John Ward, who in pursuance of his resolution to "peruse" the Shakespeare plays, has possessed himself of a copy of Shakespeare's collected works (the first and second folios of which were then extant). So in his preface he does not hesitate to say: "In a copy of the folio edition of his (Shakespeare's) works is written on a slip pasted-in, probably a genuine autograph of Shakespeare obtained by Mr. Ward."

Vicar John Ward's diary makes no mention of his having possessed a folio of Shakespeare. If he did, it would have passed at his death to his brother, the Rev. Thomas Ward, rector of Stow-in-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, to whom the former's Will left all his worldly goods. But Dr. Severn makes no use of that departure. His blunder, however, did have one good effect. It

caused the sleepless Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps to institute a search for the missing folio with the pasted-in signature. He kept standing in all likely English newspapers, advertisements offering a reward for the "return" of this folio, and though these advertisements failed to unearth the volume, we shall see, later on, that when the American investigators took a hand, they were enabled by means of them to ascertain which John Ward they were trecking after.

In the year 1885, a party of savants and lovers of old books are seated in a corner of a Chicago bookstore, and one of them is exhibiting to the other a copy of Milton's works, in which is an accepted signature of John Milton. While they are examining it a bystander saunters up, and asks to see the curiosity that is attracting so much attention! Being very familiar with the matter, this bystander remarks that he has himself seen a greater curiosity: for in a certain settlement—(which he names) in Utah or Nevada—there is a copy of Shakespeare in which there is the signature of William Shakespeare!

Following up this statement of the stranger, such steps are taken by one of the savants aforesaid, that there is actually discovered in the cabin of an illiterate Mormon miner in Nevada a copy of the second folio of Shakespeare, upon the inside of the first cover of which is pasted a slip of paper bearing the name "William Shakespeare"!!!

Through various vicissitudes this volume reaches the possession of the Chicago gentleman, soon to give his name to the autograph—Charles F. Gunther, Esquire, of Chicago. Mr. Gunther of course knows nothing of any "Ward" questions. His sole interest is to be assured that he possesses one of the six (if his is one) authentic autographs of the great dramatist. And he submits his volume to the experts.[7]

By what trick of the whirligig of time a second folio of Shakespeare of 1632 has arrived in a Mormon's cabin in Nevada in the year 1883, it is hopeless to inquire. The savant who first was led to rescue the volume seems to have neglected to ask a history of it from its illiterate possessor. And it is now too late.

[7] In what follows we abridge the really remarkable work of Dr. E. P. Vining, Chairman of a Committee appointed by the New York Shakespeare Society to report upon the claims to authenticity of this Gunther signature. That report was first printed in *Shakespeareana*, volume viii., p. 133. (Philadelphia: The Leonard Scott Publication Society, 1887.) The report, which well repays perusal, confines itself to a narrative of the steps taken in establishing the facts set forth above, but does not assume to pronounce as to the genuineness of the signature itself.

The savant and his illiterate vendor have both disappeared. But in their place arrives John Ward, actor, upon our horizon.

Besides the pasted-in signature William Shakespeare, and the boldly written signature, "John Ward," this volume contains on its fly-leaves the signature, "Charles Lomax." It also contained some manuscript emendations to the text, signed sometimes "Charles Lomax," and sometimes "C. L.;" and, in one case, one of these annotations was fortunately dated "1781."

Most fortunately, too, there was found in the volume a letter dated Bath, February 19, 1839, signed "Charles Godwin," and addressed to Dr. Charles Severn, mentioning some volume, evidently accompanying the letter, which letter says: "You will perhaps be of the opinion that the volume once belonged to the John Ward whose books and records you have."

Here, indeed, were clues as fair as one would wish to meet with in a summer's day! Most fortunate of all, Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps was living among his wonderful collections at Hollinbury Copse. To him the whole material was submitted. Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps found in his own collection the actual correspondence between John Ward, the actor, and the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, which led to that benefit performance of *Othello* which obtained the funds for the repairs mentioned above; and Mr. Richard Savage (then librarian thereof) furnished from the Stratford Memorial Library signatures of Vicar John Ward. From a comparison of the two it appeared that the signature in the volume was that of John Ward the actor and not of John Ward the vicar!

It further appeared that, when Dr. Severn first heard of the existence of the volume containing the signatures of Shakespeare and of John Ward, he had traced this volume to the possession of a Rev. Ilstid Thomas of Bath, whereupon Dr. Severn writes to a Bath bookseller begging him to procure for him a loan of this folio. When the Bath bookseller, Charles Godwin by name, gets the Rev. Dr. Severn's letter he finds that the Rev. Ilstid Thomas is dead, but that the coveted folio is in the possession of one Charles Lomax Thomas, son of the Rev. Ilstid, a clergyman who holds a small living at Bradford in Yorkshire.

It further appeared that the Charles Lomax who made the annotations was the maternal grandfather of the Charles Lomax Thomas who owned the volume when it was loaned to Dr. Severn, while the fact that Dr. Severn was still undeceived in his supposition that the signature "John Ward" the volume contained

was the signature of the vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, amply proved the good faith and the circumstantiality of all the items in the case as they unfolded themselves to the patient search of the investigators. So that we need not concern ourselves to beware of the antics of that clever seventeen-year-old scapegrace William Henry Ireland, who in 1794-5 forged signatures, letters and even whole tragedies of Shakespeare, since the date placed by Charles Lomax upon one of his textual emendations puts him out of the reckoning as having had a finger in this signature problem!

Thus, once more, it occurs that a paramount question concerning every student of Shakespeare lore—a question as to a Shakespeare autograph as before it was a question of a Shakespeare likeness—depends upon an unwitting activity of John Ward, actor!

But letting the two John Wards rest, and coming down to the merits, the paramount question—is the Gunther signature an authentic signature or merely a tracing or imitation?—is by no means a simple one. That it bears so remarkable a resemblance in line and form to the last Will signature as to (by the familiar legal rule laid down in the Howland Will case) preclude the possibility of its genuineness, every expert has agreed! But, unfortunately, the moment we concede this we raise an obstacle to pronouncing it a tracing! How could a tracing have been made upon paper the thickness of the slip? Even if the slip of paper could be removed in the folio, the real signature could not be separated from the Will now at the Prerogative Office Doctors' Commons, nor could the Will be taken from the custody of the British Crown, for the purpose of superimposing the two upon glass or other transparent surface in order to ascertain whether the latter was a tracing of the former. Other considerations are: if genuine, so enthusiastic a Shakespeareolater as John Ward would not have destroyed an orginal document or letter of Shakespeare's to retain only the signature thereto. Nor, on the other hand, if the slip of paper on which the name Shakespeare is written were of a thinness requisite for tracing purposes, would it have been at all likely that an official custodian of the Will (at that date on file in the office of the Consistory Court at Worcester) would at any period have permitted a tracing of a probated document to be made for personal or curious or even literary use. Certainly not, without such official permits—orders and other papers as would have become of record in the office where issued or where used for the comparison, and there are no such on record anywhere.

But, on the other hand, could anybody have so exactly imitated the third Will signature without tracing it? Another consideration (not to be overlooked equally whether the "Gunther" signature be genuine or spurious): that last Will signature is and must be the safest to imitate, since if *that* particular signature was not genuine, the Shakespeare Will could not have been probated at all! So, whoever he was, the imitator was wise enough to imitate the safest signature! For admitting that every signature that has ever been claimed anywhere is a genuine signature (except the silly Ireland forgeries), Shakespeare only occasionally signed his full name, "William Shakespeare," oscillating from the "W. Shaks" of the Montjoie deposition all through the gamut of "Wm. Shaksper," and all the other abbreviatory forms so abundantly catalogued by the biographers. Again, the difficulty of the imitation would be measurably increased by making the imitation upon so small a slip of paper—barely three inches long by half an inch in width (unless the imitator covered a sheet of paper with attempts at imitation, using the most satisfactory of them all, which is not improbable).

And here endeth then the second puzzlement bequeathed to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries by the seventeenth century actor, John Ward.

"Shakespeare's Gloves."

The third puzzle for which our actor John Ward is directly responsible, is also physically within the territory of these United States. There reposes today under glass in the library of Horace Howard Furness, Esquire, of Philadelphia, a pair of "property" gauntlets of mouse-colored cheverel, stitched in gold thread, and daintily trimmed at the wrists with dark fur. The history of these gloves for the last one hundred and fifty years is documentary. They were given by John Ward, the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, to Garrick, and by Garrick's widow were handed back to the granddaughter of their earliest owner; that is to say, Mrs. Garrick handed the gloves back to John Ward's granddaughter, Mrs. Siddons herself. From Mrs. Siddons, dying in 1831, they passed to her daughter, Mrs. Combe, and from Mrs. Combe they passed to Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, Mrs. Siddons' niece; who gave them to the eminent Dr. Horace Howard Furness, late of Philadelphia, the Shakespearean scholar and editor, who bequeathed them to his son, their present owner.

That Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler herself saw no reason to doubt the authenticity of these gloves, we have her letter presenting them to the distinguished Dr. Furness:

> My Dear Horace (in spite of your literary labors and honors you must still be such to me): The worship of relics is not the most exalted form of human devotion, but "the meanest garment that ever has but slipped" upon one we love and revere becomes in some measure dear and venerable for his sake, and so we may be permitted to keep Shakespeare's gloves with affectionate regard. You will value them for their own sake and perhaps a little for that of your old friend.
>
> F. A. Kemble.

Doubtless there was nowhere else in Christendom a pair of gloves preserved so long and so reverently by such a succession of distinguished owners. But, alas, just here loomed the apochryphal! These gloves were asserted to have once formed a parcel of the stage-wardrobe of the great William Shakespeare! That is to say, that, adding fourteen years, during which John Ward says that he held them in silence, from 1746 to 1760, it was one hundred and forty-four years from a possible Shakespeare ownership to an ownership to again conjure with—the ownership of the illustrious David Garrick!

Other things being equal, possibly a pair of "property" gloves appearing in the required vicinage (in this case the vicinage of Stratford-on-Avon), might have claimed to appear *via* the stage-wardrobe of Shakespeare, who is known to have played "kingly parts," and so might well have needed gold-stitched gauntlets. But these gloves were handicapped as to their authenticity, by an unfortunate letter written by the John Ward aforesaid to Garrick in presenting him (Garrick) with these identical gloves. That unfortunate letter read as follows:

> Leominster, May 31, 1769.
>
> Dear Sir: On reading the newspapers I find you are preparing a grand jubilee to be kept at Stratford-upon-Avon to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare. I have sent you a pair of gloves which have often covered his hands; they were made me a present by a descendant of the family, when myself and company went over there from Warwick in the year 1746 to perform the play of *Othello,* as a benefit for repairing his monument in the great church, which we did gratis, the whole of the receipts being expended on that alone. The person who gave them to me, William Shakespeare by name, told me his

father had often declared to him that they were the identical gloves of our great poet, and when he delivered them to me said, "Sir, they are the only property that remains of our famous relation. My father possessed and sold the estate he left behind him, and these are all the recompense I can make you for this night's performance." The donor was a glazier by trade, was very old, and to the best of my memory, living in the street leading from the town hall down to the river. On my coming to play in Stratford about three years after, he was dead. The father of him and our poet were brother's children. The veneration I bear to our great author and player makes me wish to have these relics preserved to his immortal memory, and I am led to think I cannot better deposit them for that purpose in the hands of any person so proper as our modern Roscius.

I am, sir, your most ob'd't humble serv'nt,

JOHN WARD.

DAVID GARRICK, ESQRE.

That these were actually Shakespeare's gloves, worn by himself, might pass a casual and not too-interested notice. But a circumstantial statement like the above cannot escape criticism, especially as all the world knows that under the Will of Shakespeare, and of his last surviving next-of-kin, his granddaughter, Lady Barnard, every item of Shakespeare's estate was disposed of to parties perfectly well known, and catalogued over and over again by hundreds of antiquarians! Unfortunately, therefore, for "Shakespeare's gloves" had they possessed no credentials *aliunde*, this letter would have effectually disposed of any claim to their genuineness. For obviously, there is not one syllable of truth in John Ward's version of the statement of the aged person described in this letter, as Mr. Ward could have ascertained if he had taken the trouble to consult the Warwickshire Probate records. Had he taken that slight trouble he would have learned that Shakespeare's Will, item by item, disposed of his very considerable property from his estates of New Place and other, down to his second-best bed. He was, if not the richest, certainly the second or third richest man in Stratford-on-Avon at the time of his death, though the pitiful bits of rubbish which the Memorial Committee permit to be exhibited to visitors would not create that impression. And he mentions by name each beneficiary of his Will, and among them there is no one named "Shakespeare" at all! Said beneficiaries are named as follows: Susannah, the dramatist's daughter and her

husband, Dr. John Hall, Judith, the dramatist's second daughter, and her husband, Thomas Quiney, Joan Hart, his sister (to whom, beside the reversion of a legacy to Susannah and another legacy, he leaves "all my wearing apparel"), Thomas Russel, Francis Collins, Thomas Combe, Hamnet Sadler, William Reynolds, William Walker, Anthony Hart, Elizabeth Hart, Michael Hart, John Heminges, and Henry Condell. And in 1746, when this aged person gave these gloves to John Ward, all of the above were dead, Shakespeare's direct line extinct, his worldly possessions passed from his succesion! Lady Barnard, his grandchild, daughter of Susannah Hall, died without issue in 1674. By her will she directed the sale of New Place, and it was purchased by Sir Edward Walker. And Sir Edward's daughter Barbara, marrying a Sir John Clopton, New Place, which Shakespeare had purchased from a grantee of Sir William Clopton in 1597, returned again to the Clopton family —and Shakespeare's possession, like his posterity, gone as if it had never been!

So the statement of this aged party that "my father possessed and sold the estate he [the great dramatist] left behind him," is in every item, and in every detail, impossible! As to the personality, the Warwickshire Probate records show that the dramatist's Will appointed Dr. John Hall and Susannah Hall executors, and Thomas Russell and Francis Collins (Shakespeare's cousin, the lawyer who drew the Will, January 16th, though it was not executed until March 12, 1616) "overseers" (*i. e.*, experts to assist the executors in administering the estate). And that these executors and overseers did proceed to sell, settle, distribute the estate and file their accounts, the Probate records show. So that no person, who, in 1746, could have had a son living named "William Shakespeare," could by any possibility have had a hand in either the Shakespeare estate or in Shakespeare's gloves!

Whence then came these gloves if they were not Shakespeare's? Who can guess? To expose a fraud it is not demanded that one suggest a plausible theory to take its place. John Ward was himself an actor, and doubtless possessed all sorts of "properties." It has not failed of suggestion that he may not have loved Garrick any too dearly for having taken Shakespeare celebrations into his charge, and devised that big Jubilee after he (Ward) had for so many years kept Shakespeare alive in mid-England, raising money at his own expense to restore and preserve his vestiges! That Garrick should not have even asked Mr. Ward's coöperation in a

field peculiarly his own! The letter might well be read that Ward felt the slight! Was Ward "stalking" Garrick with a pair of Ward's own property gloves and an aged glazier? For an actor to call his brother actor a "Roscius" has a sardonic flavor. What did Garrick himself think of these wondrous gloves? Did he show them to Dr. Johnson, then puttering at a big edition of the dramatist that was to eclipse all known editions?

But we have all heard of the ancient judge who said to the young lawyer: "As you state your case I should decide against you, but I will wait until I hear the other side." So here is a suggestion. (Mr. H. H. Furness, Jr., is, I believe, its sponsor) which, it must be confessed, will enable us to decide in favor of Mr. Ward's gloves in spite of Mr. Ward himself.

"As regards the donor of the gloves to Ward, there seems some slight confusion, either through Ward's account of his relationship to William Shakespeare or in the mind of the old man himself. Later historians of the Shakespeare family have shown that his name was Shakespeare Hart, and that he was the great-grandson of Joan Shakespeare, William's youngest sister. He was born in 1666, and therefore in 1746 he was upwards of eighty years old."[8]

Of course any statement about anything may possibly be the exact truth, if it can be assumed to mean anything or something quite the reverse or other than what it says! And, accordingly, this aged person's statement, if it does not mean what it says, or if Mr. Ward has erroneously reported it, may mean anything one pleases to guess.

We should regard the confusion, we think, "considerable," rather than "slight." Turning to George Russell French's *Shakespeareana Geologica* (1869), however, we do find that it is not impossible that this "William Shakespeare" of Ward's letter might, so far as the dates go, have been really William Shakespeare Hart to whom the dramatist was great-granduncle. Eliminating Mr. Ward's statement that "the father of him and our poet were brothers' children" as a lapse of information, we can proceed to trace the genealogical line as follows:

The dramatist's sister, Joan Shakespeare, married a Stratford hatter named William Hart. Their children were three sons, William, George and Michael (whom we have seen that Shakespeare mentions in his Will), and a daughter, Mary. George married

[8] *The Theatre*, New York, March, 1916.

Hester Ludiate, and had issue Thomas, Susannah, Mary, Hester, George, Elizabeth and Shakespeare, who was a plumber by trade (Halliwell-Phillipps finds several entries in the Stratford town records of payments to "Shaxper Hart, for glazing and ploming"), and died in or about the year required by John Ward's letter. Now the aforesaid William, son of Joan Hart, was an actor, and is mentioned in a royal warrant May 17, 1636, with others, as of "His Majesty's Comedians" and of the regular company of players in the Blackfriars, London. Again, Lady Barnard's will recognizes these two, Thomas and George, as kinsmen, by her bequest: "item, I give and devise unto my kinsman, Thomas Hart, son of Thomas Hart, late of Startford-upon-Avon, all that my other messuage or Inn to him and his heirs and in default to his brother George," who however, either dying or in default of issue, never became vested with this realty at all. So that, if Mr. Ward's ancient, when he said that his father "possessed and sold the estate he (the dramatist) left behind him," meant to say: "all the estate that, after Lady Barnard's death, was left of the estate which the dramatist left behind him," he told the truth.

And there is a certain luxury to be coveted in this Shakespeare tercentennial year, of really believing something—of reveling in an occasional orgy of faith instead of a monotonous orgy of doubt! As we have seen that the dramatist left to Joan Hart all his wearing apparel, these "property" gloves might naturally have been included in the bequest (there being no other disposition to make of them), and so naturally passed from father to son.

"Old men forget" said Henry V. in his speech to his soldiers on the eve of Agincourt. But he added, when they remember they are apt to remember "with advantages." Certainly it is not impossible that this aged party "upwards of eighty years old" may have been William Shakespeare Hart, who, while forgetting two generations of his own ancestry, may have "remembered with advantages" all that he remembered at all.

What airy and irresponsible, irritating and exasperating skeptic then will rise to deny that all three of these circumstantial problems that John Ward, actor of an hundred and fifty years ago, so unwittingly sent down to us, may not be actually accepted as constructive, rather than destructive, of his usefulness to Shakespearean exegesis? That he may have actually supplied us with a morsel of Shakespeare's paraphernalia—a possible autograph—and drawn attention to at least a serious pretext for accepting the

D'Avenant-Devonshire bust as a lifetime likeness *via* the Dugdale drawing?

And is it not worthy of at least curious chronicle that three items in the world's scanty store of actual-physical-memorabilia of the greatest of dramatists have come directly, through utterly separate and independent channels, down from one John Ward of the seventeenth century to rest in the twentieth in such relatively remote depositories as Stratford-on-Avon, Chicago and Philadelphia?

OLD HUDSON ROVERS.

BY MICHAEL J. EARLS.

WHEN the dreamy night is on, up the Hudson river,
And the sheen of modern taste is dim and far away,
Ghostly men on phantom rafts make the waters shiver,
Laughing in the sibilance of the silver spray.
Yea, and up the woodlands, stanch in moonlit weather,
Go the ghostly horsemen, adventuresome to ride,
White as mist the doublet-baize, bandolier and feather,
Fleet as gallant Robin Hood in an eventide.

Times are gone that knew the craft in the rôle of rovers,
Fellows of the open, care could never load:
Unalarmed for bed or board, they were leisure's lovers,
Summer bloomed in story on the Hyde Park Road,
Summer was a blossom, but the fruit was autumn,
Fragrant haylofts for a bed, cider-cakes in store,
Warmer was a cup they knew, when the north wind caught 'em
Down at Benny Havens' by the West Point shore.

Idlers now—and loafers pass, joy is out of fashion,
Honest fun that fooled a dog or knew a friendly gate,
Now the craft are vagabonds, sick with modern passion,
Riding up and down the shore, on an aching freight;
Sullen are the battered looks, cheerless talk or tipsy,
Sickly in the smoky air, starving in the day,
Pining for a city's noise at Kingston or Po'keepsie,
Eager more for Gotham and a great White Way.

Rich is all the country-side, but glory has departed,
What if yachts and mansions be, by the river's marge!
Dim though was a hillside, lamps were happy-hearted,
Near the cove of Rondout in a hut or barge.
Silken styles are tyrants, fashion kills the playtime,
Robs the heart of largess that is kindly to the poor,
Richer were the freemen, welcome as the Maytime,
Glad was child or maiden seeing Brennen of the moor.

Send us back the olden knights, tell no law to track 'em,
Give to child and maiden storytellers as of yore,
Millionaires in legend-wealth, though no bank would back 'em,
But old Benny Havens by the West Point shore.
Off with lazy vagabonds, social ghosts that shiver,
Give to worthy road-men the great green way,
And we'll hear a song again up the Hudson river,
Ringing from a drifting raft, set in silver spray.

THE TYRANNY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

AMONG the unexpected events of that June morning was the arrival of a letter at the villa Torni for Mr. James Anthony Lydford. The handwriting, continental in stroke and flourish, was unfamiliar. Wherefore, Jimmie, in search of a clearer perspective, isolated himself at the table under the peach trees, where he frowningly re-read the message. It informed him:

> DEAR SIR:
>
> My conscience will give me no peace till I have confessed my impertinence of yesterday. You yourself, however, were guilty of contributory negligence. That, of course, is no defence, and I may as well admit that, having read the first page of your manuscript, the temptation to read those that followed was irresistible.
>
> Naturally, I am wondering just what the *dénouement* will be. The curiosity is not without profit, since it will serve to remind me of my fall from grace as well as bring fresh interests into hours that are sometimes long and lonesome.
>
> I trust that you will be generous enough to overlook my twofold presumption. (MISS) X———.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" ejaculated Jimmie. And suddenly catching sight of Annunziata, he beckoned her to come. "See here, who were those two women that took tea here yesterday while I was down at the village?"

"They were from the manor," replied the girl, avoiding his glance.

"Exactly," he agreed, "and one was old and one was young, and both wore beautiful dresses with lovely lace. You told me all that last night at the dinner table. But you didn't so much as hint that they read that manuscript of mine. I thought you were going to take care of those papers."

"They were lying on the chair; I didn't have time to remove them," advanced the girl.

"Hm—m," said Jimmie skeptically, and, having pondered his

thought, announced: "Come back in ten minutes, I want you to take a letter up to the manor for me."

A moment later he was adrift on the treacherous sea of expression. He eventually made port with the following:

> My Dear Miss X———:
>
> Permit me to assure you that your very frank note, though a source of undeserved pleasure, has given rise to some uneasiness, lest you continue to regard as censurable that which was really an inestimable favor.
>
> I regret an inability to give you even a hint as to how the story is to end. The tragedy is more apparent than real. Everything depends on the explanations to be made by the woman—the heroine. And there are as many explanations as can be imagined. The only guide in the affair is the woman's character. Her actions portray it to be one thing; in the heart of the man it is quite another.
>
> But, please pardon this unwarranted discursiveness. It springs from my very lively interest in the heroine and from a heartfelt wish that she eventually find happiness.
>
> James Anthony Lydford.

A few moments later he signaled Annunziata, and, as she drew near, asked:

"Which of the two women read that manuscript?"

"The younger," replied the girl.

"See that she gets this note," said Jimmie solemnly. Shortly thereafter he looked up at the tree tops and murmured:

"I dare say I've made a mess of it, as usual."

And as the succeeding morrows came and fled empty-handed, his conjecture took on the shape and substance of a conviction. The morning of the third day, however, the unexpected again happened. He received a letter; Maria Annunziata brought it to him down in the garden. The handwriting was continental in stroke and flourish. The missive informed him:

> My Dear Mr. Lydford:
>
> It was very kind of you not only to absolve me from guilt, but to share so generously your literary confidences. These latter, however, have been a source of much embarrassment. And yet, I should deem it ungracious not to acknowledge the spirit of good will contained in your note.
>
> I trust you will eventually see your way to bring the story to a logical as well as happy conclusion. That element of

tragedy to which you referred would seem more impressive were it centred not on the man but on the woman, don't you think? Still, that is merely my own opinion. The outcome, as you state, depends entirely on the nature of the woman's explanations. If memory serve I should judge that you are still uncertain as to her true character. Why not accept her as she exists in the heart of the man?

If you will pardon a suggestion, you make the heroine in your story stifle all memories of her past. No woman has ever yet succeeded in doing that. She is constantly refreshening present hours with souvenirs of those once lived; either with the bloom of their romance or the shock of their tragedy.

I have written more freely than was my intent, but have come to feel a personal interest in the heroine of your story, my purloined reading of which has led to so censurable a breach of the conventions. I may not longer permit you to think me deaf to their appeal. X———.

"And there you are," admitted Jimmie, frowning up at the tree tops. He considered at length, emerging from his deliberations with a countenance betwixt and between. Maria Annunziata, arriving with his luncheon, regarding him suspiciously a moment, then inquired:

"Don't you feel well?"

Whereupon, as one heaving the world from his shoulders, Jimmie Lydford looked up and announced:

"It's—all—off."

"Off?" echoed the girl.

"The lady," he said, "doesn't believe in keeping up a correspondence with a person that has never been introduced to her."

"Oh!" murmured Annunziata, wondering, sympathetic.

Nevertheless, three days later, the victim of a mood, Jimmie Lydford threw himself at fate and wrote the following:

My Dear Miss X———:

It is solely because I feel that you can and may render me an impersonal, yet very important, service that I dare (for the last time) address myself to you. Permit me to ask a single question. Do you think I have erred in letting the hero make that sudden and surreptitious flight from the scene of his misfortune? The point is extremely important, being the keystone of the whole romance. May I hope to have your opinion on this point? J. A. L.

Then, subservient to his guiding rule of action, he walked a mile through the scorching midday heat to Sant' Angelo, where he mailed his letter. Then he walked leisurely back to the villa Torni and waited—and waited. And the days dragged their seemingly interminable hours over the rim of a world that had lost all sense of the fitness of things.

"What's the matter with you this week?" sought Annunziata.

"This is a wicked old world," sighed Jimmie Lydford.

"I don't see anything the matter with the world," commented the girl.

"You haven't seen the cloven hoof," he returned moodily.

"What has happened now?" she asked, laughing at him.

"That's just it," he replied reflectively, "nothing has happened and, doubtless, nothing ever will happen. Why doesn't it rain, or snow, or blow things to smithereens for a change! If it wasn't that your village barber might suspect I'd lost my memory, I'd go get my hair cut again."

"You'll feel better after dinner," threw out Annunziata with a shrug.

But he didn't have to wait that long, since the afternoon mail brought him another letter.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jimmie, glancing at the handwriting, "it's from my Aunt Brigid. She's in Paris!"

"Oh?" murmured Annunziata, lingering, curious.

Whereupon he hastily slit the envelope, leaned back and read:

> You might have spared me the chagrin of hearing from a third party that you were at the villa Torni. Your failure to take me into your confidence has placed me in an embarrassing position with regard to certain friends of mine, who have hesitated to believe that I knew nothing of your shameful treatment of Agnes Holburn. That's a score I purpose settling with you later.
>
> You did Agnes a great injustice, and deserve no further consideration from her. I've heard her side of the story and make this an occasion to suggest that you let me have yours promptly. I'm asking only that which I have a right to know, that I may intelligently defend you when necessary.
>
> Agnes, by the way, was legally of age two months ago. She arrived in England not long since. Don't let that announcement produce any tremors of alarm. I can honestly assure you that were opportunity offered tomorrow, the weight of the world couldn't drag her into your presence at the villa Torni. There's

no more to be said on that point. There's another, however, on which you're entitled to some enlightenment. I refer to my present knowledge of your exact whereabouts. A letter from an old friend of mine gave me the clue. She's a neighbor of yours, by the way, and lives in that manor house on the hill to the right of the villa.

In view of what I have heard and suspect, take a word of advice—don't invite entangling alliances. They're a source of chagrin if nothing more. Your impulsiveness has done enough mischief for the time being. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Since I'm still prone to change residences overnight, you may direct your letter in care of my banker as usual.

"I knew it!" said Jimmie vigorously.

"Have you received bad news?" asked Annunziata, frowning.

"Not exactly," returned Jimmie, "but that woman will be the undoing of me yet. She never knows when to let well enough alone."

"What woman?" sought Annunziata.

"My Aunt Brigid," said Jimmie. "She's never happy unless she's regulating somebody's affairs, preferably mine."

A half hour later, the grass at his feet littered with torn paper, Jimmie Lydford gave vent to a sigh, glared defiantly up at the whispering leaves, reached for a fresh piece of paper, and made a flying start with:

My Dear Aunt Brigid:

I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. Agnes, as you probably know, ceased answering my letters without a word of warning, or subsequent explanation. Moreover, on the occasions of two calls at her residence, I was tacitly given to understand by the maid that Agnes was not at home to me. I foolishly invited a third rebuff, and on that occasion was informed that "the family" had left town—destination unknown. For some occult reason I had become an undesirable overnight. I'm still in the dark as to what that reason could possibly have been.

I was reluctant to burden you with even an announcement of my misfortune, wherefore my seeming neglect to take you into my confidence. I came abroad at once, cutting all lines of communication. I had no desire to receive the condolences

of my friends, since I could give no plausible explanation. I've been at the villa Torni ever since.

You may possess your soul in peace regarding those "tremors of alarm." I've no desire to see Agnes for some time to come. That, perhaps, will draw your criticism; but I'm still quite human. It would be fruitless to discuss those two phrases which you make use of in your letter—"shameful treatment" and "great injustice." As for "deserving further consideration," I don't quite catch your meaning.

How strangely things fall out: I mean your being a friend of the folks up at the manor. You might forward me a letter of introduction. As for "sudden enthusiasms" or "entangling alliances," don't worry. My heart is where it ever was and always will be. Moreover, since one proverb deserves another, let me remind you that "a burnt child dreads the fire."

And again, as on another day, he braved the ardors of the afternoon sun, trudged down to Sant' Angelo, and mailed his letter. Unlike that other day, however, he hadn't the least doubt of the result. "I ought to have a letter within the week," said he to his second self. And he did—two of them! They arrived Monday morning and had been mailed at Sant' Angelo! A glance at the handwriting of one sent him forthwith to his retreat under the peach trees, where he gave solicitous attention to the following:

My Dear Mr. Lydford:

I have given very earnest consideration not only to your recent request, but to the circumstances of our correspondence. To invite discussion and then avoid it would seem to imply a spirit of coquetry on my part, which I may not permit you to entertain.

I clearly remember the point involved in your inquiry. It is vividly impressed on my memory. A discussion of its merits, however, could not be had in a letter of moderate length. A fortunate circumstance enables me to overcome the difficulty. I'm sure you will agree that fate has been kind, and that the invitation—on its way or arrived—will serve all purposes admirably. Needless to add, I shall look forward to Tuesday afternoon with keen anticipation.

The second letter, written in dainty script, informed him:

Sweet Briar House.

My Dear Mr. Lydford:

I was agreeably surprised to hear that you are the nephew

of my very dear friend Mrs. Brigid O'Dowd. It will give me great pleasure, therefore, if you will take tea with us Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock.

I should much like to introduce you to some friends of mine.

Sunday evening, MISS HELEN SHERWOOD.

"Ha!" said Jimmie, a smile of rare complacency breaking into bloom. And, giving himself to the business of the moment, he achieved his note of acceptance. That done he jumped to his feet and started on a run up the garden walk. At the end of the grape arbor he collided with Annunziata.

"Oh—er—I beg your pardon," he threw our nervously.

"Why what has happened?" exclaimed Annunziata, "you're all excited."

"Don't you believe it," said he. "I want you to scoot over to the manor with this note. It's of the greatest importance."

"But—" began the girl.

"Don't argue," broke in Jimmie, pushing the note into her hand. "Fly!"

And then, since it never rains but it pours, the afternoon mail brought him a third letter, from Rome, from his Aunt Brigid. "Now what d'ye suppose," began Jimmie, hastily uncovering the missive. Whereupon, with a sustained frown, he read:

One turn of frankness deserves another. Nevertheless, if it weren't that blood is thicker than water, I'd stick to my original plans and let you fight your own battles. Events of the past week, however, leave me no alternative.

By some manœuver of fate, Agnes was with me the day I received your letter. I made free to disclose its contents. I don't propose to retail her comments; they're best left unsaid. I will, however, carry out a promise she exacted from me. I could do no less. 'Tis a matter of strict justice to both of you. She gave me a small packet of letters and insisted that some day I show them to you. I'll not rest easy till you've seen and read them.

In the meantime I'm writing no letters of introduction. It may serve to cool your ardor to hear that Agnes and myself will be guests at the manor for a fortnight at least. We shall arrive Tuesday afternoon. I'll send Agnes direct to the manor; but will take the longer route myself that you may have an opportunity to read those letters. I shall reach the villa Torni about three o'clock. You may order tea as usual.

Naturally, I had to tell Agnes of your presence at the villa; but don't let that trouble you. Unless you take the initiative there's no danger of even a chance encounter. I'll see to that.

"Well, of all the—" began Jimmie Lydford; but a power to express the exact shade of his emotion denied him, he sat glaring across the valley at the manor. He was still at grips with the inexpressible, when Annunziata came strolling down the garden walk. At sight of his troubled countenance, she shook her head from side to side and remarked:

"You look as though you were expecting bad news?"

"Bad's no name for it," returned Jimmie thoughtfully. And as his audience stood frowning incomprehension, he remarked:

"I can't take tea at the manor, tomorrow, after all, and I must send a valid excuse."

"You can't go!" exclaimed the girl, drawing back, amazed.

"No—o," said Jimmie ruefully, "I'm going to have company myself tomorrow. My aunt is a friend of the folks up at the manor. She'll be here tomorrow afternoon about three o'clock. Did you ever hear of such luck!"

"But," argued Annunziata, I don't see why that should interfere with your engagement. You could both go to the manor together."

"We could," admitted Jimmie Lydford reflectively, "but we won't."

"You seem to have a lot of bad luck lately," commented the girl.

"It isn't luck," said Jimmie, "it's merely the tyranny of circumstance."

The following afternoon, shortly before three, Jimmie's Aunt Brigid arrived at the villa Torni. The preliminary skirmish safely past, he led his guest down the garden walk toward the table under the peach trees. Before seating herself, she took him in with a sweeping glance from crown to heels, then rendered decision:

"The place agrees with you evidently."

"An easy conscience," he ventured lightly.

"Make the most of it while you may," she retorted, "it won't be for long. But you may order tea."

"It's in the making," murmured Jimmie.

"You might glance through these in the meantime," she sug-

gested, handing him a packet of letters. "They'll serve to introduce the few words I intend to have with you."

"Oh—o," he murmured, and forthwith lost himself in an examination of the missive. As he read an expression of bewilderment settled on his countenance. A frown of amazement wrinkled his forehead.

Annunziata arrived and took her leave unheeded. His aunt, without comment, poured tea. Suddenly, eyes flashing, Jimmie looked up and exclaimed:

"I—I'm dumfounded! I can scarcely believe it! If it wasn't for the maid's confession of lying and intercepting of letters, I'd be tempted to doubt the whole affair. I always did sense some antagonism on the part of Agnes' guardian, but I never dreamed he was in such deadly earnest. I—I'm shocked!"

"Is that all?" inquired his aunt.

"It should be superfluous to tell you that I'm sorry," returned Jimmie. "Nevertheless you must admit that I had provocation."

"To doubt the loyalty of a girl like Agnes?" demanded his aunt.

"But," returned Jimmie spiritedly," I never really did."

"Then why are you here?" she inquired tersely. "Can't you realize that you've invited suspicions of all your friends? What's more, you've given cause for that wicked old creature to think he did right in attempting to part Agnes and you."

"Wicked!" exclaimed Jimmie. "Why that man's act was criminal. He must be wanting to all sense of honor and decency."

"His spite is bitter," remarked Mrs. O'Dowd. "But I didn't come here to scold, nor to offer condolences. The first is not my *métier,* the second you don't deserve. Now that you know the truth, I'll make free to ask what do you intend to do about it?"

"I owe Agnes an immediate apology," announced Jimmie solemnly. "If it wasn't that circumstances forbid, I'd go over to the manor at once."

"Circumstances?" echoed his aunt, with an inquiring uplift of her eyebrows.

"Why—er—you see," said Jimmie, "the truth is that your friend, Miss Sherwood, invited me to take tea at the manor this afternoon at four o'clock. If you'll be kind enough to explain matters—"

"I'll be a party to no such cowardice," promptly advised his aunt. "You'll come with me at once."

"But," he began protestingly, almost pleadingly.

"I'm waiting," she remarked with the implication of a threat.

Whereupon he wisely chose the lesser evil.

They had scarcely reached the terrace at Sweet Briar, when a little old lady came quickly forward with the announcement:

"Hurry, Mrs. O'Dowd, you're wanted at the telephone."

"Yes?" said Jimmie's aunt, and with a swift glance toward her nephew. "This is—"

"Don't stand on ceremony," interposed the other, "you're wanted in a hurry. I'll take care of him till you've returned."

Wherewith she smilingly held out her hand to Jimmie Lydford with: "How do you do?"

"I'm delighted to see you," murmured Jimmie lamely.

"Don't be shocked at my lack of ceremony," remarked his hostess.

"And I'll take your arm, if you've no objections. You might be tempted to run."

"Not from such good fortune as this," he returned.

"Indeed?" said she, smiling up at him.

She led him toward the pathway that skirted the side of the manor. There she came to a halt, and half suggested, half sought: "Perhaps, you'd care to meet Miss Holburn alone for a few minutes?"

"But," he began, plainly ill at ease.

"Don't be foolish," murmured the other, giving his arm a slight pressure of encouragement. "Go have it over with. She's on the porch just around that corner of the house."

"Thank you," he murmured absently.

Whereupon his hostess, with a smiling "Good-bye for awhile," left him to his fate.

A moment later he was under the awning that shaded the paved platform along the south side of the manor. And there, so far as he knew, he stood the unsuspected observer of a young woman, who, back toward him, sat in a wicker chair lazily plying her fan. It was a curiously wrought fan and it held his attention. The business of the moment, however, called for action. Wherefore, with a sad lack of inventiveness, he gave vent to a little annunciatory cough, then stepped forward. The fan midway one of its lazily described arcs came to an abrupt halt, a head of brown hair turned slowly; a very pleasing profile appeared, then a face, two lustrous brown eyes, and then—

She was on her feet in an instant with a half startled, half inquiring:

"Oh—o?"

"I'm—that is, I came right over, Agnes," began Jimmie, "to ask—that is to say that—"

"But," she inquired, mercifully coming to his rescue, "won't you be seated?"

"Thank you," he murmured, "after I've offered you an apology for my—those gratuitous assumptions of mine. I—I'm sorry beyond expression. As you know I haven't a leg to stand on."

"You might be seated," she remarked mischievously.

"You haven't said that you'd forgive me," he demurred humbly.

She made no rejoinder, but stood looking across the valley toward the villa Torni.

"I know I don't deserve it," said Jimmie, still embarrassed, still uncertain. "But if you knew what I've been through. I—I haven't known a moment's happiness in six months. It was one of the things that gave me courage to come here today."

"Indeed," she retorted swiftly. "I thought you were here to meet a young woman that seems to have thrown prudence to the winds."

"Don't, Agnes, please," pleaded Jimmie earnestly. "You—you're hurting me. You misunderstand. I'm ashamed and heartily sorry. Before I take my leave, I should like to hear that you at least forgive me."

"Only on one condition," she interrupted seriously but firmly.

"Name it," demanded Jimmie eagerly.

"That you stay for tea," she stipulated, "otherwise you will make my presence here unbearable." And before he could voice his decision, she added: "If you will pardon me, I shall call Miss Sherwood."

And the next moment he was alone.

A sweeping temptation to fly laid hold of him; but just then his hostess appeared with the announcement:

"I'm so glad that's over with. Come right along, please. You've just time for a word or two with another friend of yours. She's down in the rosary. "I'll take you as far as the gateway. Come."

And murmuring irrelevant trifles, she forthwith led the reluctant and inwardly fuming creature down the pavement toward

the other side of the house, thence to a little rustic gate that swung between high hedges of privet. There she pointed down a shaded walk and smilingly advised him:

"Go straight ahead to the fountain, then turn to the right. You'll find her reading her favorite poet on the bench under the rose trees."

"But," began Jimmie, his feelings at the breaking point.

"No," she picked him up quickly, "my presence would be superfluous."

And again she left him to his fate. And suddenly a spirit of mingled resentment and injustice flared up within him. What right had Agnes to take such an intolerable advantage of him, to force him into a situation that could only— And suddenly by a whimsical touch of fate, by the merest chance, out of the corner of his eye he saw it! It was lying half-open in the grass along the edge of the path. He swiftly entered the gateway and achieved possession of the object. It had been dropped obviously in the course of hasty flight. But—and here was *the* question—why flight along that particular path? Had it a double, in rival hands, in the same household, this curiously wrought fan at which he stood blinking? He smiled his incredulity, pocketed the fatal clue, and went down the path as far as the fountain. There he turned swiftly about and took in the carefully arranged *mise en scène*. She was, in truth, seated on a bench under some rose trees. Her back was toward him, over her head and shoulders a disguising mantilla, while the edge of the promised book of poems showed just above her arm. It was really well done. It was altogether too successful not to merit a reprisal. Wherefore he remarked:

"A charming tableau, I assure you. A fitting crown to your guileless little comedy. My compliments."

For a second even the leaves seemed motionless with expectancy. Nevertheless, excepting an almost imperceptible start of the veiled head and the gradual disappearance of the book, nothing happened.

"I regret to spoil the *dénouement* as originally planned," said Jimmie, drawing near, "but am inclined to believe that mine contains a fairer sense of humor."

"How—how *did* you guess!" came the faintest of protesting inquiries.

"Merely to guess would have been fatal," he returned. And boldly rounding the edge of the bench, he seated himself within

strategical reach of his *summum bonum*. He tried to intercept her glance, but she defensively kept her eyes averted. And suddenly in a tone of mingled skepticism and chagrin she wondered:

"You don't mean to say you knew it *all* the time!"

"I'm not saying anything," announced Jimmie firmly, "till this little comedy is safely concluded and the curtain down. Your left hand, if you please, I've something that belongs to you. I refuse to be responsible for it another minute."

There was the briefest of pauses. Then, shyly but thoughtfully, she surrendered her hand. And as he slipped the ring over her finger she lifted her face and murmured:

"I—I was so afraid you—you didn't care, Jimmie."

"Didn't care!" he exclaimed. And instantly—

But the curtain is down.

THE SINGING GIRL.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

THERE was a little maiden
  In blue and silver drest,
She sang to God in Heaven
  And God within her breast.

It flooded me with pleasure,
  It pierced me like a sword,
When this young maiden sang: "My soul
  Doth magnify the Lord."

The stars sing all together
  And hear the angels sing,
But they said they had never heard
  So beautiful a thing.

Saint Mary and Saint Joseph,
  And Saint Elizabeth,
Pray for us poets now
  And at the hour of death.

MODERN THOUGHT AND THE NATURE OF ITS PROGRESS.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

IF Aristotle could again move about among his kind, and have a volume of modern philosophy—it does not much matter which—suddenly thrust upon his notice for review, one many readily imagine in what direction his astonished thoughts would run.

At two things chiefly would he be surprised—the remarkable development of metaphysics as a science of Knowledge, and its almost complete neglect as a science of Being. The internal relations that thread our knowledge through and make it the consistent body of information that it is, would be spread before him in marvelous richness of detail; but when he sought to discover what bearing on the problem of reality all this highly developed science of mind was supposed to have, not a word would be vouchsafed him save in scorn. Had he not heard of the Copernican revolution in philosophy, introduced by Kant? Thought does not revolve about objects any longer; objects revolve about Thought. The idea of external reality is as obsolete as the old geocentric theory of the universe. It is one of the derelicts in the path of progress.

So complete a transformation of metaphysics from a science of reality into a science of knowledge would pique the curiosity of the Stagirite as nothing else could, and set him at once to wondering just where the secret of its explanation lay. "The Master of those who know," as Dante called him, would hardly be put off with an allusion to the Polish astronomer Copernicus, or his Prussian imitator in philosophy, Kant; he would return at once to the charge: "Why has there been so much progress in the study of Knowledge, and so little in its companion subject—Being," he would insist. "Do men now regard knowing and being as one and the same thing? Has Plato's 'independent world of ideas' again become the dominant conception? Against this 'Old Man Eloquent,' and his detached, self-running world of Thought, I built philosophy on the Reality known to us in experience, and refused to sever the knower from the known. Where there are two constituents, I said to myself, the interests of truth demand that neither be suppressed.

"A hundred years or so before my time, Zeno the Eleatic and

Heraclitus the Obscure stood for a policy of suppression. To their way of thinking, the proper method to pursue when two ideas appeared to be in conflict was to eliminate one of them and let the other stay. Zeno was for the world of the 'one;' Heraclitus for the world of the 'many.' Each excluded the idea on which the other built, declaring it an illusion that melted away in the light of reflection. This policy, for many reasons, I could not bring myself to share. I saw the partial truth in the opposed contentions of these two rival thinkers, and at once began to cast about for a principle by means of which the warring opposition might be transcended and overcome. This principle I found revealed in experience—it is the idea of Continuity—and it seemed to me then, it seems to me now, that in recognizing and employing this idea as the governing consideration in philosophy, I made a special contribution to the development of human thought, far superior to the disruption policy of Zeno the Eleatic and Heraclitus the Obscure. Imagine my surprise, therefore, to find that this idea has gone almost wholly out of recognition, and that the undeveloped mentality of my predecessors is preferred to mine.

" How did this ancient opposition between the permanent and the changing, the ideal and the real, the rational and the sensible, the 'many' and the 'one' get itself so dogmatically reasserted? What led philosophers to disavow the continuity between thought and sensation, reason and experience, subject and object, mind and reality? What influence re-created impassable gaps of severance between all these? How did Thought come to be regarded as creative, and cease to be considered in the light of an apprehensive power? I feel quite sure that a study of the causes leading up to the rejection of the idea of Continuity will disclose the whole secret of modern philosophy, and enable me to judge in what respects precisely it is superior to mine, and in what others it falls below."

Aristotle's reflections might or might not have followed the direction indicated. We have conveniently lent him ours, the better to acquaint the reader with the question in hand, which is personally concerning, and needs to be made live and actual, even by the insertion of this introductory " purple patch." Modern philosophy grew up around the idea that Thought is independent of the world of objects, and can develop of itself, without the aid of experience. The question we are here going to consider is not what value this idea has, but how it ever came to be entertained. The question is about the origin of the idea, not about its worth. We have reserved

the consideration of this genetic problem for our closing topic, as a most natural complement to the series of articles begun in THE WORLD of last December. The reader who has the patience and the interest to read the article through will at least be able to see whence many ideas have come, that must have appeared dark and puzzling to him before, when studied apart from the circumstances of their origin.

The doctrine that Thought is independent of reality and can develop of itself, without the aid of experience, did not originate on philosophic soil. It had its origin in the science of mathematics, and came over from that special discipline into the general field of philosophy, dispossessing this latter of all its traditional principles and reanimating it with a predominantly mathematical spirit. This spirit leaned strongly towards idealism. Mathematical studies engender the feeling that reason is not indebted to experience for the shaping of its course. One may start with an *ideal* circle, line, surface, or square, and draw forth therefrom self-verifying consequences almost without end. Out of a few given notions of the simplest and exactest sort, a whole world of complex consequences can be discovered and magisterially built up, without once consulting experience. Analysis may be carried on in the form of an abstract calculus of symbols to which no meaning of any kind—we are speaking of the newer mathematics—need be attached. A judicious selection of the simplest primary conceptions of the mind, of those, especially, which are *mutually independent,* will lead to juxtapositions and combinations, out of which a great coherent body of more complex conceptions is as sure to follow as the day the night. It is possible to compose a rigorous treatise on geometry, in which the fundamental and controlling conceptions—*point, straight line, and between*—have been left unproved and undefined—a circumstance that led Bertrand Russell—no mean mathematician himself—almost facetiously to remark that " mathematics is the science in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we say is true." By nature a study of *ideal* constructions which often prove applicable to real problems and as often lead to the discovery of relations hitherto unsuspected, the science of quantity and position creates the almost irresistible impression that the concrete realities of the world about us might as well be non-existent, so far as the mathematician needs them either for the starting point of his speculations or the guidance of his research.

René Descartes, the founder of modern philosophical method,

was preëminently a mathematician. He had contributed to the development of mathematics by his discovery of analytical geometry, and quite naturally thought that the method by which this success was won would work similar wonders in the field of philosophy, could it there be made the accepted mode of procedure. The times were ripe for changes. Dissatisfaction was in the air, and objective ways of thinking in disrepute. Tradition had been broken in religion, and from that to its breaking in philosophy was but a single step. A philosophical reform, animated by the same anti-traditional spirit as that which had characterized the so-called religious reform inaugurated some years before by Luther, was bound to come. Descartes saw the means to its effecting in the method employed by mathematicians in their particular science. If this method could be *generalized,* the past would be blotted out and the future made wholly independent of it. There would be no traditional ways of thinking left to hamper the mind's unfolding, nothing but a clear white page on which to write philosophy anew.

The observations of mathematics are all upon objects of *imagination,* not upon those of sense. Why could not the "objects" of philosophy be likewise brought into the imagination, there to be dealt with by the philosopher as the mathematician deals with his? Why trouble about a *real* circle, which is always imperfect, whether found in nature or drawn by man—when we have its perfect ideal imaginatively furnished from within? Mathematics takes a few fundamental conceptions like *point, line, surface,* and *position*—all perfectly exact, exhaustive, adequate—and from these, without calling upon experience, ideally constructs its world. Why could not philosophy do likewise—begin, say, with "clear," "comprehensive," "perfectly understood" ideas, such as "existence," "knowledge," "doubt," "thought," "volition," "duration," "movement," or other "primitives" of like tenor, and from these build up a more complex body of conceptions and consequences? And to give these primary elemental notions, which cannot be doubted, a chance to come fully into play and establish their efficiency, what more natural than to propose a method of doubting everything beforehand? That would leave these mental "atoms" intact, and at the same time sweep out of recognition all the old procedures to which philosophy had been wedded. So thought Descartes in the mental crisis that came upon him while in winter quarters with the army of Prince Maurice of Bavaria, at Neuberg on the Danube, in 1619.

A realization of the fact that Descartes[1] borrowed the new method of philosophizing from mathematics is very enlightening and instructive. It lets us into the explanation of many points in modern thought, for which we should be sorely puzzled otherwise to account. It explains the introduction of "methodic doubt," and the peculiarly extravagant meaning which Descartes attached to "clear ideas." No one but a mathematician mistaking the logic of the imagination for the logic of reflection would ever think of regarding ideas in general as on a par with the mathematical "primitives" of *point, surface, line,* and *square.* No one but a mathematician, with a mathematician's psychology, would ever dream of claiming, in the face of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that any of our philosophical ideas are "clear," in the sense of being adequate, exhaustive, comprehensive, and completely understood.

The mathematical "primitives" led Descartes to think that the philosopher, no less than the mathematician, might judiciously select a few mutually independent notions, and out of them draw forth a whole orderly world of consequences. Mutually independent conceptions make good starting-points in mathematics, and the method was transferred to philosophy, as if it had every right and privilege to be there immediately put into effect. There can be no doubt that Kant owned his severance theory of concepts to mathematical influence; he certainly never got it from an examination of experience. No one peering into his own conscience and making it an object of reflective study would ever come to the conclusion that the concepts of the intellect are all isolated, unrelated, and independent. But, though poor psychology, such a view is good mathematics, and Kant generalized it without stopping to prove the generalization true. His conduct is illuminating and instructive.

The theory that truth is coherence, not correspondence, is also an infiltration from mathematics. Things in the imagination—the *locus* of all mathematical "essences"—need but to agree among themselves and show no contradiction, to have their truth discernible. They know no external measure to which they are bound to conform, consistency being their only requisite, non-contradiction their only law. When the mathematician decided to play the rôle of universal philosopher, he brought his own particular working-principles over with him into his new field, and that is how and why the idea of truth as a correspondence between Mind and Reality

[1] *Discours de la méthode. Œuvres de Descartes.* By Victor Cousin. I., p. 142; also p. 129.

went out of consideration in modern philosophy. Mathematical points of view account also for the fact that both Descartes and Kant should have so strangely conceived of the world and God as "corrollaries" of their own private systems of thought; as "hypotheses" that verified themselves without being strictly capable of proof; as "postulates," "demands," "implicates"—anything but spontaneously known and rationally demonstrable truths. These men were talking the language of mathematics, as if it were in very truth that of philosophy itself. Is it any wonder, in such circumstances, that the principle of Identity should have been reduced to the banal utterance that A is A? And need we be surprised, either, that the idea of *external* reality appeared to minds of this stamp as a most useless and hampering notion?

Our imaginary *Aristoteles redivivus* was surprised at the disappearance of the idea of Continuity from the pages of modern philosophy. But here again, if we consult the mathematical parallels, we shall see the reason of its failure to survive. Continuity is mathematically conceived as a series of numbers, each one of which is *exterior to the others* and independent of them, like the rungs of a ladder. Contiguity, not continuity, is the characteristic of numbers. "In their linear order, *2, 3, 4, 5, 6* are exterior to each other, as are also, in their circular order, the terms *a c b d a*, or, reversely, *a d b c a*. One term is either *before* or *after*, it either is or is not *between* two other terms." Transferred from mathematics to philosophy, this method will tempt its employers to treat the concepts of the intellect as contiguous and juxtaposed, mutally exclusive and independent, like numbers in a series.

History shows that this is exactly the manner of treatment which concepts received at the hands of such mathematician-philosophers as Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant. History also shows the tremendous consequences that followed. The whole ideal of philosophy was changed, and all its horizons lowered, when Descartes thus substituted the logic of the mathematical imagination for the logic of experience and reflection. The ideal of the philosopher is the comprehension of the *unity and continuity of things*, not merely the grasping of their *individuality and distinction*. The first, and by far the nobler half of this ideal, was forced out of recognition by the mathematical manner of considering concepts. The second alone survived, and it began to work destructively, as all mischievous half-truths do.

The fraternity of things, the solidarity of concepts, the so-

ciability of matter and mind, the compenetration of all our mental states, the vast syntheses that pour in upon us spontaneously when reflecting, the noble unities that thread the whole world through with purpose and make detail look so small a matter in comparison —the very things on which philosophy had built and should ever build, were forgotten, a pall of voluntary oblivion having been thrown over them to give mathematics the right of way. And what a right of way it was! The mathematician's idea of a philosopher is that of a man who divides and analyzes objects—reduces them to their simplest terms. To explain any given whole is to dissociate it, to break it up into its component parts. The atom of everything is the mathematician's engaging quarry. That found, the process of explanation is over, the work of the philosopher done. And the consequence was that " to explain " meant to simplify, and to simplify meant to mutilate, separate, and divide.

Four brand new categories stalked sturdily into philosophy to do the work of disintegration, to tear every known unity apart, under the pretext of explaining it. These were the categories of separation, rivalry, opposition, and exclusion. Mathematics had indeed invaded philosophy, and a ruthless invader it was. Concepts were declared isolated and discontinuous—they became as fixed, rigid, and static as numbers that never change. They lost all their suppleness and flexibility, and were made to appear as no more capable of growth in meaning than the number 6 or the figure 8. The idea of Being, for instance, which is infinitely flexible, expressing all things under a common ratio, and allowing for differences and shades of meaning without end, lost all this characteristic vitality and took on the appalling immobility, isolation and loneliness of Kant's " thing-in-itself "—that vexing nightmare of post-Kantian philosophy. All continuity between mind and matter, subject and object, thought and reality ceased. An irreconcilable dualism was created between them, and philosophy was unfairly asked to solve problems which the imagination of mathematicians had conjured up for its undoing.

The treatment of concepts—soul and body, mind and matter, subject and object—as if they were juxtaposed like numbers, as if each represented a static fixity of meaning upon which no change could ever come, worked the ruin of philosophy in the traditional, human sense of that term. It is responsible for the dualism which Descartes invented between spirit and matter, and for the separation which Kant created between reason and sense. It is accounta-

ble, also, for the limitations which the latter affixed to the range of human knowledge—for "Kant was but Descartes with the intellectualism left out." Our power to know reality—the reality of the world, ourselves, and God—was sacrificed without warrant to the exigencies of the mathematical method. No investigation preceded this denial of the power of human reason—the whole question was arrogantly prejudged by mathematicians posing as philosophers.

A most gross mechanization of the human spirit, a muffling of the powers of reason and a fettering of spiritual reflection quite naturally followed. Machine theory after machine theory of life was proposed, and men are still held in their deadly toils. Philosophy lost its freeing character when the mathematicians perverted its nature, stifled its aspirations, and narrowed its scope. That which should have remained a distinct discipline became a parasite—a parasite, first, of mathematics, then of mechanics, physics, and biology in turn. And with what is philosophy now allying itself? With economics and sociology, for the time being, and until some other particular science gains the ascendancy, bidding it to seek refuge beneath its folds. How are the mighty fallen! The philosophy that promised liberation brought human thought under the worst form of enslavement imaginable—slavery to a method and complete subjection to a procedure—from which the world might well wish itself, by some great cataclysm or other, once and forevermore freed.

The invasion of philosopy by the mathematicians—we must not forget to add—changed all the meaning of the traditional terms. "Intelligence," "reason," "evidence," "idea," "intuition," "induction," "deduction," "certainty"—were mathematicized out of all semblance to their former selves, and freighted with a narrower significance than they had ever previously borne. "Intelligence" and "reason," which had hitherto meant the faculty of apprehending the nature of things, now became the mere power to draw up imaginative schemas of reality or plans of conduct. "Conception" was reinterpreted as the decomposing of an assemblage or group into its *imagined* elements, precisely as is done in mathematics; a circumstance that will enable us to understand why Kant rejected the idea of God as unknowable—he could not decompose it into the terms of sense experience, as his mathematical prepossessions required; a circumstance, also, which explains his grandiose effort to "schematize" the categories so as to compel

Thought to reclothe itself with the forms and figures of the imagination. Under the influence of mathematical ideals also, "conception" was perverted into a mere tool, instrument, or device, by means of which the material requisite for a mechanical, unspiritual, and wooden interpretation of the universe might be whipped into shape. By no other agency except enslavement to method, and unquestioning compliance with its exactions, could such a lowered significance have been imported into this ancient term.

"Evidence" also underwent transformation. Formerly understood as "the light which the object has in the idea," it now began to be set down for a quality or property belonging exclusively to ideas. It became a purely subjective state of mind—"certitude" as contradistinguished from "certainty." "Idea," too, was another one of the terms that had to have its significance cut down to mathematical size. Before the mathematicians got hold of it, an idea meant the object itself as *within us;* it was no mere mental substitute for reality, but the living presence thereof in mind. And as all objects are rich with qualities and features which our ideas of them do not ever wholly *exhaust,* no one ever had the hardihood to contend that our notion of anything, even of a tadpole, is adequate, perfect, and complete. Every individual was regarded as inexhaustible, never fully analyzed, never comprehensively known. But, with the parallel of the mathematical "primitives" before his eyes as a model, Descartes misconceived the whole nature of our general ideas. He took them as equivalent to mathematical ideas in particular, and the result was that they ceased to be the *imperfect beginnings* of knowledge which they really are, and became its *perfect* representatives and types. And once they were regarded as complete and exhaustive from the start, it was impossible to derive further knowledge from them. To Descartes' mind, "induction," "deduction," and the "syllogism" could not have the efficiency they had had before. "Deduction," for instance, was no longer the drawing forth of a third truth from two others, it was simply the mechanical juxtaposition of two ideas, between which, in the absence of all continuity, some bridge or other had to be constructed.[2]

Kant, if you remember, did not believe it was possible to pass from one concept to another, and now you know the reason why. He was thinking, not as psychology, but as mathematics

[2] *L'esprit de la philosophie moderne.* By J. Maritain. *Revue de Philosophie,* July, 1914, p. 63.

would have him think, and the difference is very great. "Intuition"—a favorite term of Kant's—we must not forget to describe its shortened stature in modern philosophy. Hitherto a synonym for intellectual perception, for the intellectual perception of reality, it now became exclusively associated with sense and imagination, as mathematics would not suffer anything to be acceptable that could not be sensibly or imaginatively reproduced. Perhaps the reader, peeping between the lines has seen ere this, why it was that Kant confined reason to experience and would not let it soar beyond. Perhaps, also, it has become apparent why this selfsame thinker found fault with the idea of God because he could find no traces of it in the imagination—a mathematician's only world. Kant here unconsciously expresses the difference between mathematical and philosophical thought. The former is tied to images, and dare not leave them—they are its stock-in-trade, its pillars of Hercules, and beyond them is the Unknowable, because all that cannot be imagined is for the mathematician inconceivable —he has made himself notorious in history for crossing these two terms. The philosopher knows no such limitations. His thought dominates the images he employs, and he regards the imagination as an aid to thinking, not as the term, criterion, or final bound of thought. Wherein, too, the wise reader will make reflections. It is the superiority of thinking to imagining that constitutes all philosophy worthy the name of such.

The movement to mathematicize philosophy was originally due to the idea that the foundations of mathematics are innate, and absolutely certain on that account. Descartes and Kant both thought that the absolute certainty of mathematics came from the innateness of the ideas with which it dealt, from its independence of experience, in other words. So absolute did the certainty of mathematics appear in Kant's eyes, that he invented the word "apodictical" to express its exceptional character. But Kant's competence in mathematics has been seriously questioned of late, and so has the cardinal point on which he suspended his whole system and criticism—namely, the supposition that mathematical ideas arise within the mind itself, and that their perfect certainty is due to their intra-mental origin. To the newer mathematicians of our time, mathematical judgments are *"hypotheses or conventions"*[3] from which a number of consequences are drawn, they are

[3] *L'innéisme Kantien des fondéments mathématiques.* By Louis de Contenson. *Revue de Philosophie,* March, 1914, p. 291.

not the irrefragable certainties by which Kant set such great personal store. After a long, detailed, and brilliant examination of Kant's "synthetic judgments *a priori*," Contenson[4] declares that they are "neither judgments, nor synthetic, nor *a priori*," but derivations from experience. In the mathematical world the controversy now hovers over one idea—the general concept of "group" or "assemblage." Is this fundamental concept of "group" innate? Poincaré thinks it is. Contenson is of the contrary opinion, and he makes a point well worth remembering. The origin of this concept matters little, he says. "Its initial nature (whether innate or acquired) has no more influence on the development of mathematics and its *certitude* than had Newton's apple or Galileo's lamp on the enchainment of their systems. It was a stimulating occasion, not a determining cause."[5]

With this profound, penetrating, and undermining criticism, the whole foundation on which Descartes and Kant sought to rebuild philosophy collapses. These two philosophical reformers were persuaded that mathematical ideas furnished an absolute basis for certainty, because of their non-derivation from experience, because of their innate, inborn character, in other words. But now we know that the certainties of mathematics are quite independent of the whole question of the origin of ideas, and not at all of such an apodictical character as Kant, in the meagre mathematical knowledge of his day, saw in them. The dogmatism of these two men is a thing of the past in the mathematical world. Would that the same might be said of the world of philosophy, where their spirit still survives and their method is still the principle of guidance!

We do not wish for a moment to have the inference drawn that modern thought has made no progress whatsoever. That were foolhardy in the extreme. Modern thought has made a wondrous progress. The world of matter has been forced to yield many secrets which it hitherto withheld, and the conquest of the air has been added to the taming of the sea. In the world of mind, the discoveries have been equally portentous. Consciousness has been placed under the microscope, so to speak, and every nook and cranny of it explored. Experience has been burrowed into, tunnelled under, and bridged over, until it looks like a city of light. How much of our knowledge actually comes from the af-

[4] *Ibid.*, February, 1914, p. 173.
[5] *Ibid.*, March, 1914, pp. 305, 306.

fections and the will, from sympathy and feeling, from interest and pressing need; how much of it is due to action, to the mere fact of exercising our mental faculties—all this has been catalogued, filed, and listed by a galaxy of investigators so numerous their names blur like the stars in the Milky Way. It has been admirably shown that consciousness scarcely opens its eyes to look about before desire comes, and longing—misty ideals of the good, the beautiful, the real, and the true. *Magis ubi amat quam ubi animat, est anima,* says St. Augustine, and experiment has proved the observation true. We know by acting and by loving as well as by thinking—there is a dynamic urgency within us and it quickens all our thought. Living links bind all our mental states together in marvelous affinity, and by traversing these links the mind finds a connected pathway through its own labyrinthian maze. Physics, physiology, and all the sciences that border on psychology have been compelled to shed what light they may on the processes of mind. Nothing of ourselves has been suffered to remain unexamined. If the proper study of mankind is man, the nineteenth century will never be accused of remissness before the bar of history. Its achievements are monumental, its fame enduring. And there is no one who does not wish it still greater success in extending the area of the known.

But, to have done all its thinking under the influence of the four new catagories—separation, exclusion, rivalry, and opposition—all of them arbitrary mathematical importations and speculations, none of them discovered in experience or revealed by an examination of consciousness; and in their name and on their false warrant, to have accepted the appalling limitations dictated by a mathematical, mechanical, unspiritual—not to say wooden—method, which robbed us of the reality of the world, ourselves, and God, and set us adrift on the shoreless sea of idealism—was *this* progress, think you, or a wrong sense of direction?

THE CARE OF CHILDREN AND THE AGED.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

WE saw in a preceding article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD[1] that the existence of efficient hospitals for the poor and their proper organization is not a matter of recent date, nor one limited to a past generation or two, but on the contrary goes back for many centuries. The period that marked the lowest level in these humanitarian institutions is not in the dim and distant past, but occurred at a time not far removed from our own, indeed scarcely more than one hundred years ago—the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Hospital construction and organization was at a lower ebb at about the middle of the nineteenth century than at any other time of which we have definite records of history.

The hospitals conducted by cities at that time did much more harm than good. Within them the poor were huddled together amid surroundings not only dirty, but from a medical and surgical standpoint absolutely filthy. The patients would have fared better almost anywhere else, for in such surroundings they were subjected to all the dangers of disease that had accumulated from preceding patients. All sorts of epidemics occurred in these hospitals. Many otherwise healthy patients, injured in such a way as to require hospital treatment, were the victims, through contagion, of serious diseases which, if not actually fatal, crippled them for life.

The poor of those days dreaded the hospitals. This fear, it was said, resulted from ignorance and failure to appreciate all that was being done for them; but we know now that it had its seat in a very proper realization of the high death rate in hospitals, which made entrance into a hospital so often synonymous with a death warrant. The only thing that could possibly be said in favor of such hospitals was that at least for a time, and in some measure, they segregated the infected from the general public, but even this was a dubious benefit, for probably the herding together under extreme unhygienic conditions made the diseases present ever so much more virulent. Garrison in his *History of Medicine*,[2] has told the

[1] September, 1916, p. 721. [2] New York, Saunders, 1913.

story briefly of the awful conditions that existed in the hospitals just as the nineteenth century dawned; and Baas, the German historian of medicine, says that in Frankfort on the Main and other cities "even physicians declined hospital service as equivalent to a sentence of death."

We have pointed out how the historians of hospitals and of nursing attribute this extreme decadence to the secularization of hospitals, and above all to exclusion of women from positions of responsibility therein. The beginning of the decadence corresponds, according to Jacobsohn, the German historian, in his *History of Care for the Ailing,* to a period shortly after the so-called Reformation, and according to Miss Nutting and Miss Dock, in *A History of Nursing,* to the suppression of the religious orders. This latter event left hospitals and other humanitarian institutions without trained, experienced attendants.

That the exclusion of women from offices of responsibility as a true cause of decadence in hospital organization and not a mere feminist declaration is proved, first, by the fact that the replacing of women in responsible positions has been one of the greatest factors in the modern improvement of hospitals. Moreover, other facts, very interesting and significant, contribute to the same proof. Sisters' hospitals, in spite of the decadence of surgery, the neglect in hospital construction and the almost absolute ignorance of the disastrous consequences of dirt, for which of course the medical profession was entirely to blame, continued to be comparatively much better institutions, and were better managed and organized in every way than the public hospitals. When, for example, great emergencies arose, or when public investigation brought out the sad state of public hospitals, many of those in authority thought at once of placing Sisters in charge, but public sentiment in this country for ten years before and after the Know-Nothing Movement of 1850 was deeply prejudiced against the Sisters.

At Blockley, the great public hospital of Philadelphia, prevailing conditions even in the latter part of the second half of the nineteenth century were simply indescribable. A review of them belongs particularly to an article of this kind, since Blockley, besides being the hospital, was also the almshouse of Philadelphia. Miss Nutting and Miss Dock have told some of the shocking details; and they have also told of one interval when something like intelligent care and order came to Blockley. That interval was

when the Sisters of Charity took charge. Their *History of Nursing* says on this matter:

> Only one short interregnum of peace broke the long and distressing reign of violence, neglect and cruelty in Blockley.
>
> In 1832 there was a severe epidemic of cholera, and the attendants demanded more wages. To keep them to their duties the wages were increased, but were promptly spent for liquor. An orgy of intoxication ensued, and the helpers, crazed with drink, fought like furies over the beds of the sick, or lay in drunken stupor beside the bodies of the dead. So complete was the demoralization that the guardians applied to Bishop Kendrick for Sisters of Charity from Emmittsburg. The call was responded to promptly; indeed, *the Sisters started two hours after the summons was received.* They took in hand the whole desperate situation, at once restored order, and disseminated about them an atmosphere of tranquillity and quiet energy. The Sisters remained for some months, and their work was so deeply appreciated by the guardians that the Committee of the House, in a set of resolutions commending their great services, resolved also that they be requested to remain permanently. This, however, Father Hickey, their superior, negated giving his reasons at length. He did not consider Blockley the department of charity in which the Sisters could be most usefully employed, so the guardians were obliged to let them go, with glowing tributes which may well have been heartfelt.

Investigating commitees reported that conditions in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, were so pitiable as to excite the most poignant sympathy for its neglected inmates, and reform was demanded. The creation of a new medical board in 1847 was the first gleam of light because, to some extent, it took Bellevue out of politics. The physicians found, however, that they could do almost nothing to improve internal conditions so long as prisoners and paupers were employed as nurses. Some requested that Sisters of Charity be placed in the wards. The Sisters of Charity were not in a position at the time, however, to take up the work. Some twenty years later, however, during an epidemic of smallpox in New York, six Sisters of Charity by invitation of the city went to Blackwell's Island and cared for the poor victims of the scourge.

What is thus true of hospitals is true also of every charitable

work for the poor. This is well illustrated in the history of the care of the aged poor and of dependent children. It has often been said that the test of the real humanitarianism of any period is the care shown for these two particular indigent classes. Oftentimes selfish and personal motives dictate the proper hospital care of adults because their health is a valuable asset to the community, and their fellow-citizens may at times be in their place. But the needy aged and children have no near relatives, at least no influential ones; and their care is, as a rule, a matter of pure charity. They are incapable of vigorous protest, and abuse or neglect of them comes but tardily to the notice of the public.

With regard to this problem—the care of the aged poor—I may say at once that our present mode of caring for them is almost barbarous. Certainly nothing should bring home to us more effectively our pitiable shortcomings in this matter, so essentially one of a proper human dignity and proper self-respect, than a brief review of some of the facts. The needy aged have no one to care for them: the community must provide till the end comes. These aged ones have perhaps been deserted, forgotten or neglected: their children have died or else are too poor themselves to help others. The number of the indigent aged is very large. Few realize that statistics show that nine out of ten people who live to be sixty-five or over must receive aid of some kind before the end of their lives. Fortunately the majority have children or friends who aid them, but the others must be cared for by the community.

Throughout the country the poor are usually housed in what we call poorhouses. These are large buildings situated at some considerable distance from the county seat, or well beyond the limits of the populated section of the cities which direct and support them. There is usually one large building for the men and, some distance away, a similar building for the women. These aged, who are public charges, are usually widows or widowers, and fortunately, beyond the disgrace of the poorhouse, have not to endure the additional trial of separation from the living partner of their joys and sorrows. When, however, husband and wife are both living, each must live apart, though they may see each other occasionally, and without much regard for privacy.

We place the old people in these poorhouses; give them enough to eat and tell them to be happy. The old men must associate with the men of their own age, usually tiresome enough, but, harder still to bear, the old women must associate with the

women of their own age. There is not a chance of a child coming near them, though the one thing that makes life worth living for the old is to have the young grow up around them. We call this charity. Apparently we forget that man does not live by bread alone, and that the life of the affections is of supreme importance.

Contrast with this, for the moment, the care of the old in the Middle Ages as illustrated by what we still see at Stratford-on-Avon in England. On one of the main traveled streets of the little town is a group of neat, tiny, old-fashioned houses. They were built about 1450, though they then replaced dwellings used for a similar purpose that had been there for several centuries. On the ground floor are two little rooms, one of which, facing the street, is the sitting-room; an alcove serves as bedroom. Back of the sitting-room is a tiny kitchen, almost like the kitchenettes of the modern flat. The aged mistress of the house need take but very few steps in doing her work. Even the most delicate and infirm of old women, if she is able to be out of bed, can care for this little house herself. In the older time, when she was ailing or if she was very decrepit, and I believe the custom still continues, a friendly visitor appointed by the guild came every day and offered her services for whatever might be necessary. Here the old folks lived out their lives together in their own little home. The aged still live in these little houses.

They are the old guild almshouses. Mark you, they do not call them poorhouses. That crude designation of a habitation for public charges was reserved for a much later time. The Guild of the Holy Cross in Stratford was a magnificent organization, composed mainly of laymen—clergymen could become members, but could not hold office—who had charge of the charities, or, if you will, in modern phrase, the social needs of the town. They cared for the old and the orphans and the ailing poor, even for the entertainment and amusement of the populace, as well as for education and public athletics and the provision of mystery and morality plays and pageants and processions of various kinds for the townspeople.

The arrangements for the care of these old people were very interesting, quite apart from the provision of the little homes in which they might live together. Every phase of such care was marked by supreme thoughtfulness. The little houses were situated just down the street from the guild chapel. Only the guild school

intervened between them. The guild had, as we know from its statutes which have been preserved, four chaplains, whose duty it was to offer Mass every morning. The old folks, therefore, found it easy to assist at Mass every day.

The guild chapel was only one of the evidences of thoughtfulness. The guild school represented another and even more significant appeal to human nature. The children of the village went by the almshouses five or six times a day on the way to and from school. School in Stratford began at the enterprising hour of six. The first hour was not devoted to recitations, but to study. What we would call "home work" was done during it. After the completion of the second hour, which included the recitations of the day, the children went home for breakfast, returning in about half an hour; they then stayed until nearly twelve. They returned for an afternoon session, with usually an interval of a couple of hours in the middle of the day, and again returned home in the evening at about five o'clock. The old folks then had a chance to see them grow up around them, to know them and share their blessings which intimacy with childhood alone can give. I think it was good for the young folks too. They saw old age at close range; realized its needs, learned to respect it, and probably often at mother's request brought various things with them from home for the old folks, thus learning early the precious lesson of personal charity and kindness to the poor.

Best of all the guild playground was just behind the school. The old folks could see and hear the children at play. With what greater joy could old age be blessed! Needless to say our mode of caring for the old folks admits of no such advantages as these. The children are usually far away from our aged county and city charges; occasionally some relative may bring a child on a visit, but our aged never see children at play. I do not know whether this collocation of school and chapel and almshouses was accidental or not. The guild very probably bought the entire strip of property and then put its various buildings thereon. I cannot help but think, however, that somebody must have thought out seriously the splendid solution of all the charity problems involved. Such happy accidents do not happen by chance.

What is thus true of the care of the aged is quite as equally true of the care of children. The high death rate from infectious disease in mediæval times left as many half and full orphans to be cared for as the industrial conditions of the nineteenth century.

The guilds cared for the orphans just as they cared for the aged, and their provisions were just as humanly sympathetic and as beautifully charitable. To them the orphan asylum was unknown. The orphan asylum is the invention of post-Reformation times. None existed in England before the Reformation. The growth of large cities has made more or less necessary such institutions, but the guilds cared for half orphans, if their mother was still alive, by a pension which enabled the mother to keep the family together; and if both parents were dead the children were distributed among neighboring families. At this time a family generally included at least six children. Where families are, as a rule, large, another child is readily adopted; charity begets charity.

The orphans were called the children of the guild, and special provisions were made for their schooling, their technical training, or for the higher professions if they had special abilities. The guild usually had bourses at the university, and many an orphan child thus secured the opportunity for even the highest education. Indeed there was a tradition that it was often more fortunate to be a child of the guild than to have both parents living, for, so far as opportunities for advancement went, the guild was better able to provide them than the parents. In the smaller towns, where practically everyone knew everyone else, there was little chance for abuse of a child thus adopted, and, moreover, the guild saw to it that its children were treated like members of the household.

When the question of caring for children in the larger cities of the older time is to be considered, we must turn to the Continent, where the cities were larger and the problems of care more like our own. The one way to secure concrete knowledge in the matter is to take a typical example, as, for instance, what the American authors of *A History of Nursing* call "the most interesting foundling asylum in the world." This was, to give it its formal title, the *Ospedale Santa Maria degli Innocenti* at Florence. Note that it was not called, as in our ruder English designation, a foundling asylum, though it was a home for children who had been abandoned by their parents and found on the streets. It was called, as if to emphasize the fact and arouse the charitable instincts of all those who heard its name, "The Hospital of the Innocents."

The history of this hospital, or place of hospitality for the innocents, for that was what its title really meant at the time it was founded, goes back to the earlier half of the Middle Ages. The institution itself was evidently modeled after an institution

founded in Milan by a good monk in 787. At least this is the suggestion of Miss Nutting and Miss Dock in their *History of Nursing*. The good monk had been deeply touched by the fact that charity did not always succeed in taking care of foundlings early enough to preserve them, that sometimes families that adopted them considered them as their absolute possessions, to do with as they wished, and that they might be sold or hired out at will.

The Hospital of the Innocents became one of the favorite institutions of the citizens of Florence, and was taken under the patronage of the guild of the silk merchants, who supplied all its needs bountifully. Before the end of the Middle Ages the silk merchants proceeded to erect the handsome building, a model of fine architecture, which is still a favorite place of pilgrimage for all lovers of the beautiful. This Hospital of the Innocents shows clearly the spirit of the Middle Ages that governed all such institutions. The foundlings were not looked upon as beings for whom anything was good enough, but on the contrary they were treated as future Florentine citizens, and being charges of the public nothing was too good for them. This hospital, then, became the home of beautiful art, until it was richer in masterpieces than many a museum of modern times. There are a number of beautiful paintings on its walls, and its exterior is decorated with the well-known della Robbia medallions. These are the large blue and white porcelain placques, representing babies in swaddling clothes, which have now become so popular that one sees small replicas of them in plaster and porcelain and print nearly everywhere. How few even of those who know them well, think for a moment that they are associated with a mediæval foundation for the care of abandoned children, which dates back well over one thousand years. Fewer still have any idea that the beautiful *bambini* of della Robbia are strikingly symbolic of the Christian charitable spirit of the older time blossoming into the finest organized charity.

As the foundation had been originally made because of the abuse of selling foundlings into slavery, with a special ceremony, freedom was granted the little charges of the hospital. They were made citizens at Florence and were never to become slaves. From a very early time these children were placed with families who promised to treat them as their own children. Both boys and girls were taught trades, and special provision was made for securing employment for the boys. The girls when married received a dowry. A favorite form of legacy among wealthy Florentines was

to leave enough money to supply dowries for poor girls. A special fund was created in connection with the Hospital of the Innocents for this purpose.

All over Europe in the Middle Ages, or let us say before the Reformation, this subject of dowering young women for marriage received the most serious charitable attention. In England it was no uncommon thing for a wealthy person who died to leave dowries for the next half dozen or dozen young women without substance who married in a particular place. It was felt that the happiness of the young folk in their marriage state depended not a little on their beginning well, for love often flies out of the window when poverty comes in at the door.

Almost needless to say this Hospital of the Innocents is not only still in existence, but it is doing its work in a wonderfully beneficent way down to the present day. The American authors of the *History of Nursing* say of it in their chapter on "Hospital and Nursing Appliances" in the first volume of their history: "To-day this richly historic house is in charge of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, under the direction of a highly scientific and progressive council, chiefly consisting of medical men, and is one of the most perfectly kept and well-managed institutions of the kind in existence, its union of mediæval charm with modern science being a congenial and happy one."

These are some of the facts chosen from the history of charity in older time, particularly with regard to the care of the aged poor and of dependent children. While under the charge of the religious authorities, or at least while religious motives were the most important factors in the movement which provided for them, they were cared for with a fine feeling of humanity and fraternal love. It was a determined successful effort to see that these needy ones had the chance to live their lives as far as possible on a plane of true humanity in spite of the handicap of old age, of the loss of friends and relatives. Before the Reformation all this had been beautifully organized, not so as to be ideal, for ideals are not humanity's everyday life, but accomplished with an ideal in view so as to have as few abuses as possible. With the coming of the Reformation these phases of charitable work were secularized and deterioration began. The descent was not noticeable for a time because the old spirit still lived on to some extent; but in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries serious abuses crept in, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century reform simply had to come.

The question is now whether that reform can be expected to be as lasting and as sure in its effects if it is founded merely on human motives with wages and salaries as the most important elements, or whether an appeal to higher motives and a belief in higher things is not absolutely necessary for the successful, humane care of the poor. In the solution of that problem these chapters of the history of charity which we have reviewed are very precious documents.

APPORTIONMENT.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

WHAT portion has a midge of grief,
  What terrors, in a life-long hour?
The thunders of a shaken leaf,
  Or falling petals of a flow'r?

Of joy, it surely has its share.
  Watch it with many others gleam,
A sunlit pattern in the air,
  A rhythm winged above the stream.

We cannot judge another's grief,
  Or joy—in vain do we compare.
God, Lord of bounty and relief,
  Knows what each one can hold or bear.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

(A STUDY IN ORIGINS.)

BY HELEN GRIERSON.

SO many there are who are ready to exalt themselves into knowledge, that he will be blessed who makes himself barren for the love of the Lord God." So St. Francis said to the novice who wished for a psalter. He was very far from realizing the nature of the blessing that was to come upon this "barrenness for the love of God." He could not dream how it was to sweep away all mere sterility, and bring, in the end, such fruitfulness, even in the very things renounced, as the world had not known for many a hundred years. Before St. Francis had been long in his grave, Arnolfo di Cambio was building and Cimabue was painting. Before the century passed out, Giotto and Dante were come.

It seems a far cry from Sudermann's Magda, with her "Ich bin ich," to Francis, son of Pietro Bernardone, yet Magda's self-assertion, and the justification of it, have their roots far back in the ages. Her cry is not unlike a faint disjointed echo of the thoughts that may have been in the mind of Bernardone's son, when he cast off the very garments he owed to his father, and stood out before the world naked and supremely self-assertive; the Lord's free man, and his own man first that he might give himself to the Lord.

Giotto has fixed the scene in our imaginations; altogether symbolical as it is of the Franciscan movement and of what has sprung from it. We see the angry father with the rejected clothes thrown over his arm, and one hand drawn back as if to strike. The expression on his face is not mere temper, be it observed, but righteous indignation. He and the friends grouped round him, stand for the whole established order of things, the conventions, the proprieties, the whole existing framework of life, with its safety, its wisdom, its seemliness. And over against them stands the lad, exalted, excited, carried out of himself by an irresistible current of feeling, defying all the safe, commonplace ways and

institutions and thoughts of the world, ready to fare out into life, as to an unknown country, naked and alone, on the eternal quest of the artist and the idealist. He sets himself free for that by this supreme act of rebellion. Behind Francis comes the friendly bishop, throwing his robe over the boy's nakedness, sheltering him, as it were, under the protection of the Church, doubtful, perplexed, half-afraid, yet urged by some scarce understood instinct, almost in spite of himself and his judgment, to draw this dangerous person within the Church's bounds, because the spirit of man ought to be at home there in every manifestation not sinful.

So St. Francis began to do a wonderful and revolutionary thing. He wakened the individual from sleep. What he asserted for himself, he claimed for humanity, not consciously, not of set purpose, but, none the less, imperiously and effectively.

Do we realize, when we admire the grace and beauty of the Franciscan legend, what it stands for in the history of art and of thought; how it opened the doors, as has been said of another movement, for a whole generation to pass through?

Today when art is struggling, somewhat blindly and stumblingly, towards freedom from tradition, towards broadening and simplification, Francis and his ideals should be understood. His relation to mediæval art, and through it to the Renaissance, should not slip out of sight. His attitude to life can fully be understood only by remembering that the blossoms that sprang to life on the bare twig shows its species.

It is hard now, after centuries of carefully cultivated individuality, centuries in which human effort has been strained forward to secure the freedom and the development of the individual, to realize the conditions of life into which St. Francis was born. In the mediæval commune, life was regulated for each class of persons with extraordinary minuteness. Society fell into groups and sections, the family, the guild, the commune; into ranks, the noble, the citizen, the peasant, and the whole framework was of an amazing, unalterable rigidity. Birth fixed a man's position; it did far more than that, it fixed all the details of his daily life, what clothes he, and more especially his wife, should wear, what sort of entertainments he should give his friends, how he should dispose of every part of his property in his will. Every circumstance of life, from birth to death, was under the inflexible rule of the family, or the guild, or the commune. The individual was hardly recognized; he was absorbed into some of the one groups to which

birth related him, treated with, under an aspect that recognized his place in the community, not his status as an individual.

In that society there rose up Francis, the son of Bernardone, and steadily, unfalteringly, determinedly he rejected and disregarded the whole framework of things as he found them. He stepped out of the family group, out of the guild, out of the commune; he asserted and maintained his right to be independent of all these things, "to live his own life," as the phrase goes, and to see things his own way.

The one single path to something like freedom lay, in those days, through the church doors. An individual career was possible in that way, but even there it must be followed on strictly regulated lines. He also refused this accepted and understood way to freedom, unless he might travel it in a fashion so entirely his own that it inspired all orthodox minds with anxiety, and at first with distrust. If Francis had entered one of the established Orders, and gone by the beaten track, he might have made himself a career, he might even have achieved sainthood, but he would have opened no door for the world to pass through.

Undoubtedly the Church opened the way for him. His task would have been an impossibility, had not the Church been there, keeping the way clear to a spiritual freedom, which was the only freedom the world had yet conceived of as possible. Hesitatingly and doubtfully at first, yet always effectively, the Church kept the doorway clear for Francis, and insisted on protecting his right to pass on. It recognized that he sought not lawlessness, but a higher law.

Then he began, having gone out into the wilderness, to draw disciples to himself. The brothers of his Order naturally and inevitably shared his own liberty, but what was more important, and must have seemed more dangerous, was the partial emancipation of those who joined the Third Order of his founding. They did not quit the family, nor the commune, still they plied every man his trade and took their places in the life of the world, but they sat with a certain freedom to external rules and regulations. This freedom came to be officially recognized, too, in certain exemptions, as, from the obligation to go to war at the order of the commune, in some given cases. In fact, the Tertiaries stood a little apart, individualized by their relation to one who had claimed freedom for himself and for them.

This new liberty was for women and men alike. The life of

St. Clare came as a pendant to that of St. Francis. She too stepped outside the restrictions and limitations which hedged her round, and catching at his mantle was drawn with him, through the doors, to a wider liberty. Like him, she made her freedom into a joyful, self-chosen servitude, her life into a prolonged "*Ecce Ancilla Dei;*" but, none the less, nay rather the more, she lived in a wonderful freedom of soul and body alike, very rare at any time.

The lives of both St. Francis and St. Clare were largely spent in the effort to protect this precious freedom, to establish it for themselves, and for those who were to come after them. On every side well-meaning officious friends and protectors tried to wrest it away. There was the bishop, for instance, with his Ugoline Rule, and many other would-be benefactors, and to all such their lives were one prolonged resistance.

The touchstone of the whole matter was that much-contested question of poverty. The holy estate of poverty was dear to Francis for its own sake, as being that condition in which Christ and His Mother had lived, but he felt, too, with the instinct of genius, that only in utter poverty could real liberty be secured. It was the very essence of the Rule, that Rule which was also a charter.

When Messer Bernardo da Quintavalle came to be the first companion of St. Francis, they went together and heard Mass, and then the priest "at the prayer of San Francesco took the missal and, making the Sign of the Cross, opened it, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, three times, and at the first opening they came on the words that Jesus said in the Gospel to the young man who asked Him of the Way of Perfection: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow Me." At the second opening they found the words that Christ said to the Apostles when he sent them to preach: "Take nothing for the journey, neither staff nor purse, nor shoes nor money." At the third opening of the Missal was found that word that Christ said: "Whosoever will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." Then said San Francesco to Messer Bernardo: "Here is the counsel that Christ gives us, go then and do just what thou hast heard, and blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ Who has designed to show us the Evangelical Way." Hearing this Messer Bernardo set out and sold all that he had, for he was very rich, and with great gladness distributed everything to the poor, and to widows and orphans, to prisoners,

to monasteries and to hospitals and pilgrims, and in everything San Francesco faithfully and prudently aided him. And so the Order began. Every brother who entered it must distribute whatever he had of worldly goods to the poor. His entering religion was neither to enrich his Order nor his family, but only the needy. And this strange new worship of poverty was also the worship of freedom. It was a means to an end. Only in close union with this chosen bride could Francis secure liberty of either soul or body. When Bishop Ugolino urged him to allow some financial provision to be made for the community, Francis answered shrewdly in the negative. Property, when once possessed, must needs be defended and protected. In other words—so you fall under the dominion of society, which in securing your possessions establishes a claim upon you. St. Francis had found a way to avoid all that, and for himself and his brothers and sisters he was minded to follow it.

"*Il tesoro della santissima povertà,*" was in truth the treasure of freedom, and how well St. Francis knew that is proved by the tenacity with which he clung to this privilege above all others. It explains what we might be inclined to set down as a too great insistence on trifles, as an antagonism to intelligence, in his dealings with the members of his Order. For instance, that a novice should wish for a psalter, might seem an excusable, even a praiseworthy, desire, yet it called forth the praise of barrenness with which we began. It is a strange encounter of wills. On the one hand is the novice with his mental hunger; on the other side the Saint with his inflexible rule of poverty. He is determined for himself and his sons that they shall not come under the slavery of temporal possessions. How it typifies the whole history of the Order! The novice comes back again and again, craving the psalter, yet not willing to have it without the approval of Francis, who answers shrewdly and, as we are apt to think, rather narrowly: "When you have it you will desire a breviary, and then you will say to your brother: 'Go and bring me my breviary.'" The way of freedom, so hard to find, so hard to follow, did not lie in that direction.

The men into whose hands the ruling of the Order passed, were willing to concede psalters and breviaries and more besides. But for Francis the last sacred obligation of poverty was fulfilled in his own person, when he lay dying, free from every constraint of social obligation save that of love, utterly his own man, and

so the Lord's. He bade them take away his clothes and lay him on the bare ground. Then, with a delicate instinct for his wishes, the ruler of the Order, who stood by, fulfilled his last joy by clothing him again in a habit, which Francis was bidden to consider as a loan, not a possession; not his by right, but by charity; not his to give away. The dying man's face beamed with a child-like pleasure in this imaginative, half-fantastic way of keeping his troth with poverty at the last. Naked he had entered the way of freedom; so, as far as raiment of his own went, he would fain finish the course.

And so he died. And before many years the church at Assisi was built to do him honor, and far and wide over Europe there sprang up stately churches and convents bearing his name. His dearest wish for his sons had been that they, like the Son of Man, might not know where to lay their heads. Now the noble simplicity of the life he had planned for them was surrounded and enshrined in splendors of art, that grew up inevitably from the new freedom and new joy of life that he had given to the world. His assertion of the individual had done its work, and when they decorated St. Mary of the Angels, modern art had begun.

We think of the Renaissance as a time when men turned back to drink at the Greek fountains, to fertilize themselves, once again, at those endlessly lifegiving sources. And so they did, but it was because a new thirst had been awakened, and they had a new need to satisfy. They went back to the ancients, not as mere imitators, but because a thought was born in them, and therefore a new craving for self-expression possessed them. They needed to learn, not what to think, but how to speak. The Greeks had known, in their best days how to express their thoughts almost perfectly, and with them, these moderns, with clumsy, unpractised hands, stammering tongues, and eyes dazzled with the new, bewildering light went as it were to school. And so the hands became skillful, and the bewildered sight adjusted itself. The fine discipline of the old Greek mind made itself felt, and the Renaissance learned to speak out the thought that was in it in fitting accents.

If the core and centre of St. Francis' work had been the awakening of the individual, what were the first fruits of that awakening in the spirits of men? First of all, great joy. The season of sorrow was not yet—though in the fullness of time, sorrow as well as joy was to come of this new impulse in life. Now all was "*allegrezza.*" "*Con grande allegrezza*" was the very key-

note of the Franciscan revival. Spiritual joy and rapture had been known to holy souls in all ages, but with Francis and his true followers the spiritual irradiated the material, all things took on a sacramental aspect.

Now and then they may seem to fall back into conventional language. Among the doctrines of Brother Giles, we have the "*Capitolo del dispiacimento delle cose temporale,*" but when we come to examine it, its precepts are all interwoven with a wonderful, instinctive, natural pleasure in this transitory world. This "*dispiacimento*" of Brother Giles is really in the very vein of a certain song of William Blakes' (that "*anima naturaliter Franciscana*").

> He who binds himself to a joy
> Doth a winged life destroy:
> He who kisses the joy as it flies,
> Lives in eternities' sunrise.

Brother Giles seeks less the renunciation of joy than the pursuit of a greater joy, not merely heavenly, but even in the passing world. He says: "If we would not err let us take example from the beasts and birds, which when they are fed are content, and only seek to live from hour to hour as they have need." He adds that ants pleased St. Francis less than any other animal, "for the great solicitude that they have to congregate and to gather provision in the time of summer for the winter." In that passage breathes the very spirit of evangelical poverty and the freedom it had brought those simple souls. "With great gladness" Bernardo da Quintavalle distributes all he has in the world to the poor; "with glad countenance" he endures the mockery of the rude young students at Bologna, and many a saint has done the like before him. But how few before the coming of Francis had taken spiritual joy in the temporal things. The mind set free from any preoccupations of temporal necessity, was at joyful liberty to dwell on every pleasant trifle, to taste every passing sensation, to be, in a word, the artist of life to whom all creation speaks, who dwells on this passing world with an exquisite appreciation, quickened by the very sense of its evanescence, the delight in it becoming the more tender because a touch of pathos is upon it.

In the Canticle of the Sun, Francis joins the heavenly and the earthly in a sacramental union, which is pure joy. In every versicle of it there is an intense perception of nature, a delicate appre-

ciation of the precise qualities of things that gives character to his thanksgiving. Sister Water is useful and humble and precious and chaste. Brother Fire is fair and pleasant, robust and brave. The familiar and dear legends that tell of the preaching to the birds, the taming of Brother Falcon, are all indications of the new attitude to life, that grew out of the great freedom and the abiding joy of St. Francis. Music and singing and dancing are among the delights of heaven now, music especially.

It catches one's heart to read how Francis, as he lay suffering and dying, begged one of the brothers, who had formerly been a musician, to play to him, that his heart might be lightened and his pain beguiled. But the Brother was ashamed to go and borrow a lute, lest the world might count him too pleasure-loving. Francis meekly acquiesced in the scruple which would never have troubled his own simple soul. For his part, one suspects, his sympathies would rather have gone out to Brother Juniper of the merry heart, who went playing see-saw with the children, lest he should be accounted too pious by the passers-by. But in despite of the demure brother, St. Francis heard music after all, for the angels made him a concert that night, with sweeter sounds than human fingers could have summoned up.

One is glad to know that music did not die away in the Order. Bonaventura tells of one Andrea da Pisa, who played on a violin, "high and clear and sweet and tender, and agreeable beyond measure." Another, Fra Vita de Lucques had a delightful voice, and "when a nightingale or a thrush sang in a thicket, the bird would be silent when Brother Vita began to sing, and to listen curiously without moving, and begin again when he had ended, and thus the two answered each other, and nothing could be more joyous and sweet than their voices." That was but a few years after the death of St. Francis. How joyfully would he have listened to such antiphons, even amid the heavenly songs.

The joys of heaven took a more familiar and attractive kind of beauty in the imaginations of men who were finding the world very good. What they renounced was really theirs for the first time, and what they looked for with hope was not so very unlike a glorified extension of this beautiful world, where every season of the year brought its own abounding loveliness. Well might God's jongleurs go singing and making melody by the way. And if the kingdom of heaven seemed a familiar and pleasant place (where Brothers Minor might dance in a ring with the angels, as

they do in Fra Angelico's "Last Judgment"), the world of Scripture history became very real and near too.

There is a quaint old book, *Meditations on the Life of Christ,* included in the works of St. Bonaventura, which gives us the idea of the way in which the Franciscans visualized the Gospel story for the people. It is written rather as if in the form of instructions for a mystery or miracle play. From point to point it follows the sacred narrative, giving such touches of half-tender, half-fanciful detail, as brings each scene very close to the popular imagination. When it describes the Nativity it tells how St. Joseph sat apart, sunk in sad thought, grieving over the need of every common comfort for the Blessed Mother. And later it tells how the cattle in the stable bent over the manger, where the Child lay, breathing long soft breaths, as if they knew that He needed warmth. When it deals with the Last Supper, it gives fanciful, touching details, divined, rather than invented, of the last partings between Christ and His Mother. There we find the first hints of that presentation of the anguish of Mary, that deepens and humanizes the Renaissance conceptions of the Passion. Again and again we seem to be reading a plan for the dramatization of the Gospel story, and in fact the mystery plays, which were familiar things already further north, now began to be known in Italy under the patronage of the Friars Minor and the Friars Preachers.

Within the Order there came a burst of song. The troubadours had been an inspiration to Francis in his youth. Even as they strove to set love free, so St. Francis had striven to set life free, and to the end their singing had been pleasant in his ears. He was a singer himself, this "gonfaloniere" of the Most High, and no wonder his sons sang too. Celano, his biographer, wrote the *Dies Iræ,* and in cheerful contrast innumerable lauds by unknown Franciscan singers, expressed the gladness of soul that pulsed through the whole community. Presently Iacopo da Todi (the writer of the *Stabat Mater)* began to sing the Gospel story through, in poems that inspired Giotto's treatment of each theme, and gave Todi a just claim to be called the precursor of Dante.

Art lay still in its gorgeous Byzantine tomb, wrapped round in cere cloths, rich with gold and stiff with jewels, splendidly and rigidly at rest. Now came the first faint movements of the shrouded corpse that awaited its resurrection morning. The Gospel story was becoming familiar, in a new way, what with the preaching and singing of the Frati, and with the vivid conceptions they

had of its personages, as living realities. Our Lady no longer sat rigid and angular against her golden background, inanimate and apathetic, unconscious, to all seeming, of the Child on her knees. The Franciscan preaching linked her with the idea of poverty, and so brought her near the hearts of the people whose hard, spare lives had little to connect them with the stately Lady of Byzantine art, but who could come very near to one who had known sorrow and fatigue, cold and pain. In the *Meditations* we are told that it was in token of need and poverty that Our Lady accepted the gifts of the Three Kings for her Son, and that she afterwards gave them away to people still poorer than herself. Under the impulsion of such thoughts a change came over the art of the time very gradually. The difference is slight at first, just perceptible. In the pictures attributed to Cimabue, the Virgin, who used to sit so lifeless and stiff on her throne, has begun sometimes to make a gesture. Perhaps she points to the Child, as if in answer to the cry of the *Salve Regina,* "Show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus"—or she lays her hand tenderly, caressingly, upon His limbs. Then the Child begins to come to life too, to turn lovingly to His Mother. The stiff heavy robes slip from Him, and show rounded childish limbs; after awhile He is no longer the older boy of the Byzantine artists, but a real new born baby, such a baby as made the gladness of many a poor home in Umbria and Tuscany.

In fact, the figures in Scripture history had become individuals, not types, and the art that represented them could no longer be chiefly symbolical, the minds of the people would demand that. Inevitably the desire to represent the human aspect realistically had arisen—the need of anatomy and perspective would grow more pressing day by day, and, moreover, the art that was meeting and struggling with ever new problems and difficulties, must become rapidly enriched and strengthened. The return to Greece was henceforth a mere question of opportunity. The world was ripe and ready for it.

Nor is the new spirit altogether alien to the mind of its begetter. Francis had desired that his Order should have no abiding place in possession, but, on the other hand, beauty and seemliness, especially in the care of God's houses, was very near his heart. The daily prayer of the first Brothers was an echo of the Eucharistic psalm, "*in ecclesiis benedicam Te Domine.*" There are no words that better express the mind of the saint than the "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house"—from the same

psalm. His first task for God was to restore a ruined church and set a candle burning before its crucifix, and the cultus of the Crucifix became an especially Franciscan devotion. Nearly all the painted crucifixes of the thirteenth century, strange and angular, and almost repulsive to our eyes, that still hang in so many Italian churches, were painted for the Franciscans. In them too we see a creeping movement of life begin. The figure becomes more and more a human body, really suffering, really dying. The change, the development of thought is very plain, if we contrast, for instance, the very primitive one in the Pieve at Pistoia, with that formerly attributed to Giotto that hangs in Santa Croce in Florence. In the earlier representation Christ is fully clothed in a sort of priestly garb. The face is calm and composed, one Foot rests upon a chalice, which seems to receive the Blood. It is magnificent in dignity and in symbolism, but remote, abstracted, entirely superhuman. When the same subject was treated in Giotto's time, we see an anguished human Body, represented with as much realism as the painter knew how to compass. The body is but slightly veiled, and there is an attempt to indicate Its weight as It hangs. *This* painting is a direct appeal to the pity and contrition and personal love of the worshipper.

Besides the representations of the Sacred Story, seen with the new vivid life that the Franciscan idealism had discovered in them, stand the representations of the Franciscan legend. The story of Francis possessed the popular imagination, and gave the painters subject matter that could be endlessly studied and restudied, with the certainty of making a popular appeal, and, also, subject matter which had not yet had time to crystallize into a set convention, as the older legends had already done. The great wall spaces of the Friars' churches called aloud for fresco decoration, and the story of Francis, seen by loving eyes in a mystic similarity to that of His Master, filled their cold spaces with warm color, was carved upon their pulpits, and miniatured in the predellas under their altar pieces.

Characteristically enough the earliest extant portraits are representations of Francis, so that portrait painting, that most individual kind of art, begins with his person. At Greccio, where, as he bent over the Christmas manger, the Christ Child was vouchsafed to his arms, a strange old portrait of him is still treasured, and here and there over the world, at Assisi naturally, at Siena, at Oxford, there are others. In the Bardi Chapel at Santa

Croce, a very ancient portrait of St. Francis is the altar piece, and gleams out against somewhat faded gold, set round about with miniatures showing the events of his life.

Strange indeed! This sordid mendicant is the father of Italian art—so Renan wrote. *"Sordide mendicant."* That is one way of describing Francis and his mendicancy, which was the way of freedom for himself and others. He begged for the broken scraps that fell from men's tables, and in return he gave them a world of glory, in the art that became possible, because of the individualism he asserted. Because of his poverty many are made rich. When he ate his broken scraps in joy of heart, the world began to remember what feasting meant.

The world is the better for the Order he founded. Despite all fallings away from his ideals; all perhaps inevitable accommodations with the world, his spirit still lives on in the lives of his sons.

But greater and richer yet is the fruit of his spirit, in the art that followed on his steps. And the Renaissance, with all its varied fruits came into being, very largely, because Francesco Bernardone had given the world a new impulse and a new thought, that sent men seeing afresh a new means of self-expression.

The impulse to return to Athens had come first of all from Bethlehem.

THE COMING OF AGE OF THE X-RAY.

BY BROTHER POTAMIAN, SC.D.,
Professor of Physics in Manhattan College, New York.

WAVES of excitement and popular expectation swept over the country when Graham Bell showed his telephone at our Centennial Exposition of 1876, on which occasion Sir William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin) called the little instrument the "Wonder of Wonders." Though great progress and many noteworthy achievements were made during the next twenty years, neither the breaking of the atom into fragments, the liquefaction of common air and its sale in pints and quarts, or even the lighting of our streets and homes by the energy of the electric current, stirred up popular and professional interest as much as the announcement from a quiet university town in the heart of Catholic Bavaria of the discovery of the mysterious and wonder-working X-ray. The date is a memorable one, viz., November 8, 1895, twenty-one years ago; the discoverer, Wilhelm Conrad Röntgen, Professor of Physics in the University of Würzburg, at one time "the best Catholic university in the whole of Germany."

Professor Röntgen was already known in the scientific world for fruitful investigations in several fields of physical research. Just then he was working with "vacuum" tubes, closely watching for new phenomena due to the very high degree of exhaustion attained in his experimental tube. This electrical discharge through rarefied gases was a fascinating subject of study for physicists, especially from the year 1879 when Professor Crookes showed some of his classical experiments in the lecture theatre of the Royal Institution, London, and described them in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society for the same year. The experiments were remarkable for their beauty, originality and completeness, no less than for the revolution in scientific theory to which they eventually led.

Professor Röntgen had one of these high-vacuum tubes in his laboratory; and on this particular day, November 8, 1895, it was carefully wrapped in a close-fitting sheath of carbon paper, while near it on a bench lay a sheet of white cardboard, covered over

with a thin layer of phosphorescent material, the fluorescent screen of the present day. When the battery circuit was closed, the induction coil was energized, and the high frequency current from its terminals was sent through the tube. The buzz of the contact breaker was heard, but the illumination was not seen in the darkened room, as the tube was hidden away within its impervious sheath.

The keen, watchful eye of the professor, however, did not fail to notice the brilliant luminescence of the fluorescent screen, which appeared with the working of the coil and disappeared when it stopped. It was clear to him that energy of some kind escaped from the tube and its shielding envelope, passed unfelt and unseen through several feet of air; and, acting on the crystals of the barium-platinocyanide, lit up the little screen. The energy that escaped in this way from the tube and affected the screen proved eventually to be none other than the energy of the X-ray.

It will be noticed that the discovery of the X-ray was not due to a happy accident, as sometimes said, but to a carefully-planned series of experiments, undertaken for the purpose of extending the work of previous investigators in the tempting and promising field of cathodic research.

Following instinctively the laconic advice given by Faraday to Crookes when a rising young chemist, viz., " work, finish, publish," Professor Röntgen subjected the new radiation to a critical study. Having found that he could not reflect the " rays " from polished mirrors or bend them by means of liquid prisms, or induce them to " interfere " with one another, he thought himself unwarranted in placing them in the category of light rays; so, unaware of their real nature, he decided to call them, for the time being, by the non-committal name of " X-rays."

Proceeding step by step in his study of their properties, he found that, unlike ordinary light, the rays could pass through packs of cards, books of a thousand pages, blocks of wood, and other substances opaque to light. It was also found, by means of the fluorescent screen, that while metallic plates are more or less transparent to the extraordinary penetrative power of these rays, *lead,* even in thin sheets, is pronouncedly opaque. Hence the use which is made of this exceptional property of sheet lead for the protection of the operator against the destructive influence which the prolonged use of X-rays exerts on the tissues of the body.

Of surpassing interest also was the recognition that these rays discharge at once electrified bodies submitted to their action; and

also that they split up the air through which they pass into positively and negatively charged particles or *ions,* and bring about the "ionization" of the air as we call it.

Finally, using a photographic plate, he found the film itself to be particularly sensitive to the new rays, so that "shadow-pictures" could be readily obtained. Resting the hand on the plate-holder the bones proved to be surprisingly more opaque to the rays than the flesh, an observation which led immediately to the "photography of the invisible," and to its application in medicine and surgery with the startling results known to all.

It was only after a comprehensive study of the properties of the rays that Professor Röntgen wrote the historic paper which he read at a meeting of the Physico-Medical Society of Würzburg in December, 1895. Shortly afterward, it was translated and published in the leading scientific journals of the world. The photographic possibilities of the X-rays, everywhere described in glowing periods, appealed strongly to the lay and the scientific mind, and secured for them a prompt, sensational and world-wide reception. Five years later, in 1900, Professor Röntgen was invited to the more important University of Munich, where he now has greater facilities at his disposal for carrying out those excursions into the borderland of science of which he is so fond. In his Catholic faith and Catholic surroundings in Munich as well as in Würzburg, Professor Röntgen found the inspiration and encouragement which give flavor to life and which crown activity with success.

The doubt that existed for some years as to the physical nature of X-rays seems to have been removed by the searching inquiry to which they have been subjected, satisfactory evidence of compliance with the usual tests of reflection, refraction and polarization having been obtained at last. A full account of the methods used in the tests by himself and others was given by Professor Barkla in the Bakerian lecture which he delivered before the Royal Society on May 25th of the present year.

These rays will henceforth be spoken of as similar in character to rays of ordinary light, both being transverse vibrations in the ether. The sole difference is that X-radiations are ten thousand times smaller in wave-length than those which affect the retina of the eye, and give rise to the sensation of color. It is known from everyday experience that when the longer waves of the visible spectrum reach the nerve-filaments of the eye, we describe the sensation as *red;* with shorter ones, we say it is *green;* with the

shortest, *violet*. The ultra-violet rays of the invisible spectrum are shorter still, and X-rays are the shortest of all wave-lengths known to science at present. It is precisely this very smallness that enabled them to elude for so many years the tests that were applied to determine their physical character.

It may be of interest to add, by way of contrast, that while, on the one hand, we have the infinitesimal ripples of X-rays with their marvelous power of disclosing the secrets of the unseen; on the other, we have long rollers in the ether, electric waves miles in length, which carry our wireless messages with the swiftness of light to the ends of the earth.

As Professor Röntgen's paper contained no directions concerning the technique of the "new photography," the first experimenters had to find out for themselves everything relating to the sensitive plate and its development, as well as the distance of the X-ray tube and the time of exposure. This was the writer's experience when, scarcely three months after the publication of the paper in the London *Electrician*, he was urged by a physician of Waterford (Ireland) to overcome personal reluctance and contribute to the relief of suffering humanity by using the apparatus of the De La Salle Training College, to locate a splinter of steel which, some time before, had found its way unnoticed into the hand of his patient. In presence of all the physicians of the city who came unbidden to see the novel experiment, the radiograph was taken on April 13, 1896, with a six-inch spark-coil, a small focus-tube and a "wet" plate. The exposure given was one minute. When the plate was developed, the splinter was distinctly seen; needless to add that it was promptly removed.

The discovery of X-rays adds another to the illustrations which we have of the organic nature of the growth of science; for it shows, in a very interesting way, that the development of knowledge proceeds by easy stages rather than by abrupt steps. Thus Faraday, in 1838, while studying the optical phenomena of "vacuum" tubes, remarked a dark space at the end of the positive column, which has since been called the Faraday *dark space*. Plücker in 1859 discovered the "cathode rays" by the phosphorescence which they produced when they struck the sides of the tube; Crookes, in 1878, began his researches on the dark space surrounding the negative terminal, which space he succeeded in extending out to the walls of the tube by increasing the degree of rarefaction. He was amply repaid for the patience displayed in overcoming the diffi-

culties which he encountered in this brilliant series of experimental investigations by the streams and torrents of cathode rays which he obtained within the tube, and which he was led to consider matter in a fourth or ultra-gaseous state. In 1894, Lenard, Hertz's assistant, went a step further when he got some of these rays out a short distance into the open air; and finally, Röntgen, in the fall of 1895, by increasing the exhaustion obtained abundant radiation of an entirely new kind outside the tube, the X-rays with which his name is rightly associated. The cathode ray was thus the parent; the X-ray, the offspring.

"Just as these X-rays remained for nearly twenty years undiscovered," said the late Professor Silvanus P. Thompson (who died on June 12, 1916), "so even now there exist beyond doubt in the universe other rays, other vibrations of which we have no cognizance. Yet as year after year rolls by, one discovery leads to another. The seemingly useless or trivial observation made by one worker leads on to a useful observation by another; and so science advances, creeping on from point to point. And so steadily, year by year, the sum total of our knowledge increases, and our ignorance is rolled a little further and further back; and where now there is darkness, there will be light."

Among conclusions that may be drawn from the research here briefly reviewed, is the one: "That he is on the royal road to success who loves a subject and pursues it with diligence;" or as Pasteur once beautifully put it: "Three things—the will, the work, the success—span the whole of human life. The will opens the door to brilliant and happy careers; the work carries one across the threshold, and when the journey has ended success crowns the work."

AN IRISH REBEL AS A LITERARY CRITIC.[1]

BY PADRAIC COLUM.

THIS is a posthumous book. It was composed while the author was engaged in revolutionary preparation, and it was published after he had been shot to death by order of a military court-martial. Thomas MacDonagh was assistant Professor of English in University College, Dublin; up to the very eve of the insurrection he carried on his work there with singular composure. "In his professional work he never showed signs of distraction or inattention," says one who observed him, writing in the organ of University College, *Studies*. "Day by day, as if there were no other concern in the world, he lectured on English literature with a fluency which was not merely of words, but sprang from an alert mind and a large store of ideas and criticisms." The studies, composed after the writer's life had been committed to a cause, carry something more than a literary knowledge and a literary doctrine; they have personality and a prophetic outlook. *Literature in Ireland* is indeed Thomas MacDonagh's testament; by it he leaves to the Irish generations his knowledge and his discoveries, and, above all, his proud hopes for the resurgent Ireland that he knew. It is one of the few proud books that have been written for Irish people; Thomas MacDonagh, scholar and critic, has taken Ireland for granted; he decries nothing, denies nothing, dispraises nothing of what another people possesses; he has full knowledge of Ireland's achievement in literature and he says "it is good;" he has full belief in her destiny and he says "it is brave." And his has been the privilege of adding to Ireland's vision and Ireland's will.

Literature in Ireland, as he has left it, is not so general as its title would imply. It is mainly a study of poetry. He would, I have reason to believe, have dealt with novels and stories, with plays and essays in subsequent volumes. But although he has applied it only to one branch—to poetry—he has made a standard by which we can judge what is typical in Irish literature.

The racial, the typical expression, according to MacDonagh's

[1] *Literature in Ireland: Studies in Irish and Anglo-Irish.* By Thomas MacDonagh, University College, Dublin. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 1916.

argument, is due not to a single quality, but comes from what psychologists would speak of as " the national complex—the ideals, traditions and mentality; the sound of Gaelic poetry and Gaelic music in Irish ears; the word position of Gaelic speech." In a very illuminating passage he shows us that the peculiar unstressed rhythm which belongs to the distinctive Anglo-Irish poetry—such a rhythm for example as is shown in

O many a day have I made good ale in the glen

is due to the structure of Gaelic speech. In English one makes emphasis by stressing the important word. In Irish one makes emphasis by bringing the important word into a certain order in the sentence. " I came from town " may have four meanings according to the voice stress. In saying the sentence in Irish one would introduce the verb of identity, and bring into emphatic position after it the word to be emphasized. Instead of stressing the last syllable the one who thinks in the Gaelic way would say, " It is from the town I came." It is this peculiar unstressed method of speech that makes the distinctive rhythm of certain Anglo-Irish poems.

These typical rhythms are not the only expressions of our national distinctiveness in poetry. MacDonagh lays a good deal of stress on the exhibition of a certain naïveté. "An Irish poet, if he be individual, if he be original, if he be national, speaks, almost stammers, in one of the two fresh languages of this country in Irish (modern Irish, newly schooled by Europe) or in Anglo-Irish, English as we speak it in Ireland.....Such an Irish poet can still express himself in the simplest terms of life and of the common furniture of life." One would liked to have discussed it with him, whether such poetry as is in the lines he quotes as a specimen—

She carries in the dishes
And lays them in a row—

does not come out of certain social conditions—conditions that permit of but few possessions. Poetry that celebrates " the common furniture of life " is in all folk verse and folk stories. Maeterlinck has imitated it in *The Blue Bird* when he makes the cat and the dog, water and sugar creatures in his action. To children brought up in peasant cottages, in Ireland or elsewhere in Europe, a clock, a pitcher, a pail of water, a crock of milk, a crack in a

rafter, may gather round themselves imaginative associations. Such things are not, as they are amongst people who have many possessions, replacable shifting objects; they belong to the furniture of the world, like the sun or the moon. James Stephens has the poetry of "the common furniture of life" in the story of his that deals with what might be called the folk-life of Dublin—*The Charwoman's Daughter.* Perhaps poetry with this sort of content is only distinctive in contrast with the literature of a people who live through different social and economic conditions.

It is hard to believe that he who wrote these eloquent, brave and learned pages is no longer in existence. Those who saw Thomas MacDonagh in his university robe and noted his flow of speech and his tendency to abstractions, might have carried away an image of one of those adventurous students who disputed endlessly in a mediæval university. But MacDonagh was far from being a pedant—he was a wonderfully good comrade, an eager friend, a happy-hearted companion. He had abundance of good spirits and a flow of wit and humor remarkable even in a Munster man. He had, too, an intimate knowledge of the humors of popular life in the country and the country town—a knowledge which he seldom put into his writing, but which has become vivid in that unique and living poem, *John-John.* His mother was born in Dublin and was of English parentage, and his maternal grandfather was, if I remember aright, what he told me, a printer in Trinity College. His mother, at the time I knew her, had the simplicity, the outlook, the manner, of a fine type of Irish countrywoman. She and her husband were teachers in a primary school in Cloughjordan in Tipperary. Thomas was trained by a religious order, and was indeed a religious novice in his youth. He became a teacher in a college in Kilkenny and afterward in Fermoy. While in Kilkenny he took up the study of Irish, and became one of the advance guard of the Gaelic League. In the Arran Island and in the Irish-speaking districts of Munster he made himself fluent in the language. In 1901 and 1902 he published a volume of literary verse, *Through the Ivory Gate* and *April and May.* He had dedicated one of the volumes to Mr. Yeats, and had corresponded with him, but MacDonagh was not then known in the literary groups in Dublin.

I came to know him in 1909 at the time he was teaching in Fermoy. His great interest then was poetry. He knew poetry well in English, French, Latin and Irish, and was drawn to the classical poets—to Horace, to Dante, to Lamartine. The poetry he was writ-

ing then was literary and was like French poetry—like Lamartine's. After he came to live in Dublin—in 1910—the poetry he wrote was more personal. What he wrote after four years of residence there is in *Songs of Myself.*

He came to Dublin with a play which he was anxious to have produced in the Abbey Theatre, which was then under the brief direction of J. M. Synge. The play was *When the Dawn is Come.* The scene is laid in a revolutionary Ireland of the future, and the tragedy is that of a leader whose master-idea baffles his followers. He wanted to write a play about Owen Roe O'Neill and another about one of the Gracchi. In the life of Owen Roe and in the life of Tiberius, or Gaius Gracchus, there was the drama that appealed to him—the thoughtful man become revolutionist and dominating the crowd for a great end. He saw great drama in the preparation of the people, in the fierce conflict and the catastrophe. Many things that Thomas MacDonagh said and wrote were extraordinarily prophetic—even fatalistic. None of his utterances were more prophetic than the play he had produced and the two plays he projected.

His connection with St. Enda's School is well-known, and this part of his career need not be elaborated. He had been on the staff of the school four years when *Songs of Myself* was published. He then went to Paris to do some reading. When he returned he took his M.A. degree in the National University. A professor in the College of Science with MacDonagh, James Stephens, and myself started *The Irish Review.* MacDonagh was associate editor, first with the three of us and, after an interregnum with his friend, Joseph Plunkett. He wrote a thesis, *Thomas Campion and the Art of English Poetry,* and was made assistant Professor of English literature in the National University.

MacDonagh at the time would have welcomed a reasonable settlement of Irish political conditions. Two years after its angry rejection of the National Convention, he said to me that the country should have accepted the Councils Bill, with its control of education and its possibilities of checking financial relations between Ireland and Great Britain. I often had a vision of my friend in a Home Rule Parliament, working at social and legislative problems, and perhaps training himself to become a Minister of Education. He was, when the Home Rule Bill reached its last stages, happily married, and was the father of the child he has addressed in *Wishes for My Son.* In the end, the Home Rule question became

something different from an adjustment of legislation as between Great Britain and Ireland. Its granting or its withdrawal was made a question of military preparation and racial manliness. Then the Nationalists created their Volunteers, and Thomas MacDonagh took a place on the Executive and the command of a corps.

A poet with a tendency towards abstractions, a scholar with a bent towards philology—these were the aspects Thomas MacDonagh often showed when he expressed himself in letters. But what was fundamental in him rarely went into what he wrote. That fundamental thing was an eager search for something that would exact the whole devotion of his being. Eagerness, search, devotedness—these are the characters that for me spell out his most lovable spirit. He had, too, a powerful ambition. With his short figure, his scholar's brow and his dominating nose he looked like a man of the Gironde—a party, by the way, that he often spoke of.

In the old heroic story Finn is asked what music he preferred. He spoke of the song of the blackbird, the scream of the eagle, the sound of the waterfall, the bay of the hounds. And when Oisin was asked what music delighted him he said, "The music of the thing that happens." Thomas MacDonagh could have made the lofty answer of Oisin. He surely loved the music of the thing that happened. He followed the music that meant the language revival, the music that meant the Volunteer movement, the music that meant insurrection. And at last he stood up to the music that meant defeat and death. In memory of him we will often repeat the words he has written in this book: "It is well for us that our workers are poets and our poets workers.....And it is well too that here still that cause which is identified, without underthought of commerce, with the cause of God and Right and Freedom, the cause which has been the great theme of our poetry, may any day call the poets to give their lives in the old service."

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

At Lustleigh, Devon, September.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

ANGEL mine, I am glad to be
Here in this beautiful hill country;
Glad, so glad, to have left the town,
And see the blue instead of the brown.
Oh, such a wonder of purple and blue,
Lovely, my angel even to you
Who know the ineffable heights that rise
In the smile of God our Father's eyes.

Tell me, is it not easier far
To be good where space and coloring are,
Here, in the glory of Lustleigh down,
Than far to the east, in London Town?

Friend of the kind, wise brow, I wot
I speak as a child that knoweth not.
But oh, thank God for these hills so dear;
And God, thank God that He brought me here.
Angel mine, to whom it is given
To know the glorious heights of heaven,
To drink from the undefiléd rills
That rise in the everlasting hills,
Teach me, through these my mortal eyes
Something of them to realize;
Learning, in this my mortal spell,
The invisible things by the visible.
Bid hills of Devon whisper me
Thought of what heaven's fair heights must be,
Those heights that Mary in spirit trod
As she carried the happy news of God
In swiftness all unhurriedly
To her blessed kin of the hill country,
All the while that her spirit fair
Was breathing the dear own-country air
Far above earthly joys and ills,
On the heights of the everlasting hills.
Help me to gain the footing sure
Of those the dear Lord counteth pure,
On the glorious hills that Mary knew,
And ever calleth her children to.

PURE GOLD.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

I.

STANDING at the open gateway of the lower pasture, waiting for the last stray cow to come ambling in, and calling to that leisurely creature with short, impatient ejaculations, "Co-boss! co-boss!" Mary Reid suddenly looked up to see her son Davy striding across the field toward her. She gave the red cow a half-friendly, half-disciplinary whack as she put up the bars behind the silly, floundering hoofs, and turned to ask her boy:

"Are you through at the quarry?"

"Through? No. But I quit anyway. I'm going to help you."

The deep-set eyes of the old mother—for Mary Reid was an old woman, old before her time—looked lovingly at her son. "You didn't need to," she said. "Perhaps you'd better go back."

Davy made no response, for at that moment the red cow was stretching her neck over the fence and nibbling at the corn. He dashed for her.

It was September, and already the shadows of fence posts and tall poplars were lengthening on field and lane; not sunset yet, but the end of day was nearing. The shadows of the long legs of Davy made fantastic contortions as he ran down the pasture. The mother followed him with a brave quickening in her weary pace—she had been at the back-breaking work of potato-digging all afternoon.

An old woman? Yes, old before her time, with her fifty years weighing sometimes with more than the burden of seventy on her. And yet, despite the patient shadow of tragedy that brooded in her sunken eyes; with all her work-worn figure, her fine-wrinkled skin, her thinned gray hair (beneath whose scanty locks still showed some shadowy faded gold), with all her broken stride, the quick-and-halt of a driven weary body, and with all the lost lights dying in her hollow eyes, she was not old; for through her faded visage and time-wrecked form a something youthful flashed and spoke, as a spirit, daring and desperate, might peer through a veil; the Ghost of Youth looking out, all unknown to its owner, upon the world it had lost, the world indeed, that it had scarcely known, yet would not be denied.

Davy waited for his mother at the upper bars, and together they drove the cows into the barnyard for the evening milking.

The boy, his stalwart form well filled out for his eighteen years, tried to manage things; got the stool and the pails, and wanted to go on with the milking; begged that he might, pleaded, almost quarreled. But no.

"Go back to your father! No, Davy Reid! Do you hear? I'll be all right!"

And so Mrs. Amos Reid did the milking that night as she had done night after night for many years. And she was happy because her son loved her so loyally.

She had not had much love in her life, except that fund from which she herself was ever giving forth. Her husband, older than she by more than twenty years, was "queer;" that was his "reputation." Indeed, for many years, Amos Reid was a source of curiosity, fear, and even of pride in the township—for folks of the countryside enjoy their neighborhood celebrities just as keenly and just as exclusively as great cities revel in and advertise their famous ones. He and his wife had come there some twenty years before, very poor and very strange; mortgaged themselves to a small rockbed of a good-for-nothing farm; and settled down. There was an air of mystery about them from the very first.

He was undoubtedly a celebrity. With his straight spare form, which never stooped with age, despite his seventy-odd years, and his handsome white-haired head, his white beard (white save for the yellowing of the tobacco stains of a lifetime), and above all with his strangely veiled eyes, which were full of a weird pale-blue fire, eyes that never lost their passionate gaze, no matter what the mood or the expression, but looked out at all comers through their odd blinding film with defiance and suspicion, old Amos Reid was a figure to be remembered as well as feared. He was dressed always the same—denim overalls patched, frayed, stained and caked with the sandstone mud of his quarry; a blue flannel shirt with white buttons (the shirt always open at the throat, revealing the old hairy breast and the brown neck, seared and wrinkled with age), and always tight-buttoned at the wrist; the cuffs, too, secured with big white buttons—the bony, sunbaked hands, with their black-nailed fingers protruding from those cuffs with a sort of wild, sinewy strength that seemed to dart and clutch at you while he talked—if talk he would. He was a silent man.

The well on the Reid's farm was only ten or twelve feet deep, cut in the solid rock; but never was there cleaner, purer water. It was always ice-cold, and on hot days folks from town, passing on the road, would often stop for a drink. Many made the well an excuse for a halt at the farm, brought by curiosity, to see old Reid and try to get him to talk and "show his specimens;" others, for

a neighborly word with Mrs. Reid, whom all the countryside respected —respected, indeed, too deeply to show pity. If it was around noontime, they would be sure to find her busy in the kitchen, cooking the meal for old Amos and the hired man—if there was a hired man—but were it forenoon or afternoon, she would be in the garden, hoeing or weeding, or else in the field running the reaper, pitching hay, driving the team; and in the evening, cooking again, milking, and then back to the garden till darkness made her put up her hoe, straighten her weary and creaking back, and come into the house.

And the old man, where was he to be found? Amos Reid was always in one place, never anywhere else, come day, come night; he was in the quarry.

The quarry was a sandstone pit dug out of the side of the hill back of the house. From twenty years of cutting and excavating it had become a sheer cliff some sixty feet in height, scarred and torn, cut and dug, with boulders and heaps of white sand at its base, and always a planking leading from the thin thread that Paper Jack Creek made, thirty yards away, up into the newest and latest excavation. Upon this white hillside and the white floor of sand at its base, the hot sun beat down in daytime, till it was like a bit of Death Valley Desert; and in the night it gleamed like a ghost under the stars, or in the moonlight took on a wild cavernous appearance that was sepulchral and uncanny.

The house was a hundred feet south of Paper Jack, so that the stream cut evenly in two the space between the house and the base of the quarry. The north windows commanded a view of the entire cliff, with the green bluffs, from which it thrust itself, sloping away to east and west, surmounted by a barb-wire fence; and beyond a grove of oaks. A man standing on the crest of that bluff could see down into the rooms of Amos Reid's house; and were he to look over its roof, his eyes would meet, a quarter of a mile away, other sloping hills, green and rounded with grain and hay. It was a shallow, narrow valley, with Paper Jack running like a thread through its centre, and, half a mile to the west, widening out to a pond, where always at a set hour in the afternoon, the cows stood knee deep in the water under the jack-oaks' shade, and switched flies. Then, to bring his gaze back to the house again, he would see that the north porch, or veranda, as it was called, had been made into a sort of cabin, a shed with a door and window, an extension, as it were, from the house itself. It was in this shed that Amos Reid slept. Along the window sill were ranged bottles and glasses, containing white sand, a various collection of grit and rock—his "specimens."

That quarry at the back of Reid's house—or it might be better

said, those bottles on his window sill—contained the secret of the old man's life, as well as the secret of his wife's quiet drudgery. He imagined the quarry was a gold mine; he imagined, thought, dreamed nothing else. He drudged, too; he spent his days digging in the rock and sand without company, his only living companion the kingfisher who had built a nest in a crevice near the top of the quarry; and that scarlet-headed marauder, flashing his brilliancy in the sunlight up from the white sandstone and darting across the bright blue heavens, even had he been heeded, would have given very little time and less comfort to the solitary old delver below him.

Sometimes old man Reid would have a helper hired; even two or three. But none of them stayed long, and they were employed only when a chance came to sell some of the quarry rock for barn foundations. More often the rock purchaser did the quarrying himself, and brought his own men, old Reid watching them with a quiet sort of insane jealousy as they cut and hoisted and hauled, sometimes even running after a load to search with his wild old eye and touch again with his bony fingers some boulder that gleamed over-bright in the sun. It was only bare necessity that would drive him to sell rock at all, the thought of a new shaft sunk in his "gold mine," the certainty that he had struck a vein at last that needed simply to be traced to its lode to yield up millions, sweeping him on in desperation to the mad alternative of selling some of his precious stone—yes, tons of it, tons worth millions, maybe!—for the foundations of hay barns and cow stables!

To old Amos Reid, that quarry back of the house was El Dorado. And to his wife Mary what? Did she, too, dream sometimes that wealth after all might be hidden in that bluff that glared over them in the summer heat, and frowned on them and bit at them with the fury of wind-driven snow in winter? No. If ever she felt that dream veiling her senses, then her hoe would flash faster through the corn, or the whip would crack over the team on the reaper with a sudden quirt that made old dapple Fanny's ears start. To Mary there was only forty acres of poor farm land, a team of horses, a few cows and calves, pigs and chickens, all to be kept going, not only for a living's sake, but to build a future for her boy. It was that boy and his future that kept her Ghost of Youth persistent.

The mother had managed to keep the boy in school; it was only a short walk from town; and then he had entered high school, and now had finished his second year. From the time he was able to wield a pick, old Amos Reid had trained Davy to delve and dig in the quarry. The boy would reach home from school about five o'clock, and from then on to dark would toil and sweat in the sandstone; and, of course, most of his summer holidays were spent in it.

But if his shoulders ached with the swing and stroke of the pick, his heart, as he grew older, ached sorer still—no, it burned—at sight of his mother milking the cows, bending over the hoe, on her knees weeding the onions, the very smell of which he hated because they stained her hands and clothes. Many a time, just as he had done today, he had watched his chance and slipped down to the stable to help her—almost to quarrel with her for the chance to seize the pail and the stool and finish the milking, over which her poor back was breaking. How often, with tears, she would drive him away.

"Go back to your father, Davy! It'll be all right!"

This was the life the mother lived, slaving body and bones for the husband she loved with such fidelity, for the boy she worshipped. With her poor old head dug into the flank of the cow, and her fingers flying at the milking, while the warm creamy stream made foamy hollow music in the pail, she would think of that boy of hers when he was a round, rosy baby at her breast, and her withered body would thrill at the sweet full thought. And then she would look up and across the yard toward the quarry, to hear the muffled blow of his pick, to picture him fine and stalwart, toiling there, rebellious and loyal; and a happy smile would light her face.

II.

That night Davy came into her room, when she had thought him fast asleep long ago, and sitting down on her bed said with a determined voice: "Mother, I've made up my mind. I can't stand it any longer. If father would only talk to me, even!" The hot tears scalded his eyes, and the mother's thin arms reached up from the bed and encircled his strong neck that throbbed with choked-up sobs.

"Why, Davy!" she said, smiling up at him, that smile which was for him alone, which made her a young girl again. "Now, I *am* surprised at you! Don't ask father to talk—you know I've told you he quit talking twenty years ago!" She tried to make light of it.

"Oh, I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" the boy repeated in a burst of feeling. "I'm not going back to school. I'm going to stay home and help you."

"Hush! You'll wake him, Davy!"

"Wake him! Don't worry! He's awake, out there in the shed with his shotgun, watching that everlasting gold mine! I'm going to stay home and help you, and I'll never lift a pick in that quarry again! I can't stand it!"

"I stand it, Davy. I've stood it twenty years. Maybe I couldn't have stood it, if you hadn't come. Oh, my big boy, if you only knew! You're like your father was once. Don't be too hard on

him. Maybe he'll be himself again, some day. Besides," and the tired mother lay back on her pillow, "besides we musn't talk about it. Least said, soonest mended, Davy," she sighed.

"Oh, it's been too long mending! We've got to talk about it! I'm going to talk about it. I've made up my mind. Gold! Why doesn't he give up that crazy notion?"

"He can't. I've told you that. Your father was hard hit, Davy. Think of a man whose whole life's dream was to go to California and find gold, suddenly losing everything—everything, Davy—just at the moment when his dream was coming true! That was to be our honeymoon. We had everything ready; we were starting. And oh, Davy, your father was a grand big man then—full of hope and cheer—he used to get up singing in the morning. Everyone liked him; he had a sweet good nature—like you; yes, like you. And, remember, everything he planned and hoped was for me, Davy—don't forget that! And then he trusted a sharper, Ben Adams, and gave him all his savings to buy up a claim in California. And the very day we were going West—oh, Davy, I can't ever forget it!—the very day we were starting out, we got news that Ben Adams, the man we had trusted so much, had murdered his partner and got off with every cent of our savings."

Mary Reid was sitting straight up in bed by this time, and had caught Davy's hand in a grip that shivered with the burst of emotion that overwhelmed her. Then she went on:

"Your poor father!—your poor father changed that day. He looked at me, Davy, oh, with such a look—it's in his eyes yet. There was everything in it, but mostly, I think, grief and shame, to see how our dreams were shattered forever. I begged him to believe that it was all nothing to me, that I didn't care so long as it was not he who was murdered—that maybe we were only given that loss to save us from a worse loss out in the West. I had fought and fought against his dream of a gold mine, and warned and warned him against setting his heart on riches—I didn't want him ever to get greedy or mean. There wasn't a mean bone in his body, Davy, but somehow his mind was set so long on gold mining, when the shock came he just cursed God for his luck, and swore he'd never pray again till he'd found gold—and he's been that way ever since. He didn't answer me that first day, he couldn't; and he just fairly quit talking then, even to me, unless when he had to. You musn't quarrel, you musn't excite him or blame him, Davy. It turned his head a little. The shock was too much, and they say people like that can't ever really get their senses back until they suffer some other shock just as bad as the first. He'll never be the same again until he finds his gold."

"And that'll be never!" Davy cried.

"Yes, but I've seen him grow better at times when he thought he'd found it."

"But he cursed God, he cursed God!" the boy whispered to himself.

"Don't, Davy, don't! He didn't mean it!"

"Oh, that's you, mother!" Davy's hands smoothed her pillow as she lay back exhausted. "You'd find an excuse anyway. But you know what people think, and say, too, that it's nothing but greed and selfishness."

"Davy Reid! Don't ever say that! Don't let anyone ever say it!" There was command ringing in her half-whispered words. "Shame on people that misjudge him so!"

"Yes, and they laugh at him, too."

"Oh, don't think of it, my boy! Let them laugh at us." How subtly, how deftly, she changed to "us," to cover the boy with the strong wing of her loyalty to his father. "This is our farm—as long as we keep the interest paid on it. It's our farm, and if we want to dig up our hillsides, it's our own business."

Perhaps Davy Reid did not fully realize the overpowering love, the sublime nobility of his mother's loyal soul, either at that moment or long afterward; but certain it is, he would have gone out into the quarry the next morning not half unwillingly and with new thoughts and a changing heart toward his father, had not this secret talk between him and his mother been at that very moment interrupted by a step and a thud—the thud of his father's rifle-butt on the floor. The old man, gun in hand, white haired, fully dressed, stood like an apparition in the doorway.

Mary Reid sank back on her pillow with a look in her wan face that flashed a sudden new intelligence to Davy's mind. In that look he saw, for the first time, as he turned quickly to the figure in the doorway, that his mother, under all her bravery and loyalty, was afraid.

"Go to bed," she whispered, as the boy rose and faced his father.

"What's the matter?" Davy asked, as he stepped toward the old man. "Is there someone in the quarry?"

"No," his father answered. "What are you talking about?"

The mother lay still in her bed; under the sheet her hand was pressed against her heart to still its beating. Never in years had Davy's father come into her room, or paid any heed to their little night-time "confabs," as they called them; never in all his life before had he asked them what they talked about.

"What are you talking about?"

"I was telling mother—"

Mary Reid raised herself in the bed. "Davy was feeling bad," she began.

"He needn't feel bad—what is he feeling bad about? He doesn't know what's good for him. He doesn't know that he's the richest—do you hear, the richest young man in St. Croix County today, tonight, this very minute! Do you hear?" The old man strode to the window, and threw open the heavy green shutters. "The richest—the richest! Gold! Look there!"

Davy gave his head an angry toss; but his mother, throwing back the bed clothes, went to her husband—giving Davy's arm a little clutch, half caress, half command, as she stepped across the floor in her night-gown.

"It wasn't that, Amos, that Davy was feeling bad about," she said placing her hand on the old man's arm. "It was the work—he wants to stay at home from school—foolish boy!" She flashed a loving, a reassuring glance, at Davy.

"School? He's done with school! I've decided that." The eyes of the old man seemed to bore through the boy as they turned their restless gaze on him.

"Do you know what I've found?" he went on, his voice rising again in excitement. "I've struck that lode—there's thousands in it, thousands. See!" He waved his hand toward the quarry, standing white in the moonlight.

"We'll get to work on it tomorrow. We've got it! We've got it!"

"Father." Davy stepped between his mother and the trembling old man; he even set her aside, as it were, with a gesture, as he faced the agitated figure by the window. "You heard what mother said—that I wanted to stay out of school. I do. I'm going to. But it's not to go digging into that quarry out there again. No, sir!"

"What?" The old man's voice was almost a scream.

"I'm going to stay home this fall; I'm going to help mother with the farm."

Here she interposed. "But, Davy, Davy, you can do both!"

"No, I can't do both. I won't do both. I'm sick of it. I won't ever set foot in that damned quarry again!"

"Oh, my boy! My boy! Amos, Amos, don't listen to him!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, mother!" the boy cried out, "but I can't help it. It *is* a damned quarry; its the damnation of us all. I'm done with it, done with it!"

Old Amos Reid was shaking with a rage that flashed fire from his wild eyes. He pounded the butt of his rifle on the floor, and shouted at the trembling stripling before him and the frightened woman.

"Damned! Damned! I'll *d*—— you! Don't talk to me like

that! You'll put foot in that quarry, and you'll stay there, if I have to tie you up, you young beggar! You'll talk to me, will you, about what you'll do! Damned, eh? I've a notion to drive you off the place and give the whole mine to the next tramp that comes along! Fool! You're a fool! You don't know what's good for you! There's gold out there, riches, thousands, millions, and you'd walk over it! You'll stay home, and you'll do as you're told! You'll go out there now and stay there for the night, do you hear? After this we'll keep a night watch on the place, or we'll lose the whole thing right under our very noses! That'll do!"

The old man turned to step toward the door; but Davy caught him by the arm, caught him with a strength and a passion that swept to the boy's very finger tips. "Wait!" he cried, with an impatient toss of his head to shake off his mother who tried to halt him. "Wait! You heard what I said!" His eyes flashed fire back into the wild fire of his father's eyes; his fingers still clutched the old man's sleeve. "I'll never go into that quarry again! I'll stay out of school, and I'll work the farm, but you'll never get me into that crazy hole again! I don't care what you do; I'll not make a fool of myself and mother any longer, having the whole town talk of how she drives the team and plows and hoes—never! Never! Just to keep me at school and humor your crazy ideas about gold mines! Gold mines! You've spent enough on that rock pile already to keep the whole place going. Everybody's talking about you. You're the curiosity of the neighborhood, making mother slave like a hired man—and I wasting my time digging in the sand for you! What do you think you'd eat if mother didn't keep things going, I wonder? You can take your gold mine and give it to the tramps—I wish you would! Oh, I wish you would! I'm done with it! And so is mother here—done with it! done with it! Drive me off! Drive me off! I can get a job somewhere and earn enough to keep my mother alive anyway! Oh—!"

The boy's wild vehemence ended in a cry of despair and anger, and before it had left his lips the old man had raised his fist and struck at his son with the fury of a maniac. But Davy was quick; he received only a glancing blow on the forehead as he dodged, and as the mother sprang between the infuriated pair.

"Davy! Davy!" she cried. "Be quiet! No, no! Don't strike! Don't raise your hand! Don't strike your father! Be quiet! Be quiet!"

"Get out of the way!" the father shouted to her. "Get out of the way!" He was ready to kill, and she knew it.

"Amos! Amos! You never struck the boy before!"

"No, but I should have! I'll teach him!" He swung the gun by

the barrel, and in his fury would have beaten open the heads of wife and son both, had they not retreated toward the bed. Then Davy broke away from his mother's grasp and darted across the room, instinctively aiming to lead his insane father away from his mother; and just as quickly the old man swung on him, and the boy only made his escape by springing to the window sill and leaping down into the garden. "Mother! Mother," he cried as he disappeared, "look out!" And at that moment the old man fell, dizzy and exhausted, by the window, the gun clattering over the sill into the garden.

Mary Reid was by her husband's side in an instant, raising him up. He panted, breathless for a minute; then he turned on her that same look which twenty years before she had seen for the first time, and her heart melted and her fear fled.

"Davy!" she called. But at that the old man groaned. "Never! Never again!" he cried. "Help me up!" He braced himself, one hand on each side of the window, and there framed in the moonlight, pallid and shaken with passion, he spoke the last words his son heard him utter for many a day: "Go away! Go away! Go away!"

The old harsh voice died out to a whimper, and the gaunt man turned and strode out of the room, his wife following silently. She followed him to his cot in the shed, and saw him throw himself upon it. She watched a little while, and waited, not for a sign from him, but for some sound of Davy's returning. No sound came. Then, in her bare feet, her gray gold hair disheveled and falling down her shoulders, she went out to find her boy. When she was a safe distance from the house, peering into the moonlight and its shadows, she called to him.

"Davy, Davy! Where are you?"

A figure rose up out of the darkness near the granary and came out into the light.

"Oh, mother, what have I done!" the boy cried, throwing his arms about her. "And your poor feet walking on the rough ground."

She took him by the hand and led him to the well, and there they sat down in the shadow, the boy removing his coat and putting it around her shoulder.

"There, there, don't worry, Davy," she whispered.

"But will you come with me, mother? Will you run away with me?"

She tried to smile. "Wouldn't that be fine!" she said. "A boy running away with his mother! But, oh, Davy," and her voice filled with tears, "you shouldn't have, you shouldn't have!"

"I couldn't help it. He made me. It's done now. I'm going away. I've got to go away."

To his surprise, his mother did not remonstrate. "Yes," she answered. "For a little while; I think it would be best."

"But you, mother! Oh, the minute I left your side I was sorry. I did it to get him after me. But I can't leave you."

"Foolish boy," was her soft response. "Now listen! Never for one minute, for one minute, do you hear, worry or fret about me. I am all right. I am the only one who can manage your father. He will be quiet now for a long time, unless something else happens to excite him. That's why you'd better go away awhile."

"Such a mother!" The boy seized her hands and covered them with kisses. "Such a brave and patient and wise mother o' mine!" It was these sweetheart ways of her big boy that kept her spirit young, and the fountain of youth in her heart as clear and deep as the well-spring by which they sat there in the moonlight, clear and deep and placid, be her old body as toil-worn and racked as it might.

"I've got it all planned out already," she said. "Trust me for a schemer! You sleep up in the hay loft tonight, and early in the morning I'll bring you your grip and things. Then you go into town, and go to Mrs. Riddle's and stay there and go to school."

"No, I can't do it!" There was no mistaking the boy's determination. "I won't go to school, living easy at a boarding house and you slaving here. I won't do it."

"Then you must take the morning train down to Riverfalls and stay there. I have money enough."

"I'll go to Riverfalls, but I won't go to school. I'll go to work. Listen!"

There was the sound of a footstep in the house, and the boy and his mother became rigid in their listening. Then, after a second's pause, "Stay here on this side of the well," she whispered, slipping the coat off her shoulders, "and when you hear me close the door, run over to the barn." She rose, and stooping down, let him kiss her good-night, his lips on her soft old faded cheek, just as if she were bending over his bed, and then she went back to the house.

The old man was at the door, and, as she came up, he set his eyes on her in that searching way she knew so well. But she took his arm with a firm hold and closed the door behind them; and without a word he went back to his room. And she returned to hers. When she pushed back one of the shutters at which Davy had caught in his jump through the window, to make more light now in the room for the work of gathering up and packing the boy's belongings, which were mostly kept in her closet, she paused a moment and looked out, her hands clasped in prayer, the moonlight falling on her face. It was an old and faded face, and her eyes were sunken and hollow and filled with tears. But hope and courage were shining in them, too.

III.

Davy was eighteen when he left home.

In the next two years things went on with Amos Reid about as usual, while Mary worked harder than ever. She received letters every week, and even oftener, from the boy. He had gone to the southern part of the state and secured a position in a grain elevator; he was earning a dollar and a quarter a day and sent his mother two dollars and a half each week—sometimes more. This, he wrote her over and over again, was to help pay for a kitchen girl, or the hired man; or, quite often, it was to buy her some dainty to wear or to eat. He was a faithful lover to his "old sweetheart," and he never could guess what sweetness and light his letters and his devotion brought into his mother's life. But she gave none of his money to kitchen girls or hired men, nor bought dainties to eat or wear. She put the money safely away and added to it—egg-money, garden-money, calf-money, every old cent she could scrape together or spare. It was her great, sweet secret. The boy would some day have enough to go to college—that was her dream.

Since that early dawn of his departure, when she had bade him good-bye with many kisses and not a tear, he had not returned; first because she would not have it— "Wait," she would write, "I know best;" and then, because his work would not permit it. But always his letters were full of the glad day when he would see her again.

Old Amos Reid knew nothing of these letters. Mary had quickly learned that it was useless to talk about them. He paid no heed. More than ever he was wholly entirely absorbed in the quarry. He had sold a few loads of rock; he had found a dozen new "leads," and sunk shafts and gathered specimens; he dug and delved day and night—if the night were bright enough.

He talked as little as ever to wife or neighbor. But one day, late in the afternoon, while Mary was filling the calf-troughs and teaching one fawn-eyed youngster of her stockyard to drink out of a pail, by dipping her fingers into the milk and giving them to the little hungry bunting calf to suck, old Amos came striding over to her, and, waiting impatiently for her to finish her task, beckoned her to come with him. She set the pail down by the well-box and wiping her hands in her apron, followed him.

Mary Reid did not go into the quarry much; in fact many a stranger or passer-by, stopping to see it, could have boasted of more knowledge of Amos Reid's gold mine than could his wife. But if its diggings and cuttings were only half familiar to her eyes, the pick and shovel that had made them had nevertheless dug and chopped into her life and heart. This is what she was thinking as she followed her

husband up the boards, stepping around a wheelbarrow that stood on the gangway, and entered a cave that had been newly excavated. At its dark end were the stakes and boards of a shaft.

The old man, as agile and quick as ever, and now fired with a renewed energy and eagerness, climbed over the shaft and went down the ladder that was nailed to its side. Mary leaned over and watched him. The shaft was not deep, and in a minute he was standing in its bottom, his feet straddling a stream that trickled through, and had lighted a lantern—an old dark-lantern it was, that had been his guide for years; it was indeed a relic of the wreck of his fortune and his hopes of long ago, a lantern that he had bought with much pride and high hopes in the days that he had dreamed of gold-mining in California.

The lantern lit, he threw the light around on the rocky enclosure. Mary could see the old white head bent down to scrutinize the walls, and a little thrill of pity and tenderness swept through her and filled her faithful old eyes. "Dear God, if it could be!" she whispered, in the ardor of her loving heart, and gasped at herself in the same moment for daring even to think of hope.

"Hah!" came the exultant cry of the old man, and he thrust the lantern closer to the rock. "There it is! See?" He looked up at his wife, and suddenly seizing the little hand pick that lay at his feet, began to beat away at the rock. She could see nothing but the wavering, moving light as it shifted about in his left hand, while he hacked away with his right. In a minute he had chopped out what he wanted, and started up the ladder. Why did her heart begin to beat so fast? Had she not been fooled over and over again, until her mind was dead to this foolish hope of gold?

Amos clambered out of the shaft, and pushing Mary ahead of him out to the entrance of the cave, followed her into the light. Then he caught at her sleeve, and with trembling hands gave her the lump of rock which he had brought up from the underground. He said nothing for a moment and she was as silent as he—and almost as much excited; for again, after a lapse of many years, he had strangely and suddenly communicated to her something of the trembling fires that fumed in his unsatisfied spirit.

"There it is! Pure gold!" he whispered at last, and Mary saw it—gold, pure gold it seemed, glittering there in its dull bed, rich and opulent in its terrible promise.

"Oh, Amos!" she gasped. Was it true, after all? Her head swam, and she sat down on the wheelbarrow to regain her composure.

"There it is!" was all he could say. Her eyes suddenly filled with tears, and she looked up at him with a trembling lip. And with that glance the poor old man before her fell on his knees, and bury-

ing his face in her lap, sobbed out, over and over again, "There it is! There it is!"

Tears streamed down Mary Reid's wrinkled face, as she clasped her old husband's head; tears of joy—but, oh, not for the love of gold, but for the love of his dear old heart, which seemed again, for that heavenly moment, to be beating up to hers with life and strength unclouded by any foolish dream.

"Oh, Amos, Amos, dear Amos, don't be too sure! Don't be too sure!" was all that she could say, all the love of her soul crying out in the warning; for it was he whom she wanted back, not riches nor gold; and if this was only another empty hope, then she knew he would be more than ever lost to her in the cloud of his fanatic dream.

IV.

"The sample of rock is a close-grained, plagioclase, feldspar, augite rock, probably diabase, carrying a vein of some geolite mineral, possibly Thomsonite, in which is embedded the copper pyrite or chalcopyrite—one of the forms of 'fool's gold' which sometimes carries gold, but in all likelihood there is no warrant for putting any value on it."

That was the verdict a week afterward. In that interval Mary had swung on the pendulum of hope so many times that by the day the assay was delivered, she had almost regained her old composure, and the fatal decision made only a dull pain in her heart. All her thought and all her anxiety was for Amos. She watched him with a sharp and searching eye. But what did he do? Not storm, nor rave; only took the assayer's letter over to the cupboard, folded it and put it away. "We'll show them!" was all he said. Then he went back to his digging, and that night brought a whole wheelbarrow full of the precious rock up to the house.

"The cellar," he said to Mary, in his dogged and laconic way, and forthwith opened a trap door on the outside of the house, and carried the rock, armful after armful, into the basement.

He began now to stay up all night, or a good part of it, to guard his treasure; sometimes even remaining out in the quarry, but more often seated by the window of his sleeping shed, his gun resting on the sill. Mary would beg him to go to bed, but he was obdurate. He must get someone to help him, she said; he must sell some more quarry stone—Andersons had been after a load only a day or so before. He could not keep up this daytime digging and nighttime vigil. It would kill him.

"Whom can I trust? Whom can I trust?" That was the question that bothered him. He had grown suspicious of everyone; visitors to the quarry he would no longer permit. His gun was always handy, and the countryside grew afraid of him. His name was bugaboo for

naughty children. "I'll give you to Old Man Reid!" was the threat of foolish mothers to the naughty young ones. And the young ones who had deviltry enough in them to dare, would sometimes lead their trembling playmates to the edge of the quarry and roll stones down to torment the old man, who gave them hate in exchange for their terror or their temerity. But such tricks were never played while Mrs. Reid was in sight. The youngsters were not afraid of her; rather, they liked her. She had even given them rides on the reaper, and had let them into the yard to see her peacocks "spread their tails." She kept the peacocks because they cleaned the potato patch of bugs. Their melancholy cry at dusk, when they were "calling for rain," as she put it, sometimes touched her for a moment with sadness. But not for long; she had no time for sadness.

The letters she received from Davy were her food and drink. In midsummer she began to plan what her Christmas gift to him would be. It was always a book. To keep him interested in schooling and hopeful always of college was her great aim. She used to be afraid that he would get weaned away from that idea, and settle into the rut of everyday work. And her son must be a scholar! Her food and drink these letters were, indeed. She spent all her spare time writing to him, and he used to marvel at the pages she could fill, of the most compelling interest, telling of the farm, the chickens, the stock, with often a pleasant little reminiscence of her girlhood days woven into the chronicle: "Bunty, the new calf, has four white spots on his red coat, exactly like the little calf your grandfather gave me on my sixth birthday. I never can forget that darling, foolish little stumbling creature! I always had a feeling that I couldn't love her really until I had picked her up in my arms. Imagine your old mammy a little six-year old girl carrying a fat stiff-legged calf around in her arms!" What boy with even half or a quarter of the fine spirit Mary Reid's son had inherited from her could fail to respond to the charm of those letters of hers, interesting, "newsy" as he always called them, and, without speaking the word, breathing in every line the most tender and enfolding love? She used to plan those letters deliberately—sentence after sentence; not a word in them but was a prayer and a caress. And the exquisite care put into them was all designed to teach him, silently, out of the lore of her own schoolma'am days. In the long ago she had dreamed of how she would herself teach and train her boy, and it was thus she realized her dream.

One day, on hands and knees in the onion patch and raising her head to rest her weary back just a moment, while her mind was "writing to Davy," at full speed, she spied a man going in toward the house from the road. "He looks like a tramp," she said to herself as she got stiffly up and made her way across the garden. "He is a

tramp," she concluded as she neared him. "Well, there's not a woman in the township who doesn't believe that her own individual door-post is specially marked by those undesirables—but maybe he's hungry, or thirsty; and I'd rather have him drink his fill of God's brew from the bottom of our well than go into town and drink whisky."

By this time the tramp had his hat off. He was respectful, and had manners; but what a woeful specimen of humanity he was! Old, in the first place; bald-headed, with a fringe of white straggly hair; with eyes wasted and bleared; a frame gaunt with the marks of disease or dissipation, or both, and the look of a hunted rabbit on him.

He wanted something to eat; and Mary, with a sigh for her unfinished job in the onion bed, listened a moment to his protestations of willingness to work, and then bade him sit on the porch while she prepared him something. Very hot and weary he sat there. There was nothing whatever of the tough bravado of the everyday tramp about him. He was worn to meekness. He was old.

When Mary came out from the pantry with "the usual!"—as she called it—bread and molasses—"it goes good with a cup of cold milk"—she saw her husband coming toward the house, his gun in his hand. The tramp saw him, too—saw the gun—and his look of a rabbit run to ground grew more pitiable as he rose and stretched out a furtive hand to take the food Mary offered him. "You must be thirsty, too," she said. "I'll get you some milk."

She kept her big milk cans half-submerged in the water-trough on the shady side of the well. She was "into the can," as they say on the farm, dipping for a cup of the cool milk, when Amos stepped up. He paused at the well, and regarded the stranger with that queer look of his which so disconcerted people—stared at him till the wanderer was afraid to swallow—till the milk Mary handed him, spilling in his shaky hand, went down his throat—a great relief.

Something in Mary's heart stirred to pity for this poor tramp, so much older than the usual hobo, as she gave Amos a glance, and then reached for the cup to get the beggar a second drink. As she gave it to him she said reassuringly:

"You can rest here a while if you like."

"This man wants work," she said to Amos. "I think I'll put him at those onions."

The husband made no response. She gave him a sharp glance; what was in his head now? There was such a queer dilating of his eyes as he stared on at the stranger.

"I'd be thankful for the work, ma'm," said the tramp, "but maybe I'd better go on."

"You can come with me," said Amos. Mary looked at him, wondering for a flash of thought if it really could be that he was driving

the old wanderer away? But no; Amos had started for the quarry, and the tramp was questioning her with his driven look.

"He'll show you what you're to do," said Mary. "I'm afraid you couldn't stand the sun in the onion bed today, anyway."

But a minute later she was back at the onions herself.

Evidently Amos intended to keep the wanderer, for he appeared with him at supper time; and then the worn old creature, still with his driven look, offered to help Mary at the feeding of the calves. He was plainly grateful to her, if just as plainly in fear of her husband. Mary felt sure he wanted to get away—to run, if he dared.

After supper Amos signed to the man to sit down out on the porch. After ten minutes of uneasiness he was on his feet again. "I'm afraid I'll have to be going," he said.

"Wait," said old Amos Reid, with a ring in his voice that was compelling; he had not taken his eye off the stranger for a moment, and now his tone was commanding. "You'd better stay here. We can put you up." And the tramp subsided.

At dark, Amos took the man through the kitchen, where Mary was at the dishes, and showed him where he was to sleep. Mary paid no heed to that. She was glad that the poor old creature was to have a bed for the night. But a moment later she heard the door being closed slowly and carefully, then the turn of a lock, and glancing over her shoulder saw Amos standing, his back to the door, the key in his hand, and he fairly panted with agitation.

"What's the trouble?" she asked.

He lifted his finger to command silence, then tiptoed toward her, took her arm, and led her out on to the porch. Once out of hearing of the inner room, he spoke:

"Do you know who that is?"

"Who—the tramp?"

"Do you know who it is?"

"No, Amos, no." She had placed her hand on his blue flannel sleeve to calm him. She could not make out his mood.

"You don't know! You don't know!" he whispered. "It's Adams, Adams, Ben Adams! Yes, it is! Yes, it is!"

"Oh, no! no!" Mary protested. She began to tremble for fear of the horrible agitation that was rocking the very being of her old husband. She saw she knew not what new terrors leaping up before her and around her.

"Yes, it is! Yes, it is! I've got him! He doesn't know! But I knew—the minute I saw him, I knew. I took him over to the mine and got him to talking. I found out quick enough. It's Adams! It's Adams! The thief, and murderer, the man who ruined me! I've got him! I've got him!"

"Amos! Amos! Be sure!" Her only way was to gain time, to humor him, to let him think she was one with him in whatever plan he was scheming. "What are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?" He lifted his clenched fist into the darkness, then suddenly looked down at her. "I won't kill him," he said quietly. "I won't rob him, or lie to him. But I'll make him pay back every cent he took from me—every cent of it."

"Pay back? How can you?"

"At two dollars a day, working out there in the rock, until every cent is paid, every cent. I've got him! He'll dig for me and pick out gold for me until his fingers are worn off. He'll shovel and slop in that sand and mud, and he'll bake out there in the sun, and hand up riches to me until his back breaks, but he'll pay me back every cent. Two dollars a day! Ha! He came the wrong road this time!"

He turned back to go into the house. Mary placed a detaining hand on him. "Be sure, Amos, be sure!"

"Sure? I'm sure! I know; and what's more he'll tell me himself in a minute. I've got him! He can't get away, because I know! He can take his pick—he can stay here and work, or he can leave—and hang! For he's a murderer as well as a thief. I've got him! And look here—" He halted a moment to warn her with grim suspicion: "You're to say nothing to him, nor help him."

"Oh, Amos, how could you!" she cried. She followed him back into the house, and to the door of the tramp's room.

Amos had taken up his gun at the porch door. "If he tries to get away I'll shoot him," he said; and as he entered the tramp's room Mary caught a glimpse of the worn old head of the wanderer lifting itself up in fear from the pillow. Then the door was closed and locked.

With a wild heart and drumming ears she listened at the door of the little room, and always the same sound greeted her—Amos' steady voice pouring out its awful sentences on the wretch whom her imagination pictured as cowering under the blows of words that beat him down and down. Once she heard his pitiful "No, no!" and there was whining and whimpering; and at last she ran from the door with the sobbing of despair and terror ringing in her ears.

The weird bargain was made that night. Mary scarcely slept, and in the morning she was worn out. She got breakfast, and Amos went to the door of the little room and unlocked it, and opened it. She could not lift her eyes to look upon the humiliation of the wretched creature who slunk out and took the place given him at the table. That night Mary wrote the story of the tramp to Davy, and for the first time her letter had lost its old-time spirit and joy. She was breaking down. She was afraid as she never had been before.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

New Books.

A CENTURY OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, President of University College, Cork. London: Burns & Oates. $1.25 net.

That the benefits of this book might be extended to the largest number possible, it is to be wished that its title were more fully indicative of its general significance and the breadth of its appeal; for though it is addressed to Catholics specifically, its import is for all believers in a Divine Creator, especially those whose peace of mind has been disturbed by apparent conflict between the facts of science and the teachings of religion.

The author's achievement is twofold; he sets forth some conclusively established, as distinguished from the still debatable, deductions of science concerning the subjects wherein seeming discrepancy was found; and through these he demonstrates the illusory and transient character of any antagonism between science and faith in revelation, such as many believed, and some still believe, to have been irrevocably established in the middle of the last century.

The workaday layman, though of the class described by Sir Bertram as "those who, without laying any claim to the title of learned, extend their reading beyond the limits of current fiction," is unable to accomplish the systematic reading requisite for more than a fragmentary knowledge of scientific activities. He cannot assure himself that he knows the last word upon any of them: therefore, a mere statement of results would be of value to him, provided it were authoritative beyond question. The present work provides not only this, but also expositions of the various theories and investigations, so concise and lucid that the reader is enabled to form a full, coherent concept of each subject. Some of the fruits of recent research in anthropology and ethnology are included, and the whole is presented in a manner that has an individuality of great charm. It is a blend of gracious courtesy, with mastery of each subject, that fascinates the reader, and gives him confidence as he follows the brilliant and delightful text wherein the author, with a tact that is unblemished by any touch of condescension, interprets to his uninitiated audience the recondite workings and judgments of science. More important than all is, of

course, the golden cord of thought that unites the essays into a communication of cheer. They are a stimulant and an inspiration—the call of a leader that speeds the Christian on his way rejoicing. Sir Bertram pays tribute where tribute is due; with Christian charity he prescinds from passing personal judgment. It is with perfect calmness that he deprecates the habit of scientists of treating each new theory as if it were fact; and he tranquilly points out the total failure of science to fulfill the expectations once held that it would shortly explain everything; the retreat before advancing knowledge of the very theories that caused a large part of the advance; and the consequent change in scientific opinion during the last twenty-five years "away from the materialistic pole and towards its antipodes—the old explanations of Christian philosophy."

Of all its profound and illuminating content, the average reader will probably revert most often to the title-essay, which reviews in a surpassing way the upheaval caused by the publication of *The Origin of Species* and the reaction of today. For in his daily life the average man recurrently confronts a residuum of the Darwinian controversy, the deeply-rooted idea that science has made religion impossible for any reasonable person. There are few laymen so fortunate as to be unacquainted with the air of detached wonder that meets a confession of faith as if it were some queer survival, the more or less discreet allusions to temperamental bias, superstitions learned in childhood, and so forth. Though his faith be unaffected, his happiness is not; for, to him, this argument is practically unanswerable in terms that will be either understood or respected. The desultory reading that is all he can compass contains no general recognition of the change of which the author speaks: he is reduced to silence, knowing that it will be taken as admission of defeat. He is now furnished with an answer and a weapon.

It is a book for Catholics to urge upon the attention of their Non-Catholic acquaintances, without reserve or misgiving, for its urbane spirit precludes anything that could wound the believer outside the Church.

Nevertheless, inclusive as is its call, there is a special and more intimate word for the household of that Faith which has been maintained without change or diminution during darkened years when to some there seemed little ground for hope that the future held in store any message such as this, which approaches being a translation by science into its own idiom of: "trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA: HER LIFE AND TIMES. By C. M. Antony. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.80 net.

Miss Antony assures us that in writing this new life of St. Catherine she had no idea of superseding the masterly biographies of Mother Frances Drane or of Mr. Edmund Gardner. She wished solely to present, "as simply and intelligently as possible, with as little historical elaboration as may be, the life of the great Dominican Tertiary mystic of the *Quattrocento,* who was at the same time one of the most important political figures of the day, in such a way that no one aspect of her career obscures another."

The author has based her work upon the *Legenda* of Fra Raimondo da Capua, St. Catherine's confessor and biographer; on the *Processus* of Venice held in 1411; on the letters of the Saint, nearly four hundred of which have been preserved; and on the *Dialogue* the Saint dictated to her secretaries in 1378.

St. Catherine, one of the Church's greatest mystics, was at the same time the most practical of women. She wrote one of the most sublime treatises on the mystical life that we possess, and at the same time we find her traveling on embassies to Pisa, Florence and Avignon, and writing lectures of advice to princes and to Popes. A most humble soul ever at home among the people from whom she sprang, she wrote strong words denouncing the crimes of the Pope's legates in Italy, and the unfaithfulness of many of the priests and bishops of the period. Untaught in the schools she wrote the purest Tuscan on the most hidden things of God; modest and retiring, she easily brought the proudest and most impenitent sinners to their knees; utterly detached from the world, she made countless friends of both married and unmarried men, instructing them day by day in the path of perfection; ever physically weak on account of continual sickness and her most extraordinary austerities, she was at all times alert for any mission of charity—be it the casting out of an evil spirit, the raising of the dead to life, the settling of a family feud, or the calling back of a Gregory XI. from Avignon to Rome.

Miss Antony makes St. Catherine live again in these charming pages. She draws a most winning portrait of one of the most strong, tender, sensitive, humble, simple, and loving saints that Christianity ever produced. We are certain that many a Non-Catholic would be won to the Church by reading the wonderful story of Catherine Benincasa.

LOUISE AND BARNAVAUX. By Pierre Mille. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

This, the most recent volume of M. Mille's stories of the French soldier, is the expression in literature of the tendency now abroad among the arts to emphasize unduly the uglinesses in life. These tales are not of action at the front, or of life in barracks. They are, presumably, interpretations of the common soldier of France through the personality of Barnavaux, a French Mulvaney. As thus shown, he has the virtues of his calling, and he is not wholly incapable of affection nor of ideals of loyalty and service; but he is utterly without reverence, brutally cynical, and given over to licentiousness without restraint. He is a distressing figure and, naturally, the scenes and characters to which we are introduced through him are too frequently shocking and repulsive, though it must be said, in fairness, that the tone is robust, and has none of the subtle perniciousness conspicuous in French fiction until of late.

If the soldier in the ranks is true to this type, and if it is in the name and interests of truth that the type is exhibited, we may enter a protest in demanding that at least a glimpse be given of the picture on the other side of the shield, the type which has been made familiar to us through the testimony of many actual witnesses —the soldier responsive to the spiritual awakening that works like leaven through the armies of regenerate France. Without this, the truth is but half represented even when it is not, as in this instance, put forth in a form having so many objectionable features that it is unacceptable for Catholic reading, and cannot but be distasteful to any normally sensitive reader.

THE NEST-BUILDER. By Beatrice Forbes-Roberston Hale. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

The absence of woman suffrage propaganda in this novel by a popular leader of "the Cause" will possibly disappoint some readers, but is to the advantage of those who read fiction solely for entertainment. Although the latter quality is present in good measure, some weightier motive for the work will inevitably be assigned to Mrs. Hale. It may be that they are not far wrong who construe it as a definite reply to the charge sometimes preferred against the suffrage and feminist movements, that they militate against the welfare and preservation of the home. Such a charge is in measure justified by the intemperate language spoken and written by some of their adherents.

The author has excluded all such extravagances from her book, which contains, indeed, nothing revolutionary or even strikingly new. She tells the history of the courtship and the married life of Mary Elliston and Stefan Byrd, accentuating through various scenes and incidents the fundamental differences of temperament between the woman who regards it as her highest and most joyful privilege to establish a home where she will bear and rear children, and the man who wearies of the home, its duties and restraints, and selfishly forsakes it, eventually sinning against it. The heroine is represented as a woman of the modern type, a suffragist and feminist, looking forward at the beginning of the story to earning her own living in preference to being supported in idleness at home, yet gladly yielding supremacy to the primal, enduring instincts of maternity and domesticity. "The eternal triangle" figures once more, and prominently, though it is introduced only to develop the theme, and to throw into sharper contrast Mary's steadfast devotion to the home she preserves.

The book, though not memorable, holds the attention. There are some clever vignettes of character, and what Mrs. Hale has to say she says in fluent, nervous English, with considerable wit: such crudities as exist are of thought, not expression. The general morale is healthful, but wholly secular and sophisticated; and discrimination is called for in distribution of the novel, for at several points the author's judgment—though never her intention—is in error.

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY. By Felicia Curtis. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.60 net.

The scene of this novel for girls is laid in England in the year 1850-51, and depicts the bitter anti-Catholic feeling that obtained with special intensity at that period. The central theme is the conversion of Victoria Brent, daughter of a furiously Protestant father, as a result of her being, for the first time, brought into neighborly relations with a devout and heroically loyal Catholic household. Love develops between Victoria and Denis Fitzgerald, son of the Catholic house.

Victoria, however, realizes that both she and he are called to a higher form of service to God than the life of the Catholic family, and the lovers separate to enter the "more excellent way" of the cloisters. The story is replete with incident, and moves swiftly, too rapidly, indeed, to give to the conversion the analysis necessary

to make it more than a mere record of cause and effect. It is told with much animation, however, and will doubtless be well liked by the young readers for whom it is designed.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK ZIA. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cents.

This short story is an accession to the output of small gift books customary at this time of year. It is the tale of a miracle performed by the infant Redeemer on the morning after the Nativity. Upon the young lad, Zia, deformed, unloved and ill-treated, falls the awful doom of leprosy. Outcast and despairing, he wanders to Bethlehem, where he sees the entrance of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, whom he follows to the cave wherein is the manger. He lies all night upon the ground outside bathed in a mystic light. At early dawn, the door of the cave is opened, and Our Lady summons him to the manger whence the light radiates. He kneels by the side of the Child, and the hand of the new-born King bestows upon him a royal gift of healing and strength and beauty.

It is an ambitious task that the author has set herself. She fulfills it creditably, at least with earnestness and tenderness. Her treatment is not entirely in consonance with Catholic tradition and sentiment, but there is no actual irreverence, even unintentional. The little volume is attractively illustrated.

THE LIFE OF KING JOHN SOBIESKI, JOHN THE THIRD, OF POLAND. By Count John Sobieski. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Surely the valiant Sobieski deserved a better fate than to have fallen into the hands of such a biographer. It reminds one of "Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark," for Sobieski without his Christianity, his crusading spirit, his enthusiasm, his magnetism is not Sobieski the bulwark of Christendom, as we have been used to regard him. Why the writer should have elected to write of him is not apparent; his only qualification for the task would seem to be a love for Poland; he is out of sympathy with his hero in both religion and politics; he sneers alike at bishops, priests, monks, and at kings and rulers. His hostility to Catholicism and all connected therewith he is at no pains to conceal. "The least valuable portion of the spoil was a number of monks," is one of his sentiments. "The Turks were to be dreaded only as civilized

warriors," reads like irony in face of the Armenian atrocities, and similar atrocities in the past. Again we find: "His" (Sobieski's) "cruelty to the Turks after a victory, must be attributed to a remnant of the crusading spirit, which upon these occasions, and these only, soured the natural humanity of his temper, *which was not sufficiently matured by philosophy*;" italics ours.

Again and again, we have asked ourselves: "Is this a translation?" The English is extremely trying to read: the construction of the sentences in many cases, would be a disgrace to a schoolboy; capitals and nominatives are occasionally scattered *ad lib.* over the pages.

In places, the author speaks as if he were a citizen of the United States, yet he uses a title. One Encyclopedia states that the King's family is now extinct.

MARIE OF THE HOUSE D'ANTERS. By Rev. Michael Earls, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

We have all heard of mute inglorious Miltons and of Cromwells who, while possessing the talents of the original, were innocent of the accompanying tyranny and bloodguiltiness: but no poet has sung of woman's potentialities in conditions wider than her ordinary sphere. Far from us be the suspicion that such are not to be found; indeed we suspect that feminine talent is so abundant as to cease to be remarkable. If, however, anyone has ever doubted this proposition, let him forthwith make the acquaintance of Madame la Marquise d'Anters, known in her native Jersey as Susan Harrington, the lady of Ben Harrington, who in Paris is the Marquis d'Anters. Such heartiness and simplicity, such unspoiled good nature, such genius for managing others, merit the celebration of her praises by a poet. Swiftness of motion is here reduced to a fine art, and we rush breathless from continent to continent in the development of an interesting plot. Incident rather than characterization is its chief merit, but one grows just a little weary of "the book that was to be, but never achieved being." This, of course, is the *motif* of the story, but we think it a trifle too much in evidence.

ONLY ANNE. By Isabel C. Clark. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

The self-sacrificing devotedness of man for man, is a theme with which we are fairly familiar, but here we have an admirable

story of a woman whose one desire is to win for her friend, Myrtle, Lady Chardford, the happiness which she herself sacrifices. The object of devotedness in this instance does not strike the reader as particularly worthy of it; and that impression lessens the convincing power of the story. Lady Chardford had made her own mistake in life, but had the grace to pay the penalty with sufficient dignity, to the doing of which, however, Anne effectively contributed at a cost that Myrtle never fully knew. Some of the minor characters are particularly well drawn. We smile over Mrs. Grayle and Vincent Travers, Senior, well able to identify their type among our own acquaintances.

The author's style is pleasing and refined: she has added to her growing list another charming volume.

THE WAYSIDE. A Priest's Gleanings. By Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00 net.

These charming essays are joined together, as the author tells us, merely by a unity of principle and of motive. He himself styles them "sketches made by an onlooker with the hands and eyes of faith. They find in the Incarnation the key to history, psychology, political economy, literature, art." They give us impressions of pagan and Christian Rome, they discuss the question of miracles, and estimate the worth of Harnack's historical method; they speak of the Church's riches of ritual, and of St. Thomas Aquinas as a controversialist, picture the heroism and patience of the poor, and describe the death of children's games—but no matter what the theme, Father McNabb enlivens it with an originality and suggestiveness all his own.

PAUL MARY PAKENHAM, PASSIONIST. By Rev. J. Smith, C.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

Most of us are familiar with many names of those whom the Oxford Movement led into the Church. But the subject of this memoir will hardly be familiar to the majority of our readers. The Honorable Charles Reginald Pakenham, Captain to the First Battalion of Grenadier Guards, was a convert in 1850 of the Oxford Movement. Born in 1821, fourth son of the Earl of Longford, and nephew of the Duke of Wellington, his was the path of most of the chosen souls of the period with its anxieties and struggles. Cardinal Wiseman received him into the Church, and in less than a year Captain Pakenham had entered the Passionist novitiate.

"For goodness' sake, Charles," one of his sisters had advised, "get married as soon as you can, or you will end by becoming a monk." Her fears were fulfilled. But the Iron Duke displayed more discernment, when, after remonstrating as all his friends did, he bluntly concluded: "Well, you have been a good soldier, Charles; strive to be a good monk." Needless to say, his nephew labored at this with all his strength. Brother Paul Mary, as he was henceforth known, was destined by Divine Providence to introduce the Congregation of the Passionists into Ireland. Barely was this assured, when his labors were cut short—March, 1857, saw his entrance into a better life, but he had planted the tree, and its planting was the work of a saint.

A RETROSPECT. Three Score Years and Ten of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. By a Member of the Congregation. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00 net.

This well-written volume relates the history of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from their foundation by Rev. Florent Gilet, C.SS.R., in 1845 at Monroe, Michigan. Special chapters are devoted to the spirit and aims of the Institute, its pioneer days, its founder, its friends and benefactors; its growth and development in various parts of the United States, and its approval by the Bishops of Detroit and by the Holy See. As Bishop Kelly well says in his introduction: "No history of educational work in Michigan could afford to leave out of account a generous contribution to, and acknowledgment of, the great work done by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

DEMOCRACY OR DESPOTISM. By Walter T. Mills. Berkeley, Cal.: The International School of Social Economy.

Mr. Mills maintains that the United States is a political despotism ruled by the great monopolized industries, and that every citizen ought to aim at establishing a real industrial democracy in its stead. The writer is evidently sincere in pointing out some of the evils incident to modern democracy, but the changes he calls for in the Constitution of the United States would amend it out of existence. His remedy for the money domination of the great trusts in our political life is more democracy. He would elect the President, the Senate, the Justice of the Supreme Court by popular vote; make the initiative, the referendum and the recall obligatory in every State; abolish the present political par-

ties which are controlled solely by private interests, and organize a labor party which would prepare the way for the industrial state.

The book is superficial, and a rather wordy indictment of the government of the United States, and a confused mixture of politics, political economy, sociology, law and ethics by one who has failed to master principles of these sciences.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Now that the war in Europe has made us international money lenders on a great scale—our favorable trade balance is over $3,000,000,000—Americans ought to be interested in reading about the machinery of money-lending among the nations, as it has been practised by the investors and financiers of the old world. They could not have a better instructor than Mr. Withers. He was for many years the financial editor of the London *Times,* and has recently been the adviser of the British Treasury. In clear and simple language he writes of the nature of capital, the machinery of banking, the nature of investments and securities, the connection of finance with foreign trade, diplomacy and war, and the benefits and evils of international finance.

THE HUMAN WORTH OF RIGOROUS THINKING. By Cassius J. Keyser, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.75.

The fifteen essays of this scholarly volume have appeared in the course of the last fifteen years in various American journals such as the Columbia University *Quarterly, Science, The Educational Review* and *The Bookman.* In this entertaining volume Dr. Keyser, Adrian Professor of Mathematics at Columbia University, discusses the nature and value of mathematics, its history, its modern developments, and the proper methods of teaching, mathematical productivity in the United States.

GOOD ENGLISH IN GOOD FORM. By Dora K. Ranous. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.00 net.

This treatise on the art of writing the English language with correctness and elegance has in mind the boy and girl of high school age. It contains a number of valuable hints on spelling, punctuation, letter-writing, the use of words, composition, and

proof-reading, besides lists of common errors in grammar, hackneyed words and undesirable phrases to be avoided. Over one hundred pages are devoted to the derivation of English words from the Latin and the Greek.

THE PRESENT HOUR. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

THE VALE OF SHADOWS. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 75 cents.

THE GOD OF BATTLES. By Ambrose Leo McGreevey. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.00.

One hears daily the assertion—plaint is it, or arraignment?—that the poetry so far inspired by the present cataclysmic war is entirely unworthy of it. In the main this is true, as it has probably been true during the progress of every great war: precisely because very few of the men and women who compose the poems have had any real experience of the events. They have not known the passion of participation—and they are still too near for the other passion of inheritance.

Doubly and trebly is this true on our own side of the Atlantic, where the mind finds itself torn and divided between official neutrality and violent personal fealties. None the less, the leaven is working, and scarcely a month passes without some bit of verse —or, perhaps, prose—so true in emotion that one feels it a forecast of the literary awakening sure to follow upon the footsteps of peace.

The war poems of Mr. Percy Mackaye were written during the latter part of 1914, but they are none the less pertinent to 1916. Their subjects—Rheims, Louvain, the Lads of Liége, the Men of Canada—are names to conjure with "not for a day but for all time." The present volume is dedicated to the Belgian people; and strikingly apt is its author's new turning of Cæsar's famous commentary, "*horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ.*" Mr. Mackaye's poetry is always dignified and very often distinguished. In addition to the contemporary war poems, the book contains interesting verses on miscellaneous themes, and a highly dramatic, peculiarly horrible story of the Champagne battle entitled "Fight."

The lyric note and the note of gentle narrative or meditation dominate the war poems of Clinton Scollard. In his pages we find the Madonna of Termonde, or battlefields softened by moonlight, or perhaps dreams of volcanic Constantinople. It is a little

volume full of picturesque verse, and the fact that it is sold for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund adds to its desirability.

Only a few of Mr. McGreevey's verses are upon warlike themes, and these few are not his best. One suspects that the author's heart dwells rather in the peaceful pioneer fields of his beloved Iowa—while his head is preoccupied with the old, old themes of God and the soul. He writes seriously, often in a style better suited to the prose than to the poetic form.

SOCIETAL EVOLUTION. By Albert Galloway Keller. Professor of the Science of Society in Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The social scientist envies the natural scientist because the latter deals with more concrete subject matter, can use the method of experimentation, and is able to arrive at "such certainty as to justify prediction." In all these respects the student of society finds that he is at a serious disadvantage. In no part of the field has the advantage of the natural scientist appeared more striking than with reference to the concept of evolution. The natural scientist has made the principle of evolution a most important instrument of scientific progress. In the hands of the social scientist it has remained vague and unproductive.

Professor Keller thinks that the reason for this unfruitfulness of the evolution concept in the social sciences, is mainly the historical fact that the idea came into that field through the medium of philosophy rather than of science. The students of society get hold of it in the pages of Spencer rather than of Darwin; and the former was a philosopher rather than a scientist. Hence Professor Keller raises the question whether it is not possible to apply the conceptions and formulas of evolution to social science by a more directly scientific method than has hitherto been employed. The salient features of Darwinian evolution are variation, heredity, selection, and as the outcome of the three, adaptation. The professor applies all four to the study of social phenomena in order to ascertain whether they do not show not merely analogy, but "a broad identity" between natural evolution and societal evolution. To this object he devotes the ten chapters of his book. The attempt is not a conspicuous success. The professor is simply discovering and pointing out analogies. No doubt it is helpful to examine and describe social development in the terms of scientific evolution, but it is not clear that we should not have as much and as suggestive

knowledge of the process if we had never heard of the evolutionary terms. As the professor admits, the human mind is the main factor in social evolution; and it does not seem that the operation of mind in the process is illustrated to any great extent by the use of concepts, and formulas, and analogies drawn from the study of a lower grade of beings, where mind has no place.

ALCOHOL AND SOCIETY. By John Koren. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

There is a good deal of intemperance of speech with regard to most of the questions which get into the field of practical politics. We make progress in a democracy by listening to the worst and the best that can be said about a measure and then striking an average. The scientist may rail at such a slipshod method, but it is the best that we know how to use. This is apropos of Mr. Koren's attack upon Prohibition and Prohibitionists, with special reference to the "singularly worldly and wholly undemocratic" Anti-Saloon League which, "under the emblem of religion, has obtained control of the propaganda for state and national prohibition." The Prohibitionists, it would appear, are not hampered in their fight against alcohol either by a scientific knowledge of the facts or by a regard for the facts. "Theirs is the enviable confidence of not needing to learn. Are not the children of our forty-eight States taught the precise physiological effects of alcohol in small and larger doses, although the scientist may still grope for the truth?"

And yet after Mr. Koren has taken the trouble to examine the testimony of the scientists, he arrives at conclusions little favorable to alcohol. The alcoholic person, he says, "grows irritable and weary of existence; his ethical perceptions become dulled; his sense of shame grows less; the feeling of family and civic responsibility disappears. At the same time he develops into a cynical, brutal egoist." "Alcohol and work do not belong together." "Were alcohol suddenly removed from the world, want and misery would unquestionably grow less in numberless instances." "We may reasonably believe that if alcoholism should disappear there would be less crime in the world." The difference between Mr. Koren and the Prohibitionists seems, therefore, not to lie mainly in the fact that he is scientific, and that they are imaginative, but rather in the fact that his remedy is different from theirs.

Prohibition cannot succeed, he says, because there is never

a whole-hearted acceptance of the principle by the people. The question is not a plain moral issue, and people do not put violations of the prohibition law in the same class with other crimes. We vote on the question of Prohibition; we do not vote on the question as to whether we shall suppress crime and vice.

The chapter on "Drink Reform in Foreign Countries" contains an interesting account of the experiences of most of the European countries, as well as Canada and Australia with the drink question. The chapter closes with a section on the temperance legislation of Norway and Sweden where alone, the author thinks, is illustrated the power of rational liquor legislation to reduce the consumption of alcohol. Naturally the author borrows many of the features of the Scandinavian legislation, and introduces them into his own plan for reform in this country.

In his proposals for reform, Mr. Koren develops first the principle that in liquor legislation the desire for revenue should be secondary to the desire to minimize the drink evil. A heavy tax should be laid upon distilled liquors, with a lighter tax upon beers and light wines. Roughly, he would tax beverages in proportion to their alcoholic content, and he cites approvingly the laws of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where beers containing two and twenty-five one-hundredths per cent of alcohol by weight are exempt from taxes. Locally, there should be a distinction between the license fees paid by the purveyors of different kinds of beverages, "always exempting malt drinks under a specified strength." The license fee should also depend upon the amount sold, so as not to put too great pressure upon the dealer to sell large quantities.

Second, there must be adequate supervision of the liquor system. Probably the licensing should be in the hands of the local judiciary. The licensing body should be given wide discretionary powers in prescribing general conditions of license, and in revoking the license in case of violations of the law.

Third, local option should be maintained, but in such a way that a local community would not have Prohibition forced upon it against its will. The vote should be taken not oftener than once in three years, and a two-thirds vote should be required to determine the issue. Moreover, the vote of the county should not be used to fasten Prohibition upon the municipality.

Fourth and finally, the Norwegian system of granting a monopoly of liquor-selling to a private company, which should undertake it, not for private gain, but for the common good, is advo-

cated. The author here gives a number of reasons for believing that the company system is preferable to Prohibition, one of which is that "it has shown itself to be the only arrangement for selling under which the consumption of distilled spirits gradually diminishes and alcoholism to that extent is diminished."

The book is altogether a stimulating one, and deserves to be read by everyone who is undertaking to estimate the value of the Prohibition movement. It would be unfortunate, however, if its net results were to be the putting of a damper on the Prohibition movement. While Prohibition does not show an efficiency of a hundred per cent, it is nevertheless performing a valuable service for society which we can ill afford to lose. Whether or not the company system would give better results in the direction of restraining the drink evil, cannot be determined entirely by debate. It would be well if the believers in the company system could inaugurate a movement in this country to make a practical trial of it. If it could be shown that under American conditions the company system was able to reduce substantially the proportions of the evils of intoxication, the most powerful argument for its extension would be established.

HER HUSBAND'S PURSE. By Helen R. Martin. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

Daniel Leitzel, who had always conquered in the sign of the dollar, never imagined that he was to be challenged, defied and finally vanquished by a woman whom he took to wife and who did not believe in the dollar. Daniel lived in the Pennsylvania Dutch town of New Munich, and till the age of forty-five had been tended and spoiled by his two elderly maiden sisters, whose philosophy of life was just as material and sordid as his own. "They knew of no worth of life unpurchasable by money. They did not, therefore, know their own spiritual pauperism: their abject poverty." Margaret Berkeley of Charleston, with values spiritual rather than material, takes a step into the dark and marries Daniel. The conflict of standards, of taste and of custom is fought out in Daniel's New Munich home with the wife on one side and the husband and his two sisters, as allies, on the other.

The story is replete with satire, humor and near tragedy. The aged stepmother of Daniel is about to be sent to the poorhouse by the children who owed all to her, and who have defrauded her of her rights in the extensive family property. Margaret's keen con-

science saves the aged woman from that pitiable fate. Margaret, herself, inheriting in turn the stepmother's fortune, is made economically independent and the mistress of the situation.

The story is delightfully told; and the lesson of the worth of spiritual values which it is intended to convey is admirable. Hypocrisy in preachers is, of course, deplorable, but why should it be made an excuse for voicing protests against all forms of religion, and an occasion for reëchoing the platitudes of the *Inside of the Cup?* Margaret Berkeley is quite certain that she is better than those whom she judges to be hypocrites and pretenders. She doesn't believe in the "worthier than thou;" she is quite "broad-minded" enough to believe that she is "as humble as anyone." Virtue with her brings another reward besides its own. It is quite as necessary for her triumph to be economically independent as it is to be spiritual. As a story the book is very entertaining. It will also make a successful play. As a study of what might have been a great character, a needed inspiration to the young people of our day, it falls short. Perhaps we take it all too seriously and beyond the intent of the author. But the author has power, insight, gifts; and we wish that she would reach out to greater achievement.

WIND'S WILL. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

The authors of this romantic tale have gone for their material to the period of the Bourbon Restoration after Waterloo. The story is an old-fashioned romance with noble dames and bold soldiers fresh from the Peninsular wars, ready to ply their trade at the least provocation. The Dowager Lady Maldon is a charming illustration of what a high-born lady should be, and we are willing to trust the loyal-hearted heroine to her guidance in the new life. Colinette is a French flower girl, and while her romance is far from running smoothly, it ends happily. Faithful to her peasant relatives, to her religion, to her principles, one feels that she will weather the storms.

PROSE TYPES IN NEWMAN. By Rev. G. J. Garraghan, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 75 cents.

Every Catholic teacher will delight in this little volume, for it brings out of our treasures of literature something of the most beautiful, of the most classical, and yet of the most useful, that we

possess. The syllabus of the Catholic University for affiliated secondary schools naturally calls for several Catholic authors as subjects for study. Of these, none can be better fitted, none stands higher in general esteem, and none more worthy of general acclaim than that "miracle of intellectual delicacy," as Matthew Arnold calls him, John Henry Newman. The busy teacher will welcome this book also because it is a valuable aid in high school work as required by the regents, for it is arranged under the generally accepted divisions of prose writing—narration, description, exposition and argumentation. The choice of extracts, too, is excellent, for the compiler had to exercise, amid such an abundance, much judicious restraint; we trust that his labors will meet with the appreciation which they deserve.

THE CATHOLIC PLATFORM. By George E. J. Coldwell. London: Published by the Author at 11 Red Lion Passage. 25 cents.

These seven lectures were given by Mr. Coldwell some months ago in Finsbury Park, London. They set forth in simple fashion the chief points of Catholic doctrine with the view of winning over his Non-Catholic hearers to the Church. We think the well-meaning author ill-advised in not submitting his copy to a critical editor, who would certainly have omitted the stupid "running fire of comment" Mr. Coldwell seems so anxious to put on record, and the meaningless puns which disfigure his pages.

CHRISTIAN ARMOUR FOR YOUTH. By Rev. J. Degen. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

These simple five-minute talks to boys aim at preparing them for the fighting of the good fight against the enemies of Christ's Cross, the world, the flesh and the devil. Father Degen treats of the virtues and vices, the eternal truths, devotion to the Holy Eucharist, the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Eucharist.

AN EIGHT DAYS RETREAT FOR RELIGIOUS. By Henry A. Gabriel, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

Father Gabriel has written an excellent retreat manual for religious, which is, as he himself says, "little more than an adaptation of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius." The author acknowledges his great indebtedness to many prior commentators on the exercises, such as Fathers Roothaan, Meschler, Denis, Verbeke, Nonell and von Hummelauer.

MEMOIRS OF SISTER MARY OF MERCY KÉRUEL. Taken from the French Life published at Angers, 1913. By M. A. M. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.10 net.

This brief sketch of the life of Sister Mary of Mercy gives us a good insight into the spirit of the Religious of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, commonly styled the Good Shepherd Nuns. The prejudiced Protestant that seems to take special delight in blackening their fair name, would be converted at once did he read the life of this devout servant of God.

FAR HENCE TO THE GENTILES. By Major J. Samuels. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

The author of this extraordinary volume tries in vain to prove a number of impossible theories; viz., that St. Paul was not martyred at Rome; that he went to Britain with St. Luke, St. Timothy and St. Mark; that St. Paul belonged to the sect of the Essenes; was buried at Glastonbury; and the Church of England alone has apostolic succession. Scholars will say to the well-meaning Major: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

WITHIN MY PARISH. Edited by James Loomis, M.D. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. 60 cents.

This little volume appeared last year in the pages of *The Ecclesiastical Review.* These notes from the daybook of a New England parish priest reveal a true and tender-hearted man of God in his relations to his Non-Catholic neighbors, his convert parishioners and his own little flock.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER. By John Foster. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co.

John Foster has written a stirring tale of Charles Stuart and Scotland in the year 1745. It is a clean romance of the old school, full of duels, murders, battles, buried treasure, hairbreadth escapes, smuggling, and the like.

The story centres about a young English gentleman, who is won from his allegiance to George of England by the bright eyes of Mistress Charlotte Macdonnell.

ACCIDENTALS. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

In a hundred stories and pictures of twentieth-century France, Miss Mackay gives us her impressions of that country before the

Great War. Her stories are for the most part well-told, but they are often spoiled by a too evident straining for effect, and by too frequent use of the sorrow theme. One wearies of suicides, starving poets, mismated husbands and wives, dissolute men-about-town, unhappy mistresses, unloving mothers and impossible, hard-hearted nuns.

She writes of France as an outsider—an alien both to her religion and her traditions.

THE PRAYER BOOK FOR BOY SCOUTS. By Rev. Thomas S. McGrath. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Leather, 35 cents; flexible, 15 cents.

Father McGrath has published an excellent little prayer book of one hundred and fifty pages for the Catholic Boy Scout. Cardinal Farley has approved the Boy Scout movement on the following conditions:

First, that there be organized distinctly Catholic troops; secondly, that some representative Catholic clergyman or layman be appointed on local boards of the Boy Scouts; thirdly, that the Scout masters be approved by the Catholic authorities; fourthly, that no Catholic boy be allowed to join the Boy Scouts unless he be a practical member of the Junior Holy Name Society, or some kindred religious sodality.

SERMONS PREACHED ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. By Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.80 net.

The friends of the well-known Irish Dominican, Dr. Keane, will gladly welcome this volume of sermons. His style is direct, simple and practical in discussing such themes as "Self-Denial," "Unworldliness," and the "Christian Priesthood," and he becomes most eloquent when delivering panegyrics of St. Patrick, Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, Father Mathew and Daniel O'Connell.

THE LIFE OF ST. PAUL. By A. F. Forbes. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

In this brief life of St. Paul, Mr. Forbes sustains the well-merited reputation of that new series of lives of the Saints, known as the Standard Bearers of the Faith. He selects the salient features of the life of the Apostle, and places them before his youthful readers in simple and beautiful language. We cannot recommend this book too highly.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The America Press has published in the latest numbers of *The Catholic Mind, The Causes of National Success,* by Denis Lynch; *The Catholic School System,* by Rev. George Thompson; *The Dangers of Secular Universities,* by F. L.; *The Father Rodriguez Tercentenary,* by Rev. George O'Neill. 5 cents each.

R. & T. Washbourne, of London, publishes *Communion Verses for Little Children,* by a Sister of Notre Dame. 5 cents.

The Irish Messenger, of Dublin, has issued *The Life of Mother Pelletier,* Foundress and First Superior-General of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd at Angers. 5 cents.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, has published *A Conference to Religious Engaged in Caring for the Sick,* by Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. 5 cents.

Abbot Edmund M. Obrecht, O.C.R., of the Trappist Monastery of Gethsemani, Kentucky, has written a Guide for Postulants. This brochure contains a brief historical sketch of the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, the history of the Benedictines, the Cistercians, and the rules and customs of the Reformed Cistercians (Trappists) today. The Abbot corrects the false impression "that in order to be eligible for La Trappe one is presumed to be guilty of all the crimes possible," and informs his readers that his Order is obtaining a number of American vocations. 25 cents.

Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C., has written a good college play for boys entitled *The Ship in the Wake.* Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

A Sister of St. Mary's Academy (S. M. A.) has just published five plays for girls: *The Queen of Sheba; Christmas Guests; That Millionaire's Daughter; A Shakespeare Pageant; Plans for the Holidays.* They are written by a nun who understands both the child mind *(Christmas Guests)* and the more ambitious girl graduate *(A Shakespeare Pageant).* We recommend them to our convent schools. $1.60—30 cents each.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Bloud and Gay of Paris have sent us the following brochures:

The Press and the War, by Jacques Bainville, a series of articles from *l'Action Française,* discusses the violation of Belgium's neutrality, the future of Alsace and Lorraine, and the bravery of the French priests.

The Cathedral of Rheims, by Emile Mâle, gives a good description of the Cathedral, which the author rightly styles the *"reunion de mille chefs-d'œuvre."*

Number 8 of the series, *The Clergy and the War of 1914,* by Monsignor L. Lacroix, treats of the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims in the present war.

La Lourdes du Nord; Notre Dame de Brebières, by René Le Cholleux. (3 *fr.* 50.) The author of this beautifully illustrated pamphlet gives us a brief sketch of the legend of Notre Dame de Brebières, and of the basilica of Notre Dame in Albert, one of the cities of the Somme district destroyed during the present war.

The Bombardment of Arras, by Abbé E. Foulon. With a preface by Monsignor Lobbedey, Bishop of Arras. (3 *fr.* 50.) No city of France has suffered so much on account of the war as the capital of Artois, Arras. The Abbé Foulon has written a most vivid account of the various bombardments of the city, the valor of its defenders, and the suffering of its citizens. About one hundred photographs speak more eloquently than his words of the destruction of the beautiful churches and public buildings of the city.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

France.

Little need be said of France, for no change has taken place in her determination to carry on the war to a conclusion so decisive that all succeeding generations of Frenchmen shall be freed from the trials to which the present and the past have been subjected. So unanimous and deep-seated is their resolve that any Frenchman entertaining friendly feelings towards Germany dares not show his face in public. This was shown in the case of M. Caillaux, who was recently mobbed at a French seaside resort. The Socialists have refused to coöperate with their brethren in this country who after the war is over wish to renew their old relations with the German Socialists. This determination has not been made without counting the cost and in full view of the sacrifices which it will involve. Although the number of casualties has never been published, no one doubts that it is enormous. One object of the Germans in their attack on Verdun was to bleed France white, without regard to their own losses. In this they have failed; the attempt, however, has only made France more resolute to take every means to keep up the strength of her armies. To free men for this purpose the Government has decided to draw upon Chinese labor for work in the war factories, and five thousand have already landed at Marseilles for this purpose, while to many African laborers like employment has been given. It is expected also that the British will take over a further part of the lines to be defended against the Germans. They began with about thirty miles; at the present time they hold nearly one hundred.

So far from being exhausted the French have not only been able to take the offensive on the Somme, and to do this even more efficiently than the British, but they have done the same at Verdun, where the Germans have lost some of the ground which they had

gained. They now look forward with calm confidence to another winter campaign, although they had been cherishing the hope that Christmas might have seen the end of the war. M. Briand's Cabinet still remains in power, the differences between it and the legislature having been satisfactorily adjusted.

In other respects the situation in France is becoming more satisfactory. Of trade there has been a steady revival. Exports have increased by twenty-one per cent. In spite of German and Austrian submarine warfare the number of voyages from French ports exceeded by two thousand two hundred and forty-three the record of the corresponding period of last year, while the increase of tonnage amounted to eight hundred and seven thousand one hundred and three tons. Railway receipts speak yet more strongly of the growing national activity. On the systems not affected by the war there has been nearly fifteen per cent increase, and on the systems part of which pass through the region occupied by the Germans, the increase amounts to no less than fifty per cent. After two years of tremendous strain on the resources of the country, the gold reserve is actually greater by one hundred and forty millions of dollars than it was on August 1, 1914. In the course of last year the reserve fell by fourteen millions. Since that time, however, three hundred and five millions have been added to the reserve. Frenchmen from President to peasant brought about this result by exchanging their gold coin for banknotes. This was done from sheer love of country, and was due to confidence felt in the ultimate triumph of the Allies. In 1915 taxation brought in two hundred millions of francs more than 1914, while the French people have subscribed practically five thousand billions of dollars to Government loans up to July 31st. The loan for national defence of November, 1915, is at a premium, whereas the British war loans are at a discount. For various securities quotations on the Bourse have risen, showing thereby the increase of purchasing ability outside of the subscriptions for the huge war loans. The one drawback to these evidences of financial buoyancy is the weakness of French exchange. This is due to causes which no one but a financial expert can understand. An arrangement recently made between the British and French Governments will, it is expected, provide a remedy. At the beginning of the war French economists were inclined to believe that trade could not possibly flourish more than six or eight months, with a year as the absolute maximum. To their own surprise, as well as to that

of neutrals, the second year has been much more successful than the first.

While in these lower but necessary spheres of the nation's life those behind the lines are working for France, the soldiers of France, as M. Maurice Barrès has pointed out, are working religiously. "To all a Voice from heaven, or from their conscience, repeats the words of Archbishop Turpin in the *Chaunson de Roland*, 'If ye die, ye shall be martyrs holy.' In this war, sacred if ever war was, they feel that they are renewing the *Gesta Dei per Francos*. Not less sublime than the men are the women of France. Peasant women receive the news of their husbands' or sons' death on the battlefield with the cry, 'Vive la France,' and Madame de Castelnau, wife of the illustrious chief of the General Staff, who praying at the altar for her three sons in battle, and seeing the hands of the priest tremble, understands, and says simply, 'Which?'—all are animated by the same spirit, the spirit of faith and victory."

Germany.

The supersession of von Falkenhayn is a fairly plain indication that it is beginning to be recognized even in Germany itself that military operations are not going on well. The failure to reach Paris was visited upon the deviser of the attempt—von Moltke—by his being relieved of the office he had held for so many years. Whether von Falkenhayn fell because of the failure at Verdun and of the Austrian push on Italy through the Trentino, or because he saw the necessity of withdrawing from the Balkans and of shortening the line in the West, is still a matter of speculation. The appointment of von Hindenburg is a concession to the popular voice, which on the strength of his victory at Tannenberg over the Russians in the early days of the war, has made of him a hero of the first magnitude, in spite of the fact that all his subsequent efforts have ultimately failed. It shows, moreover, that the Kaiser's presentiment of coming disaster is so strong as to make him willing to sacrifice his own predilections. Von Falkenhayn was one of his special favorites, and to him he had intrusted the Crown Prince's instruction in military matters. No one has been more frequently in his counsels, and to none has he intrusted more confidential missions. Hence his supersession is a public confession of failure. Falkenhayn was only in his fifty-fifth year, whereas Hindenburg is in his sixty-ninth. Totally unknown to the general public before the war, he became its chief hero on account of his victory over

the Russians in East Prussia. His success on this occasion was due to the fact that he had acquired an intimate knowledge of the region into which the Russians had penetrated. His career in the army, from which he had been retired, was in no way distinguished. How highly he is to be estimated is a matter of debate. The change made may be merely the foreshadowing of an alteration of German strategical plans, a change which he alone could make acceptable to the German people. The defeat of Germany, which is being more and more clearly recognized as coming by all who are competent to form a sound judgment, may, it is thought, be made more endurable under his auspices than in any other way.

As in other respects, so in military, it is almost impossible to obtain reliable information of the situation within the limits of the Central Powers. It is, however, the opinion of experts that there is no longer an organized body of reserves upon which the armies can draw to supply the wastage that is taking place daily and hourly. The most that can be done is to send drafts to the front, which consist of half-trained men, youths and those of older years. As long ago as last December the 1917 men were being called to the colors. According to the *Kreuzzeitung,* a general examination of all men of military age who have previously been exempt is being made. Even officials who until now have been declared indispensable must undergo examination. This want of men renders it unlikely that a drive in force on any point in the encircling ring will be within the power of the new Chief of General Staff, especially as now the initiative has passed into the hands of the Allies. These now act in perfect concert, by means of a General Council, with a view to keep the German forces on the alert at every point.

Herr Friedrich Naumann, the author of the work on Central Europe, the most important book published in Germany since the beginning of the war, has recently written an article which gives an insight more than usually reliable into the state of opinion among the small people of Germany. Two years ago they had no real idea what war was, but were ready to enter into it. Since then death in the field and privations at home have become greater than any power of imagination had previously conceived. Hence the necessity of what is happening is being questioned, and a longing exists that the abnormal state of things may cease. They are beginning to say: "Those people at the top need the war, and that is why we have to endure it." The impression is even gaining ground among them that it is Germany that produced the war. The official account

is passing out of sight. What Herr Naumann calls the unscrupulous campaign of calumny by Germans of Germans, that it was Germany that was the disturber of the peace, is making headway. The burden of the trouble and want caused by the war is being put upon the government. The numerous victories which they have been called upon to celebrate with every form of jubilation adds to the difficulties of those simple people. They think it strange that they are still in so serious a situation, and are being called upon to make even greater sacrifices. It is even dawning upon them that it is not for a defensive war that those sacrifices are being demanded, but for a war of conquest, and therefore one with which they have not the least sympathy. Herr Naumann himself does not, of course, adopt those views, and holds that they are held only by a few. Well-wishers of the German people may, however, indulge the hope that they indicate the dawn of a new light. For the war cannot end until Germany as a whole perceives that it does not pay to disturb the peace of the world, and perceives it so clearly that neither they nor their children nor their children's children will ever make a like attempt.

Private letters from every part of Germany captured with each batch of the numerous prisoners taken by the British and French in the Somme advance, confirm Herr Naumann's statement that the sufferings are greater than any power of the imagination had previously conceived. "People think that it cannot last much longer, for hunger is rife, though no one dares to say so; still the condition of things is indescribable." "If the war lasts much longer we do not know what will happen with regard to food, etc. We cannot and dare not write all about it to you." "We have now bread cards, milk cards, meat cards, butter cards, flour cards, sugar cards and soap cards. We shall also have egg cards." "They give us cards, and then there is nothing to be got," and so on *ad infinitum*.

So much for what outsiders are able to learn about the state of things within the confines of Germany. A word may be said about what the Germans are taught to think about the world outside. Until the very moment of Rumania's declaration of war, the German press was engaged in assuring the public that there was no possibility of such a step being taken; the day after the same press was declaring in various ways that no well-informed person could have doubted that her intervention was certain, and that it had been determined upon for months past. A

banker from Frankfurt assured an English visitor to Switzerland that the British navy was paralyzed, and London was almost in ruins; that England was on her last legs financially, and on the eve of a social revolution. Hindenburg was cunningly drawing Brusiloff and the Russians on to their doom. Even the attack on Verdun was going on according to the methodical plan arranged by the German staff. France would withdraw from the war by Christmas, when England would ask to be allowed to go home. Were not such states of mind indubitably established as actually existing, their possibility would be questioned. The pity of it is that they have such disastrous consequences.

Italy.

On the twenty-seventh day of August the Rumanian government made its declaration of war with Austria. On the same day the Italian Government made a similar declaration to Germany. The official announcement aroused immense enthusiasm at Rome. Cheering crowds paraded the streets, applauding the Government's decision. It gave great satisfaction to Italy's Allies, as it tended to remove all misapprehensions as to the position of Italy in the Alliance, and as forming an auspicious opening to the new phase upon which the operations are entering. The reasons for Italy's delay were chiefly domestic. They have now been overridden by more general and weightier considerations. At a most critical moment in the war, she has taken the step which shows most clearly the complete solidarity of the Allies. Its military importance is scarcely less. The end is now complete to the Triple Alliance which bound Italy hand and foot to subserviency to Germany. The accession of Rumania and Italy to the Entente Powers makes Spain the only one of the Latin nations which is not taking its stand against the Prussianism which is trying to bring them all under its control; and there are rumors, not however worthy of much consideration, that even Spain may enter the lists.

Rumania.

The chief thing indicated by Rumania's having decided to enter into the war on the side of the Entente Powers, is that this decision represents its mature judgment that the tide has turned, and that these Powers are going to be victorious. Whatever Rumania does she does simply and solely for her own interests, a thing that was shown to demonstration by her conduct in the Balkan wars. Gratitude and many other motives—some say even a treaty—bound

her to the Central Powers. Her sovereign is a Hohenzollern; German aid and support secured to her the advantages which she gained by the Treaty of Bucharest. Doubt which side would win held her in suspense for two years. For this doubt no longer is there the smallest reason, and she has acted accordingly. General Brusiloff's shattering blows on the Austrian armies in Galicia, and especially the overrunning of the Bukowina, which brought the Russian armies to her very borders, have contributed in no small degree to remove all hesitation. Although friends of the Allies cannot entertain much esteem for the motives of their new ally, they cannot but welcome the help which she brings, a help which may indeed be decisive. Rumania has a new and well-equipped army of more than five hundred thousand men, with a proud tradition to uphold, and her action throws upon the Central Powers the burden of defending a further line of five hundred miles, at a time when their resources are strained to the utmost. It is no wonder that they exhausted every means, both of threats and persuasion, to avert the new danger. The Kaiser is said to have added the most pressing personal entreaties to diplomatic methods, but all in vain. It may well be the handwriting on the wall.

Even more satisfactory is the prospect that Rumania's accession will afford a means of inflicting proper chastisement for the treacherous conduct of the ruler of the Bulgars. One of the most loathsome events recorded in history is the way in which he stabbed in the back gallant little Serbia in the hour of her greatest danger, and the base ingratitude which he showed to the empire which had freed his country from the Turkish yoke. Russia is now enabled to pass through Rumania territory, and again to act the part of a deliverer. There is good reason to believe that it was only by force and fraud that most of the Bulgarians were driven into a war which must have been against their national feelings, and they will, therefore, be glad to be delivered from a ruler who has betrayed every cause which he has espoused.

The grandiose scheme of the expansion of a Central Europe through the Balkans to the Ægean and thence through Turkey to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf, including even Egypt in its sphere, was one of the objects for which the war was decided upon. Its realization involved the control of the Balkans. As this control over Turkey and Bulgaria had been secured, while Serbia had been annihilated as well as Montenegro, Germany was for a time in good hopes of achieving its purpose. Rumania's opposition will deal the

deathblow to these aspirations after world power. As she is the strongest of the Balkan States, with the assistance of Rússia and the forces under General Sarrail assembled at Saloniki, in whose army are enrolled British, French, Russian, Serbian, Albanian and Italian soldiers, there ought not to be much difficulty in thrusting in a wedge which will render realization of such a scheme impossible. Incidentally the intervention of Rumania will almost completely close the only gap left in the ring-fence which the Allies have sought to make round the Central Powers. During the past year no inconsiderable part of the food stuffs which have reached Germany have come from Rumania. The blockade is now complete, except for what may come from Turkey and Bulgaria. The Allied advance from Saloniki bids fair to close this, the last of the doors. The second reason alleged by Rumania for her entry into the war was her belief that it would shorten its duration. This belief seems to be well founded.

Greece.

No one can think of Greece without the thought of Belgium, and the contrast between the two countries—the one, whatever the outcome, destined to immortal renown; the other an object of equally universal contempt. From the beginning of the war so many Greeks were filled with a craven fear of Germany that they were able to make the Government swerve from its pledged duty. Prominent among these were the army officers. When, however, the Government ordered the garrisons of Greek forts, as it did a few weeks ago, to retire before the Bulgarian invaders, the cup of humiliation overflowed. The tide then turned; the popular feeling found itself unable to tolerate such an abject submission to the country's hereditary foe. After a long period of vacillation a ministry has been appointed, ready, it is said, to take the side of the Allies. The latter, however, it is reported, are by no means anxious to have such support—*non tali auxilio*. The apparently arbitrary conduct of the Allies in their treatment of Greece will be seen to be justified by anyone who has made himself acquainted with the facts of the case. France and Great Britain were invited by the then Premier of Greece to go to Saloniki for the purpose of joining hands with its Government against Bulgaria in accordance with the treaty which had been made to render aid to Serbia in case of an attack from that quarter. Greece herself proved unfaithful to this treaty, and when too late wished to recall the invitation given to the Allies.

After some pressure applied by the Allies strict neutrality was promised, but treacherously violated by allowing the flank of the Allied forces to be endangered by the order which it gave for the evacuation of Greek forts before the invading Bulgars. It must also be borne in mind that France, Great Britain and Russia have special rights, being the protecting Powers of Greece and of the Constitution. This Constitution was given to Greece under their auspices after they had been the means of delivering her from Turkish thraldom. To the Constitution the King is as much the subject as any Greek citizen, and yet, either actively or passively, he has been violating the very Constitution from which he receives any privileges that belong to him. The Allied Powers, in all that they have done, have acted in protection of the neutrality which was promised, after Greece had failed to coöperate, and in protection of the constitutional rights guaranteed to the Greeks themselves. In all that they have done, they have received the support of the statesman to whom the father of the present King owed the preservation of his throne, when it was endangered by a military clique similar to the one which has endangered the country during the recent crisis.

With Our Readers.

THE particular character and the special value of the work as a Catholic apologist of the late Wilfrid Ward form the subject of an interesting article by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in the current Dublin *Review*. Father Cuthbert tells how Wilfrid Ward went in his early days to Rome to study scholastic theology. He there learned the admirable synthesis of human thought which the scholastics after years of labor had achieved: he was struck by "the extraordinary balance of mind, breadth of view, and absence of undue prepossession." In the day of its victory scholasticism had won the intellectual world. Ward looked upon it in admiration, but he also saw that in the traditional scholastic system something was lacking. "In its method and language it was out of touch with the thought of the day." How was that to be done in, and for, the modern world which scholasticism had done for the mediæval?

"Newman's theory of development," says Father Cuthbert, "gave him the answer. It showed him how the Church in the past had conserved its forces and methods to new needs, assimilating what was true and permanent in every age, whilst rigidly defending its own position and authority against aggression; it convinced him that a new Catholic synthesis of thought was possible, which, whilst it met the special need of the modern world, would link up the modern mind with what was of permanent value in the scholastic system, as that system had itself linked up the newer thought of the Middle Ages with the teaching of the Fathers. Newman thus became the master-light of the young theological student who was in later years to do more perhaps than any other man to apply his master's teaching."

* * * *

FATHER CUTHBERT does not think it too much to say that Wilfrid Ward brought Newman's theory of development out of the shadow into the light. "Upon it he based his own persistent apologetic for the genius and claims of the Church. He urged it in season and out of season, as giving a reasonable interpretation of the enigma of Rome. He compelled attention to it by his persistence and persuasiveness. If today Non-Catholics regard the Catholic position more intelligently and sympathetically, it is in no small measure owing to his handling of the great Cardinal's interpretation of the Church's genius. At the same time he secured for it a more general

acceptance in the thought of Catholic apologists themselves. For the very attempt of the modernists to wrest Newman's theory of development to their own defence, only ended in gaining for it an authoritative vindication from Rome."

Therefore the great aim of Wilfrid Ward's labors was the interpretation of Catholic thought—which includes both the new thought of the day and the traditional thought of the present and the past—both for the guidance of the Catholic and the enlightenment of the Non-Catholic. This work of interpretation and of expression was not only the right, it was also the duty of Catholics. As the possessors of divine truth, whose rays were the only safe guide amid the labyrinths of human knowledge, it is both their glory and their responsibility so to understand it as to be able to define and explain; to explain it in terms and in language which their hearers will understand. "The world creates problems: the Catholic Church solves them"—in repeating this claim Wilfrid Ward was but reuttering the claim of the Church from the beginning of her days when the Light of the World made her His representative, His living Voice upon earth.

* * * *

THE master mind of Leo XIII. had already pointed the way to this synthetic reconstruction for which Ward labored, by directing in his *Æterni Patris* Catholic scholars to return to scholastic philosophy. For scholastic philosophy essentially means the testing of all human knowledge before the tribunal of reason; it penetrates to the very root of things; in its presence authority is only of as much value as the reason back of authority; it scorns prepossessions; it estimates hypotheses simply as hypotheses and no more; it respects every certain finding; it searches untiringly every channel of human knowledge—and the same essential method that secured the successful synthesis of human thought with Christian teaching when science was in its infancy, will secure a like success today, when science has multiplied its findings a hundredfold, if it be sincerely and zealously followed.

* * * *

SPEAKING of the master of scholastic philosophy, St. Thomas Aquinas, Leo XIII. wrote: "Philosophy has no part which he did not touch finely at once and thoroughly; on the laws of reasoning, on God and incorporeal substances, on man and other sensible things, on human actions and their principles, he reasoned in such a manner that in him there is wanting neither a full array of questions, nor an apt disposal of the various parts, nor the best method of proceeding, nor soundness of principles, nor strength of argument, nor clearness

and elegance of style, nor a facility for explaining what is abstruse.

"The Angelic Doctor pushed his philosophic conclusions into the reasons and principles of the things which are most comprehensive, and contain in their bosom, so to say, the seeds of almost infinite truths, to be unfolded in good time by later masters and with a goodly yield. .....Clearly distinguishing reason from faith, he both preserved the rights and had regard for the dignity of each: so much so, indeed, that reason borne on the wings of Thomas to its human height can scarcely rise higher; while faith could scarcely expect more or stronger aids from reason than those which she has already obtained through Thomas."

* * * *

MODERN science has changed and extended the subject matter of the problem. It has ransacked every department of human knowledge, it has specialized in a thousand ways, created languages of its own, and the synthetic philosopher must be a master of erudition, but if the complete problem of synthesis is ever to be marked out, it must be achieved on the lines and the principles of scholastic philosophy. The same Encyclical says: "Nor will the physical sciences, which are now in such great repute, and by the renown of so many inventions, draw such universal admiration to themselves, suffer detriment, but find very great assistance in the reëstablishment of the ancient philosophy. For the investigation of facts and the contemplation of nature is not alone sufficient for their profitable exercise and advance; but when facts have been established it is necessary to rise and apply ourselves to the study of nature of corporeal things, to inquire into the laws which govern them and the principles whence their order and varied unity and mutual attraction in diversity arise. To such investigations it is wonderful what force and light and aid the scholastic philosophy, if judiciously taught, would bring."

* * * *

THIS work of synthesis, of unifying the whole thought and life of man, is an absolutely necessary labor. For assuming "that man is a religious being, there can be no hard and fast separation between his religious thought and his secular; and assuming, further, that the Catholic Church is the supreme authoritative witness to the religious life, it follows that the ultimate synthesis of thought universally considered must be a Catholic synthesis, and find its place in the Catholic Church. Outside the Church and apart from the Catholic Faith, any attempted synthesis of human thought must fall short of the entire truth of human life. That was the idea underlying the mediæval conception of theology as comprising all the sciences, and of the institutional Church as the home of all the arts of

civilization; and it was the idea which fired the imagination of Wilfrid Ward and determined him in his advocacy of Newman's theory of development. In the great truth which the mediæval Church endeavored to realize, he saw the working principle for that Catholic synthesis of thought which will bring together the historical Christian Church and the modern world."

* * * * *

WE are at present far from it, as Father Cuthbert says: "Far from that synthesis of Catholic traditional teaching and modern scientific and critical thought which will, as Wilfrid Ward believed, reproduce the achievement of the great mediæval synthesis of the schoolmen of the thirteenth century. But, undoubtedly, forces are at work quietly and patiently which will eventually result in such an achievement.

"Two processes have been and still are at work. Catholics are becoming more conscious of their mission to be the final arbitrators of the intellectual and social religious problems of the modern world; and in consequence are facing these problems with an awakened interest and more open-eyed activity—an activity impossible whilst they stood aloof from the world beyond themselves or in an attitude of mere defence against innovation. History proves that, with the Catholic body, to be awake is to conquer.

"The other process is the increasing respect, due to a better mutual understanding, with which the position of the Church is regarded by those who differ from her beliefs and claims. Much has yet to be done before Catholicism will again be in the position it held in the golden period of the Middle Ages as the synthesis of the unchanging Christian Faith and the achievements of the human spirit in philosophy and art, in social life and political ideals. But when that day comes Wilfrid Ward will be given no mean place amongst the prophets of the dawn."

* * * *

THE greatness of the task and the magnitude of the vision may lead the average Catholic who has never sat in college or university hall to comfort himelf with the assurance that it is none of his care; that such gigantic and scholarly work must be left to those able to carry it on.

Yet a little thought will show such a one that the task gigantic as it is—and for that very reason—is one in which we must all share if it is ever to be achieved.

We can at least be interested in learning—not in a far-off theoretical fashion that bears no fruit but in a practical way—one of the

vast army which in a thousand ways will secure the winning of the goal. We can interest ourselves in our Catholic schools; our Catholic colleges; our Catholic universities. We can give of our means for their support. If we have not attended them ourselves, we must remember that they and they alone can bring forth the scholars who are to do this most necessary work for the wider victory of the truth of God. We can make personal sacrifice, instill our children with a desire for higher education, and send them to higher Catholic institutions of learning. We can acquaint ourselves with the achievements, aims, needs of our institutions of learning; talk of them to our friends, interest others, and thus in our measure push forward the work of winning the world to Christ.

* * * *

MORE than this, the personal service of the mind is not only of supreme importance in the missionary work of the Church, but it is of divine obligation—a thing which we are all too prone to forget. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole mind" are the direct words of our Blessed Lord Himself.

That love can be expressed only through created things—we must love the things of knowledge—we must love to know God better; to know His Divine Son Whom He hath sent; to know God in the world and the work and the problems which as children of God and brothers of Christ it is incumbent upon us to bear.

* * * *

EACH one of us is the interpreter to one, most of us the interpreter to many, of the Catholic Faith and therefore of the truth of Christ. To the modern world not only must our life be morally above blame, but the expression of our faith and the reason for it must be intelligent. To those who look for enlightenment; to those harassed and depressed by modern problems, we should be able to give a sympathetic ear and an intelligent answer. We should be more and more conscious of our mission as Catholics to be "the final arbitrators of the intellectual and social religious problems of the modern world."

Upon each one of us falls more or less but surely some part of that burden. If we accept our part we advance, just so far, the cause of God and the salvation of souls. But we can never fulfill it unless we in some measure faithfully interest ourselves through our intellect in Catholic truth—in the definite dogmatic teachings of our faith; their meaning; their application to modern problems; in a deeper knowledge of Sacred Scripture and the Life of our Blessed Lord; in the vast devotional literature of the Church; in a knowledge of Church History, and in a knowledge of the problems that confront

the whole of society today, and the great eternal Christian principles of social justice and of social charity which are their sole solutions.

To neglect this duty because it means something of self-discipline and self-sacrifice is to prove ourselves only half-hearted servants in the house of God; to abide by it is to prove through our zeal and our love that we long for the extension of His kingdom upon earth.

FREQUENTLY in special articles THE CATHOLIC WORLD has pointed out how the Anglican Church is ruled by, and subject to, the government of England. It is not, and has never been, independent of the State. It is a creature of the State, and its claim to be an integral part of the true Church of Christ has not even the semblance of warrant.

Anglicans will, of course, strenuously deny this: they have repeatedly and officially asserted the independence of their Church, but assertion does not make it so. And the strongest sort of evidence that Anglicans of all shades of opinion are eager to lift from their Church the odium of State ownership and State control, is furnished by the plans recently set forth by their Representative Church Council.

* * * *

SOME time ago the Representative Council—the most comprehensive and authoritative in the Anglican Church—requested the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to appoint a Committee "to inquire what changes are advisable in order to secure in the relations of Church and State a fuller expression of the spiritual independence of the Church as well as of the National recognition of religion."

The Committee was appointed and has made its report. In the words of the report itself, its members "represent all shades of opinion in the Anglican Church."

We are indebted to an article by Father Sydney F. Smith, S.J., in the August *Month* for a synopsis of the report.

* * * *

IN the process of securing larger autonomy for their Church, the report proposes that "the Representative Church Council (reformed as the report itself prescribes and under the title of the Church Council) shall receive statutory recognition and be given real legislative powers in Church matters, subject to a Parliamentary veto."

With regard to the constitution of this Church Council we need not enter into detail. It is an endeavor to bring together representatives of all classes, ecclesiastical and lay, of the Anglican Church. As to the distinct functions, rights, powers, responsibilities of the

different councils and conferences the report is not definite. Its aim is simply to create the Church Council to which all other councils shall be subject, and to secure for this general governing body a wide enabling charter. When such a statutory position is won, it will be for the Church Council to apportion the powers and the duties. One of its first works, as Father Smith says, will undoubtedly be "the revision or reconstruction of the Church Courts..... to make them better adapted to Anglican sentiment, which grows increasingly resentful of a practice under which questions of spiritual jurisdiction and even of sound doctrine are decided by secular judges seated in purely secular courts, and guiding themselves by purely secular principles."

The report, moreover, reserves to the House of Bishops "matters considered to be the prerogative of their order." Nor does it "belong to the functions of the Council to issue any statement purporting to declare the doctrine of the Church on any question of theology."

* * * *

THE endeavor of the Anglican Church to free itself from State control is admirable. The report is skillfully drawn. But the difficulty will be for Anglicans to have this Enabling Bill for the Church Council passed by Parliament. Father Smith thinks it will be almost impossible. "Fancy," he says, "the opposition which will be aroused in the hearts of the private patrons of livings at the prospect of their vested right being destroyed or endangered by the right of objecting to their nominees which is to be claimed for the Parochial Councils. Fancy, too, the opposition on behalf of the Crown which will be aroused by the provision which takes from it the right of appointment to bishoprics and other dignities.....It is doubtful whether Prime Ministers generally will contemplate with readiness the loss of so much valuable patronage.....And then there would be the party which clamors for Disestablishment and Disendowment, who would be sure to use the opportunity to press their demand, or at least to fight to the bitter end, against a measure which would tend to delay the attainment of their ideal."

And the further and greater peril comes after the Bill has been enacted into law. "It might work in a communion, the members of which are in substantial agreement on all questions of fundamental principle, but how will it work in view of the very deep cleavage, or rather cleavages, of opinion among Anglican churchmen as they now are?

* * * *

TO show how fettered the Anglican Church is, even in spiritual matters, we need but review the words of Bishop Gore: "If the Church of England is to claim a liberty of spiritual action similar

to that exercised by the early Church or such as is suggested in the New Testament, it would include at least the following points:

"First. Liberty of administration such as would admit of the establishment of fresh bishoprics, and if necessary of fresh provinces, and the reform of the system for representation of the clergy and laity in Church Councils or assemblies.

"Second. Either the election of bishops by the laity and clergy of the Church, or at least some franker and fuller recognition of the right of the Church to refuse a bishop nominated by the Crown.

"Third. Liberty to revise doctrinal standards, standards of discipline, and rites, and ceremonies.

"Fourth. Liberty to exercise discipline over its members, determining, *e. g.,* questions of orthodoxy in courts of its own, and determining also who is to be admitted to the sacraments."

THE Liverpool *Catholic Times and Opinion* tells us that the signs which portend the establishment of an Irish Parliament have become more numerous of late, and one of the most remarkable of them is the conversion of Lord Derby. Indeed, since his speech last August, this journal says there are few in England who imagine it is possible to prevent the concession of self-government to Ireland.

In this speech Lord Derby said: "The Bill is on the statute-book, and I do not think you will have a man to fight for wiping it off. Therefore, I ask you whether we cannot now arrange some terms which will be acceptable to both parties." Few men, according to this well-informed journal, have a better knowledge of the views of the English people; few more alive than he to the trend of popular opinion. When he asserted that he would strongly support Sir Edward Carson in any other move he may make to find a solution of the Irish question, it may be safely assumed that a settlement is earnestly desired by the majority of the English people. "Perhaps, after all," the Liverpool *Times* adds, "Sir Edward is working for the best solution of the problem—Home Rule for the whole of Ireland without the exclusion of any part or parts. If he is, and should succeed, he will prove a benefactor to Ulster as well as to the other provinces."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co,. New York:
The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures—The New Testament: The Gospel According to St. Mark; The Apocalypse of St. John. Edited by Rev. C. Lattey, S.J., and Rev. J. Keating, S.J. 50 cents net each. *Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor.* By Beatrice Chase. 35 cents net. *Priests on the Firing Line.* By R. Gäell. $1.20 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Charles E. Hughes. By Wm. L. Ransom. $1.50 net. *The Chorus.* By Sylvia Lynd. $1.35 net. *My Slav Friends.* By R. Reynolds. $3.00 net. *Malice in Kulturland.* By H. Wyatt. 60 cents net. *Julius LeVallon.* By A. Blackwood. $1.50 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:
Tramping Through Mexico. By Harry A. Franck. $2.00 net.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:
Benighted Mexico. By R. W. Smith. $1.50 net. *The History of Marriage and Divorce.* By Rev. S. A. Leathley, LL.B.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
The Magnificent Adventure. By E. Hough. $1.35 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Rising Tide. By Margaret Deland. $1.35 net.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
The Advance of the English Novel. By Wm. Lyon Phelps. $1.50 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
Michael Cassidy, Sergeant. By "Sapper." $1.25 net. *Dead Yesterday.* By Mary A. Hamilton. $1.50 net.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Joseph Conrad. By Hugh Walpole. 50 cents net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Heart Songs and Home Songs. By D. A. McCarthy. $1.00 net. *Duty and Other Irish Comedies.* By S. O'Brien. $1.25 net. *Workmanship in Words.* By J. P. Kelley. $1.00 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
Friends of France. The Field Service of the American Ambulance described by its members. $2.00 net. *Speaking of Home.* By Lillian H. Tryon. $1.00 net.

GROVER J. SHOHOLM, Boston:
The Boston Survey. By Grover J. Shoholm.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Trust Laws and Unfair Competition. By J. E. Davies, Commissioner of Corporations. *Indian Babies—How to Keep Them.*

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington, D. C.:
Year Book for 1916.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.:
A Legal Minimum Wage. By John O'Grady, M.A. $1.00.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Hermit and the King. By Sophie Maude. 75 cents net. *The Missal.* $1.60 net. *The Borodino Mystery.* By Maria L. Storer. $1.00 net. *A Short History of the Catholic Church.* By H. Wedever and J. McSorley, C.S.P. $1.00 net. *Prayer.* By Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. $1.00 net. *Der Familienfreund, 1917.* 25 cents.

THE NEGRO YEAR BOOK Co., Tuskegee Institute, Ala.:
The Negro Year Book—1916-1917. Edited by Monroe N. Work. 35 cents.

ORPHANS' PRESS, Rochdale, Lancashire, Eng.:
"A Little White Flower"—the Story of Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux. 75 cents.

THE AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
Capital Punishment. By Rev. J. J. Ford, S.J. *Bennie and the Bishop.* By Miriam Agatha. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Etincelles de Foi et d'Amour. Par P. de Nadaillac, S.J. 1 *fr.* 50. *L'Ame existe.* Par H. de Pully. 1 *fr.* 25. *La Bible du Paysan.* Par P. Gérald. 3 *fr.* 50. *Luttes de l'Eglise et Luttes de la Patrie.* Par Y. de la Brière. 4 *fr. Notre Foi.* Par R. Compaing. 2 *fr.* 75. *Saint Martin et Les Destinées de la France.* Par A. Pottier. *Le Lt.-Colonel Driant.* Par R. P. Barret. 0.50. *Lomen Vitæ.* Par A. d'Alès. 3 *fr.*50.

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
Pensées Diverses tirées de Piété Confiante. Par Abbé de Fourville. 1 *fr.*

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CIV. NOVEMBER, 1916. No. 620.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

BY F. A. PALMIERI, O.S.A.

MODERN criticism of the life of Jesus reduces Him to a human being. It demands a portrait of the Saviour which shall be truly historical and truly human. It claims for itself the glory of representing the truly historical point of view; but in its notion, true humanity is the negation of the divinity of Jesus, and real historicity is above all the negation of the miraculous and the supernatural. Upon that supposition the life of Jesus is reconstructed. If one effaces the miraculous, which permeates even the slightest details of the life of the Saviour, then one only sets up a Christ of one's own fancy."[1]

These words of a famous Protestant theologian came to my mind after a careful reading of the recent book of Dr. Lake, entitled *The Stewardship of Faith.* It contains a series of lectures given at the Lowell Institute in Boston in 1913. It is much esteemed by liberal-minded or Protestant scholars.

The purpose of Dr. Lake is to throw a new light upon the frame of mind of the earliest Christianity, or, rather, upon the clashing of the various and conflicting tendencies which shaped up the doctrinal patrimony of primitive Christians. According to him, the earliest Christianity was an attempt to translate a new message from terms of Jewish thought to those of the Greco-Roman world.

[1] *Les histoires modernes de le vie de Jésus.* By Christian Ernest Luthardt. Paris, 1865, pp. 18, 19.

Copyright. 1916. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The churches of today ought to consider seriously the necessity for moving in the same direction, and giving to the world a theology which will comply with the reasonable claims of the intelligence; an organization which will be capable of serving adequately the spiritual requirements of human souls; and an ethic which will satisfy both the individual and social needs of a new age, for a new age is coming, and it will be in light or in darkness according to the stewardship of faith.

It is needless to point out that a vast programme of rehandling of the inheritance of Christ and of His earliest disciples is contained in the bold utterances of Dr. Lake. Yet his expressions, and his tendencies, have not the savor of novelty. They find an echo in the hearts of many searchers outside of the Catholic Church, who are striving to re-solve the religious problem of our age. Christianity, they say, is at the crossroads; a tragical fate is impending over the institutional churches; the divine aureole of Jesus vanishes away in the mists raised by the objections of impartial scientists. That Christianity is at the crossroads was asserted by Tyrrell in a famous little book which heralded the necessity of freeing the Catholic Church from its mediæval dross. If I am not mistaken, Dr. Lake goes a step further: he would like to banish Christ Himself from the Christian world. He is seemingly Christian, at least in his anxious disquietude concerning the critical standing of modern Christianity. It is in the fear of an approaching catastrophe that he raises up his voice, and for want of something better he is eager to set fire to the luxuriant vegetation of the traditional Christian thought. At times his apprehensions are so exaggerated that I feel the desire to whisper in his ear the reproaching words of Our Lord: "O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?"[2] for, in my opinion, the pessimistic views about the future of Christianity are very often the sad results of a failure of faith. In many pages of his book, Dr. Lake lays stress upon the growing decadence of the Christian spirit in the world. The historical Christ and His institutional churches have long since lost their influence upon the rulers of nations, and the summits of learning. Even the lower strata of modern society are shaking off His yoke. Christianity is a huge organism possessed of a somnolent life. It is doomed to an inglorious death unless it revises its creed, promulgates a new code of morals, educates a new ministry. It is not enough, he says, that the Church should alter the funda-

[2] Matt. xiv. 31.

mental and substantial grounds of its life of today; its evolution ought to be complete, radical; the realization, it might be said, of the old scholastic maxim: *corruptio unius, generatio alterius.* The effete Christianity of the past is on the verge of ruin. Modern generations of men are no longer within its grasp. Forced along by new conceptions of life, and by new trends of mind, they are gazing at new luminous horizons to re-solve the problem of God on earth and of human destinies.

The views of Dr. Lake are also at times not in accordance with the facts and the experience of the history of the past. One may object that the so-called Catholic Christianity is even in our day far from writing the last pages of its long-lived existence. The Catholic Church, the backbone of the Christian world, to quote an expression of an Anglican divine, Dr. Lilley, has not reached as yet that state of inanition which worries so much the modern surgeons of crippled Christianity. The word of Christ preached by His ministry does not cease resounding in millions of souls who vie with earliest Christians in their unalterable devotion to Our Lord, in the firmness of their adhesion to His teaching, in their unshakable profession of the divinity of Christ. Such considerations, however, we are leaving out of sight for the present.

We are ready to recognize the perfect acquaintance of Dr. Lake with the literary documents of the apostolic age. He is known throughout Europe as a prominent Hellenist, and a master of the interpretation of Pauline thought. But it cannot be denied that ofttimes the best intelligences are led astray by the spirit of system, by their futile attempts to build upon hypothetical grounds a thesis which cannot be considered as the logical inference from well-established facts. And we regret to say that the main position of *The Stewardship of Faith* is at variance with the testimonies of the earliest history of Christianity. No doubt the scholarship of the writer flashes here and there in some pages, in some chapters, of his interesting volume. When he loses sight of the main theme of his book, his point of view is at times genial, and leads to thought. But when he sets himself to the task of altering the native beauty of the face of the historical Christ, and the frame of the earliest Church, his critical taste veers in a false direction.

Some theories of Dr. Lake are a matter of surprise even to those who have the laudable desire not to be bigoted or narrow. We learn from him that the Christian faith is not the finest flower

culled from the lips of Christ, the truth revealed by the Son of God in the fullness of time, the rescue of man from the darkness of mind. Christianity is, in fact, the culminating evolution of Judaistic thought, which was intensely monotheistic, and intensely moral. Imbued with the spirit of Judaism, Jesus Christ is a pessimistic seer of a great and impending catastrophe of the world. His teaching is the suggested combination of an eschatological expectation of the kingdom with a world-renouncing ethic. He Himself knew not that He was the Son of God, the promised Messiah; He never claimed the divine Sonship. His Messianic character did not appear to His Apostles. His death was the sanguinary close of an economical struggle. It was the result of a plot organized by the *haute finance* of the Jewish priesthood. "It seems to me," he writes, "that financial interests rather than theological hatred was the real cause of the accusation of the priests, though they dressed it up in a partly political, partly religious form." No wonder, then, if primitive Christians refrained from adoring Christ as the Son of God and a partaker of His divine nature. The recognition of His divinity followed His death and the spreading of His teaching throughout the Roman world.

A reader of the Gospels will find that the hypothetical utterances of Dr. Lake are not in harmony with the clear statements of the New Testament, and the traditional views of both Catholicism and Protestantism. But, according to Dr. Lake's scholarship, but slight heed is to be paid to the value of the records of past generations, and the Gospels are to be regarded as forgeries of a later period of evolving Christianity and of enthusiastic admirers of the Nazarene. A true acquaintance with Christ and His aims, he maintains, is to be drawn from the rarest documents of the so-called vulgar Christianity, which ignored the belief in the divinity of Jesus. The earliest Christians of Jerusalem were monotheistic in the strictest sense of the word. The lordship of Christ was the product of Hellenic influences upon the rudimentary beliefs of Jews converted to the teaching of the Gospels. In rushing into the Roman world, in overleaping the boundaries of Jewish nationalism, Christianity understood that it would have to change its doctrine, its constitution, its methods, its mission to gain its moral victory. The Church did not triumph, writes Dr. Lake, because it preserved its theology, its ethics, and its institutions unchanged, but because it changed them all, and changed them rapidly in order that they might express more adequately and more fully the spiritual life which re-

mained the same, though the forms with which it was clothed were altering with extraordinary rapidity. It sacrificed the identity of expression to preserve the unity of experience under changed surroundings. In like manner, the Christianity of today ought to renounce some of its obsolete forms of expression, and divest itself of antiquated habits of mind which trammel its steps. The Church must rejuvenate her soul and blot out that air of decrepitude which sets against her the friends of spiritual progress, the pioneers of a better age of mankind.

We have pointed out the fundamental thoughts of a book which attempts to revise Christianity and to dress her in the newest fashion of mind. We do not intend to take up and discuss them or to show that even the soundest erudition is not able to corroborate theories which are the expression of a free individual speculation, rather than the logical inferences of impartial researches in the field of the history of Christianity. We agree partly with Dr. Lake when he says: "The necessary condition for intellectual improvement in any society is the permission to discuss, and the recognition of the principle that the less cannot judge the greater." So by virtue of the principles announced by the writer himself we have the right to oppose opinions which pose as arguments, and which vainly attempt to destroy solid convictions by hypothetical suggestions. Many expressions from the pen of Dr. Lake confirm our statements. His Christology is filled with doubtful locutions, such as the following: "We cannot suppose; it is improbable; it is not impossible; probably; St. Luke was probably wrong; it seems; it is not surprising; it was possible; it was eminently possible," etc.

Now an historical truth, or a truth which many centuries long has been considered as historical by the greatest geniuses of Christianity, cannot be uprooted by mere hypothesis. Christ belongs to history. More than that, He is the central figure of the history of Christian heroism and Christian civilization. Whimsical vagaries cannot reduce Him to a passing cloud on the highest horizons of the human race. The touching and grand episodes of His life, the fascination of His heart vibrating in full harmony with the will of the Father, His divine influence springing up at every step of His mission of suffering, shine in their inextinguishable brightness and splendor in the slightest word of the evangelical records.

The wide movement produced in the Roman world, and beyond its frontiers, by the spread of Christian teaching, by the irresistible

conquest of Christ is not to be judged by the pale beams of documents which reflect the candid ignorance of the so-called uninstructed Christianity. We ought to go back to the authentic sources of Christian history and doctrine; to hear the voice of those who in every century of the life of Christianity have been venerated and hallowed as the earliest and most learned teachers of the doctrine of Christ, as the earliest and sincerest witnesses of His divine mission. It is our deeply rooted conviction that, according to the rules of a sound critical taste, we are bound not to give to the Pastor of Hermas or to the Epistle of Barnabas a greater historical value than to the Gospels, or to the Acts of the Apostles, or to the Epistles of Clement of Rome, of Ignatius of Antioch, of Polycarp of Smyrna. The Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are the historical documents of the earliest Christianity; they are such in the fullest sense of the word, and the simplicity of their style and their narratives, their wonderful accord in the culminating facts of the life of Christ, their unquestioned authority among Christians of the primitive Church, give to them the right to be looked upon in no different wise from that of the most authoritative records of past centuries. The value of the Koran as an authentic source of the history of the life of Mohammed, and as the unmistakable legacy of his religious conceptions, is in no wise doubted by modern scholarship. Why, then, should doubts be entertained with regard to the testimonies of the evangelical records, whose authenticity and credibility are strongly asserted and convincingly demonstrated even in Protestant handbooks of introduction to the New Testament?

By reading the Gospels the eyes of our minds open wide to contemplate in His divine and Messianic light the face of Christ. It is said that He was stripped of a Messianic consciousness; that He ignored His divine Sonship, that His redeeming mission was a secret revealed by Him to a small circle of disciples who divulged it after His death. It cannot be denied, however, that Jesus Christ imposed silence on the gainsayer of His divinity by arguments which have not lost their probative force even in our days. He appealed to the testimony of His works. To the Jews coming round about Him He answered: "I speak to you, and you believe not: the works that I do in the name of My Father, they give testimony of Me."[3] The works of Christ, indeed, the marvels of His life, and of His spiritual influence in His Church point

[3] John x. 25.

out, bring into the fullest and clearest manifestation, the glory of His divinity. The value of that argument, which cannot be rejected without violating the fundamental rules of human thought, did not escape His earliest followers. The divinity of Christ was not veiled by the darkness of mystery; it was not a secret confided to a little handful of ignorant men. It was as a beam of the radiating sun which pierces the clouds. The man blind from his birth, after his healing, cries to Him: "I believe, Lord: I believe that Thou art the Son of God." And falling down He adored Him. The works of Christ gave testimony to His divine power. By them He manifested Himself as living by the Father, as sent by the Father, as sowing the words of eternal life, as preaching a doctrine which was not His own, but of His Father: He raises His voice to proclaim His divinity when His hour has arrived. When the High Priest said to Him: "I adjure thee by the living God, that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ the Son of God," He answered with the decided simplicity of truth: "Thou hast said it."[4] Economical reasons did not interfere in the trial of Jesus. The Jewish priesthood was thirsty for His blood, for they detested His doctrine, they hated in Him the blasphemer of their God. The very simple life and the very small number of the earliest disciples of Christ did not render the Jewish priesthood suspicious that a new institution would rise up which would threaten their financial monopoly.

We maintain that the historical Christ, and by this qualification the Christ of the Gospels is alluded to, cannot be conceived otherwise than God, or coming from God. We believe in the historical truth of the Gospels. The Gospels are not romances which purpose to set diamonds in the crown of a mythical hero. Viewed from a human point of view, the evangelical writers are men to be trusted; they are neither fabulists, nor dealers in venal praises, nor novelists with an unbridled imagination. They are honest, loyal historians who narrate what they have drawn out from authentic sources, what they have heard, what they have seen with their eyes, what they have looked upon, what their hands have handled of the Word of Life. They write with an unsurpassed simplicity and frankness which fascinate and conquer the coldest hearts, and even in their apparent conflict of historical details they clearly show that they are not enslaved to any faction, that they are not the adepts of a plot to make of Jesus the spiritual ruler of the world.

[4] Matt. xxvi. 63, 64.

The solemn affirmations of the divinity of Christ and His Messianic consciousness are so often repeated in the narratives of the Gospels, that to push them aside we are forced either to lower them to the level of the romances of chivalry of the Middle Ages, or to range the Saviour amongst maniacal and demented religious imposters. Alas! we meet in our days with sacrilegious biographers of Jesus who dare to submit the most perfect of men to a psychiatrical diagnosis. They efface even that sublimity of character, of desires, of wisdom which shine forth in the human nature of Christ, and which have lifted Him above all the thinkers, the masters, the wise of every century and of every nation. Under their pen, Jesus Christ, the consoler and transformer of souls, assumes the appearance of an insane person who communicated to unlearned disciples His religious folly![5]

With regard to the divinity of Christ and the divine inspiration of the Gospels, there is no sincerely Christian soul that does not feel the touching expression of truth contained in a famous passage of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose testimony is beyond all suspicion of religious preconceived opinions: "I will confess that the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be Himself a mere man? Do we find that He assumed the air of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in His manners! What an affecting gracefulness in His delivery! What sublimity in His maxims! What profound wisdom in His discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in His replies! How great the command over His passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die without weakness and without ostentation! Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God! Shall we suppose the evangelical history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of a fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition in fact shifts the difficulty without removing it; it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that

[5] We allude here to the recent and sacrilegious book of a French Doctor, Binet-Sanglé: *La folie de Jésus, ses facultés intellectuelles, ses sentiments, son procès.* Paris, 1910-1915. Four volumes. The book may be looked upon as the extreme logical outcome of the denial of the divinity of Jesus Christ.

one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel; the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."[6]

But the Gospels are not purely historical documents. To men who boast of being Christian and of applying the rules of Christ in their practical life, the Gospels are something higher than the literary products of human writers. They bear the clear imprint, the stamp of Godhead. Their words reverberate in our souls as the echo of the voice of God, as the powerful accents of men writing under the guidance of the Spirit Who teaches the truth. As yet the traditional Protestantism has agreed with Catholicism and orthodoxy in recognizing the New Testament as the true expression of the highest truths revealed by God. Hence it follows that the criticism of Dr. Lake goes farther away from the boundaries fixed by Protestant theology. Protestantism, to use its own language, treads the stage of the Christian world as a legitimate rebellion against the all-mastering spirit of Roman theocracy, against the blind despotism of religious authority. It marks, according to its historians, a coming back to the purest wellsprings of genuine Christianity. By its impulse the Bible became the supreme, the only norm of faith, the sanctuary of revealed truths, the unique voice of the Holy Spirit teaching within the Church of Christ.

From this it follows that he who repudiates the data of the Gospels concerning the Person of Christ, rejects altogether the main doctrinal position which confers upon Protestantism Christian citizenship. If the Christian faith is the outcome of the evolution of Jewish speculation brought into contact with that of Rome, the Gospels are no longer the ethical and religious code of Christianity, or rather Christianity is not a religion taught, established and formulated by Christ. It is merely a tendency of the instinctive religious spirit of man, a tendency which develops itself, and assumes various forms and inner contents according to the individual religious experiences. In other words, Christianity is deprived of that character of stability which lies at the bottom of the works of God. It is a religion, so to speak, fluctuating; the ceaselessly passing and repassing wave in the stormy ocean of changing human opinions. It is Christianity without Christ: the most chaotic form of religious individualism.

[6] *Emilius, or a Treatise of Education.* Book IV.

At the very moment of its clashing with the Roman world, Dr. Lake says Christianity was at the crossroads. In our age it stands absolutely in the same position, facing the same danger of being submerged by the storming waves of modern religious thought. No doubt the first statement of Dr. Lake contains a share of truth. His conclusion, however, is not based upon the past experience of the life of Christianity.

The historical past of the Church will tell us that once and again the divinely-instituted Catholic Church has been at the crossroads, in the utmost danger of being wiped out of the world by the increasing hosts of her enemies. Yet she has never doubted the conquering power of her divine Master. In our opinion the greatest danger with which the Church has met was not at the time of her onslaught against the Roman world. She was then in her flowering youth, in the fullest possession of her spiritual energies, in the highest pitch of her religious enthusiasm. She had the indomitable will of conquering, and she conquered too. The last hour of her life seemed to have come in the fourth century when Arianism had spread all the world over, when, to quote a saying of a Father of the Church, in its awakening from the nightmare of heresy, the Christian world became aware of being Arian. By denying the divinity of Christ, Arianism gnawed at the vital organs of the Church of Christ, and the condition of the Christian world was becoming worse through the desperate, although futile, attempts of Neoplatonic thinkers to master the cultivated minds of the decaying Roman empire by the spell of a naturalistic and philosophical worship of Deity. The conflict between Christianity and science raged more intensely in the fourth than in the nineteenth century, and philosophy would have been able, far more successfully than natural science was able later, to crush and bury Christianity, if Christianity had been a translated message of Jewish pessimism to the Greco-Roman world. Yet, the heresy of Arius was exploded, and the central dogma of Christian faith, the divinity of Christ, rooted itself in the deepest recesses of Christian hearts. The Church conquered without being false to her mission, without ever lessening or weakening her message, received not through Jews, but through Christ Himself and His disciples. She conquered against the sowers of heresies, and against the all-powerful violences of the Cæsars who had been won over to the cause of Arianism.

And this triumph in defence of the faith did not end her struggles. She stood, if you please to word it so, at the crossroads,

in the trying period of barbaric invasion; in the epic conflict with the despotism and usurpation of the Teutonic Cæsars; in the sudden outbreak of the Lutheran rebellion; in the orgy of the French Revolution. She stood and stands invincible, whether amidst civil or foreign wars; whether assailed by spiritual or national weapons; whether attacked by the representatives of learning or the agencies of political power. It may be said that war is the condition of her daily life, that final victory is the outcome of her bloody conflicts, that a more vigorous health is the result of her bleeding wounds.

To-day we are witnessing far-reaching attempts to expel Christ not only from His sanctuary, but from the whole field of man's history, to reduce Him to an imponderable spirit, floating over the religious consciousness of mankind, emptied of all meaning and of all personal life. The remodelers of a "scientific" Christianity are forging a cloudy Christ, a Christ inexplicable to Himself and to man, a Christ Who did not know the doctrine of which He is held to be the teacher, a Christ Who, without being conscious of His divine nature, raised up an immense host of adorers of Himself as the Son of God, true God of true God. To see how such rebuilders alter every traditional feature and aspect of the dogmatic, ethical and constitutional life of Christianity, it is but necessary to glance at her history and to ask ourselves why the Catholic Church whenever she stood at the crossroads failed not to follow the glorious paths of victory? The secret of her correct choice, of her endurance amid the storms of men and nations is precisely her doctrinal, ethical and hierarchical immobility. At the dawn of the Church of Christ, Christian Jews of Palestine, Jews of the *diaspora,* Christians of Rome and of Greece, shed their purest blood for the defence of the same faith, adhered to the same creed, preserved the same hierarchical organization. The Church survived the tempest of pagan persecutions, and rooted herself in the soil of the Roman empire, not by drifting in the wake of the Greco-Roman thought, but by opposing it and mastering it with all the strength of her conquering youth. Dogmatic intolerance rather than doctrinal elasticity was the main feature of the earliest Christianity. The saying of St. Paul: "Brethren, stand fast; and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by our epistle"[7] marks out the line of conduct of the earliest Christians. They preferred to die with a Christ overpowering their souls with

[7] 2 Thess. ii. 14.

the glory of Deity than to save their lives by stripping from His brow His divine aureole. They could have ranked Him among the idols of the deified men of the Greco-Roman pantheon; but they persevered in adoring Him as God in the midst of the sarcasms of pagan thinkers, as Celsus and Lucian, or of the vilifying contempt of Roman historians as Tacitus, or of the *exquisitissima supplicia* of Nero and Diocletian. It is that inflexibility of belief, that invincible opposition to every change of her doctrinal inheritance, which prevented Christianity from meeting the speedy fate of Neoplatonism. The belief in the divinity of Christ, as it is written in the Gospel records, rendered it impossible that Christianity should be moulded according to the forms of Roman thought. The same unchanging belief lies at the roots of the perpetual survival of Christianity in the midst of the ceaseless crumbling of old and new institutions. The marvelous vitality of the Catholic Church, inexplicable on merely human grounds, is the result of her faithful guardianship of this foundation stone of Christian faith, the true divinity and the true humanity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The decaying vitality of Protestantism and the process of its dismemberment, come from the gradual extinguishing of that beacon light of Christian truth. With the decline of its belief in the divinity of Christ, its apostolic energies are growing weaker, its influence upon souls is lessening, its creed is vanishing in a cloud of metaphysical vagaries or of barren negations.

To us Catholics the future of Christianity is by no means a hopeless one. We do not close our eyes to the dangers which threaten its beneficent work among men, but we are firmly convinced that the Church, according to Christ's word, which history has again and again confirmed, will go on her way, working, toiling, leading countless souls to God. Her work is the work of God; and no shock, political or intellectual or moral, born of the forgetfulness or the denial of mankind, can cause a divine building to fall. We hold fast to her teachings, and when the ceaseless war waged against her old beliefs strikes us with sorrow and dismay, we look through the centuries to her trials and her sorrows; to her victories and her triumphs; to her endless list of heroic men and women, saints and martyrs, and then we realize still more deeply the wondrous beauty and power of those words of Monsabré on the divinity of Our Lord: "Men, women, virgins, children, priests, kings, philosophers, soldiers, workers, enormous

heaps of slain members, of bleeding corpses, who are you? We are the embodiment of Christian heroism. The world refused to credit either our words or our virtues. We forced then our blood to speak in the stead of our lips, and our blood, gushing out of our wounds, reddened the face of the world, while we launched against it our supreme profession of faith: *Credo.* If I am not void of common sense, if I am possessed of a human heart, I dare not stifle the voice of so many Christian peoples, and centuries, and doctors, and saints, and apostles, and martyrs, saying to them: 'Go on, pass away, I do not believe your testimonies. The isolated murmur of my reason suffices for my self-teaching.' No, that cry of pride is not the expression of truth. I perfectly grasp the meaning of Christian faith. I cannot rise up against the voices of a whole world, and with peoples, with centuries, with geniuses, with holiness, with the spirit of abnegation and of heroism, with the Christian world, I affirm the dogma of the divinity and the humanity of Christ, I sing in the fullness of my heart and voice: 'I believe in Jesus Christ, our Lord.' "

A CATHOLIC SCHOLAR-STATESMAN, FILIPPO MEDA.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.

EVEN that charity which believeth all things could not call modern politics a nursery of virtue. The average politician's aim is to make the worse appear the better reason, to gild self-interest with a specious appearance of patriotism, and in general to make friends with the mammon of iniquity, so that when the electors fail a substantial bank account or a generous salary may guarantee him a safe dwelling. In the pleasant land of make-believe where politicians love to linger, the rigid standards of work-a-day honor are relaxed; bluff and brag are the watchwords; and the coming leader is he who dabbles opportunely in every new fad, who worships assiduously the *idola tribus, fori, populi,* who trims his sails to every breeze and is not nicely scrupulous as to methods. "You do not know, my son, with what little wisdom men are governed" *(nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia homines regantur),* wrote the Swedish chancellor Oxenstiern to his son. Nor is the sum of wisdom greater in the twentieth century than it was in the seventeenth.

Still the names of many may be cited, who lost none of their young and pure enthusiasms amidst the sordid self-seeking of the forum. Windthorst, the organizer of the German *Centrum,* was a true Christian knight; in France, Montalembert, and but yesterday de Mun, were men of the purest honor; in Belgium, Auguste Beernaert, de Lanshere and Van der Pæremboom were admirable Catholics; this last was, though a layman, of a piety that any religious might envy. To his place in the *Chambre des Deputés* at Brussels, he always brought his breviary, and at the close of the session he would go to a nearby church to read the daily office, just as though he were a priest and bound to do so. No wonder his name is still one to conjure with in Catholic Fleming land. In Italy, Contardo Ferrini of Milan left behind him at death the reputation of heroic sanctity. But of this phenomenon it must be said that, though he busied himself with the municipal affairs of his native city, yet he did not meddle with politics properly so-called. To Milan also belongs the subject of the present sketch,

Signor Filippo Meda, Minister of Finance in the Boselli Cabinet, unquestioned leader of the Italian Catholics, and the first of his creed to hold a portfolio since the establishment of the kingdom of Italy.

Filippo Meda was born at Milan, January 1, 1869, and like Ozanam was still but a student in his teens when he succeeded in founding a Catholic club, whose aim and object was a literary apostolate in favor of Christian and religious ideals. Today the *Gabinetto Cattolico Milanese* is still flourishing, and owns a large building in the most coveted site of the city, the *Piazza del Duomo.* Its founder, though barely twenty years of age at the time, began immediately to write, and a prodigious number of newspaper articles, tracts and pamphlets poured from his pen. The eldest born of his talent was the *Foglietto Volante,* a liliputian monthly publication of four pages. In 1891 this was succeeded by a larger and more ambitious paper called the *Elettore Cattolico,* and almost simultaneously he launched his *Miniature Scientific and Literary Library,* which consisted mainly of the biographies of illustrious Catholics, with now and then a critical study by way of condiment and sauce. To this series he contributed himself the lives of O'Connell, Windthorst, Cardinal Lavigerie, St. Aloysius, St. Philip Neri and Savonarola. By writing and by word of mouth he labored without ceasing to propagate the ideals of our Faith; those golden years of youth that most young men fritter away on the futilities of sport or the still greater ineptitudes of society, were devoted by Meda to a whole-souled Christian propaganda, and his own picturesque description of his methods and his hopes is well worth perusal.

> Have you got any good newspapers, tracts, pamphlets or Catholic Christmas numbers? Well, always keep some of them in your pocket. You go into a house? Without allowing yourself be noticed leave some of them in the salon, the living-room or the waiting room. You hire a carriage? Forget a few papers when you leave; the next passenger will find them, or the coachman himself, and they will be read. You are traveling? Before leaving the train put some papers in the baggage racks, and if another train passes alongside of yours fling some of your papers into its open windows, someone will pick them up. You spend a night at an hotel? Well, in the drawers of the bureau there will be always room for a paper, and your successor will profit by it; and do not forget either that the hotel

> has a reading-room, and there forgotten seemingly among the *Secolos* and the *Figaros* let a Catholic sheet finds its way. And then, don't you sometimes go outside the walls of your city? Well, let your papers fall along the wayside, put them on the benches in the parks, on the tables in the cafés; even though they reach only the hands of the ragman they may still give rise to a good thought or correct an idea. And let him who wants to laugh, laugh. Ah, if all of us young people would only act thus, it would very soon be seen whether we should not succeed, willy nilly, in making our papers be read! Those who really act on the people have always used means which seem ridiculous, but which are on the contrary holy devices, noble expedients.

To our cool, northern temperaments this may seem a little exaggerated—perhaps the heady, effervescent enthusiasm of a southern boy. But how few youths of twenty in any clime are visited by such visions at all; and of those so blessed still fewer could clothe their thoughts in such striking, attractive and popular language. The writer of the above lines had only to continue true to himself in order to accomplish great achievements.

But the young propagandist in striving to uplift his co-religionists did not neglect self-culture. Always an eager student he took his *laurea* degree in 1891, which corresponds, I believe, to our Bachelor of Arts.[1] Two years later he won his legal diploma at the University of Genoa. The greater part of the next three years he spent in the army; having obtained his discharge in 1896, with the rank of non-commissioned officer, he married and opened a barrister's office in his native city.

But neither family cares nor professional duties were permitted by Meda to interfere with his literary work. Indeed the output increased as the years brought him wider horizons of knowledge and riper maturity of thought. Thus he contributed numerous articles to the *Scuola Cattolico,* the official organ of the Theological Faculty of Milan for the past forty-four years, and to a Catholic review of social science called *Rivista Internazionale di Scienze Sociali.* At a later period he wrote in the *Rassegna Nazionale* and the *Nuova Antologia.* His essays cover a wide range, but they invariably treat of topics that interest Catholic life, thought or endeavor. Thus he discourses on the career of Ozanam,

[1]The *laurea* requires three years' university training, and confers the right of teaching in colleges and high schools.

the conversion of Brunetière, the works of Fogazzaro, the Papacy, the Edict of Milan. As one would expect, the heroes of the political arena like Garcia Moreno, Auguste Beernaert and the Comte de Mun meet with large and sympathetic appreciation. A goodly number of these essays have been published in book form by the *Libreria Editrice Fiorentina,* under the title *Nella Storia e nella Vita.*

The foregoing activities would have kept at high pressure all the energies of an ordinary man; they did not, however, suffice for Meda, who still found time to spare for notable work in journalism. As far back as 1890 he formed part of the staff of the *Osservatore Cattolico,* a daily paper which since 1863 had been the organ of Catholic Lombardy. As journalists he and his friends strove earnestly for the uplifting of the masses along the lines laid down in Leo XIII.'s encyclical *Rerum Novarum,* and they succeeded in forming several Catholic societies where faith and philanthropy worked hand in hand. But the government, frightened at the advances of socialism, looked askance at their endeavors; in 1898 their paper was, I think, suppressed for a time, the editor Don Albertario was imprisoned, and Meda thought it best to retire to Parma. The storm was not long in subsiding, and some months later the death of Don Albertario placed Meda in the editor's chair. In 1907 another Catholic paper, the *Lega Lombarda,* joined forces with the *Osservatore,* and from their amalgamation sprung the *Unione,* of which Meda was editor for five years. The *Unione* has since become merged in the *Italia,* one of the publications of the *Societa Editrice Romana,* a powerful association whose aim is to safeguard the interests of the Church throughout the entire peninsula.

Just seven years ago—in 1909—Meda was called by the votes of his fellow-townsmen to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. His great parliamentary speech, in which he developed his ideas, took place April 29, 1910, in a reply to certain propositions brought forward by the Luzzatti cabinet.

> Without a doubt the historical changes which brought about the formation of Italy and produced her laws render impossible, and likely enough will continue to do so for long, the realization of a plan which we have at heart, and which we pursue as our objective: the plan, namely, of seeing the State of today and the Church, unshackled by mutual compromises and humiliating concessions, each working in her own sphere by a noble and

> generous collaboration to develop harmoniously her own powers for the conduct of mankind to a brighter and higher and worthier end; towards a state of things in which the upward flight of the human soul is no longer hindered by material needs, and the satisfaction of these needs does not cause forgetfulness of men's higher destinies. Such a conception is not the Utopia proned by certain mediæval dreamers, still less is it the politico-religious futurism of Signor Murri: it is simply the revival of that Christian spirit which has conquered the world, not by the magic of sounds and colors, but by the preaching of that self-sacrifice, of that love of virtue which we maintain to be the essential elements of every true education whether individual or collective. This Christian spirit may have declined somewhat under the pressure of material and epicurian theories of life, and it cries to us to strive unceasingly to endow it with new force, and to restore it to the honor that is its due. In this, honorable colleagues, and in this alone, consists what is called our clericalism.

Few public men in any country would have the courage to make such a frankly religious pronouncement. It is worth remarking that the speech won the sympathies and gained the applause of the entire Italian parliament. For even the bitterest opponents cannot help admiring and respecting a man of firm convictions, who is not ashamed to set forth and defend his contentions before any and every company. This profession of political faith accords with the programme he had sketched for the Catholic youth of Italy in 1902, when he had invited them to celebrate the eight hundredth and twenty-sixth anniversary of Gregory VII.'s triumph at Canossa.

> To Canossa we shall go to seek the inspiration of memories which shall vivify both our faith and our patriotism. There, before those very stones which saw the humiliation of a foreign monarch hostile to the Pope and the Italian republics, we shall re-assert our determination to join in an indissoluble harmony the destinies of our country with those of the Papacy, to work so that national independence and civil liberty go hand in hand with the independence of the Church and religious liberty.

But though Meda is always a militant Catholic ready to insist on the right of his brethren, he is perfectly prepared to accord an unbiassed hearing to those of other creeds and give to his antagonists, as we say vulgarly, a "square deal." Thus discussing the

possibility of a union between Catholics and liberals in the interests of their common country he writes:

> None desire more ardently than we do that the greater number of Italian liberals, looking in the face of the situation which for every honest man is perfectly clear, should find the means of grouping themselves into a well-constituted party, whose platform is composed of a full and true liberty, loyal, and open respect for religion, and collaboration with all the healthy energies still at work in the constitutional camp. Such a party, untrammeled by sectarian prejudices or engagements, would have every reason to face the country's future with confidence; for the Catholics, without ever abdicating their own independence and ideal, would certainly never refuse to march in concert with them to promote the great destinies of Italy.

He goes on to say that should the liberals, overcome by the bugbear of clericalism, refuse to ally with the Catholics, the former at least would reap no advantage from the downfall of a supposed rival. His conclusion is, "the existence in Italy of organization on the part of Catholics is necessary not only for the defence of religion, but also for the normal and progressive evolution of the life of the nation itself."

No one can fail to admire the manly, straightforward tone of these utterances—so different from the shameful abuse or the silly platitudes or the sonorous bunkum that generally disfigure political discussions! To Meda his religion is infinitely precious, he feels that his vocation is to uphold Catholic ideals in the arena of public life, and that noble consciousness lends to his words an elevation and a penetration that no petty, personal self-seeking could ever bestow. Political honors have come to him unsought; he has never trod any of the customary roads to that goal; at the most momentous epoch in history personal merit has called him to guide the destinies of his country. His past has been admirable, both a model and an incentive to all young Catholics. May Providence grant that it blossom into a richer and more glorious future!

THE CATHOLIC NOTE IN MODERN DRAMA.

BY MAY BATEMAN.

MODERN dramatists, more than modern novelists, are afraid to sound the Catholic note, because of the obvious restrictions of the stage. Every would-be playwright knows the difficulty of getting certain effects across the footlights; the point which tells when read aloud or even at rehearsal, may easily fall flat in the hour of actual production. The three walls of an auditorium have an atmosphere of their own; the playgoers of each night their successive temperature; the two may not accord. From the stage itself an impalpable essence wafts into space like a faint flame; at the barrier of the footlights it meets a cróss-current which may check it, which may beat it back. The issues of the stage have deadly finality; they cannot be re-captured. In the case of literature, a man may turn the page and re-read whatever baffled him, this time perhaps to grasp its meaning. But the attitude of the playgoer is that of a pursuer, whose quarry knows the goal, while he does not. He is breathless sometimes—sometimes confused; he runs in the dark and cannot stop when he would. The modern Catholic writer, then, pleads in excuse for keeping back the Catholic note not only fear of its effect upon the audience, but also his innate sense of reverence. He must give "the real thing" or nothing; how will the "real thing" be taken? Plays in which travesties of priests and nuns strut and talk cheap sentiment and behave as no Catholic nuns or priests ever do behave, may attract a certain class of undiscriminating public, unable to detect true from false. But the Catholic author does not want to compete with this "popular" style. And he must write, being so often poor, something that will at least pay for his bread and butter.

In reality, in dramas where the Catholic note sounds boldly, it tells with tremendous force, as is inevitable. Amongst the successful plays of the last twenty years, a few examples spring to the mind. In *La Flambee,* the brilliant French play adapted and produced at the St. James Theatre, London, as *The Turning-Point,* one of the finest and most dramatic scenes in the first act takes place between Monsignor Jussey and Monique, the heroine. Mon-

signor has come to stay for the night at a country-house where Monique is a fellow-guest. She was once his childlike penitent, and perceiving that something is seriously amiss with her, the priest diplomatically manœuvres an opportunity for a private talk.[1]

Monsignor Jussey. I should have known you, my child, by the look in your eyes if by nothing else. An expression they always wore when you were troubled, and wanted to confide in the old priest.....

Monique. I think the comfort of a quiet talk with you must have been sent to me by—

Monsignor Jussey. Why do you hesitate? By God. You are still a believer?

Monique. Oh, yes, of course, but—

Monsignor Jussey. But—?

Monique. But my religion has broadened.

Monsignor Jussey. Indeed? Am I to understand that it extends beyond the limits of Holy Church?

Monique. Yes. That is what I mean.

Monsignor Jussey. Ah—h! I recognize the case. It is a very common one. You have a husband and you say, "I am alone." You are a believer, but the exactions of the Church appear to you too narrow. In a word, you are contemplating divorce!

Monique. It is true. I have decided to take that serious step.....But it was not this crisis in my life which taught me that the love of God and the love of life may be reconciled. Long ago I recognized that life too should be divine.

Monsignor Jussey. Indeed! It is by means of such lofty thoughts as these that you regulate religion to suit your desires? You wish to keep the name of "Christian," but as a woman who thought as you do once said to me, you are an "adapted Christian."

Monique. Call me that if you will.

Monsignor Jussey. Adapted to what? To a lover?

Monique. He will be my husband!

Monsignor Jussey. Your lover. Oh, "adapt" yourself as much as you can.....but you cannot alter that marriage is a Sacrament, and that the civil authority is worthless.....Tell me, are you unhappy?

Monique. Perhaps—

Monsignor Jussey (delightedly). You are! Then everything

[1]Through the personal kindness of Sir George Alexander and Mr. Lestocq, manager for the late Mr. Charles Frohman, I have had access to the acting editions of *The Turning-Point* and *The Little Father of the Wilderness.*

> will come right!.....Women like you have created their own God—Pride.....All your honor and chastity are in peril of eternal destruction.

Thrust and counter thrust in this quick encounter get home and over the footlights alike. There is no compromise on Monsignor Jussey's part, or faltering; the audience is gripped. Equally strong, too, are Monsignor's parting words to Beaucourt, the man who loves Monique, in the last act: "If I mistake not, you and I were fighting for the possession of a human soul. It had taken you a year to imperil it; it took me, with God's grace, one evening to bring it back."

A one-act play which exhaled the tender sprit of Catholicism, and was played throughout its long runs in city and province to crowded houses, was *The Little Father of the Wilderness.* It appeared under the late Charles Frohman's management, and the title rôle in England was acted inimitably by Huntley Wright. From the rise of the curtain upon the entry into Louis XV.'s palace at Versailles of the shrinking little Jesuit missionary, frail and wan, and still racked by wounds received when tortured by the very Indians whom he was afterwards to convert, to its fall upon the King's belated recognition of Père Marlotte's holiness and acts of courage, the audience was held spellbound. Here, before its eyes, pictured with a large simplicity, were the fruits of faith, humility, fortitude, patience that reached a sublime height.

But there was nothing outwardly heroic or inspiring about the nervous, almost comic, figure of little Père Marlotte, nor that of his companion, Frère Grégoire, a Franciscan Friar. Père Marlotte, brandishing his large, green, cotton umbrella and a large cage with an American coon, which he had brought as a gift for the King all the way from the little village of Bourron from which he had been summoned, made irresistibly for merriment. Or so thought Captain Chevillon of the King's Guard who, receiving them, struck the first note of the universal mockery with which for so long the appearance of the two little priests was to be met.

In spite of it, Grégoire stanchly asserts that the King cannot have sent "all the way" for Père Marlotte but to reward him. "Nothing is too good for Père Marlotte!" He has suffered worse than death; escaped death by a miracle; he has bound the King's new American dominions together with cords of love, steeped in his own blood and sweat.

Père Marlotte (gasping with pain when faintness from the pain of the old wounds suddenly assails him). The heart can forgive, good Grégoire, but the body never forgets.....My Indians!.....They knew not what they did.....But they didn't get away from Pière Marlotte! I baptized everyone of them within the year!

Frère Grégoire. The pitiless savages!

Père Marlotte. Ah no, good Grégoire. To know all is to forgive all.....I ought to be thankful indeed that my children spared me my eyes.

Henriette, the King's favorite of the moment, comes running in, and ruthlessly tells the two little priests that she is sure that the King has forgotten all about his appointment. But she has a good heart, and ultimately drags in Louis from a game of tennis, followed by his frivolous suite, who look upon the spectacle of the two bewildered and incongruous religious in their midst as a new form of entertainment. Louis racks his brain in vain for the reason why he sent for Père Marlotte, and finally comes to the conclusion that it must have been to decide a bet between him and his friend, the Duc de Saint Albret, as to whether or no the Falls of Niagara are four miles high.

Louis (sharply). You are sure you have been there?

Père Marlotte (simply). I said the first Mass at Niagara, sire.

He gives judgment against Louis, and impatiently the irritated King waves him away. With that callous farewell, Père Marlotte's last faint human hope of a word of encouragement or gratitude dies. Henriette leads away the two heartsick and pitiful little priests to the back of the scene, as far as possible from the loud laughter and mockery of the court.

Henriette. There are tears in your eyes, good Father. You're as pale as death.....

She takes Père Marlotte to a recess, and simultaneously a fanfare of trumpets announce the arrival of a great personage, the Chevalier de Frontenac, Governor of New France, His Majesty's American dominions, and his suite, amongst whom are Indians in native attire, with feathered headdresses.

Louis' whole aspect changes; at the advent of these men who have fought and suffered for the country, he becomes at last sin-

cere. His voice gains in nobility as he addresses them, and tells them what honor they have lent to his unworthy reign.

The Governor, moved, kneels to kiss the King's hand. As he does so he catches sight of Père Marlotte.

> *De Frontenac.* It is possible? Père Marlotte?
> *Père Marlotte* (tremulously). My children!

The whole suite and de Frontenac kneel as one man: the Indians kiss the hem of Père Marlotte's cassock. He puts his hand tremblingly on his wounded breast, and stares at the King, terrified at being so honored before him.

> *Chevalier de Frontenac* (turning to the King but still on his knees). Your Majesty has deigned to praise us for our deeds in America, but here stands the greatest of us all, Père Marlotte.
> *Louis.* Père Marlotte!
> *De Frontenac.* Sire, my conquests in the New World have left little, I fear, but whitened bones, while the victories of this little priest, victories of peace, of love, of savage hearts won and kept, will endure forever. The lilies of France would have perished in those dark and impenetrable forests had it not been for the blood and tortured body of Père Marlotte. Ah, your Majesty owes a tribute indeed to the Little Father of the Wilderness!
> *Louis.* Stay—! (He removes his hat.)
> *Louis.* The Sovereign of France kneels before you, Père Marlotte, ashamed, and he with his Court kneels to ask the blessing of the Archbishop of Toulouse!

Louis and his Court kneel at the feet of Père Marlotte, and the curtain falls as the little priest tries tremblingly to raise his hand and bless them with the Sign of the Cross, but he is overcome, and hides his face in his hands.

In modern drama there are comparatively few examples of the real, religious play, and not one has been actually so successful as was the reproduction of the old Mystery play of *Everyman,* written for all time by a monk about the tenth century, so far as can be traced. Modern mysteries like Laurence Housman's *Nativity* play, for instance, owe too much to their setting; to the luxuriance of a fine color-scheme and the help which a competent and sympathetic orchestra adds. Baldly and crudely presented as Mystery plays, and plays of every kind, were in the past, they depended upon their own merits and sincerity alone for success; there

is nothing either "precious" or artificial about the fine examples which have steered steadily towards our shores along the tide of centuries. You have only to compare Laurence Housman's beautiful play with the far more beautiful *Everyman* to see that the one has too much softness and sweetness in it to be really Catholic. In all true Catholicism the soul tastes an acrid pungent flavor; bitter-sweet as though it had been smeared with the Precious Blood.

That is why Robert Hugh Benson's Christmas play is actually a better production, although, perhaps less intrinsically artistic, than Mr. Housman's lyrical *Bethlehem,* with that "subtle literary flavor" to which Father Martindale alludes. It was a humble effort undertaken solely for God's glory, and it has lines that will live. Zachary, the old man who describes with awe to the shepherd Ezra his meeting with "the man and maid"—Joseph and Mary—whom he met toiling up the snow-covered hill, has a moment of real illumination.

Zachary. Son, when I first began
To see the couple coming up the height
I had no eyes for him: for all the night
Seemed full of glory from her face who came
So wearily.....
Ezra. Why,
What mystery you make of nothing, uncle!
Zachary. .....Aye! or *'tis*
That you make nothing of great mysteries.

Restraint and reticence are the keynotes too of Monsignor Benson's drama of John Bost's martyrdom, dealing as it does with a period which he had studied with scrupulous care. *The Cost of a Crown* is one of the most successful of the handful of plays which he wrote with such zest and ardor, and again and again we come upon passages that literally vibrate with the real Catholic note.

Hanse speaks of the dark hour in England and of how, contrary to what might have been expected, young priests going in mortal danger show no signs of fear but rather

seem to desire peril and death as others desire office and honors!

Bost. Men say there never was such madness since the days of the Apostles.
Hanse. Yes, sir. These men too are full of new wine.
Bost. God give me too a long draught of it!.....It is we

older men who need that wine of fervor more than the young who have never ceased to drink it.

Again, in the second Act:

Bost. To be a priest is joy enough for any man. But to be a priest in England at this time, why it near breaks my heart for joy!.....In darkness, God builds again His towers for England.

But it is in Act III. that Bost rises to his greatest heights:

Bost (about to be sentenced to death in its most cruel form). My lord, my Maker knows for what I shall die. (He had just been rebuked for saying he was dying for the Faith.) That is enough for me, *for He is not only my Maker, but the Maker of the Catholic Faith as well.*

Robert Hugh Benson's *Upper Room,* a play dealing with the scene of the greatest tragedy which the world has known, is much less simple and convincing. The actual story of the Passion as told in the Gospels is enough for most of us; and later additions tend rather to confuse than to diffuse the tremendous forces of the scenes. We would sooner meditate in solitude and silence upon the Way to Calvary than hear it discussed, however reverently, upon the boards of a theatre. The *Upper Room* has never been acted, but reading it we find inequalities, and it does not reach the level of his *Mystery. The Maid of Orleans,* another wholly Catholic play, frankly lacks spontaneity throughout; the characters do not live, and the critic notes "the strained elevation of its language and devotion." It strikes the reader less as being the work of one who set about the task with his usual glow and fervor than of set purpose; it has no spark of that inspiration which flamed out in nearly all Robert Hugh Benson's work as preacher, as theologian, as novelist, or as friend.

The Catholic note then, clear and deep, echoes in many instances in modern drama. But in the case of Paul Claudel, the greatest living dramatist, it thunders and reverberates. Claudel has been torn and ravaged and re-made by the Faith; his bones have crumbled into dust, and the Spirit has breathed upon that dust and warmed it into life. Real illumination has broken upon him only after he has been through the abyss of purgation. To think of him is to think instinctively in terms of symbolism; to travel with him is to climb to the spur of a lofty mountain which gives upon an unparallelled view.

For Claudel is a passionately ardent Catholic, a mystical Catholic, a fearless Catholic. He knows many things which are undreamed of by other profound and deep thinkers; his life in the East, his close study of Eastern occult subjects has helped him to realize the actual significance of words and their animating power, a mystical sense not generally understood by Western writers. He masters words, knowing that many of them contain such properties and forces as may make the man who does not master them their slave. There is one terrible passage in the *Repos du Septieme Jour* which such readers as have also studied Eastern mysticism know were transcribed at a great cost; at the price only of a conflict in which the victory was Claudel's. This, in the present writer's view, is the greatest of his dramas. It has never been acted. It tells how a Chinese Emperor voluntarily went down into hell to save his people; it plumbs depths in the deepest places of the soul more profoundly than even Claudel ventures to do elsewhere. It is a drama essentially for the serious student. The treatment of the tragedy reaches so high a level that it is only really comparable to that of the greatest Greek classic writers. And reading it you are aware at times of rolling music heard from afar, like music of the spheres. Claudel deals, then, with great elements—whirlwind, cyclone, lightning, fire. But his storms clear wastage; his lightning destroys what is rotten; his fire lifts to heaven. Catholicism penetrates him through and through. The Catholic Faith—or Christianity—is a globe which contains man and his existence—man with God. There is another globe which imprisons man and his existence. It holds man without God.

Claudel has collected his dramas together under the symbolic title of *L'Arbre,* just as Balzac collected his work under the general title of *La Comedie Humaine,* with purpose. The life of man becomes rich and full, and produces flower and fruit only so far as it is nourished by the Divine sap which gives it being. "Certainly justice is beautiful, but how much more fruitful is that tree of justice for all men when its growth is nourished by the seed of the Eucharist."[2] God, entering in, enlarges every sphere and section of a man's individual work.

The source of life flows into the great branches which stretch from either side of the giant tree, whose roots are planted deep into the soil. Love is one branch and intellect another; for the student, Claudel's plays form into groups under one of these head-

[2] *L'Annonce Faite a Marie.* Act IV.

ings or the other. His work as yet has scarcely penetrated beyond the boundaries of his own country. His style bewilders many readers; strictly speaking, the dramas are not constructed in either prose or verse, for Claudel obeys his own laws so far as these are concerned. Now and again he breaks into quite definite rhyming sounds, and he is almost always rhythmic. But close study will reveal the illuminating point that each character speaks in accordance with the harmony of its own soul. "Grant that I may be a sower of solitude, and that he who hears my word may return within himself, disturbed and sober."[3]

Claudel in this prayer, epitomizes his vocation. There comes a time in the history of certain souls, as there comes a time in the history of certain nations, when peace is possible only after war. Claudel knows no peace that is not bought at a price. Deliberately he takes his follower into far places in search of it, in rough ways, that he may come at last upon the desert, where stripped of every form of human sustenance the soul must feed upon its God or die of inanition.

Sacrifice is the dominant note of his bugle call, and it rings above the din of battle. Sacrifice transfigures, illuminates; gives beauty unimaginable. The Face of Christ, as outlined in His Blood on Veronica's handkerchief, was actually a more beautiful face than that of Jesus when He sat by the Lake of Galilee. It is a Face which once revealed can never be torn from the heart.

'Tis impossible to wipe that image from the heart—
That Face once stamped upon the linen of Veronica.....
A Face clean-cut and long, the beard envisaging the chin upon three sides;
Wearing a look so stern that terror holds us, yet so holy
That the primeval Sin
Shrinks back to its first roots; whose grief is so profound
That we but gaze, stunned like children who see their father's tears,
And knowing not why they should fall, can only say, "he weeps."[4]

The anæmic Catholic, the slack Catholic, the Catholic without zeal, the man who expects his God only to give him such things as obviously are recognizable as bounties, the man who is afraid to act as the unworthy channel of God's Infinite Grace—these are depicted again and again by Claudel with pitiless analysis. But he shows you, too, with equally unswerving accuracy the soul that triumphs; the soul that stumbling, weak, blinded by its own

[3] *Cinq Grandes Odes.* [4] *La Ville.* Act III.

blood and tears, holds on in spite of repeated failure. The choice of doing or not doing the "thing for which you were created and put into the world," comes to each man in his day. He may rebel as Sygne de Coûfontaine does, piteously, in *L'Otage,* but once God has smitten a stone, He inexorably awaits the gushing forth of water, as Moses of old waited for it to flow from the rock.

In the second act of *L'Otage,* Monsieur Badillon, the curé counsels Sygne de Coûfontaine to be the wife of Toussaint, Baron de Turelure, the son of the servant of the house, who "stands for all that she hates," the man whose hands are stained with the blood of many of her own people and of holy priests, and will be stained by more; an act which compels her ultimately to make over to him the title, the heritage of the beloved cousin in whose service she has spent her life, and to whom she is just betrothed. The Holy Father, old and feeble, just rescued from prison by that same cousin, Georges, is in hiding in their house. He is the hostage demanded by the enemy, Turelure, if Sygne denies him.

Monsieur Badillon. The Pope is hidden here, and is in your care.

Sygne (turning to the Crucifix). Unhappy the woman whom Thou visitest!

Monsieur Badillon. I seem to hear him answer: *You yourself brought me here.*

Sygne. I have held You in my arms, and I know Your infinite weight.....[5]

Monsieur Badillon. But burdens are for the strong.

Sygne. I know now why You helped me, and why I rebuilt our house, not for myself—

Monsieur Badillon. But so that the Holy Father might find shelter here!.....Sygne, save him!.....

Sygne. Never at such a cost! No, no! No! I cannot .....I will never degrade my body; I will never degrade my name.....

Monsieur Badillon. Not even for Christ's sake?

Sygne (looking at the Crucifix). How bitterly You mock me!.....Georges.....I must think of Georges.....He is poor and lonely.....

Monsieur Badillon (looking at the Crucifix). And He is poorer still, and far more lonely.....

Sygne. Georges, then, must die, that an old, feeble man may live!.....

[5] *L'Otage.* Act II.

Monsieur Badillon. It was Georges himself who sought him out and brought him here.

Sygne. Oh, may God fulfill His duty as I fulfill mine!

Monsieur Badillon. My child, who is weaker and more wholly piteous than God, when He can do nothing without our help?

Sygne. You ask me, then, to save the Pope at the cost of my own soul!

Monsieur Badillon. God forbid!.....

Sygne (brokenly). Pity me!

Monsieur Badillon. God grant that I may be as a real father to you, not as a heartless torturer.....God never asks superficial things from us, my child, but deep ones. Bloody sacrifices are worthless in His eyes, but He accepts the gifts which His beloved offers from the heart.....

Sygne (brokenly). Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned .....I love Georges of whom I spoke to you just now..... How can God ask me to leave him, and to be false.

Monsieur Badillon. You have been called to this vocation—to serve the Father of mankind. You must renounce your love, your name, your cause, your worldly honor; giving your very self into the hands of a butcher, and taking him for your husband, just as Christ gave Himself to be devoured of Judas .....He never asks light sacrifices from us, but deep ones.....And in tempting you, I tempt your weakness, not your strength.....

Sygne. I then, Sygne, Comtesse de Coûfontaine, I of my own free will am to marry Toussaint Turelure, the son of my servant, and of the wizard, Quiriace; and he, the butcher of ninety-three, wet with the blood of my own people, will take me in his arms, will have his will of me.....And I must bear him children, children to blend us and make us indissolubly one.....

Monsieur Badillon. Neither God nor man can force such a sacrifice from you!

Sygne. But what then forces me?.....

Monsieur Badillon. Oh, little soul—child of God! It is for you voluntarily to choose.....

Sygne. I cannot!.....And yet—oh, God, Thou knowest that I love Thee!

Monsieur Badillon. But not enough to bear being spat upon, and depised; to wear the crown of thorns; to be disfigured; to stand naked before men and be nailed to the Cross.....

Sygne. Jesus....Friend! How hard it is to wound You....

Monsieur Badillon. But easy after all to do Your will.....

Sygne. Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, have pity upon me!

Monsieur Badillon. He is with you, now.....

Sygne. Thy Will, not mine, be done, oh, Saviour.....

Monsieur Badillon. Do you mean that, my child? Is the struggle over?

Sygne. Thy Will, not mine.....Lord, let Thy Will be done.....not mine.....

Claudel sees that life without God is narrow, cramped, confined. It stands for imprisonment or asphyxiation. Life with God is breadth, loftiness, escape, the power to soar and to breathe in other-worldly dimensions.

Cœuvre in *La Ville,* formerly only a poet, returns home as a bishop to the city which in his youth kept him enchained, to conquer and redeem it by conversion. "In the depth of study I found a new birth. Henceforth I will make amends for my hesitating weakness, and on the ruins of the City of Dreams I will begin to build up certainty."

Ivors, his son, a modern Thomas, asks him how he can be expected to believe in a God Who hides from the sight of man, and speaks in a Voice which only saints can understand?

Ivors. God? He eludes the quest of my intellect. If I cannot know Him, what have I to do with Him? And, pray, how am I to learn what I cannot understand?

Cœuvre. The whirlpool which engulfs the rash swimmer, the tiger that holds a pig in its claw, need no word or phrase to make themselves understood. No part of us escapes His power. Fire does not select its fuel, but consumes all alike, dung and wood, flowers and the fruits, hide and flesh. But immortal man is susceptible of an unquenchable fire in which his entire self is consummated in being consumed.

This analogy of the consuming spiritual flame occurs again and again in Claudel's plays. Violaine, in *L'Annonce Faite a Marie,* uses it as a symbol for willing sacrifice in the first act, when so far as she is concerned the flame has as yet served only to guide her towards the altar upon which presently she will be laid to burn with immortal fire.

Violaine. Be worthy of the flame that consumes you! If it be necessary that you immolate yourself, let it be upon a can-

delabra of gold after the manner of the Paschal Candle in full view of the choir for the glory of the whole Church.

Later on, as outcast and leper, her beauty gone, sightless and mocked by the peasants who grudge her a crust even on the vigil of Christmas, when the rose-leaf touch of the Holy Child's fingers melts most frozen human hearts, she compares the love of God to "the heat of the wood when fire seizes it," while Mara, her sister, ironically scoffs at her patient acceptance of loss and torment.

In the last act, dying, murdered by Mara, she tells Jacques Hury, Mara's husband, whom Violaine gave up that her sister might be happy. "Happy those who suffer and who know for what good cause.....many things are consumed by the fire of the heart that suffers."

Enough has been said to show the quality and scope of Claudel's work. It soars and quickens. It has the ring of Truth in every line. And Truth has a quality all her own. Ignorantly, we may mistake other objects for her, or even wish that she conformed to some other likeness, more accessible, but meeting her we know her as we know the approach of dawn. To deny her is merely a phase of self-deception. Her look is crystal-clear and poignant; her eyes contain all essential wisdom, and flame immortal glows in her, as Claudel shows in three-fold fire, first to consume, and then to vitalize and re-create.

Truth is gallant and invincible; her enemies try in vain to besmirch the fairness of her body. For her beauty is made of lasting elements, and mighty and firm and yet delicately poised she stands, as one with wings who of free choice flies not, but stays immovable, making a living bridge between man's error and God's apprehension.

Catholicism is Truth, which is why her voice unlike any other voice in the world rings like a clarion call to the sleeping soul, and why her words have supernatural force and, sent out in the void, become as lances which thrust home into vital parts. They echo and reverberate in whatever language they are uttered; the Divine Breath of God vibrates within them, and so they break upon us like a flood. For Truth is Truth, whether we meet her in the pages of classic literature, or find her, audible, in great modern drama such as Paul Claudel's.

OLD WINE AND NEW BOTTLES.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

I DARESAY," said Raymond d'Argnes to himself, "it isn't the proper thing"—but he did it. That is to say he sat down upon one of the benches in the Champs Elysées. And he sat down because he found himself more tired by a very moderate amount of walking than he had expected.

It will be obvious from his uncertainty as to the correctness or incorrectness of sitting down in the Champs Elysées that he was not Parisian; nor was he, in spite of his name, French. Though his family came from Normandy it was English: if eight centuries and a half in England could make it so.

He sat down, and laid on the seat beside him the walking stick that he had found more necessary than he had thought it would be. He turned to his right, and looked upon the long perspective of the most splendid avenue in any city in the world, as it curved up to the magnificent Arch of Triumph, beneath which only troops returning from victory may pass. Turning to his left he saw the avenue end in the vast open space that has had so many names—Place Louis Quinze, Place de la Paix, Place de la Révolution and, at last and still, Place de la Concorde—in whose midst stands the Egyptian monolith on the spot where the ancient monarch of France was martyred.

Then he glanced with half-inattentive eyes at the stream of folk passing either way. Of the men, at least nine in ten were French soldiers, and it seemed to him that nine in ten of them were wounded. There was the real *poilu,* not absolutely young, and seeming older by reason of his hirsute and shaggy chin and neck. But there were many more to whom the term *poilu* could only be applied generally, quite young, smart, well-shorn and shaven, nearly all handsome, all with expressive faces. The women, except the very poorest, were almost all in mourning; but Raymond thought with relief that in France deep mourning is worn for relations that in England would not be considered very near.

Two ladies passed quite near his seat, at a moment when there was a sort of gap in the stream; for perhaps half a minute no one else had gone by down the broad walk, though there were strollers under the trees behind him.

The ladies might be mother and daughter: the elder not more than forty-five, if so much; the younger twenty perhaps. Both were rather tall, and there was a resemblance in their figures, as in their walk and manner, as frequently happens in the case of members of the same family who are constantly in each other's company. They were talking, as they passed, and their voices, he thought, had the same tone; but that might have been his fancy, for they did not speak loudly. They spoke French, and French they undoubtedly were.

The elder lady glanced at him, not as she went by, but just before they came up, and he could see that she noted he was wounded. For a fraction of a moment his eyes and the lady's met, then she turned hers away; but even in that instant she somehow conveyed the impression of sympathy and respect. It did not amount to a smile, even the gravest smile: it was rather like an effort to restrain a motherly benison. The younger lady, he imagined, had not noticed his presence at all. His eyes still followed them when they had gone by. Then his eyes dropped, and he saw on the ground, six paces from his seat, a very small case, probably a cardcase. He had no doubt at all to whom it belonged: only one of the two ladies could have dropped it. It had not been there before they passed. He immediately got up, and having picked it up went after them. The case was quite small, of polished leather, hard and with a fine grain in it, and dyed green—almost like the old-fashioned shagreen; in one corner was a tiny coronet.

The ladies walked quickly, and he had to do the same, but he found his knee more painful and he limped a little. Still he did not doubt he would overtake them. Unfortunately, it began to rain and quite heavily. He could see the two ladies in front, but he saw also that they were going to take a taxi. He felt he must do the same and so looked about for one. A dozen were hurrying towards the Arch of Triumph, but all were occupied; several passed in the other direction, but they also were occupied. The two ladies had found one free and had taken it.

"I *must* catch them," he thought, "perhaps there's money in this case."

Presently a taxi swerved in towards the curb, and Raymond saw that an observant French soldier had understood his predicament and had signaled it. The young cuirassier smiled and Raymond thanked him.

"'Tis nothing," said the soldier. "Monsieur was half occupied looking after the two ladies who went away in the other taxi. I happened to see this one coming and free." He opened the door and shut it, with another pleasant smile, when Raymond got in, then he saluted.

"Follow that other taxi," the cuirassier said to the driver, "monsieur wishes to overtake it." With a final smile he turned away, quite happy in the belief that he was assisting at a little romance. The driver had not argued, he did not object. "There are forty taxis—which taxi?" but pushed down his label and made off. He picked up the other taxi, and soon drew near enough to note its number. Then perhaps he thought he might as well not make the journey too short; possibly he could have overtaken it sooner. It turned at the Place de la Concorde towards the Hôtel Clisson, and there were many others making the same sweep to the left. It turned again left, towards the Madeleine, where there was much more traffic. Passing the big church, it took the left still and went swiftly along the Boulevard Malesherbes, where the traffic, still considerable, was not so great, and the pursued taxi was easier to pick out. The shower had stopped, and the glistening pavement was no longer pitted with heavy plashes of rain. At the open place in front of the Church of St. Augustine the taxi containing the two ladies again took the left, and bore uphill towards the group of rather solemn, old-fashioned, but highly respectable, squares of tall houses. Into one of them it turned and drew up about the middle of the west side.

Raymond's taxi drew in just behind it; he got out and paid the man. The two ladies were standing upon the still wet and shining pavement.

"Claire," the elder lady was saying, "have you any money? I had some in my cardcase, but I can't find it....."

"Madame," said Raymond, limping forward, "it is here. Madame dropped it in the Champs Elysées soon after passing the place where I was sitting, and I saw it and.....here it is."

"And you have taken so much trouble to follow us," said the lady smiling, and her smile was just what Raymond expected—gracious, friendly and sincere.

"That," declared the young man, smiling too, "was common honesty."

"Perhaps. But extreme courtesy."

She had taken the little case from his hand, and had drawn from it a note and offered it to the taxi-driver.

"Madame, it is for a hundred francs. I have not change enough."

"Would you allow me to pay him, madame?" Raymond suggested. And he stepped forward and did so without waiting a verbal permission.

"And now," said the lady, "that you have paid *him,* comes my common honesty. I must pay *you.* Will you come in and I will get change?"

Raymond was delighted, and followed the two ladies to the door of the large, somewhat austere looking house. Over the entrance was a shield of arms, surmounted by the same coronet as he had seen upon the cardcase. When he had rung, the door was opened by an aged man-servant, and all three passed in. The hall was wide and high, and flagged with squares of black and white marble; the stairs were very broad and shallow; one could easily have ridden up them. At the head of them was a gallery hung with portraits, large and imposing, evidently representing distinguished personages, mostly in court dress. From the gallery several tall and wide doors opened, and through one of them madame led the way into a spacious salon.

"And now," said the lady, "let me pay you my debt of thanks.....the other little debt I could have paid downstairs, for old Jean has always plenty of money! But I preferred to give you the further trouble of coming up here that I might thank you less hurriedly."

"What I did was nothing," protested Raymond. "My only fear was less my taxi should miss yours. If it had, I would have looked for your card inside."

But the address is not on the cards—only Hôtel d'Argnes.

Raymond's eyes lightened with a look of surprise.

"You say, madame," he asked, "that this house is the Hôtel d'Argnes?"

"Yes; I am Madame d'Argnes."

"That is odd," he said, smiling, "for if my mother were in France she would also be Madame d'Argnes."

"Really! That *is* interesting. But—if you are not in a great

hurry—will you not sit down? You ought not to stand long, for I see you are wounded."

"Oh, I am nearly quite well. I was wounded in the knee weeks ago. I am in hospital at Versailles, and they gave me leave to come to Paris to see my half-brother who is in an embassy, but I found he had gone to Chantilly; so I was strolling about."

The old butler had re-appeared and was setting out little tables for tea.

"Do tell me, if it is not too inquisitive," begged madame, "about Madame d'Argnes. I never knew I had an English prototype."

"Well—d'Argnes is the surname of my family. My half-brother's name is Furnival."

"I have met him," she interrupted, "he is much older than you."

"Oh, yes. Eight years older."

"Well, monsieur, *our* surname is not d'Argnes. It is de la Mer. But my husband's title is Count d'Argnes."

"That again is odd, for the founder of our family was Count d'Argnes. He was an uncle of William the Conqueror, and came with him to England, and our surname has been d'Argnes ever since. But his lands and castle in Normandy were lost to him before he came to England.

"It is really strange and very interesting. But, monsieur, I am afraid we are not relations, for our family had nothing to do with the reigning house of Normandy. It was only in the sixteenth century that the Château d'Argnes was granted by Francis I. to one of the de la Mers; and now it does not belong to us, but is, as perhaps you know, a national monument."

"I'm sorry," said Raymond, "that we are not relations."

"Papa," observed mademoiselle, "will be disappointed."

"My husband," said madame, "is a great genealogist. Jean, will you tell the Count that tea is ready?"

"Mother," remarked mademoiselle in excellent English, "could not live without her tea. Papa rather despises it, and says it does away with any advantage in having a good cook, since it spoils your dinner."

"It never spoils mine," said Raymond.

A distinguished-looking, rather lean, gentleman of about sixty came in, and the Countess said to him:

"I have an interesting introduction to make—Monsieur d'Argnes, Monsieur d'Argnes."

The Count bowed, smiled, and held out a thin hand cordially.

"But now, Henriette," he begged, "will you explain?"

"My husband," declared the Countess, "has no patience. He always reads the last chapter of a novel first."

"I see no use in suffering anxiety concerning people who never existed. Claire, can *you* explain the mystery?"

"It seems to me, papa, that this gentlemen is a real d'Argnes, and you only a nominal one."

Then the Countess gave the explanation, concluding with: "But after all, we are not relations. Is it not a pity?"

"Wait a bit," said the Count, "I know all about it. I know all about William, Count d'Argnes, the Conqueror's uncle. He belongs to history. And also I know about the English family of the same name who belong—"

"Only to Devonshire," laughed Raymond, "when my Uncle Robert wants to tease my father he says we are famous for never having done anything in particular for eight centuries and a half."

"I am quite sure," continued the Count, "that my wife is mistaken in saying we are not relations. Our name of de la Mer is the English name Delamere, and one of our family married an English lady, Adelais d'Argnes of the Devonshire family."

"So," observed the Countess demurely, "we are cousins. I began," she continued wickedly, "our acquaintance in a cousinly fashion by borrowing money."

The Count looked rather shocked; so shocked that his wife explained matters hastily.

"Claire," he remarked presently, "aren't you stifled in that long coat? Do take it off."

Mademoiselle obeyed and displayed a white nursing dress.

"Claire," her mother explained to Raymond, "nurses in one of the hospitals in the Champs Elysées; today her time was up at three and I had gone to fetch her home when you saw me."

"Tea," observed the Count, "is but a poor sort of hospitality. I hope, Henriette, you will make monsieur stay to dinner."

"I believe," declared mademoiselle, "that we have been wrong all the time, and he is not Monsieur d'Argnes at all."

"Claire!" cried her father.

"I've been reading the stars (only on his shoulder, papa!) and I'm sure he is a captain."

"Unfortunately," said the young man in a low voice, "it is true. I should not be a captain if all my friends were alive."

"Ah," said the Countess, almost in a whisper, "the sad, sad war."

Again Raymond thought how tender and delicate was the little glance of sympathy she gave him, how kindly, how motherly.

His promotion had cost him the loss of the best friend he had ever had.

"Our own boy's place at our table," the Countess said gently, "is empty. He is fighting for France. Will you not take his place tonight?"

Chapter II.

Raymond d'Argnes was sent home to England, but before many weeks had passed he was back in France; not in Paris now, but in the fighting line, and at a point where the English and French troops nearly overlapped. From England he had written more than once to his kind friends of the d'Argnes family, and his photograph stood on the writing table of the Countess' own boudoir, close to that of her own son. She had opened her heart to the young English officer: he was just what she admired, brave and quiet, simple and gentle. It was only from English newspapers that she learned how greatly he had distinguished himself. The Count had brought them home.

"There," he had observed. "See now, what your captain did! And not a word about it to us. The Victoria Cross is the highest reward of valor the English have."

"And many sergeants and corporals have won it," observed Claire with demure malice.

"Claire," cried her father, "you are a little Jacobin."

"Claire," said her mother carelessly, "was not so taken with our cousin as I was."

"It is only married ladies of forty-five who allow themselves to fall in love at first sight nowadays," said the Count, with almost a wink at his daughter.

"I was only forty-three last Wednesday," pleaded the Countess, "it is ungenerous to lean upon a fact so recent."

"Apart from all this frivolity," said Claire, "are you going to let me go to St. Just?"

St. Just was a town in the north of France, not forty kilometres from the fighting lines. There was an auxiliary hospital there, under the auspices of the Women of France and more assistants had been asked for. The head of the Association had just called, and requested her parents to allow Claire to fill one of the vacancies.

The Count had several objections to the plan; he was old-fashioned, and it was not in accordance with his ideas that his daughter should be a nurse in a hospital far from home.

Claire was not at all sure that her mother would take her part, and sent a most grateful glance to her when madame said:

"Adrien, I should be quite of your opinion if Claire had to go and live in a hospital of which we knew nothing. But the auxiliary hospital at St. Just is really a convent of Reparatrice Nuns, and the Reverend Mother herself is an old schoolmate of mine. With her Claire would be in good hands. Moreover, if you do not wish Claire to live in the convent, she might stop with her cousin, Madame de St. Hilaire, who is Head Nurse at the hospital. She has a house at St. Just, and would be delighted to have Claire with her."

"If she is to go, it certainly would be far better for Claire's health that she stay with Madame de St. Hilaire. She would thus have change of scene every day and some pleasant recreation. To tell the truth, I think a change from Paris, after more than a year here, would do Claire good rather than harm. You know she was never here for so long a time together in her life before."

After a good deal of discussion—the Count rather liked discussion and hated precipitancy—it was settled that Claire might go.

Chapter III.

One night, when Claire was on duty, a large convoy of wounded was brought into the hospital at St. Just. A warning had come earlier in the week that a larger number than usual might be expected, and special preparations had been made. Everyone was very busy; stretchers came in what seemed an unending procession; and many operations had to be performed at once. Most of the cases seemed serious enough; some very terrible.

Claire was working in the same ward with Stéphanie, her

hostess' daughter, and they were both of them fully occupied, silent and business-like. Presently Madame de St. Hilaire, herself, came into the ward and said to her daughter:

"Claire speaks English well does she not? Yes? Well, there are several English brought in with our people, and I have been able to have them put all together in the same ward—the Good Shepherd ward, on the ground floor. I think I will transfer Claire to it, and give you Marie Duphot here instead. Claire will be more useful there, for Marie talks no English."

She went across to Marie and told her of the arrangement, taking her off at once.

In the Good Shepherd ward were fifteen beds, and in four of them lay wounded English: a sergeant, two privates and an officer.

"Here they are," said Madame de St. Hilaire in a low voice, "what a comfort it will be for the poor fellows to hear their own language."

At first Claire only spoke a few words to each by way of introducing herself, and showing them that there was a nurse who spoke English, and, as madame had said, they seemed immensely pleased to find someone whom they could understand.

It was the officer to whom she came last.

"Captain d'Argnes!" she exclaimed as soon as she saw him.

"Your brother?" cried Madame de St. Hilaire thrown off her guard with surprise. "But surely no! He is an English officer, is he not?"

"Certainly. But he has our name and we know him."

At that moment one of the soldiers, the first she had spoken to, called to Claire: "Please, Sister," he said, and she turned at once and went to him.

"Madame!" whispered Raymond to the Head Nurse, "would you mind bending down, I want to say something quickly."

"Ah! you talk French!" said madame, doing as he had asked.

"Madame, that nurse's brother is here; wounded badly I fear—you did not know? He was brought in with me. He is over there, in that bed opposite. Do not let her find him without preparation. He is either unconscious or asleep. I do not know which; nor how badly he is hit; but I know he is Lieutenant d'Argnes; and he is exactly like her, still more like her father, only very boyish. He is a cuirassier, and there is a wounded soldier of his regiment here too; I had met him once in Paris, and we recognized

each other and talked a little at the dressing station. He told me first that the young officer was Lieutenant d'Argnes—there is no mistake."

"I will at once do what you suggest. Thank you very much indeed, monsieur. But how are you wounded yourself?"

"A bit of shrapnel in my lung. Please, madame, would you do that at once."

"Yes, I will, at once. But you; you must be in horrible pain."

"Enough to satisfy me: but please....."

And Madame de St. Hilaire, full of admiration for the courage and thoughtfulness of the wounded man, moved across to where the French Lieutenant lay. She did not think, so far as she could judge, that he was so dangerously wounded as the English officer. Nor did she think he was unconscious, but only dozing. And she was right. As she stooped down over him he opened his eyes and smiled.

"You are Monsieur d'Argnes, are you not?" she asked gently.

"Yes, of the Ninth Cuirassiers."

"I know your friends. I am Madame de St. Hilaire, and my husband and I are old friends of your father's. A relation of yours is nursing here and I don't want her to see you suddenly. Where is your wound?"

"Only in my hip. But I lost a good deal of blood, and it makes me weak. So I doze often. Madame, I know which relation it is. For I have heard of Claire being under your care."

"But she does not know you are here. I do not want you to speak to her till I have told her....."

And madame left him to rejoin his namesake by whose bed Claire was now again standing. She knew already where Raymond was wounded, and that it was very dangerous. But, of course, she was talking cheerfully.

"And the piece of shrapnel had not been removed yet?"

"No, mademoiselle. It is too firmly fixed, but the doctors say it may loosen. I have to be patient. They dared not operate at the dressing station. Presently your doctors here may see their way to do so."

"Claire," said madame, "go and get him some soup—what you English call beef tea, eh."

"I have seen her brother," she went on, when Claire had gone. "He knows she is here. Now I will go after her and let her know. If patience is to cure you, my dear Captain, you will do well."

Chapter IV.

Raymond was fully aware of the gravity of his condition, though he said nothing about it, and bore his greatest sufferings with cheerful patience. What added to them was that he coughed almost incessantly, and each cough caused real agony. It might, however, be that the coughing would tend to dislodge the piece of shrapnel embedded in the lung. It had entered through the back, and there was no wound in front. The doctors in charge of the hospital were very skillful, and only too willing to operate and indeed attempted to do so, but found it impossible to remove the bit of shell without almost certainly fatal risk to the patient's life. The chances were all against his recovery, and he knew that it was so. So did all about him; but he continued to be thoroughly cheerful, and gave far less trouble than many a man only superficially wounded. His doctors and nurses, therefore, soon grew very fond of him, and so did the other patients, his neighbors.

The young cuirassier who had arrived at the same time was orderly to Lieutenant d'Argnes, and was the soldier who had called the taxi for Raymond that afternoon, months before, in the Champs Elysées. He was wounded in one foot, but soon began hopping about the ward, the foot swathed in bulky bandages, and acting as "orderly man." He was a most engaging creature; full of good spirit and fuller of kind-heartedness. He made himself generally useful, but took special care of his own master, and was also particularly glad to do anything for the English captain who had his master's name.

There were two regular orderlies in the ward, and they also seemed to have special pleasure in attending to Raymond, not only because he was more dangerously wounded than any other patient in the ward, but also because he was a stranger in a strange land. Of these two orderlies the elder was about eight and twenty, the younger not more than nineteen.

"Monsieur," asked Madame de St. Hilaire, on the morning after Raymond's arrival, "if you would rather be alone, there is a tiny room I could give you. But it is very small, and it is not specially cheerful for it has but a small window, and the trees outside make it rather dark. Of course, you would be quieter, but perhaps you might find it less cheerful."

"Yes, madame, I think I would. And I like to see my neigh-

bors here. Thank you so much for thinking of it, but I would rather stay where I am."

Madame de St. Hilaire hesitated a moment, then said:

"It is our custom to write to the friends of any patients who cannot write themselves. Should you like us to do so for you?"

"I believe I could write—though not a very long letter. Perhaps you would also write to my mother. I will give you the address and tell her, if she would be allowed, to come here. You will not, I am sure, frighten her; but she would much rather know the exact truth. And the exact truth is that I shall probably not get over this."

"I will certainly write. Your mother, of course, knows French like yourself? Yes, I thought so. But I cannot tell her that I think you will probably not get over this, for I have a conviction that you will. I have been doing this work for fifteen months now, and I have almost always been right: even sometimes when the doctors thought there was hardly any hope, and that is not their opinion now. I have also to write to the other Madame d'Argnes, for Henri had a hemorrhage early this morning and he is not so well. Claire knows: it happened before her night-duty had ended."

When she perceived how this news troubled Raymond she was sorry she had told him.

"I had understood from Claire," she said, "that you did not know Henri."

"No, I do not. But he looks such a boy, it seems pitiful that he should suffer so much."

"But you," said the woman, smiling, "you do not look a very old man."

"I am six and twenty."

A little later, when the elder of the two orderlies was attending to him, Raymond asked:

"How is he? Monsieur d'Argnes, I mean."

"Oh, just the same. No worse, if another hemorrhage does not occur. And one hopes there will be no other. He does not fidget, but lies absolutely still, and that is a great thing."

Raymond perceived by his voice and his whole manner that he was well-bred.

"You yourself are a soldier—in the Chasseurs á pied, are you not?"

"I was with my regiment in the Argonne, but lost my right

eye, quite at the beginning of the war. This is a glass one. Now I am doing this work."

"Monsieur," Raymond asked in a still lower voice, "has he—Monsieur d'Argnes—seen a priest?"

"Ah! you are a Catholic?"

"No. But half the men in my regiment are Irish and Catholic, and I know that to see a priest is what they think most of when they are even a little wounded. I will tell you the truth: I have seen so much in this war, that if I understood more about it, I should like to be a Catholic myself."

"Monsieur, I am myself a priest, a monk too. I don't look much of a monk in this tunic, do I? And the other—the young orderly (he is not strictly an orderly but what we call a stretcher-bearer)—he is to be a priest too. He is what we call a seminarian; only now the war has come to interrupt his studies; but I do not think these works of charity he is doing will injure him."

"What a beautiful face he has; not handsome, but with a singular expression of holiness."

"Yes. He is a good boy. But, monsieur, do you know that it makes you cough to talk, and that I should not allow it."

"I'm not sure that it does make me cough more. It takes my mind off, and the cough comes from a sort of irritation."

The young priest thought. "A sort of irritation. If I had a jagged bit of shrapnel in my lung I wonder if I should call it a sort of irritation. One is always at school, and the Schoolmaster sets many different pupil-teachers over one."

By the time Madame d'Argnes arrived from Paris, Raymond was much worse; her own boy not at all worse, if not decidedly better. She grieved to see the young Englishman in so grave a condition, and her son seemed full of interest about him.

"Henri," she said gently, "he is interested in you too, and he asked a question about you, just as you are asking me questions about him."

"Claire says he is always asking her about me."

"Yes. But this question he did not ask Claire. She does not know."

"Well, what did he ask?"

"He wanted to know if you had seen a priest."

"Mamma," answered the lad, "I have seen thousands of priests." And he gave a little laugh.

"Yes. But you know quite well what he means."

"Is he a *bigot?*"

"He is not even a Catholic."

"Isn't that odd?" I can't understand not being a Catholic. But then I am French."

"And yet you only think it a joke when—"

"Not a joke at all, mamma," laughed Henri, "just the opposite. It is a very bad joke to die; and it is when one has to do that that a priest becomes necessary. By and by."

"That bad joke of dying—we all have to make it."

"Some time, yes. But there's no hurry. I'm only twenty-one."

"My little Henri, I hope you will live seventy years."

"At ninety I shall send for a priest—on my birthday. I promise."

"I hope you will not wait till so many years after I shall have made your bad joke. But I think if you did, you would be ashamed to do it then. Do you think Christ only wants dotards? You would think it mean to offer Him your dotage after keeping all the good years for yourself."

"Mamma!" said the lad, still teasing her, "I will send for a priest—even if I am quite well—the day Captain d'Argnes sends for one."

Chapter V.

When Raymond's mother arrived he seemed to her less gravely ill than she had feared to find him. But she soon understood that he was much worse than she had feared. No operation had been possible, and he was much weaker. Almost all food, even the lightest, made him sick, and he was much weaker. The cough still continued and shook him to pieces. He could talk very little, though he could read, and she often sat silently, knitting by his side while he read.

One morning while the doctors and nurses were changing his dressings, she went to the chapel of the convent and knelt down to pray there. At the other end of the little church a nun was kneeling before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. Presently, a bell rang and the Sister rose, and came down the church, passing close to Madame d'Argnes. As she went by she bent her head in a courteous salutation.

"Sister," said Raymond's mother, leaning towards her:

"Madame."

"Sister, when you again come to pray here, will you pray for my boy?"

"We are all praying for him. I was praying for him when the bell rang; it was hard to stop, but Our Lady will take my obedience for a prayer—I was asking her to do something."

"What?" whispered the poor mother.

"To send her own Son to him. To let Him be your son's doctor Himself. 'You can spare Him for a little while,' I told her, 'you have Him at your side for all eternity.'"

To the Protestant lady, though she was not at all bigoted, the nun's way seemed quaint, almost too quaintly familiar, and yet its simplicity moved her, and then it was so tender.

"Ah!" she whispered, "I wish He would go."

The nun hesitated a moment and then said simply:

"He will go. It is His business. His own business."

Raymond's mother turned her eyes for an instant towards the place where the nun had come and was startled. The sister saw the look upon her face, and was about to turn involuntarily in the direction Raymond's mother was looking, when the latter, yielding to some impulse, said hurriedly, laying her hand on Mother Genevieve's sleeve:

"No. Please do not look?"

The nun obeyed, and saying, "I must go—you will pardon me," moved noiselessly on her way down the aisle.

"Now, Mother," she said in her heart as she went away, "show this other mother what you can do. Make your Son give her hers."

That "other poor mother" was looking with awed eyes up the little church towards the altar where Mother Genevieve had been praying. Over it, in a niche, stood a figure, life-size, of God's own great Mother. A shaft of light shone upon it and brought out all the colors—the blue mantle flowered with lily-heads, the soft brown kirtle powdered with golden stars, the long dark auburn hair, the jeweled crown. The altar itself was in shadow, so were the plants and flowers decorating it. But, whereas when the nun had knelt before it, the Virgin Mother's arms had clasped her Son close to her shoulder and her heart, it seemed to Raymond's mother that they were empty now.

"He has gone," she said, not aloud. She still looked and the arms were still empty.

"He has gone," she said again.

And then, not willfully disbelieving, but yielding to innate habit of repulsion from the supernatural and miraculous, she thought:

"Impossible. I am superstitious. I will go."

And she rose to go back to her son. As she left the place where she knelt she did as the nun had done, and bent her knee to the tabernacle.

"He is *there* anyway," she thought, "I believe that."

Her obeisance, because she was not used to it, was not the same as the nun's; it was such a profound bending of the whole body as is given at court to a sovereign.

"The King of kings," she thought, as she bent low.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE COWARD.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

It lies before my wounded feet:
The cross I am to bear.
Blocking my path, it frightens me
To see it lying there.

And yet, I dare not turn away,
Nor yet dare go around.
God, give me strength to carry it:
The thing upon the ground.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

THE National Conference of Catholic Charities held its fourth biennial meeting at the Catholic University, September 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th. It was attended by five hundred delegates. No description can give to one who was not present an adequate impression of the meaning of the Conference to the men and women who spent those days in intensive study of Catholic Charity. Canada, Oregon, Texas, Louisiana and Maine mark the outer limits of the districts represented among them. The printed report of the Conference will appear early in 1917. The tedious labor of editing the two hundred and forty-eight thousand word record necessarily delays its appearance. That report will furnish opportunity to study the settled thought of the Conference and the arguments by which policies were supported or opposed. Were no permanent record at all of the proceedings to appear, the experience of those days would give to those who shared them abundant compensation for the sacrifices of convenience that made them possible. An interpretation of certain aspects of the meeting is offered while the memory of it is still vivid and the influence of its atmosphere is widely felt.

I.

The first impression which struck an interested observer at the Conference was that everything related to it quivered with life. No shadow of lassitude or indifference was found anywhere. Everything about the atmosphere and the delegates and the meetings betokened vitality. Vital topics were under discussion. Vital interest in them had brought these hundreds together. One found on all sides eagerness to learn, alert search for definite information, inquiry after principles, comparisons of method and experience. Numerous meetings were called spontaneously during the intervals intended for rest and recreation. From nine in the morning until eleven at night the halls of the University were peopled with men

and women whose active personal interest in problems of relief was astonishing.

There was in this quickened interest a peculiar touch of self-realization and of the mental vigor that follows it. The hundreds of delegates had come from many cities and many states in order to teach and in order to learn. They had been thinking and working in their own circles in orderly and even activity without particular stimulation or occasion for it. But once they entered the atmosphere of the Conference, experience and views melted into the collective spirit of the meeting and quickened minds into energy and speech. Experience became vital. Attitudes charged suddenly with unaccustomed energy took on new importance. Fluency displaced shyness and timidity yielded to self-confidence. Everyone was alert. Everyone appeared well informed at some point or other. Views and experience were vitalized. Hence the impression of available power and conscious purpose that the most casual observer discovered without any effort at all.

In this experience of the delegates, charity took on greatly enhanced prestige both as an organic part of the life of the individual Christian and as a fundamental interest of the Church. This is an important point that might be easily overlooked. In spite of our best will and honest spiritual impulses, duty, business, social relations and reasonable ambitions drive charity into a second place in life. Although we look upon it as primary in the Christian dispensation, it is in our experience and as a factor in our average judgments, secondary. During the days of the Conference charity was held in supreme honor. Here at least was an oasis in the desert. Here was a tiny world in which the law of Christ could be for the moment seen and loved in its own appealing splendor. During these days the consuming passion was to learn how to give, not how to get, to find out the best way to serve, not a way to command. Here at least for a moment was respite from selfishness, release from the tyranny of circumstance that hinders one from obeying a great ideal. The collective soul of the Conference caught and asserted the sense of supernatural values that accepts charity as Christ declared it.

Here, too, the delegates discovered anew the place that charity holds among the impulses of the Church's heart. Here the charity of today found an historical background that gave it new meaning and prophetic power. At this gathering one became conscious of the great, quiet, ceaseless and reverent activity fostered by the Church in

her historical rôle of the Samaritan. It is not strange then that so many of the delegates referred frequently to this experience as a new realization of the place of charity in the Christian life. Everyone seemed filled with a sense of definite acquisition. Delegates indicated new inspiration that had touched the soul, new information that started promising trains of thought, new impulse to give more generous service to the cause of poverty. One met everywhere this sense of acquisition, this feeling that one had discovered new fountains of joy and new sources of power during these unselfish days.

II.

It is the chief business of a Charities Conference to bring to expression differences of opinion. If there were no differences of opinion there could be no conferences, nor would there be any need of them. They who think and they who do will inevitably disagree in some way as to principle, method or interpretation. This is as true in the field of charity as it is in the field of politics or finance or theology. The many who are working in a common cause or in the same or in related fields are brought together in conferences in order that they may state conviction, unfold argument, appeal for following. Hope of progress and of the clearing of thought depends on contest among views, provided that honesty, zeal and toleration govern their expression. Judged by the differences of opinion that were brought forth, this Conference achieved enviable success. This is said neither playfully nor without reflection. Unless a Conference attracts those who think and work, and leads them to the forceful expression of what they think and the defence of what they do, all is vain.

There were differences of opinion as to the adequacy of our resources in relief work and as to the quality of some of our work where our resources are sufficient. There were differences as to the facts of poverty no less than as to the bearing of many related problems in it. Standards in relief work, the prevalence of fraud, the function of records in preventing it and the wisdom of methods to circumvent it, furnished occasion for much lively and good natured debate. Policies within our own circles, policies to be followed in dealing with other movements in the field of relief furnished occasion for much animated discussion. There were differences of opinion as to the composition and use of the family

budget, as to the function of legislation in the field of relief and as to the protection of the spiritual character of charity itself. There was much animated debate at all such points, and there was no little of the enlivening repartee which redeems discussion from monotony and relieves the strain of serious thought.

An incidental advantage of discussion is found in the discipline to which it subjects one's views. There are none of us who are not annoyed from time to time by discovering that what we thought was reasoned conviction is nothing other than prejudice, assumption or impression that has taken on an air of authority in our minds. Many of the positions which we most stoutly defend will on examination be found to be without ancestry or defence. We are guilty of a fault with which logic charges us. We base generalization on narrow experience. We occasionally mistake vehement feeling for knowledge and prejudice or temperament for principle. Hence everyone of us is served well when we are called upon to state our views in public and give reasons for them. Under the pressure of this effort, we discover usurpers among our opinions and take occasion at once to expel them. Thus the Conference acted as a mental discipline of the very highest order, not only in the clash of mind with mind, but also in the interior processes of the mind itself.

One feature of this was found in the general broadening of view which all of the delegates experienced. In one way or another all problems of charity were represented at the Conference. One who had been narrowed by specializing on one particular problem, discovered at the Conference that many others approached the same problem from another standpoint. Thus there was built up that organic view which alone brings sure judgment and safe guidance in dealing with any social problem whatsoever.

Were there no differences of opinion there could be no conferences. Were there no fundamental agreements in opinion there could be no conferences. One of the distinctive features of our Charities Conference is the joy that we experience in discovering fundamental unity of faith, sympathy and purpose. The consciousness of this unity gave to the Conference great collective strength. There was not a single touch of doubt or even question as to the place of charity in the Christian life or the sincere Christian spirit that brought those hundreds together. They were there because they believed in the spiritual nature of charity; because they reverently wished to fit themselves for noble obedience to the law

of Christ; because they sought to learn how better to serve the poor in the spirit of Christ. There was no obscurity as to the fundamentals of Christian morality that underlie every policy of relief work. There was no moment during those days of varied and intense discussion when the Christian fundamentals were called into question. Thus it was that the Conference became an experience in faith, a revelation of the spiritual social richness of collective Catholic life. Much of the joy and wholesome zeal that were witnessed were derived from the clearer realization of the fundamental agreements in the Christian life that held the delegates together.

The Conference served us also by making still more clear the understanding of what is definite in Catholic doctrine and of what is debatable in Catholic policy. False impressions in either field could not long survive the influence of the Conference atmosphere and the discipline of its debate. It was serviceable to all who were present to find the relatively large field in which frank discussion is encouraged. Established principles were re-stated in face of many complexities of modern life. Apparent conflicts were explained away and hidden conflicts, and drift toward them, as well, were brought to view. New industrial and political measures were tested in the light of our accepted Catholic principles. Traditional policies and points of view were stated and challenged and defended with varying skill and outcome. Undoubtedly clearer understanding of Catholic principles and of controverted policies was one of the most profitable results of the Conference. The sense of sure anchorage in essentials and of welcome freedom of discussion of transitory policies or accidental applications was among the greater and not the lesser joys that the delegates experienced.

III.

Perhaps it would serve a purpose if these thoughts were stated in terms of the everlasting conflict between the old and the new, between conservatism and radicalism properly understood. No stable social institution has ever failed to witness this conflict within itself. Prejudice, interest, custom, conviction, memory defend what has been, what is. Against it there arise new outlooks, restatements of problems in the light of wider knowledge, new policies, new vocabulary, new points of view. Conflict is inevitable.

It is given in the constitution of nature and is, within limits, intended by God as a normal social process in the development of institutions. Now the new makes many mistakes and the old makes not a few. The National Conference of Catholic Charities aims to draw both together, and to enable them to meet in friendly contest. All history tells us that new thought is usually misunderstood and in bad form, while old thought or traditional thinking enjoys the prestige of respectability and the power of establishment. New thought is often arrogant and intolerant. The old often lacks docility and information. Fortunately there is a wise and modest new. Fortunately there is a wise and docile old. The hope of progress and of peace lies in the meeting and trustful coöperation of the wise new which is modest and of the wise old which is tolerant. Their footsteps as they walk hand in hand over neutral valleys, lead to peace.

The Conference served this purpose admirably. New views and old views met, exchanged opinions and sometimes compliments, and each was better for the meeting. One of the delegates remarked that the greatest service rendered by it was in the protection of new thinking. I might add that an equal service was added in the correction of it as well. At any rate, both types of thought and policy were sure of protection and of respectful hearing. They enjoyed all the freedom that they could ask under the reservations already alluded to. If in anticipation of the appearance of the report of the Conference one may state an impression, it seems that the new policies are winning in the entire field of relief. This would not in any case be surprising, since today's radical becomes tomorrow's conservative and change is the law of life.

IV.

A number of agreeable surprises were brought forth during the days of the Conference. The first one was in the discovery of a large number of experienced trained workers in the field of relief who had never before been brought together by any agency in our Catholic life other than the Conference. This has been remarked in each of the preceding meetings. Perhaps it was found to be the case more in the recent Conference than heretofore. There were university and college men who had given much study to aspects of relief and preventive work. There were many graduates of schools

of philanthropy and of departments of philanthropy in our universities who brought to the discussions accurate knowledge of literature and methods, and of the approved wisdom that relief work as a whole has brought to expression. There were members of State Boards of Charity, executive heads of philanthropic bodies, attorneys, physicians and business men, and women in goodly numbers. Some had lived and worked out of touch with the collective Catholic sense. Many of them, in spite of heavy business cares, had spent years in faithful attention to the demands of charity, and had stood forth worthy representatives of the Church when occasion required. All of them felt the thrill of discovery and the spiritual joy of the collective Christian life in their experience at the Conference. Many of them did not hesitate to institute searching comparisons with other types of conference, which gave much joy to those through whose efforts this one was made possible. The welding together of so many who represent varied experience, training and outlook into one body of earnest men and women sharing a common spiritual philosophy, who love the Christian ideal of charity and seek ways of acting under a common spiritual impulse, was a spiritual achievement of the first order.

Another surprise was in the expression of the insistent demand by our Catholic workers for up-to-date literature of relief. We must admit that our slender literature is out of all proportion to the prestige of charity in the Christian life, to the magnitude of the charity interests of the Church, and to the demand of modern life for the best that is in us when we endeavor to serve the poor. The founding of the *Charities Review,* which will appear as a monthly beginning next January, was one response to this demand. At one session of the Conference where its publication was discussed, twenty-three hundred subscriptions were pledged within an hour. Every speaker who took the floor declared that our interests in the work of charity demand such a publication at once. It was clearly shown that the day is past when the individual worker in the field of relief may think and act alone. He must think and act with others, in a certain sense with all others. He must see not only one side, but all sides of the problem with which he deals. He must know not only what he does but also what others do. He must be willing to teach and to learn. Our thinking must be made more or less homogenous in respect to the fundamentals in modern policies of relief. Realizations of those kinds create literature and a demand for it. A monthly publication of

the kind proposed will stimulate activity throughout the country, improve standards and help us to assimilate everything wholesome in modern movements as far as consistent with the spiritual principles which guide us.[1] At any rate, the action of the Conference in demanding a monthly publication and in pledging support for it, was welcome proof of the awakened mind that now characterizes our leaders in charity.

The success that the National Conference has met and the warm personal interest that its members take in its aims and work, are sufficient proof that the creation of it was timely, and its methods are substantially approved. What it has done in its six years in developing a national outlook in our charity, serves to make more clear the magnitude of our interests in the field, and the call that we feel to meet every standard of reasonable efficiency by which we may be judged. Our charity work of whatsoever kind in these days is described in terms not always of our own choosing; is judged by standards which we cannot control; and is treated by public and private organizations somewhat arbitrarily when not with direct injustice.

Our works must deal with bad will no less than good will. In every relation we have pressing need of literature, of the reading, speaking and thinking habit. We must modify vocabulary, change methods in the light of wider information and widen scope of action as our increasing efficiency permits. We cannot dismiss with a gesture proposals which we do not like, nor will our frown defeat philosophy or baffle a tenacious error. System, science formula, method have their advantages. If they do not frighten us in theology, why should we fear them in charity? Anyone of us may err. Not all of us will err in the same way. The upbuilding of a great serious collective Catholic sense in relief work cannot but strengthen and guide us well. As a body, we shall scarcely err in this regard. The National Conference has begun that work. If we may believe its members, it has made marked progress in few years.

[1]The *Catholic Charities Review* will be published from the Catholic University under the editorship of Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan. It will succeed the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly* which completes this month its twenty-second volume. The *Quarterly* is the only Catholic periodical of its kind that has been exclusively devoted to the interests of charity in the United States. It was published by the Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the city of New York.

THANKSGIVINGS.

BY HELEN HAINES.

Do you know where I have been
So early this morning
Just as His day was dawning?
I've pressed close to the manger
To greet the Little Stranger—
Though others gifts did proffer,
And I could nothing offer.
But when He saw me kneeling
For my poor needs appealing,
I thought He smiled on me.
The joy of God!

Do you know where I have been
So early this morning
Just as His day was dawning?
I've sat in grassy places
To watch those eager faces,
As He taught them Who was blessèd—
And I listened shame-confessèd.
But when He saw me grieving.
So weakly unachieving,
I heard Him calling me.
The choice of God!

Do you know where I have been
So early this morning
Just as His day was dawning?
I've sought again His sign-post
From flowering by-ways, lost.
And I trod the road it pointed
Which His bleeding feet anointed.
But when He saw me coming—
So desolate my homing—
I saw Him weep for me—
The grief of God!

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EMILY HICKEY.

BY ELEANOR HULL,

President of the Irish Literary Society of London.

THE links between the Victorian age and our own grow fewer as time goes on, and it is one of the many claims upon us of the work of Miss Emily Hickey and of her personality that she stands as one of these links with a great past. To have known Browning is already becoming a rare distinction, and to have been, with Dr. Furnivall, the co-founder of the Browning Society, and its first Honorary Secretary, is an achievement in which Miss Hickey may well feel a genuine pride. Something of high companionship with literary men and literature breathes in the presence of our poet as she comes down the steps to meet us, welcoming us with gentle dignity and with outstretched hand and quiet smile. We know her at once for a woman of refinement of mind, whose soul is at harmony with itself. As we talk to her we find that our first instinct is right, and that she has drunk deep at the fountainheads of European literature; that the poems of the Anglo-Saxon and Elizabethan days have not so filled her mind as to shut her from the enjoyment of the lyrics of Victor Hugo or of the massive epic of Dante. Her intellectual range of interests and joys is wide. Miss Hickey is no longer young, except in spirit; but is it her Irish birth and descent that is accountable for the fact that she never seems to grow old, and is it her natal Irish fairy-gift of humor which lights up a temperament naturally grave and much occupied with the serious and religious aspects of life? Perhaps it is the ready sympathy grown of long association with young lives; however it be, certain it is that though her hair is gray, no young girl would ever think her unapproachable, and no child would doubt her ready humor and ability to be a play-fellow; but then, Miss Hickey loves the young and she loves children, and they would guess this even without her child poems to tell them so.

For Miss Hickey's natural love for study and reflective thought is only one side of her life. As she tells us herself, though as a girl she cannot remember a time when she did not care about reading poetry, so also she does not recollect any time when she did

not love climbing trees; and the tree climbing was just as real and as essential a part of her nature as the poetry. The tree-climbing is in her cheery humorous smile today, and she will mentally be a tree climber to the last. We shall always find her mounting.

When we saw her last, a few weeks ago, she was the contented occupant of a room in a convent of French nuns, with whom she was chatting in free and graceful French. This familiarity with the French language she likes to tell us that she owed to an early teacher, Madame Stuart, née Planque, who died only a year ago at the great age of ninety-nine. To this truly gifted teacher and friend, Miss Hickey ascribes the development of her natural taste for poetry. With her she read Sir Walter Scott, and the old thrilling border ballads of Chevy Chase and Sir Cauline. She still possesses a little volume given to her by this teacher, and from which she used to learn by heart Scott's fine swinging verse.

But it is not the echoes of Scott, but of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning that we catch in Miss Hickey's early poems. She was only twenty when her first long poem was published in *Cornhill,* and though she tells us that its form and the name of its chief character were taken from a poem of "Owen Meredith's" (the second Lord Lytton) published in the same journal, it is Tennyson's voice that we seem to hear speaking behind it. The touching tale of the two men who loved one woman, and unconsciously told their story to each other on ship board, all unwitting that they spoke of the same woman, is, as it appears to us, influenced by Tennyson's narrative poems; but, it may be, as unconsciously as was the thought of those who told their story to each other. Many of her early verses take the narrative form. It was perhaps an attempt to work out in another way an early ambition to become a novelist. For Miss Hickey, who grew up in the beautiful neighborhood of County Carlow, had, fostered in the ambition by kindly friends, already in her "teens," put out feelers in the direction of prose writing. Together she and her elder sister wrote stories and read them to each other, and she has had more than one serial story published, and many valuable papers in later life.[1] But her real bent was towards poetry, and the narrative form was a good one to train upon, while experience was widening and life opening its vast possibilities before her. Narrative is not the highest use

[1] Miss Hickey has published one novel, *Lois,* and she tells me that she has another ready for press.

for poetry, but it is a quite legitimate use, and Miss Hickey has never entirely abandoned it; only she has gained greater force and terseness of expression as time went on. Her earliest book of verse, called from the first piece in it *A Sculptor, and Other Poems,* was published in 1881,[2] is chiefly made up of narrative poetry. It rather gives promise for the future than the satisfaction of achievement, yet we can feel that better is to come as we read *Told in the Firelight, Margaret,* or the two little lyrics called *Love-song* and *A Song of the Unsung.* She shows also that power of analyzing certain sides of character which we meet with in many of her poems as, for instance, in *A Sculptor,* the study of an unsuccessful artist, engrossed in his own poor accomplishment to the neglect of the faithful wife beside him. Miss Hickey has treated a similar theme, that of the thoroughly selfish artist, to whom the affections of women are only interesting as "experiences," upon which he, as an artist, can draw for "material," in a later and far more powerful poem, called *Two Women and a Poet* (*Poems,* 1896). The study of character has evidently been always a favorite occupation with our poet. Yet on the whole we may say that this first book is chiefly experimental; and the author indulges in it in some phantasies of spelling and expression which she wisely abandons in her later books.

We feel a great advance when we come to her *Verse-tales, Lyrics, and Translations,* published in 1889,[3] and yet more so in *Poems,* published in 1896.[4] Indeed, if we were asked where the finest poems of our author were to be found, we should unhesitatingly point to these two books. Her power of expression has ripened and moulded itself to a very remarkable extent, she is no longer experimenting in forms and methods of self-revelation; above all her thought has cleared and her grasp of life deepened. Her most accomplished poems, from the artistic point of view, are undoubtedly to be found in the later book; perhaps the more human and interesting are collected in the earlier. This is, at least, our personal view, but personal preferences in poetry cannot be imposed on another; each must choose as appeals to himself.

Michael Villiers, Idealist,[5] seems like an interlude between the other two. It contains Miss Hickey's views upon social problems, and may perhaps be connected with that period of her life when these problems came much before her mind through her labors

[2] London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. [3] London: Elkin Mathews.
[4] *Ibid.* [5] London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1891.

among the poor of London. The long poem which gives its name to the volume deals with the history of a man of breeding and culture born to a large inheritance, but conscious of the tug of the social questions and the call of the human tragedies that come to him from the strata of life lower down beneath his own. We feel strongly in this poem the influence of Mrs. Browning's personality and work; *Aurora Leigh* leaps to our minds as we read it. Not that it is in any way an imitation of Mrs. Browning's great social poem, but we are conscious of the same spirit working through it, the meeting of a similar set of problems in the same broad way of womanly sympathy. The questions, old as creation and never wholly answerable, of the relationship of rich and poor, of competition and labor, of the responsibility and use of wealth and of the grinding terrors of penury, are argued out by Michael with his own heart and with his friends. It was a good thought to place him, the idealist, in close conjunction with his old uncle, the practical landowner with the good heart, and to show how near and how far off they were from each other. It was a difficult thing to write a poem of such length on such a topic, and to write it so successfully as Miss Hickey has done. As is hardly to be avoided in work of this kind, the interest of the argument is inclined to override the human interest; in this Miss Hickey is less satisfying than the author of *Aurora Leigh,* where we are never allowed to lose sympathy with the sufferers under the strange irregularities of life, even while we are inquiring into the origin and causation of their sorrows. But the poem is nevertheless fine both in spirit and expression, and we did not find its interest flag. There are, too, in *Aurora Leigh,* some weighty lines which remain in the mind. We give a specimen or two:

> And no one who is impious to the past
> Can help the present or the future time;
> And none who liveth only in the past
> Can be the servant of the present time,
> And sow the seeds to bear the future's growth.

Or again, when a friend would argue that

> At any rate we can afford to wait
> Till the Time Spirit shape the way for us!

the reply comes swiftly and truly:

> Till the Time Spirit shape the way for us!

What is the Spirit of the Time, except

> The essence of the noblest thoughts and deeds
> Of all the strongest spirits of the time?
> A nation's life is wrong where every man
> Lives for himself, or for himself and those
> He has begotten; and her life is wrong
> If some of those her sons have set themselves,
> However it may be in ignorance,
> To live upon the work of other men,
> Whose lives are none the richer because of theirs.....

A very charming poem which treats a similar subject in a lighter manner in the delightful *Margery Daw*,[6] the story of a high-born winsome girl intended by her relations to play a rôle in society, who voluntarily devotes herself to the well-being of her people as one of themselves. When the babe they have loved has grown to girlhood, she is sent away from her native village to see life in London, and these poor folk who had known her believed that they would never see her more, save in the occasional visit of the grand lady.

They dressed her in grand attire, and took our darling away;
She kissed us all and said, "I am coming home one day."
We smiled, to grieve her not, but our hearts were very sore,
For we thought we knew that day, we should see our child no more.
See-saw, Margery Daw.

We were very wise, you see, and yet not wise enough;
Her wholesome human heart was made of different stuff;
And when five years were come and gone, with seed and grain,
Our little Margery Daw came back to us again.
See-saw, Margery Daw.

Miss Dawson, the gold lady! Miss Dawson, the moneyed dame!
A girl with big bright eyes, and happy voice, she came!
We kissed our dear wee maid with never a touch of awe;
Margery Daw come back! our own little Margery Daw!
See-saw, Margery Daw.

Changed? was Margery changed? yes, one way changed was she;
We saw on her brow the star of lovely constancy;
We knew she had claimed and won the heritage of the years,
The grandeur of noble thought and the glory of selfless tears.
See-saw, Margery Daw.

[6] *Verse-Tales, Lyrics and Translations.*

And this is how Margery came back to live with the poor as one of the poor, and to be the blessing and light of her childhood's neighborhood.

To Miss Hickey no lot is more sad than that of the struggling solitary woman-worker, for whom the race of life has been too hard, and who finds herself broken and defeated at the last. This situation bears to our poet the aspect of the direst tragedy, perhaps because as a worker herself she is able to realize more keenly what failure in such a case would mean. Two affecting poems on this subject recur to the mind. One, published with *Michael Villiers,* is called *Autographs,* and is the story, briefly told, of a lady of birth and refinement, who in her youth had been loved by a poet, risen into fame. His early death had forced the gentle woman who had waited for him into a long struggle for self-preservation, which had ended in failure. When she was in direst want, a buyer of autographs came to her door and offered her money for the letters of her famous lover. Her indignant refusal, and the consuming of the little sheaf of treasured letters in her candle, before the slight rush-light of her own life goes out, is pathetically told, and we feel the tears at our eyes as we read. But Miss Hickey has, from the artistic point of view, treated a very similar subject with still greater skill in her poem *While the Grass Grows.* It is prefaced by a parable. A lean and starving steed is waiting for the growing of the meadow grass which will bring him nourishment, and save his life, " in some country, where I know not."

There the grass was growing, growing; one who stooped could well-nigh hear
Fluctuant wavelets of the spring-sap, softly throbbing on the ear,
For the grass was growing, growing, in the growth-tide of the year.

Sweet the smell of that fair herbage by the sheen of spring-time lit;
Martlets skimming swiftly over slacken speed because of it;
And the breeze above it sweeping maketh music exquisite.

And away, away in distance, far from meadow-sheen and glow,
On the barren moor where never grace of meadow-growth can go,
Is the seely steed a-waiting for the goodly grass to grow.

Patience, patience, for a little; one must learn to bear and wait;
Only patience and it cometh, matters not if soon or late;
Seely steed, have patience only, plenty knocketh at the gate.

Now is come the time of plenty; in the lush green shall he tread;
In that fairest of all meadows shall the seely steed be fed;
Nay, my masters, take no troubling, for the seely steed is dead.

Like the "seely steed," a "little lady" on the busy streets of London was daily wending to and fro, waiting for the time which friends, kindly hearted, told her must always come to those who knew how to wait; the blessed time of rest and plenty.

She had fought a manful battle, she had worked while work she could;
She was only one of many struggling hard for daily food,
And she lost her little foothold, sorely baffled and withstood.

So the months, the years, passed by, but the lush grass was still far away, and the grass growing for her feeding was still uncut. At last the day came, but it found her dead.

On her thin white face of calmness now no shade of trouble falls,
As she lies on naked boarding, bounded round by naked walls;
You will find her little havings underneath yon Golden Balls.

There may be technical faults in these poems, but we do not think of them if such there be; we think only of their tender human sympathy with pain and their understanding of unspoken trouble.

But we must not leave the impression that all Miss Hickey's work of this period was concerned with human tragedies. All the while her musical sense was developing and becoming more highly trained, and a number of lyrics, such as *Harebells, A Primrose,* and *Cuckoo Song,* show that she could sing as well as soar. In time this singing quality, combining with her ripened reflective power, was to produce those beautiful sonnets which are to our mind the expression of Miss Hickey's choicest and most polished work. A little group of these very beautiful sonnets occur together in *Poems,* the volume which represents her high watermark of achievement. They are entitled: *And after This, To R. N., To Miranda, Who Sleeps, A Choice,* and two sonnets called *Love and Grief.* We give the sonnet *To Miranda, Who Sleeps,* as a specimen of what we consider the author's best work.

TO MIRANDA, WHO SLEEPS.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well!
The dawning light hath set the world astir
With chirp and warble of birds, and faery whirr
Of wringlets, quivering in the broken spell
That sleep had laid on nature: strange to tell,
Miranda sleepeth yet; strange, for it were
A wonder if the delicate ear of her
Knew not this multitudinous matin-bell.

But still Miranda sleeps! What was to meet
In dreamland, what, or whom, for thee to lie
Unmindful of the glory of earth and sky,
With little quiet hands and quiet feet?
And still thou sleepest, and thy sleep is sweet.
Dear heart, I would not waken thee, not I.

Nothing could well be more rounded and finished than the choice of phrasing and wording in this sonnet. It is beautiful.

In this volume, too, she sums up her artistic creed in an epilogue called *Ad Poëtam,* of which the following are some of the lines:

Ad Poetam.

O Poet of the golden mouth, on you
God's benison for music sweet and true.

Your web of song is full divinely wove;
A warp that's joy across a woof that's love.

If rudest thorns have sharply pierced your hand,
Blest, with the Rose upon your heart, you stand.

If you have tasted bitter woe and teen,
More wholesome-sweet for that your song hath been.

And to the music dropping from your tongue
No taste of morbid gall hath ever clung.

In vital grace and virile sanity,
Of earth and heaven, O poet, you are free.

Sing on, sing on the strain he knoweth best
Who hath the heavens' blue road, the earth's brown nest.

To this poetic creed Miss Hickey has been true; some readers may find her poems too intellectual (a good fault that we might well wish many other singers would emulate), but no one will fail to recognize in them the high level of her thought, the grave regard in which she holds the poet's office, or the serenity and depth of her religious belief. To her verse "no taste of morbid gall hath ever clung," and that is the best praise. It is true that in a moment of impulse and uncertainty she withdrew two of her books from publication; an act that she now confesses to have been a mistake, and which was certainly unnecessary. This happened before she entered the Catholic Church, of which she has now long been a member; and her spiritual advisers have assured her that this was

an error of judgment, and have encouraged her to continue her special work, and watched over it with sympathy and interest. This act of conscience has hampered the recognition of Miss Hickey's work, which was for a time withdrawn from circulation; but it will not permanently injure her reputation, which is fully assured by the books still to be obtained.

The change in her religious views has naturally been reflected to some extent in her later verse. Always religious, it has become more doctrinal, and in a little volume published by the Catholic Truth Society in 1902, called *Our Lady of May,* she gives us a cycle of poems relating the life of the Mother of Our Lord, quaint as old carols and devotional as hymns. Her last poetical publication, also, called *Later Poems,*[7] contains a number of very tender religious poems. The conversation of St. Anne with St. Joachim after the Presentation in the Temple has all the fresh simplicity of the early *Miracle Play.* In simple dialogue they bewail the human loss of the "Babe Mary," and wonder how the little one will fare away from home and loving parents. Anne speaks thus:

> Dost think the angels, Joachim,
> Will sing our sweet her cradle hymn?
>
> Or will the Lord, of His gentle grace,
> Lend one angel her mother's face?

The couplet form, so suitable to such subjects, is a favorite one with our poet. She used it with great effect in her striking poem, *The Ballad of Lady Ellen (Poems),* a poem the subject of which has attracted more than one writer. It is founded on a weird and pathetic story printed long ago by W. B. Yeats in his collection of *Fairy and Folk Tales,* under the mistaken belief that it was an Irish legend. He himself has dramatized it, and Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson has founded a poem upon the same subject. The story is as follows: a great famine raged in a land, which Mr. Yeats believed to be the west of Ireland. Day by day the people died, and when the misery and want were at their height, the Evil One sent two emissaries with the promise of bread to those who would sell their souls to him. The Lady Ellen, daughter of the Duke, had long relieved their distress, so far as her means lasted; but in the end, seeing no way out of the misery but one, she sold her white soul to the evil messengers. Then the famine was stayed and the people ate, but the soul of the Lady Ellen fared forth

[7] London: Grant Richards, 1913.

to hell, for the salvation of her people. Miss Hickey has treated the subject with freedom, and the Lady Ellen, in her fine version of the legend, attains eventually to the Lord's heaven, "and is laid to rest on the bosom of Mary." We do not recollect how the folk-tale, which seems to be founded on a French or Breton story, ends, but though our author has lightened the close of the tragic episode, she has not lost any of its poignant meaning, which the short crisp couplets help to accentuate. And this brings us to say something of her Irish poems. Though Miss Hickey has lived most of her life out of Ireland, the land of her birth has never relaxed its hold upon her affections and her thoughts. Already in *Michael Villiers, Idealist,* she had argued out the old unsolved, and it would appear insoluble, questions of Ireland's wrongs and difficulties. To-day, when they are before our minds again, we may well re-read the words with which she ends the argument. When a friend has reasoned with Villiers that England "long ago has seen the wrong, and striven to make amends, and still she strives with all her might and main," Villiers replies: "I know it well, nor would I be unjust."

> But it may be that vision came too late,
> And that amendment cannot now be done!
> The bitterest punishment of punishments
> To nations or to men is impotence
> To mend a wrong they knew not when they did.

As time has gone on, and Miss Hickey has familiarized herself with the old literature and legends of Ireland, many subjects have suggested themselves to her out of that great storehouse of material. She has a fine rendering of the legend of the death of King Conor, the ancient Ulster King, who is said to have died on the same day as Our Lord from the results of his anger and agony, when news was brought to him that men were slaying the Guiltless and Pure One in Jerusalem. Her long poem on the fairy legend of *Etain the Queen* we think less successful, and the frequent changes in metre give it a jerky and uneven sense, which helps to destroy its charm; but then the story, as the old bards told it in prose, was so enchanting, and the Gaelic poems with which it is intermingled have such melody, that we feel that any English poetic version must lose heavily in the exchange of tongue and sentiment.

Far more successful are her translations from the Anglo-Saxon, a study which she has made her own, and in which sphere

she has done excellent work. Her poetical renderings of *The Battle of Maldon, The Dream of the Holy Rood,* and *Judith* are valuable aids to the understanding of the form and spirit of these splendid fragments of early English literature. They have been approved by such great authorities as Professor Earle of Oxford and Professor Skeat of Cambridge; while Dr. Edward Dowden, the Shakespearean scholar and critic, wrote to the translator that he considered these translations "a distinct gain to English literature." Miss Hickey always acknowledges the debt that she feels to the early English verse of Cynewulf and his contemporaries; the sincerity and directness of the old writers delight her, and she ascribes to their study something of the strength which her own poems possess. A prose rendering of the romance of Havelok the Dane appeared from her pen some years ago, and the same early English affections are visible in her book, *Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature.*

Miss Hickey has rejoiced in the friendship of many literary and thoughtful people. We have already spoken of her connection with the Browning Society, which brought her into a circle of intellectual fellow-workers. Her edition of Browning's *Stafford,* annotated by her hand, is one outcome of this association. One of the friendships which she counts among the great incentives of her life was that with the Hon. Roden Noel. What she thought of him is summed up in her splendid eulogy which bears his name, and in an unpublished paper read before the Royal Society of Literature. To the *Nineteenth Century and After* she contributed papers on Browning and on Mrs. Browning in the years 1909 and 1913. She has also made several successful translations from the French, and in particular from the lyrics of Victor Hugo.

We will close our study of Miss Emily Hickey's work by a reference to two poems, not yet mentioned, which show her power in very different styles of verse. The first is the story of a wolf in the land of the Great White Czar. Two travelers, crouching in bitter cold beside a river bank near which their boat is moored, see a great gray wolf, lean and hungry, coming down the hillside on the further bank of the stream. In an instant it has sprung upon and slain a deer, but instead of demolishing it on the spot, it leaves the carcass lying on the ground, and returns to fetch the pack of which it was leader. While it was gone, the travelers, in careless sport, to see what would happen, crossed the river and carried off the deer. We will let our poet finish the story:

Hungry and cold we watched and watched to see him return on his track.
At last we spied him a-top of the hill—the same gray wolf come back,
No more alone, but a leader of wolves, the head of a gruesome pack.
He came right up the very place where the dead deer's body had lain,
And he sniffed and looked for the prey of his claws, the beast that himself had slain;
The beast at our feet, and the river between, and the searching all in vain!

He threw up his muzzle and slunk his tail, and whined so pitifully,
And the whole pack howled and fell on him—we hardly could bear to see.
Breaker of civic law or pact, or however they deemed of him,
He knew his fate, and he met his fate, for they tore him limb from limb.

I tell you, we felt as we ne'er had felt since ever our days began;
Less like men that had cozened a brute than men that had murdered a man.

Whence we shall probably agree with the writer's verdict that the distinction between instinct and reason is small indeed!

Our last quotation, and one with which we may gratefully part company with Miss Hickey's work, is found in her last slight volume called *Later Poems*.

IN THE DAY OF UNDERSTANDING.

In the day of understanding,
Shall we know,
We who grieved each other so,
All the wherefore, all the why,
You and I?

In the day of understanding,
Shall we see,
Eyes enlightened perfectly,
How it was that heart and heart
Went apart?

In the day of understanding,
Shall we say,
Each to each, *O Love, today*
Do I love you, love you, more
Than of yore?

THE IMMIGRANT MAKING A LIVING.

BY FRANK O'HARA.

THREE times Congress has passed immigration bills with a literacy test, and three times Presidents have returned the bills with their veto because they were opposed to that test. The recent Congress returned to the subject, and the House of the Representatives passed a bill with the literacy restriction. The Senate was again willing to pass the measure, but in the press of business did not wish to devote its time to legislation which it believed would certainly be vetoed. The difference between Congress and the President in the past and at present is not that Congress wishes the nation to be literate, and that the President does not, but that Congress wishes to cut down the quantity of immigration, and that the President considers that the method proposed is un-American, and is doubtful of the need of the restriction. The issue is primarily an economic one rather than an educational one. It is a question of the opportunities for making a living rather than of the need of reading the newspapers. As a preliminary to the consideration of that economic problem the present article will discuss the causes which have led the immigrants to make America their home, and the conditions under which they are providing for themselves in the new home.

A few comparisons will aid in giving an idea of the magnitude of the immigration movement. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War there were two and a half million people in the United Colonies. In 1820 there were four times this number or ten millions in the United States. In 1910 there were ninety-one millions of population in the Continental United States. Out of the two and a half millions who were here in 1775, one million two hundred thousand were white persons who were born here. One million two hundred thousand persons immigrated to this country in the fiscal year preceding the outbreak of the present European war. That is, we had as many immigrants in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, as there were native white persons in the colonies in 1775. During the ten years preceding the outbreak of the European war, over ten million foreigners came to our shores, or an average of over one million a year. In other words, those who came in the ten years

preceding the war, were four times as numerous as the total population of the colonies in 1775. They were as numerous as the total population in 1820. They were one-ninth as numerous as the total population of the Continental United States in 1910. These figures naturally lead us to consider the problem of finding working room for the immigrants.

Many a theorist has told us that as population increases in a given country, whether by natural increase or by immigration, it becomes ever progressively harder for the increased numbers to find food upon which to subsist. This difficulty of finding food applies, of course, to the native-born as well as to the immigrant. According to this point of view, the living which can be obtained by the native-born is a poorer living after the immigrant has arrived than it was before he came. This view of numbers and of the possibility of feeding them is a pessimistic view. And naturally the theory of the case is not completed until the optimist also has had an inning. When a child is born into the world, says the optimist, it brings with it a mouth to feed; but it brings also two hands which will, in the course of time, produce the subsistence to supply the increased demand. When an immigrant comes he brings with him two hands already developed to supply the newly-arrived mouth. Therefore, says the optimist, a large population finds it no harder to make a living than a small population. In fact, he says, a large population finds an easier living in any country than a small population would find in that country; because as population is massed together there are many opportunities for coöperation and the elimination of waste effort that are not to be found in sparsely settled areas.

At this stage in the controversy the economist enters. Both optimist and pessimist are partly right and partly wrong, says the economist. According to the law of diminishing returns, increased efforts to produce wealth do not necessarily result in increased product proportionate to the increased efforts. Or, in other words, assuming that methods of production do not change, if the number of workers on a given area of land is increased sufficiently, a point will finally be reached where additional workers added to the working community will succeed in producing an increased product, but an increased product which is not relatively as great as the increase in the number of the workers. Here we are assuming that the methods of production do not change; and under this assumption the pessimist is right. But, as a matter of fact, in progressive

countries methods of production do improve; and improvements in methods of production may well be sufficient to overcome the evil consequences of the law of diminishing returns. The overpopulation of a country is thus seen to be not merely a question of numbers. It is rather a question of numbers and of methods of production. When there was free land to be had by all comers to this country, the law of diminishing returns had not yet begun to get in its deadly work. But even after the free land had been practically all taken up, the law of diminishing returns might be kept at bay as long as improvements in methods of production kept pace with our increasing numbers.

Whatever may be the extent to which the law of diminishing returns is pressing upon us in this country, it is certain that its pressure is less here than in Europe. Europe is overcrowded; America is relatively undeveloped. In Europe wages are low; in America they are much higher. In Europe the possibilities of improving one's economic status are small; America is the land of opportunity. There have been, of course, other reasons than the purely economic for immigration to this country. People have come here to escape religious and political persecution. Men have come here because they have heard that in this land of liberty employers address employees as social equals; women have come here because they wished to wear hats, and in their own country on account of their social status they were not allowed to do so. But taking the immigrants by and large, they have come here to earn a better living than they were able to earn in Europe. Cotton Mather, back in colonial days, told a story of a preacher from a neighboring town who paid a visit to Marblehead, and commended the people there for their devotion to principle in migrating to the New World. But the people of Marblehead were not much impressed. "You think you are talking to the people of the Bay," interrupted one of the citizens, "we came here to catch fish."

When the American colonies were first being settled, Europe was already overcrowded. Great Britain at that time contained only four millions of people as against forty millions today, but Great Britain had not at that time the foreign trade which would support a large population, and she was driving the yeomanry from the land in order to raise sheep where once men were reared. Nor was the situation much better in other European countries. The Pilgrim Fathers fled from England to Holland to find religious freedom. They found in Holland, indeed, the religious freedom

which they sought, but they found also a poor market for their labor. In the language of one of their leaders, "Old age began to steal on many of them (and their great and continual labor hastened it before the time). And many of their children that were of the best dispositions and gracious inclinations, having learned to bear the yoke in their youth, and willing to bear part of their parents' burdens, were oftentimes so oppressed with heavy labors that.....their bodies.....became decrepit in their early youth, the vigor of nature being consumed in the very bud, as it were." And so the Pilgrim Fathers came to America to find an easier living.

It has been estimated that half of those who came to America in colonial times came as indentured servants. For the most part these were persons who were dissatisfied with living conditions in the Old World, and who hoped to improve their position in the New. They were free persons in Europe, but they sold themselves for a term of years to the agents of planters or to shipmasters or emigration brokers to pay the cost of transportation to America. Likewise the colonists who were not servants came to better their economic condition.

In the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, the same cause continued to contribute an active immigration, but it was not until towards the middle of the nineteenth century that a really heavy immigration set in. The famine in Ireland at that time and the hard times in Germany, together with the discovery of gold in California, were added to the normal differences in opportunities in the two worlds as causes for a rapid increase in numbers of immigrants. The contrast between the economic conditions of America and those of Europe during this period are well brought out by an English writer, who says: "On their return from the United States travelers are not infrequently asked what feature struck them most favorably in their journey through the country. Looking to the territory I should certainly answer to such a question: its wide expanse and its abundant resources; but looking to the people, I should say, *the absence of pauperism*. Nothing is more striking to a European than the universal appearance of respectability of all classes in America. You see no rags, you meet no beggars."

Immigration to the United States has been at all periods almost entirely from Europe; but about thirty years ago a gradual change came over the immigration with respect to the geography of its origin. The Irish and the Germans had been the first immigrants

to come in large numbers, but they were soon accompanied by immigrants from other countries of northwestern Europe. Not more than five per cent of the total of our European immigration before 1883 came from Eastern and Southern Europe. In that year an eighth of the European immigration to America was from the south and east of Europe. At the outbreak of the European war four-fifths of our European immigrants were from those sections.

The immigration from northwestern Europe, which is usually referred to as the "old" immigration, has fallen off not only relatively to the "new" immigration from the countries of eastern and southern Europe, but it has also fallen off in absolute numbers. Thus there were seven times as many immigrants from Germany in 1882 as in the fiscal year 1914; one hundred and five thousand came from the Scandinavian countries in 1882 and twenty-nine thousand in 1914; twelve thousand came from Switzerland in 1883 and four thousand in 1914. In 1882, one hundred and seventy-nine thousand came from Great Britain and Ireland, and in 1914 only seventy-three thousand came.

The falling off in the "old" immigration was due largely to improved conditions at home. The land legislation of Ireland, the social legislation of Germany, and similar legislation in other countries of northwestern Europe during the last three or four decades, have done much to restrain the impulse to emigrate of the workers in those lands. Moreover, many of the "old" immigrants formerly became farmers in the New World, but the opportunities of obtaining farm lands as a gift have practically ceased, and the lure of the land no longer attracts immigrants in large numbers. Those seeking land in recent years have gone to Canada or South America.

More rapidly than the "old" immigration has fallen off the "new" immigration has increased. The new immigrants come as the old immigrants came, for the most part, to better their economic condition. But they were later in learning of the opportunities for improvement that awaited them in America. In 1880 only twelve thousand came from Italy to the United States. During the year preceding the outbreak of the war two hundred and eighty-three thousand, or twenty-three and a half times as many as in 1880, came from Italy; in 1880, seventeen thousand came from Austria-Hungary; in the year preceding the war two hundred and seventy-eight thousand, or sixteen times as many as in 1880, came from that country. Russia sent seven thousand in 1880 and two

hundred and fifty-five thousand, or thirty-six and a half times as many as in 1880, in the year preceding the war.

To a certain extent it may be said that other than economic causes have been at work producing immigration. Thus the treatment received by the Poles and Finns and Jews in Europe would have led many of them to emigrate even in the absence of an economic motive. But for the most part the low wage which the worker received in the countries from which the bulk of our immigration has come in recent years, accounts sufficiently for the extent of the immigration. It is sometimes said that the lower cost of living in Europe makes up adequately for the lower money wage which the worker earns there, but this is only partially true. The European worker has not been able to buy as much and as great a variety of food with his smaller money wage as can the American. In southern and eastern Europe the standard of living of the workingman, as regards food and clothing and shelter, has been very much below that of the American workingman in similar occupations. It was not that the European worker could not earn a living, but rather that he could not earn a living that satisfied him. He wished to raise his standard of living and so he came to America.

When the Italians first came to this country in large numbers they suffered as all non-English-speaking immigrants have suffered, because they could not understand the language of the country. They were dependent upon and often the victims of members of their own race who had learned our language and customs. It was under these circumstances that the so-called *padrone* system was developed. Italian contractors hired their fellow-countrymen at a low wage, often furnishing them board and a place to sleep, and secured a profit from the fact that the newly-arrived immigrant was ignorant of labor conditions in this country. The contractor was the padrone, the master, and the labor of the Italians who worked under these conditions was padrone labor. The padrone system among the Italians was confined mainly to laborers employed on railroads, and under the direction of their own countrymen, but this phase of the system has largely disappeared.

The Syrian peddlers who used to peddle dry goods and notions in the country districts a few years ago, operated under the padrone system. Their outfits were furnished to them by a padrone of their own race, who boarded them and gave them either a salary or a commission on their sales. In recent years this system has disappeared, partly because peddling has become less profitable, and

partly because the Syrians who have remained in the occupation are able to get along without a padrone.

The best examples of the padrone system today is to be found among Greek immigrants. To a certain extent it is to be found among railroad laborers, and flower and fruit and vegetable vendors, but its most successful application is to be seen in the shoe shining business, where the Greeks are practically driving all other races out of the field. The padrone in that business imports young boys from Greece, keeps them at work for long hours, and under the cheapest of living conditions, and pays them a low wage. There is an agreement that all tips are to be paid to the padrone. The tips often amount to a sum sufficient to pay the wage and living expenses of the boy, with the result that the whole of the regular charge is profit for the employer. The working conditions of this occupation, and the living conditions of the victims of the system, are so unsatisfactory and insanitary that practically all of the Greek physicians of Chicago addressed a statement to the United States Immigration Commission expressing their conviction of the dangers to health in the occupation, concluding as follows, "We deem this occupation highly injurious and destructive to the physique of young Greek boys, and believe that the United States Government would do better to deport them rather than to allow them to land if they are destined to this employment under existing conditions."

In recent years more immigrants have been employed in coal mining than in any other occupation. Thirty years ago the workers in the bituminous coal mines of Pennsylvania were native Americans, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and Germans. There were fewer workers then in this occupation than there are today, because there was not the demand for coal that there is today. Since 1890 there has been a falling off in the numbers of workers of these races of the earlier immigration, and in their places we find the races of southern and southeastern Europe, that is, the new immigration. The Slovaks, Magyars, Poles and Italians, especially, are numerous in the Pennsylvania coal fields. In the coal fields of Ohio and Indiana and Illinois there are also a great many immigrants of the new immigration, but they seem of less importance here because so many of the older immigrants from northwestern Europe, following the lead of the larger wage, left Pennsylvania in the nineties for these fields. As the coal mines of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado were developed, native Americans and men of the older immigration were again drained off from Pennsylvania, leaving po-

sitions to be filled by the new immigration. At the present time more than three-fifths of the workers in bituminous coal mines are foreigners, and the larger part of these are foreigners of the new immigration.

The first employees for the New England cotton mills came almost wholly from the farms and villages surrounding the early cotton goods manufacturing centres. The French economist, Chevalier, who visited this country in 1832, tells of their good wages and their high standard of living. "The cotton manufacture alone," he stated, "employs six thousand persons in Lowell. Of this number nearly five thousand are young women from seventeen to twenty-four years of age, the daughters of farmers of the different New England States, and particularly from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. They are here remote from their families and under their own control. On seeing them pass through the streets in the morning and evening and at their meal hours, neatly dressed; on finding their scarfs and shawls, and green silk hoods which they wear as a shelter from the sun and dust (for Lowell is not yet paved) hanging up in the factories amidst flowers and shrubs, which they cultivate, I said to myself, 'This, then, is not like Manchester;' and when I was informed of the rate of their wages, I understood that it was not at all like Manchester."

Between 1840 and 1860 the Irish immigrants came to the cotton mills in large numbers, and somewhat later the English came. The Scotch and Germans were never largely represented in this industry. Although there were many French-Canadians in the cotton mills in the fifties, the large influx of these immigrants into the industry took place in the decade after the Civil War.

Since 1890 the places of the older immigrants in the New England cotton mills have been filled by Greeks, Portuguese, Poles, Russians and Italians. Other races represented in smaller numbers are the Lithuanians, Hebrews, Syrians, Bulgarians and Turks. Nearly three-fourths of the cotton mill operatives of the North Atlantic States at the present time are foreigners, and by far the largest part of these are of the new immigration.

Somewhat more than half of the employees in the iron and steel manufacturing industry are of foreign birth. The principal races of the old immigration in that industry are Germans, Irish and English in the order named. Of the more recent immigrants, the Slovaks, Poles, Magyars and Croatians are the most numerous.

Sixty per cent of the employees in the slaughtering and meat

packing industry are immigrants. Here the Poles are in the lead, followed by the Germans and the Lithuanians. The Irish and the Bohemians and Moravians are also well represented.

When the old immigration was at its height, the principal attraction which America had to offer was its land, which could be had practically for the asking. The consequence is that a large part of the old immigration is engaged in farming. More than half of the Norwegians in America are on the farm, and almost half of the Danes are there. Over a third of the Swiss, thirty per cent of the Swedish and twenty-seven per cent of the German immigrants are employed in agricultural pursuits. The English, French, Scotch and Irish follow in the order named.

When the new immigration arrived the best of the opportunities for securing government land had disappeared, and they were attracted to the cities by the higher wages offered there. There are, of course, numerous agricultural colonies of Italians, Hebrews, Poles, Bohemians and others of the new immigration, but the totals are small as compared with the native farmers. A great many of the new immigration are employed, too, as agricultural laborers as distinguished from farmers. But of the twelve million persons reported in the 1910 census as gainfully employed in agriculture, only one million were foreign-born whites. Three millions, nearly, were negroes, and seventy-four thousand belonged to the Chinese, Japanese and other races than white.

As a general thing the latest arrivals among the immigrants have to start at the bottom of the industrial ladder, and the races which have been here longer occupy the more desirable places. In other words the incoming of the new immigration has made it possible for the members of the old immigration to climb the industrial ladder. In a study of fifteen thousand heads of families engaged in industry, the Industrial Commission found the average income of the immigrant considerably lower than the average income of the native-born worker. The greater proportion of the immigrant heads of families received yearly between three hundred dollars and six hundred dollars, while the heads of families who were native-born received for the most part between four hundred dollars and eight hundred dollars. Again, the members of the "old" immigration received higher wages than the members of the "new" immigration.

As a result of the higher wage of the native-born, the families of the native-born are able to live upon the income of the head of

the family better than is the case among the foreign-born. To make the family budget balance, the foreign-born families are compelled to put their children to work, and to take in boarders and lodgers to a greater extent than is customary among the native-born. The custom of taking in boarders and lodgers is much more common among the races of the new immigration than among the foreign-born of the old immigration. Thus out of the families studied by the Immigration Commission, none of the races of the older immigration showed as large a proportion as one-fifth of their households with boarders or lodgers, while more than one-fourth of the Portuguese, Slovenian and Syrian households, more than one-third of the Italian, Polish and Slovak, and more than one-half of Croation, Lithuanian, Magyar, Rumanian, Russian, Ruthenian and Serbian households had boarders or lodgers. Among the families studied seventy-eight per cent of the Rumanians and ninety-three per cent of the Serbians had boarders or lodgers. The greater number of boarders and lodgers among the new immigration than among the old immigration, or the native families, is accounted for partly by the lower earnings of the heads of families of the new immigration; but also partly by the fact that there are so many more of the new immigrants who are unmarried or who have left their families in Europe, and consequently there is a greater demand for board and lodgings among those races than among those longer here. The statistics of school attendance tell the same story of lower earnings of the recent immigrants or of their greater desire to save.

While wage *averages* must not be used recklessly, they may be employed to indicate tendencies. For the families studied by the Immigration Commission, the average family income was seven hundred and twenty-one dollars a year; the average for the native white of native parentage was eight hundred and sixty-five dollars; the average for negro families was five hundred and seventeen dollars. For the native-born of foreign parents the average was eight hundred and sixty-six dollars, or practically the same as for the native-born white of native parents; the average for the foreign-born was seven hundred and four dollars, or nineteen dollars less than the general average for all families investigated.

There has been much discussion as to what the effect of immigration in recent years has been on the earnings of the natives. The fact seems to be established that the average of money wages has increased during the last twenty or twenty-five years, but that

the cost of living has increased still faster, so that the larger wage of today will buy no more than, and probably not as much as, the lower money wage of the closing years of the last century. On the basis of the census reports it has been estimated that the average of wages per employee in manufacturing industries increased from four hundred and seventy-one dollars in 1899 to five hundred and ninety dollars in 1909, an increase of twenty-five per cent. During the same period it is estimated that the level of prices rose thirty per cent. Assuming that these figures represent approximately the truth, does this mean that the native American wage earners are worse off than they were ten or twenty years ago? Not necessarily. Since the natives receive higher wages than the immigrants, and since the immigrants have been increasing rapidly in numbers, it is possible that the natives have not suffered at all in well-being, and that the smaller average real wage is due entirely to the larger number of foreigners who are working for wages below the average. Of course there is a possibility that the native wage earners have actually had their real incomes reduced, but there is no statistical evidence to prove it. And even if it were proved, that would not be conclusive evidence that the damage was caused by immigration. It might, for example, be the result of a growing exploitation of labor by capital, as is charged by some of the socialists.

Certain advocates of immigration restriction have been able to arouse themselves to a state of indignation over the fact that many of the recent immigrants send money to their families in Europe, and even return to Europe themselves, after they have saved enough money to give them a high social position in their native villages. Much of this indignation, however, is uncalled for. In the first place, the immigrant is contributing his labor to the upbuilding of this country, and his employer who is not unduly sentimental in the matter thinks that the labor is worth what is paid for it. So that while it is true that the immigrant sends much purchasing power to Europe, it is also true that he has left at least a corresponding amount of labor power in this country to pay for it. In the second place, the foreigner who is anxious to save money to send to Europe, is more likely to unite with the native in an endeavor to keep up wages than he would be if he was not anxious to save money. And finally the foreigner who goes back to Europe whenever he finds the labor market here depressed, really confers a favor on the native worker. The statistics of emigration from this country show that the volume of immigration falls off and the

volume of emigration increases rapidly in times of industrial depression. Thus in the crisis year 1907-1908 the immigration fell off by nearly a million, and the emigration increased from five hundred and fifty thousand to six hundred and fifty thousand. For that year there were two hundred and thirty-seven thousand more emigrants than immigrants. Every foreign workingman who left our shores tended to relieve the difficulty experienced by native workingmen in finding work. It would, therefore, seem illogical to find fault with the foreigner for coming here to work and then to find fault with him again for going back to Europe.

Since the outbreak of the European war immigration has fallen off in a marked degree. During the calendar year 1915 the excess of immigrants over emigrants amounted to only one hundred and two thousand. At the same time the European war-demand for our goods and the returning prosperity of this country, have lessened unemployment and raised wages for native as well as for immigrant. What effect the outcome of the war will have upon immigration it is of course impossible to foretell. Those whose interests or convictions or prejudices in the past have led them to favor greater restriction of immigration, profess to foresee as the result of the war added reasons for favoring a restrictive policy, while those who have opposed a literacy test in the past, insist that when the war is over the diminished stream of immigration will leave no excuse for the imposition of that test. In a later number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the present writer will analyze the current arguments for and against the literacy test.

THE STORY OF ORGANIZED CARE OF THE INSANE AND DEFECTIVES.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THE prevailing impression with regard to the history of organized care of the insane is that in our time the process of evolution and the gradual development of a right spirit of humanitarianism has, for the first time in history, lifted the efforts of our generation to a plane of high humane thoughtfulness for these poor unfortunates who were so sadly neglected in the past. I feel sure that this does not represent any exaggeration of the impression on this subject, which is shared not only by those whose interest in the insane is merely academic or purely social, but also by physicians, and even by many of those who have specialized in the care of the insane.

Of the serious neglect of the insane and of defective children and imbecile adults in the older time may not, of course, be questioned. In the eighteenth century insane patients were brutally and inhumanly neglected, and at times positively misused. Indeed it is only in our own time, that is within a generation, that anything like proper care for the insane has developed, and even that is limited to certain of our municipalities and states which take their duty in this matter quite seriously. The care of the insane in many American country districts is even now a disgrace to our civilization. We shall have occasion to see at least one phase of some striking evidence for this in the course of this article.

The facile presumption is at times made that if in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there was so much neglect and abuse of the insane, the treatment of them must have been still worse in the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. For those who interpret history by this constantly descending scale, the further conclusion is that the insane must have been grievously mishandled in the later Middle Ages, and unspeakably confined and manacled and brutalized in the earlier mediæval centuries.

We have already seen in the preceding articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on *The Care of the Dependent Poor*[1] and on *The*

[1] September, 1916, p. 721.

Care of Children and the Aged,[2] that any such presumption of evolution and upward development of the exercise of charity is utterly unjustified by the actual history of social service. Progress in the earlier centuries, decline later, and then an awakening social conscience on the subject is the historical truth. When the great French physician, Pinel, struck the shackles from the insane of Bicêtre Asylum near Paris, the abuse of the insane had reached such brutal height that it could go no further; a reaction had to come. There were those who did not fail to raise their voices in protest. Quaker philanthropists in England had revolutionized the care of prisoners and of the insane. In this country under similar Quaker influence a corresponding change began to take place. The modification in the treatment of the inmates of asylums, however, came very slowly, and was not welcomed by those who might be supposed to have desired it most. Dr. John Conolly in England and Miss Dorothea Lynde Dix in America carried still further the practical reformation of institutions for the insane. But their influence was not felt until well on toward the middle of the nineteenth century, so that it is only a little more than half a century since the English-speaking countries have taken up the problem of the rational, humane care of the insane.

Up to that time when a poor human being became insane, especially if he or she had shown any symptoms of serious lack of control, he was likely to be confined in an asylum for the rest of his days, no matter how much his mental condition might improve. If these patients became violent they were put in chains, and the chains would likely not be taken off for the rest of their lives. The insane were very much feared, and their malady was always considered incurable. The number of attendants in institutions was entirely too small; the feeding of the patients was often utterly inadequate; the buildings for their accommodation were allowed to go into decay; they were like jails with barred, narrow windows, dark cramped corridors, small straitened doorways, lacking both ventilation and cleanliness. In order to appreciate the extent to which neglect of the insane had gone in this last regard, one must read some of the accounts of the investigation of institutions not of long distant centuries, but of the middle of the nineteenth century. It would be quite impossible to reproduce some of the expressions with regard to them here. Medical attendance on the asylums was

[2] October, 1916, p. 56.

entirely inadequate, and the ordinary physical ills of the patients were as a rule neglected.

Anyone who thinks this picture exaggerated should read the account of conditions prevailing in some of the insane asylums of New York State, made by a commission a few years ago, or better still, obtain descriptions of the conditions that exist in the insane departments of poorhouses in the Southern States. During the past five years it has been found that there exists in these poorhouses through the South, and especially among the insane, a disease which was thought a few years ago to be non-existent in this country. It is a disease called pellagra, and is due to malnutrition and insufficient variety in the food served. A distinguished professor of medicine, in his textbook published less than ten years ago, declared that pellagra was of very little interest to students of medicine in America because we had no cases of the disease here. Since that declaration we have found nearly one hundred thousand cases of pellagra in our Southern States hidden away in the county insane asylums and the poorhouses, and the disease has evidently been in existence for at least one hundred years.

This striking incident will furnish abundant evidence of the neglect of the insane even in our own time. Of the eighteenth century very little need be said. Probably the most interesting feature of the history of the insane asylums of that period is given not in histories of medicine, but in essays and other literary efforts, as well as private letters of the period. A number of these describe visits paid to Bedlam, the large London insane asylum. These visits were made by cultured people, members of the nobility and others who were prominent in social and intellectual life, and who went to the great city asylum to view, as a pastime, the antics of the insane. It was the custom to arrange parties as for the theatre; a regular admittance fee was charged, and it is noteworthy that a very large part of the hospital's income was obtained by the collection of fees of this kind. Quite needless to say though Bedlam, or Bethlehem, as it used to be called, was a church foundation of the thirteenth century, the Church had nothing to do with it at this time. It was purely a State institution.

The number visiting the asylum for the purpose of being entertained in this way must have been enormous, for though the admission fee charged was only a penny, the resulting revenue is calculated to have amounted, according to definite records, to some four hundred pounds sterling annually, showing that nearly one

hundred thousand persons visited the institution in the course of a year.

It is sometimes maintained that there are three phases in the history of the care for the insane. The first was the period or era of exorcism, on the theory that insane patients were possessed by the devil. The second was the chain and dungeon era, during which persons exhibiting signs of insanity were imprisoned and shackled in such a manner as to prevent injury to others. The third is the era of asylums, and the fourth, only just developing, is the era of psychopathic wards in general hospitals for the acutely insane in cities, with colonies for the chronic insane in the country.

The era of exorcism and of the chain and dungeon are supposed to include practically the whole history of the care of the insane previous to the nineteenth century. Now it would be quite improper to claim for the Middle Ages any absolute solution of the serious problem that the care of the insane always creates. One might think from the arbitrary classification given above that nothing at all was done for the insane except to exorcise or confine them. But history tells us that any such supposition is absolutely unwarranted and is directly opposed to facts.

The care of the insane in the Middle Ages rivals in its thoughtfulness their charitable solicitude for the ailing poor, both young and old. In reviewing the place of diversion of mind as a therapeutic measure in the history of psychotherapy at the beginning of my volume on that subject, I pointed out that the old Egyptians had recognized the usefulness of various forms of mental diversion in the care of the insane. Pinel, the French psychiatrist, recalled that the Egyptians provided, in their temples dedicated to Saturn whither melancholics resorted for relief, "games and recreations of all kinds, while the most enchanting songs and sounds the most melodious took prisoner the captive sense." "Flowery gardens and groves disposed with taste and art, invited them to refreshment and salubrious exercise, gaily decorated boats sometimes transported them to breathe amidst rural concerts the pure breezes of the Nile. Every moment was devoted to some pleasurable occupation or rather a system of diversified amusements."

The people of the Middle Ages also recognized the value of recreation and diversion for the insane. The poor insane were, for the most part, kept at home and cared for by their own. But it soon became apparent that such care asked too much of the sane

people who undertook it. The monasteries and convents then took upon themselves the care of the insane. They built for their use separate structures, and as they were usually situated in the open country the conditions were favorable to the patients. And the later Middle Ages saw a great reawakening of interest in the use of hydrotherapy, diet, exercise and air, as cardinal features of treatment for chronic diseases. This chapter of therapeutics opened up at Salerno as a reaction against the polypharmacy of the Arabs, who at times gave so many drugs in a single prescription that these documents are spoken of as "calendar prescriptions," because they resemble a list of the days in the month. The little book of popular medicine, *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanæ,* which went out from Salerno to all the known world, declared that the three best physicians for mankind were: "Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman." Proper eating, rest of mind and body and diversion of mind these were the best remedies. This period furnishes us much evidence of the thoroughly rational care of the insane, care that anticipated many of the ideas now in vogue, and supposed to be so modern in origin.

It is easy to understand after reading this paragraph that the treatment of the lunatics of that time must have been very reasonable. The acute mental diseases of the ordinary people of the cities and towns were cared for, at first, in ordinary hospitals where special wards were set aside for them. This may seem an undesirable mode of treatment, but as a matter of fact in our time we have come to realize that it would be much better for our insane patients if there were psychopathic wards in the general hospitals, ready for their reception. The old mediæval idea, then, was an anticipation of what we are gradually adopting.

After a time certain hospitals were reserved entirely for sufferers from mental diseases, and one of the earliest of these was Bethlehem Hospital in London, the name of which gradually became softened in popular speech to Bedlam. In pre-Reformation days the inmates of Bedlam, when they had recovered their reason and shown for some considerable time that they could be trusted, were allowed to leave the institution.

However, every inmate who left was compelled to wear a badge or plate on the arm, which showed that he had once been an inmate of Bedlam. This may seem to us an unnecessary stigma; but its effect in the later Middle Ages was to make everyone who met these poor people sympathetic toward them. People did not

attempt to impose on them, fearful lest there might be an uncontrollable access of rage; they treated them, as a rule, with consideration, and in many cases cared for them. This was so well recognized that after a time a certain number of lazy people, "sturdy vagrants," as they were termed, tramps as we call them, took advantage of the kindly feelings of people generally toward ex-Bedlamites. They obtained possession of Bedlam badges, and putting them on imposed on the good will of the community. Indeed, "Bedlam beggars" became a by-word.

In one phase of the handling of the problem of insanity, the mediæval period was far ahead of our own. Curiously enough this phase concerned the prevention of the affection. It must be remembered that the insanity rate in the Middle Ages was very much lower than that of our own day; in fact the awful increase in that rate is one of the most ominous features of our own day. A recent report of the Lunacy Board in Great Britain shows that there are three hundred and seventy-seven insane to every one hundred thousand of the population. Fifty years ago the number was less than half this. England is however practically no worse off than we are in this country. Massachusetts has some three hundred and fifty insane to every one hundred thousand inhabitants, and New York about the same number. The number of insane in Great Britain has doubled in about fifty years, but the number of insane in this country has doubled in the past twenty-five years.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the subject we have under consideration is the care of the mentally defective. During the past twenty years or so we have come to recognize that the best way to care for defectives of various kinds is to give them an opportunity to live a village life, that is, to live out in the country under circumstances where various simple trades can be practised, where nearly everybody knows them and realizes the need of surveillance over them, where they will not be abused nor exploited, but kindly encouraged to occupy themselves with various kinds of work which interests them and gives them exercise and occupation. The State of New York has, for instance, created the State Craig Colony, as it is called, for epileptics. Here the unfortunate victims of this disease, especially in its severer forms, can be cared for in country surroundings where they have sympathetic treatment. More recently Letchworth Village on the lower Hudson has been created for the accommodation of defective children, who are there

taught as much as they may be able to learn, and are trained in various trades and live under circumstances best suited to their defective condition.

In the appendix of my volume *Old Time Makers of Medicine,* I have quoted from Bartholomæus Anglicus, who wrote in the thirteenth century a well-known popular encyclopedia which, with the similar works of Vincent of Beauvais and Thomas of Contimprato, initiated this mode of diffusing general information. Bartholomew has described insanity in a wonderfully informing paragraph, in which he sums up the causes, the symptoms and the treatment of the affection. The mediæval encyclopedist said:

> Madness cometh sometime of passions of the soul, as of business and of great thoughts, of sorrow and of too great study, and of dread: sometime of the biting of a wood (mad) hound, or some other venomous beast; sometime of melancholy meats, and sometime of drink of strong wine. And as the causes be diverse, the tokens and the signs be diverse. For some cry and leap and hurt and wound themselves and other men, and darken and hide themselves in privy and secret places. The medicine of them is, that they be bound, that they hurt not themselves and other men. And, namely, such shall be refreshed, and comforted, and withdrawn from cause and matter of dread and busy thoughts. And they must be gladded with instruments of music, and some deal be occupied.

It might be thought that such developments were absolutely new; and, indeed, most of those who have been engaged in their organization have been quite convinced that they were developing absolutely novel ideas. As a matter of fact, however, such institutions, or at least corresponding arrangements founded on the same principle, though less artificial, have been in existence for a very long time in Europe. Probably the best known of these was the famous village of Gheel in Belgium, where defective children of all kinds were cared for. The story of Gheel is interesting. In this village, according to a very old tradition, there is situated the shrine of an Irish girl martyr, St. Dympna, who lost her life at the end of the eighth century when the Irish missionaries were spreading Christianity among the Teutonic tribes which then held Belgium. It came to be a pious belief that at this shrine defective children of various kinds, sufferers from backwardness in intelligence, from defects of speech and from certain constitutional

nervous diseases, were cured through the intercession of the saint. Accordingly a great many of them were brought to the village, and the villagers became quite accustomed to care for them.

Not a few of those who were brought to Gheel in the hope of cure at the shrine of the saint remained unimproved. Parents and relatives stayed with them for a while, hoping against hope that further prayers might avail, and then made arrangements to leave the children in the village in the hope that they might yet be bettered throught the saint's intercession. They also realized that this village, where there were a number of other defectives to whom various trades and occupations were taught, was a very suitable place for the children to stay. Gradually, then, the village system of caring for defectives grew up; the ecclesiastical authorities instituted regulations to prevent abuses; and Gheel continued for probably a thousand years to harbor and to care for defective children. Its mission of charity and helpfulness continues even until the present day, if the work has not been disturbed by the war. American psychiatrists and neurologists, and especially those interested particularly in the care of defective children, have gone to Gheel, and have described just how the work was carried on. Anyone who visits the town recognizes at once that it represents an extremely suitable mode of caring for these poor people, who will never be quite equal to the struggle for existence under ordinary circumstances, and who if subjected to the strain of competition with their better mentally endowed fellows will almost invariably succumb, if not physically then morally.

Nor was Gheel unique in this regard. Similar arrangements were made in other villages, particularly of northern France. Defectives of all grades and epileptics were cared for in the midst of a simple village life under circumstances where all the villagers practically were interested in their care, and where, to as great a degree as possible, they were shielded from their own foolishness, and above all from the impositions of others.

It is sometimes the custom to say that such developments when noted in the mediæval period are merely happy accidents, but then let us not forget that it is the taking advantage of happy accidents which more than anything else shows the genius of a people of a generation and of an individual. Newton is said to have discovered gravitation as a consequence of seeing an apple fall to the earth and wondering why it did so. Lord Kelvin attributed his discovery of the use of a mirror for ocean cable purposes from

having his eyeglass reflect the sun, and show him that the reflected beam of light represented an absolutely weightless arm of any desired length for an indicator. Galvani saw frogs' legs twitch, and becoming, as some scoffingly said, a dancing master for frogs opened up the whole series of questions relating to animal and vital electricity. Others might have witnessed these same happy accidents, but only genius could take full advantage of them. So it was in the Middle Ages. The Christian genius of the people enabled them to take advantage of circumstances that seemed at first to have no significance at all with regard to the beautiful good work into which they ultimately developed.

URANIA.

BY GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

THE splendor of the sun that like a god
  Flames unconsuming, the lone deeps of night
As a spirit vast and free, these lay no rod
  On thee, O god-like spirit of delight,

Whose wing invisible sweeps the firmament
  In race with death and life; to whom the pain
Of martyrs is as music's ravishment
  Calling thee back to Paradise again.

PURE GOLD.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

V.

THE two men worked on, came and went in silence. In some indefinable way Mary felt that she had lost her hold. No matter how quietly, how secretly, still she had hitherto really ruled old Amos; had been at all times a restraining force upon him. Now, without a word said, he was suddenly grown arrogant; he took the lead, not she. She was losing hold—losing hold on herself, too. Every task of her life of drudgery seemed harder and heavier now. She tried to rally herself, to mend her broken spirit with hopes and dreams of Davy. But they, too, had lost their old time potency.

Then Davy's answer to her letter came and it frightened her. It was an angry letter, full of indignation against his father; and it told her news: "I am coming home the first week in September, mother. Then you must be ready to go away with me. You can't live any longer in that place, with an escaped murderer and a crazy man for company. Be ready, mother. I won't ask any more. I'm coming. You'd better tell father."

She did tell him. "Davy's coming home in September," she said that night while she was washing the supper dishes.

"I suppose he thinks the gold is all dug and ready for him! He needn't come."

"But he is coming, Amos."

"He'd better keep away."

"He won't stay long."

"No, he won't stay long! He'll let me break my back in the mine."

She could make no progress; and now she had neither the wit nor the tact to manage him as she once had done. She suddenly felt herself growing uncontrollably angry; with her two hands in the dishwater, she did the most inexplicable thing—broke a china plate in two, so overwhelming was her passion, so great the pent-up forces in her, and then the blood grew hot in her cheeks with shame at the thought that she could ever have hated her husband as she had for that flashing instant hated him. She wiped her hands in her apron and walked trembling into her bedroom—and took out Davy's letter to read again.

Then came a day when she had good news to write her boy. "It is wonderful news!" she told him. "Do you remember the talk

two years ago about them putting in a water power up on the Willow River east of us? Next spring they are going to build an immense power plant and run everything in the whole county by electricity. And the company is buying up land all through Paper Jack Valley to divert the stream. Well, Mister Davy Reid, just you listen! Will McAllister and Dr. Shaw drove out here this afternoon to talk about our selling, and they'll give us twelve thousand dollars for the place. Everything for their power scheme depends on our selling. If only your father will be sensible now. I haven't told him yet. McAllister and Shaw talked to me; he has scarcely been in the house the last two days, and he keeps poor old Ben right with him. Don't worry about Ben being dangerous. He's perfectly harmless, and oh, so pitiable. There's a new discovery in the mine, and it has your father horribly excited. He has the cellar nearly full of rock. There won't be any place for the potatoes this winter. I'll have to put them in my bedroom for company."

It was true the old man had made a new discovery, and he kept his wretched helper's nose to the shovel from morning to night. That poor creature was wasting away, but as yet he had not dared to attempt an escape. In fact Mary grew to think he would not risk it, but Amos guarded him as closely as ever in his night-locked room, with its windows securely nailed at the sash.

Amos paid no attention to the call of McAllister and Dr. Shaw. Mary was hoping he would ask about it, or take some notice of it. Finally, after supper that night, she told him. He laughed at her.

"You know what the trouble is, don't you? They've found out what I've struck in the mine. They've been spying! I wouldn't be surprised if they had something to do with that assay I got. They're after the gold, and they think they can fool me with their yarn about water power!"

"But twelve thousand dollars! We'd be free of debt and be rich besides! Surely you don't mean you'll let it go?"

"I can make that much in a week. Do you know how much there's in the cellar now? Wait till I put in a mill! Shaw and McAllister had better talk to me the next time they come around."

"But what if Mr. Warden back East hears of this? He'd foreclose the mortgage and put us off."

"No, he won't."

The worn-out wife was in despair. She had not dreamed that Amos could be so mad as to refuse the sum they were offered, and go on digging and hacking in the sand and rock. Her head whirled. Now with all her heart she wished for her boy to come home. But no! Let Davy come and see her, and talk it over; but she must stay. She must stay here. This was her place.

As the day for Davy's coming drew near, his mother grew more and more agitated. He would be in town Monday evening. If he came right out to the farm—and of course he would—he would be with her by dark. Oh, it was a task she had before her—to send her boy away again alone! To give up all those dreams, in which even she had been tempted to indulge, of the two together, in cosy little rooms in Davy's town, living in peace and quiet. No! not for her. Her place was here. And Davy must go back alone. Some day he would be married and would understand. Monday night he would be here!

Saturday night, from her restless sleep, Mary Reid woke suddenly. She heard a voice calling; then the night air was split by the crack of a gunshot. All a-tremble she lay listening. She knew what it was—Amos at his guard frightening away some imagined prowlers from his mine. Then a horrible fear paralyzed her and made her heart stop beating! What if it were Davy, come tonight unexpectedly, and mistaken for a marauder! Oh, with what wild terror did she leap from her bed and run to the window! No figure showed in the moonlight. Then she heard a step in the kitchen and went to see who was there. It was Amos; he was turning the key in old Ben's door.

"What has happened?" Mary asked.

"I thought he was trying to get out," came the answer aloud and sharp for the prisoner's ears to hear. "I just shot off a cartridge to let him know I was awake."

"Well, be careful," she commanded him. "Remember, Davy is coming home Monday night."

He said nothing more, and went to his room, and she to hers, to dream a terrifying dream of Davy—Davy all blood and sand from the quarry, and the sand glittering like gold.

"I'm as good as useless!" she told herself a dozen times Sunday. She was finished with her farmyard duties early. She had been cooking and "baking up" for the visitor. "To think that I haven't seen him for two whole years!" she would tell herself over and over again. "I wonder how he looks!" He had sent her his picture, but it showed no change; and yet she was steeling her heart to meet great changes in her lad. And that thought sent her early to her bedroom, to the dresser with its little mirror. "If I look worse than when he left he must not see it. If only I wasn't so thin!" It was with a beating heart that that sweet souled woman dressed herself and made ready, with as many little feminine touches as were left her by the grace of her ever-young heart, to meet her boy.

She had it all planned. There must be no quarrel between Davy and his father; and yet the boy must come into the house, eat with

them at table, stop with them, take his proper place. Oh, it was a hard task she had before her! But she would meet him at the gate, or run up the road, and calm him and counsel him. She felt she could rely on the boy's love for her to keep his temper. But to send him away again, alone, after all his planning—that was the greatest trial.

At supper she reminded the old man again of Davy's coming. He did not answer. Anyway, he was not excited, and she felt relieved at that. She washed her dishes, and set the table again for the tasty little luncheon she had prepared for the boy. What love and what trembling delight she put into every touch of that worn old table, with its snowy cover, its white plates polished like porcelain, its bone-handled knives, its jelly dish shaking with ruby beauty, its tea-cups, its biscuits and cake and crullers; and there was a bouquet of red dahlias from her poor neglected garden.

Old Ben had been locked in his room. "Poor creature, he couldn't run away if he tried," she thought as she saw the worn and weary and silent wretch imprisoned for the night; and Amos was in the cellar fumbling over his "gold." Now everything was prepared—and there were hours yet to wait!—an hour at least.

There was a flush in the mother's cheek, a light spring in her nervous step, as she set out finally for the road-gate, unable to endure the waiting in the house any longer. Still, it was nearly time—almost dark—and maybe he would catch a quick ride out from town. Besides, out at the gate she could better time the coming of the train by its distant whistle.

It was a dainty dress that faded figure wore, a pretty summer dress of gray, made over many times, and retaining in its old-fashioned frills something of a grace long lost from feminine attire. Her best white lace-edged apron was tied with a wide bow. Around her pretty white collar was a band of lavender chiffon, and at her throat a bow of the chiffon—a soft touch that gave her lovely old face, her fine wrinkled skin, a beauty that she was wholly unconscious of. Her gray hair, with its underlying strands of faded gold, was coiled softly around her head. As she held up her flounced skirt from the dust of the lane, and moved up toward the gate, there was such a beauty and grace and loveliness in the whole expectant figure as would make old men bow with admiration and young men gaze with loving reverence.

She rested at the gate. "My, how tired I am! Too much excitement!" But that excitement had put a rose in her sweet faded cheeks, and a brightness in her eye that would make her boy's heart dance. She knew it. The thought made her almost laugh.

It was time for the train to come—almost time. As soon as

she heard the whistle she would walk up the road toward the grove. That would be a safe place to wait; because, if he drove out, she would meet him there; and if he walked by the short-cut through the woods, neither could she miss him there.

She waited what seemed a half hour, and no train whistle broke the evening quiet. She listened so intently that she began to imagine sounds—distant wheels on the road, voices over the hill. Presently a faint echo came—it was not the whistle, but surely it was the last stroke of the train bell? Yes, she was sure of it. She was sure of it. She opened the swinging gate and went up the road—tried to go leisurely, but how all her heart beats urged her to run!

She walked up the road to where the path comes out of the grove, and even went past it a little, keeping an eye on the shadows of the wood. There was no sign of anyone. She turned back, but had gone only a step when she distinctly heard the sound of wheels coming up behind her. Her heart stood still as she waited, stepping to the roadside to make way for the vehicle. It was Davy, come at last! But the rig barely slowed up as it neared her, and then, after a second's hesitation, a surprised greeting, whirred on.

"Good evening, Mrs. Reid! Waiting for someone?"

"Davy's coming!" she called after them; but they scarcely heard her.

After the dust of the buggy had settled, Mary walked back toward the gate. She was convinced now that she had made a mistake about the train bell. She began to imagine sounds again—and again walked up the road. Two or three other rigs passed her. In the gathering darkness she was now a scarcely discernible figure moving like a gray shadow in the dusk. Finally, sure that the train was late—or now and again clasping her heart at the thought of some accident, and praying, and dismissing such fears as foolish—she pushed open the gate and walked slowly back down the lane. As she neared the house her ear caught a sound which at first she could not define or locate; then she decided it must be Amos, down in the cellar, for the cellar way was open. Coming nearer she wondered for a moment if it could be in Ben Adams' room. Maybe the old man was sick. It was in his room, that inexplicable disturbance; and then it ceased suddenly. She went into the kitchen and called through the prisoner's door, "Is anything the matter? Do you want anything?" But no answer came.

She touched and retouched the things on the table, stirred the fire to make the tea for Davy, and then was suddenly sure that in the distance, but farther away than ever before, it had sounded, the train whistle broke the silence. She listened again, provoked at herself for having made "such a racket" at the stove, and, leaving everything, hurried out again to the gate.

"Oh, why am I so nervous?" she cried to herself. "Davy will see it and blame it all on his father!"

It was quite dark now, but over the hill the moon was rising. Yet it had scarcely shown its honey-golden shield through the tangle of trees that crested the hill when a black cloud swallowed it. But it would be out again in a moment, making the roadway light. Mary went up the road and waited at the juncture of the grove-path and the highway. By this time she did not care whether passers-by saw her or not; she must meet Davy; and, besides, it was now too dark to make her out. And so, with heart beat ominous for no reason that she could tell, with ears throbbing for every faintest night sound, to discern his step, his voice, the worn-out, excited mother waited in the dark.

She stood by the fence, over in the dusty grass of the roadside, and almost unconsciously moved step after step along the way, until, her everyday sense suddenly asserting itself, she became aware that the wire here was broken and down, and resolved that it must be mended tomorrow. It was this fence that skirted the pasture and overlooked the quarry. The edge of the bluff was not one hundred feet away. She paused there by the broken fence, straining eye and ear for sight or sound of Davy; and then she heard him—not on the road, but coming down the path in the woods. Back to where that path stepped down into the road she flew; and here he was! Striding through the darkness, how great and stalwart he seemed, as she called "Davy!" and ran to meet him!

VI.

"Oh, mother, what a start you gave me!" He put his arms around her and kissed her trembling lips and faded cheek, with the old laughing "One! Two!" of boyhood days.

"My mercy!" she laughed, wiping away a glad tear from her shining eyes with a corner of her apron. "I told you in my letter I'd meet you! How you've grown! And such arms! Why, you've got me all mussed up!"

"You're just grand, mother!" She had started to walk beside him, and he halted and looked down at her. "Oh, my, but it's good to see you. Two whole years, think of it!"

"It hasn't been bad," she began. But she said no more just then, for his silence disputed her more than words. He had come to take her away with him, his every stride and motion said it; and the time was not yet for her to begin her argument.

"Two whole years!—and father is the same?" He hardly asked it; he knew it. "And he *won't* sell to the water power company? Well, we can't make him."

"We'll have to have a good talk together about it tomorrow."

"And, look here, mother, you stick by your guns! Don't you go back on me! I'm going to put the whole thing plain to father; either he's got to sell, or else you come with me, and he can take the whole place and keep it." They were silent for a while; then—

"There's one thing that must be understood before you go inside the house, my boy," said Mary Reid—they were at the foot of the wood path now, standing on the edge of the road; Davy helped her across and they walked toward the gate—"there's one thing that must be understood, Davy. No quarreling!"

"I'll not quarrel, mother. I didn't come home to quarrel. But I made up my mind when you wrote about Adams being here—does he keep him locked up every night?"

"Yes; and the poor old thing couldn't get away if he wanted to, he's so sore and stiff. Oh, Davy, it's awful!"

"Has he tried to get away at all?"

"No. One night your father thought he did—and he shot off the gun to frighten him."

"And I suppose he'd shoot him, if he did try to escape—oh, it's barbarous! I won't have you living in a madhouse like this any more, mother. They'll drive *you* crazy if you don't look out!"

"Hush!" she pressed a loving and a quieting hand on his arm. "You haven't promised me yet, Davy." They were at the gate now, standing before it.

"Promised what, mother?"

"About quarreling. Listen to me." With her hand on his arm, she faced up the road again and then, pace by pace, the two walked together in the darkness, she using all her wit and strength of mind to win her point, he fighting for his. Twice they went up to the crest of the hill road, to where she had found the broken fence, and back to the gate; then up the road again, until, quite tired out, she paused by the post with the hanging wire.

"I won't quarrel. I promise that," he was saying. "I didn't come home to quarrel. But you can't go back on me like that, mother! Why, I've got the rooms for us there in Wayne—you've got to come. You've got to come!"

"You shouldn't have done that, Davy. I didn't promise I'd come."

"Oh, but I was sure you would. Besides you must! Mother!" He gripped her arm in the vehemence of his argument; and at that moment a sound of wheels broke the stillness. The two moved back from the road, the mother lifted her skirt as they stepped over the fallen wire of the fence. Retreating into the shadow—for the moon had not yet broken from the cloudy night—they were not seen by the

passers-by. After there was silence again, Davy resumed his argument, his mother hushing him at every dozen words, so vehement did he become, so carried away by his feelings.

"Mother! You can't stay here! It's killing you! Your nerves are going now—yes, they are, mother; I know it! I can see it—in your letters and in you! It will break you down in the end, and then you'll be gone. You'll be gone!"

With a passionate toss of his head the boy dashed the tears from his eyes with his clenched fist, and then seized his mother's two hands and looked at her—at her little faded figure shadowy in the darkness, at her hair of gray and gold, at her tear-filled eyes. "Then—you'll be gone!"

"You musn't feel that way about it, dear little boy!" his mother whispered with trembling lips. "Oh, it *is* breaking me down!" She swayed, and he caught her, then gently made her sit on the grass, and he sat beside her.

"Like two Indians," she whispered, trying to be merry, with a plaintive sigh out of the darkness.

"But you don't and you can't understand, Davy, and I guess there's no use in my talking about it; but I can't go. I belong here and I must stay here. For better, for worse, Davy.....What if anything should happen him? Oh, you don't understand!" she went on, not permitting his interruptions, "you can't understand what a great sin I would commit to go away and leave him so!"

"Gold!" the boy cried bitterly, as if speaking to himself, as if he had not heard her words. "He thinks this whole hill under us is solid gold, and he can't see, he can't see, he can't see!"

"He can't see what, Davy?" she was troubled at his strange utterance, at his bitter voice shaken with angry tears.

"He can't see the gold he's got, the pure gold—you mother, you! You've fed him and slaved for him, planting and hoeing and reaping, wearing yourself out body and soul to keep the farm, so that he could dig for his fool's gold in that rock pile there! Gold! Why, he'll get gold out of that moon there quicker than he'll get it out of this hill!" The moon was wheeling out now over the black trees, very pure and very golden and beautiful. "But he can't see the gold—the gold mine—he's had by his side—yes, under his very feet, all these years! Oh, what a shame! What a shame!.....Sh, listen!"

Piercing through the night came an angry cry, up from the darkness below them. "Get down! Get down!" cried the mother in terror, pulling at the boy who stood above her. "Be still!"

He dropped on one knee, and they listened. The cry came again, then the muffled sound of running feet, then silence again; then, as if at their very knees, out of the depths, a moan.

Mary clasped her hands together and whispered: "It's Adams! He's got out. Oh, Davy!"

"I'm going down there, mother!"

"No, no! Stay here. Wait!"

They could hear nothing now, but the next instant came the sound of sand running down the quarry, then a low thud of rock falling, tumbling, then a panting and heaving, and over the edge of the quarry appeared the fearful head of Adams, white and shining in the moonlight, the face drawn with terror, the sunken eyes bulging. His hands pawed and scratched at the grass and crumbling sand as he tried to drag himself up. He seemed to be saying over and over again: "O God! O God!"

"Lie flat on the grass, mother!" Davy whispered, gently thrusting her down. But Mary Reid had never known what it was to cover her eyes in the face of danger. With her heart absolutely still, she squatted there in the grass and watched the boy, as, first on his hands and knees, and then, a few paces onward, flat on his stomach, he swiftly dragged himself toward the half-demented creature who suddenly with a lunge seemed to save himself and then lose hold. At that instant Davy's hands grasped his.

"Hang on!" the boy whispered. "I'll pull you up." The merciful moon wheeled in again behind the stormy clouds, and a low mutter of thunder rumbled up in the west.

"O God! O God!" She could hear old Adams plainly now. "He's after me!"

"Hang on!" Davy was bracing himself, and with one pull dragged the panting old man over the edge of the precipice. "Now lie flat."

The two lay there, both breathing hard. Then Mary heard an ominous sound. "Davy! He's coming!" she cried in a fearful whisper; and the boy seized the panting old man, and the two began moving rapidly back toward where Mary crouched.

"If you could get into the woods there!" Mary whispered.

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" the old man whimpered. "Save me! Please save me!"

"Yes, you can; there's time," Davy answered. "He's hunting for you in the quarry yet. Come!"

Half-crawling, half-running, Davy began dragging Adams to the road. Then on Mary's ear fell another fearful sound—again the soft rattle of running sand, the tumbling of loosened stones. "Davy!" she called out, knowing well, without looking, what was behind her—the panting figure of Amos Reid, his maddened eyes glittering with fury as he lunged up over the edge of the precipice.

How the mother sprang to her feet, how she beheld as in a

blazing flash of lightning the wild form that leaped up out of the pit of darkness below, how she saw the rifle aimed, and cried out and leaped toward her husband to stop him, to hold him—words cannot tell it fast enough or half as fast as it all happened. Before her was the madman, behind her boy, plunging and crouching with his pitiful burden in the dark. All that wind-swept hill, suddenly lit with a beam of moonlight breaking like a livid smile through the lowering cloud—all that wild scene she saw as the gun blazed and roared—and then with a cry, "Davy!" she fell. Old Amos, with his maniacal shot, aimed at the fleeing Adams, had cut her down.

With a cry Davy dropped his burden—no, he fairly threw it into the black edge of the wood—and turned. He, too, saw the blaze of the gun barrel, and so quickly did he leap to his mother's side that he caught her as she sank to her knees.

"Mother, mother!" he whispered. "You're not shot!"

She writhed in pain, then swooned. Still at the edge of the precipice the father stood, shaking with a new terror, for through his fuming senses that apparition of his wife springing from the darkened hill, that cry of the mother for her boy, had pierced him and stunned him. What was she doing here? And he, the boy?

"Father!" Davy cried. "Oh, see what you've done!"

"Your mother?—and you? Oh! Oh!" The old man lunged forward, fumbling at his head as if dizzy, and fell on his knees beside his wife.

"You've shot her!" the boy cried. "You've killed her!"

"No! no!" the old man moaned. "Oh, no, Davy, no I haven't! No, I haven't!" His long arms went around the senseless figure that the boy was supporting. He lifted her up, Davy helping him. "Mary!" he whispered, rising to his feet with that beloved burden at his breast. "Run to the house, Davy, quick!"

He might have been some tragic Lear or woe-distracted Creon bearing his loved one in his arms, that gaunt, white-bearded man stalking down the slope toward the house, all the haste and eagerness of fear and love, and all love's tenderness in his stride. Little love-moanings and wild inarticulate prayers broke from his lips as he strode on. His eye caught the flash of the lamp that Davy—winged on the heels of love and terror, leaping down the quarry-steep and plunging into the quiet house—had lit. All the wide night seemed opened to the old man's gaze as he still strode on; and yet one only thing he saw—the limp hushed figure in his arms; one only thing he felt—the dead pressure of that dear form against his heart, on his curved arms that held her so tenderly. And "Mary, Mary, Mary," he whispered over and over again, fighting off the spectre of death that strode beside him, plucking and fumbling at his precious burden.

Davy, tearing a sheet in strips for bandages, was at the door, and without a word led the way into her room; and there old Amos laid her, oh, how gently, on her bed, then seized the brandy flask the boy held for him, and poured the liquor down her throat, while Davy loosened her dress—her sweet gray dress, with its soft lavender chiffon, all stained with blood—and suddenly with a cry of love and horror disclosed the wound that the shot had made. "Oh, father!—the words seemed wrung from the very depths of the boy's being. The reproach of them, overwhelming and terrible, drowned the senses of the old man as in a vortex. But no more was said; not another word was spoken in that throbbing room, as the old white-haired man knelt and held the basin of water while the boy washed the blood away; not a word till the mother opened her eyes, and looked into the faces bending over her.

"It'll be all right. It doesn't hurt now!" she whispered; then the tender lids closed again, and the old man's closed too, in a sudden pain, as the tears welled up in his eyes.

The bandage on, Davy whispered, "I'll jump on old Fanny and ride for the doctor. Keep her quiet!"—and was gone.

And then suddenly it seemed to the old man that she, too, was gone, so still did she lie, the frail shadowy eyelids closed, the sweet, soft, wrinkled face pallid and sunken. Surely she had not ceased breathing? The old man leaped from his knees in terror—he pressed his ear to her heart, his dark old hands fluttered over the pillow, his seared old heart cried out until it found voice and utterance:

"Mary! Oh, my dear girl! My wife! My little wife! Can't you hear me? What have I done? Oh, if you should die! Mary, you're not dead?.....She's so still, so quiet!"

He was kneeling again beside her. "Can't you hear me? I want you to hear me—before you go, Mary, before you go! I didn't know what I was doing. I've been a bad man to you, Mary; wicked and stubborn and bad! I was sure of the gold, sure of it! There *is* gold there!—but I'll give it up if only you'll get well. I'll give it up! Mary! Mary!.....God curse me if I've killed you! Killed my wife!" The old white-haired head shook to and fro, the old bent figure rocked in its awful grief.

But Mary heard. Those wild poignant words pierced her swooning senses. Through the long dark abyss she struggled to call back to him:

"No curse, Amos! God bless us! Say God bless us!"

"God bless you, Mary! Oh, you're not dead! Yes, yes, I'll say it—God bless us! Oh, can you forgive me! See all I've done to you! Broken your life, worn you out! I can see it all now—but I was sure of the gold, Mary, sure of it!"

Again she was very still. Again the heart-core of the man cried out for her to come back, to live, to speak, to say she forgave him. "But you can't! You can't!"

And again soul answered soul. "I'm so happy, Amos.....Say a little prayer."

She was quite conscious when Davy and the doctor arrived. The old man was still kneeling on the floor by her bed.

She opened her eyes when Davy spoke. "It's not so bad," she said as the doctor bent over her. "Nothing so bad but it might be worse," and she smiled. "You didn't get any of your hot biscuits, Davy. They were all ready.....You must give Dr. Shaw a bite before he goes.....No, it doesn't hurt now, but I *am* weak!.....There now, I told Amos not to be kneeling there—he'll be too stiff to move. I said you'd be in the doctor's way! Don't be foolish!" For now the old man, instead of getting up as he had been bidden, suddenly leaned over and buried his face in the bed clothes, and broke down and sobbed. Her gentle hand found its way to his silvery head. "Sh," she whispered. "Don't be upset!"

"I'm praying! I'm praying!" is all the old man could say.

"It's only a flesh wound," was the doctor's verdict. "How in the world did it happen?"

"Amos thought someone was breaking in," Mary answered promptly—"into his gold mine. He always keeps watch at night, you know, and Davy and I were walking—"

"Will she get well?" the old man interrupted, looking up. "You can have the whole gold mine, if you'll only cure her, doctor."

"Father means we've decided to sell to your power company," Davy interjected; and his mother smiled up at him, wisely and approvingly. Her boy had a good head on him!

"That's good!.....Let's see those biscuits, Davy." The doctor led the way into the kitchen.

And then old Amos looked up at his Mary, with such a clear light in his eyes, dimmed by tears as they were, that she almost swooned again—not for pain, but for joy; for now in his face there was something she had not seen for twenty years and more, something that had long ago vanished, vanished she had feared forever. "Thank God for that gunshot, if it only has broken the spell at last," was her silent prayer as she watched him; but he kneeling there only fingered lovingly her thin braid of gray-gold hair that had fallen loose on the pillow, and then suddenly pressing it to his lips, he whispered reverently,

"Pure gold! Pure gold!"

[THE END.]

New Books.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.

In compact form, within one hundred small pages done in large type, is here presented what one would wish to know of Conrad and his work. Mr. Walpole handles his subject lucidly, sympathetically, temperately, and leaves the reader not only possessed of facts, but breathing the atmosphere of Conrad and pondering his philosophy. His biography simply states three periods: life in Poland, life on the sea, life in England, as background against whose form and color his art has been placed. At first his works are reminiscent, then creative, then studies of "cases." The works of every period receive a passing comment. In *The Novelist* are discussed the form of Conrad's work, the themes which engage him and his creative art, and his handling of character, sufficient illustration being given to recall to the knowing, or to inform the inquiring, just what Conrad's books are like. *The Poet* is a fair critique of his style, showing the weakness and promise of his early works maturing to present mastery. The glamour or atmosphere which Conrad throws about his work is attributed to his lyric vein, his poetic vision of life working through the media of realism. And as for his philosophy, he is "of the firm and resolute conviction that life is too strong, too clever and too remorseless for the sons of men." This obsession of "the vanity of human struggle" drives him to present everyone of his characters as facing an enemy, for whom he is by temperament least fitted, and accounts for the irony that runs through his tales. His men of brains are melancholy; his happy characters are devoid of imagination: grimly he enunciates his philosophy. "If you see far enough you will see how hopeless the struggle is." With this outlook of life, the qualities of the human soul that appeal most to Conrad are blind courage and obedience. In *Romance and Realism,* Mr. Walpole, defining the one as "a study of life with the faculty of imagination;" and the other as "the study of life with all the rational faculties of observation, reason and reminiscence," rightly states the trend of modern literature to be towards romantic realism. This is seen through all the writings of Conrad. He is

credited with influencing the younger generation of writers, and assured of a place in the galaxy of contemporary brilliant novelists as giving fresh impulse to the literature of our language.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

In announcing the forthcoming series of articles by Professor Phelps of Yale, which are here collected, the *Bookman* for August, 1915, promised something very different from the majority of works on the development of the novel. The present volume proves that promise abundantly fulfilled. Differing from Cross, or Bliss Perry, for instance, in his angle of vision, Professor Phelps writes for the reading public rather than for the student, and organizes his material accordingly. After an introductory chapter upon the present state of the novel, the chapter containing the definition which provoked so much discussion, "a novel is a good story well told," he ranges, within one hundred pages, from Defoe to Stevenson, leaving two-thirds of the book to the treatment of English and American fiction after 1894. One finds here sane criticism upon our own contemporaries, upon Meredith, Hardy and Henry James, upon Conrad, Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells, upon Churchill, Tarkington, London and Harrison, and a host of others; and, best of all, it is criticism in accord with true moral standards. It is refreshing and consoling in these days to find one who speaks with authority calling attention to the fact that the famous, or infamous, "novel of life," which figures so prominently in the advance sheets of every publisher, is false to itself and to art when the life it pretends to portray is all sordid; to find one noticing the spiritual development between Locke, the pagan, in the *Morals of Marcus Ordeyne,* and the Locke of Christian ethics in *Septimus;* to find condemned, as strongly as a priest would condemn them, the whole class, and specific books of the genus best called "pornographic."

There are conclusions, no doubt, to which we cannot assent. We would be loath to admit that Churchill's attack upon the modern church was "devout and reverent," or that the Harland of *The Cardinal's Snuff-box* belongs to the "marshmallow school," or that Butler's "diabolical novel" will prove of "real service to Christianity;" the present reviewer would have enjoyed a fuller treatment of de Morgan. But these are matters of inference or of taste, about which, the adage says, there is no disputing; and

it is cheering to find Professor Phelps so sound on those principles for which we are constrained to battle against the loose thinking and loose morality of much in modern fiction.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION. By Frank Julian Warne, A.M., Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

This volume is a plea for the restriction of immigration to the United States through the adoption of a literacy test. Such a test is not put forward as a means of selecting the quality of the immigration, but rather as a means of limiting its quantity. The author insists that there is need of quantitative restriction in order that we may be able to assimilate the immigrants whom we admit into the country. Throughout the greater part of the book the assimilation desired seems to be an economic assimilation which would lead the immigrant to demand an American wage and to live up to the American standard of living, but in the closing chapter the assimilation upon which stress is placed seems to be of a non-economic character, and is concerned with "hyphenated-Americans" of a disloyal turn of mind, who "are not strangers to the hand that stabs in the dark or the lips that betray with a kiss."

The author presents the statistics of immigration in an attractive manner. The comparison of the tide of immigration with the ocean tide is also handled in a way to hold the reader's attention. There are chapters on "the flow of the tide," "sources of the tide," "the ebb of the tide," "the tide's flotsam and jetsam," "immigration's tide-rip," etc. Altogether the book is entertainingly written.

Dr. Warne is frankly partisan, and sometimes uses arguments which belong on the other side of the question to bolster up the demand for a restriction of immigration. Thus from the point of view of the native born it is desirable that immigrants return to Europe in large numbers in times of industrial depression in the United States, in this way leaving to the native-born such opportunities of finding work as they could. But somehow Dr. Warne fails to see this, and it is a large part of his grievance against immigrants that they return to Europe in large numbers in times of business depression here.

A good deal of space is devoted to showing that for the past hundred years there has been violent agitation against immigration. Dr. Warne thinks that the opposition in the past was ill-advised, and

that it would have been a mistake to restrict seriously the immigration of earlier days. But he thinks that conditions have changed, so that today such restriction is desirable. He does not, however, take the pains to show in what way the coming in of immigrants works a hardship on the people already here. To establish that fact, if it is a fact, would require a careful statistical study of wages and costs of living. Such a study is lacking in the book.

The author is not fair to the reader in presenting the majority report of the Commission on Industrial Relations as unbiassed testimony in favor of restriction without explaining that three out of the four signers of the report were leaders of organized labor—in other words, that it was a partisan report. Similar liberties are taken with the reader in presenting the testimony of the Immigration Commission.

Unlike so many immigration restrictionists who believe that this country is nearing the limit of its resources, Dr. Warne sees a rosy future for the United States. He wishes us to remember "that the United States has hardly begun the development of its material resources; that these are in such abundance as to give to us wealth beyond human comprehension." Perhaps, after all, we may be able to take care of the normal immigration for a long time to come without danger to our own standard of living.

THE HISTORY OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By Rev. S. A. Leathley. London: John Long.

This is one of the most inaccurate, unfair, and prejudiced books on marriage we have ever read. The writer, in the first place, attempts the impossible task of writing the history of marriage and divorce from earliest times to the present day in the brief compass of one hundred and fifty pages. Like many a High Church Anglican who holds the indissolubility of the marriage bond, he is indignant at the findings of the Majority Report of the Royal Divorce Commission a few years ago. It recommended extensions of the grounds of divorce to desertion for three years, incurable insanity after five years, penal servitude for life, cruelty and habitual drunkenness. He praises the Catholic Church for her strong stand against divorce, but then, to save his face with his co-religionists, he does his utmost to travesty her teaching, and to denounce in the most extravagant language "the errors of Rome." He loves to talk about Rome's arrogance, unnatural spirituality and superstition; he rants about the Marian persecu-

tions and the terrors of the Inquisition; he accuses the *Romish* Church of casuistry, chicanery and deliberate dishonesty.

It is hard to be patient with a controversialist who repeats oft-refuted calumnies without the slightest regard to the Eighth Commandment. Mr. Leathley, for instance, charges the mediæval Church with continually granting divorces under the plea of nullity. He writes: "The canonists succeeded in devising a canonical computation that left it an extremely uncertain event, if they wished to attack the marriage, whether or not the union would stand." Or again: "The whole practice of deciding the validity of marriages was utterly inconsistent." He never attempts to prove his accusations, but quotes complacently the false statements of Bryce in his *Studies in History and Jurisprudence,* and of Pollock and Maitland in their *History of English Law.*

Of course we do not maintain that powerful princes never obtained decrees of nullity by fraud, nor that every bishop without exception in all the centuries of Catholic history gave righteous judgment in all matrimonial cases; but we do protest most strongly against the charge that mediæval canonists were dishonest in their framing of matrimonial impediments. The impediments to marriage then, as now, were based on the divine law, the lessons of experience, the good of society, and the protection of the individual. Pre-contract, *pace* Mr. Leathley, simply meant the bond of a previous marriage, and invalidated a second marriage by the natural law; impotency came under the same category; force, fear and abduction were meant to protect the weak against the violence of the strong; consanguinity and affinity were founded on the natural reverence for blood and marriage ties, the desire of preventing immorality among kinsfolk, and of bettering the physical well-being of the offspring.

The laws were clear enough, although the application of principles in particular cases might cause wonderment to the ignorant lay mind. The Church modifies her laws from time to time, according to the demands of the age, especially with regard to the degrees of consanguinity and affinity, but she never will yield, as modern States or Churches have done, to the public clamor for divorce in a valid marriage. This is one of her chief claims to the respect of devout and intelligent men.

Again, when Mr. Leathley informs us that divorces were common in England before the Conquest, he is guilty of false witness. This reckless statement is on a par with his other assertion that

the Canon Law was introduced into England by William I. Even if the Penitential of Theodore be authentic, which is doubtful, it proves nothing about the teaching or practice of the Anglo-Saxon Church. The Anglo-Saxon Church was just as vehement in its denunciation of divorce as the Catholic Church today. We have only to allude to the provincial council of Hertford in 673, the witness of the Abbot Ælfric, of St. Wulfstan of Worcester, of Archbishop Egbert of York, of St. Bede, St. Willibrord and others.

It is rather amusing to read of "the *fortunate* change" brought about by Henry VIII., the very man whom Anglicans should forbear quoting as a defender of the sacredness of the marriage bond. But if Mr. Leathley had a saving sense of humor, he would never have written so unscholarly a volume.

THE COMMONITORIUM OF VINCENTIUS OF LERINS. Edited by Reginald S. Moxon, B.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

This volume, one of the series of Cambridge Patristic Texts, gives us an annotated edition of the Latin text of the *Commonitorium* of St. Vincent of Lerins. In an introduction of seventy-five pages Mr. Moxon, headmaster of Lincoln School, discusses the authorship and contents of the *Commonitorium;* St. Vincent's semi-Pelagianism; the Rule of St. Vincent and modern Christianity; the *Commonitorium's* Latinity and style, its Biblical quotations, and its relationship with the Athanasian Creed. He concludes with a list of the most important editions of the text, the various manuscripts extant, and the translations into various languages.

Just as the Protestants of the Reformation translated the Scriptures and annotated them with the special view of setting forth their objections to Catholic doctrine, so some modern editors of Patristic texts take occasion of the Fathers to teach heresy in their anti-Catholic notes.

It is impossible to set aside St. Vincent's witness to the authority of the Apostolic See, but Mr. Moxon does his utmost to minimize it. If St. Vincent speaks of the peremptory decision of Pope Stephen in the re-baptism controversy, we are told "he makes the history of the episode seem much simpler than it really was." If St. Vincent reserves the title of *Papa* or Pope to the Bishop of Rome, and speaks of Rome always as the Apostolic See, Mr. Moxon adds that "*papa* of itself did not necessarily mean

to him the Pope," and Apostolic See only referred to Western Christendom. When Pope Celestine condemned Nestorius, we are told "that he went beyond all precedents in the extension of the power of that see, and *assumed* the right to depose Nestorius." Mr. Moxon even goes so far as to intimate that St. Vincent "*seemed* to recognize the supremacy of the Roman See" in order to flatter Sixtus III., and so win the Pope's favor in his semi-Pelagian attack upon the teaching of St. Augustine.

In discussing the Nestorian heresy, Mr. Moxon holds the view of some modern Anglicans that the Council of Ephesus condemned Nestorius unjustly, for "there remains the question whether Nestorius was guilty of holding the opinions for which he was condemned." St. Cyril, who presided at the Council, was perhaps a heretic, for "his Christology contains traces of a relationship with Apollinarianism!"

Mr. Moxon also approves of the semi-Pelagianism of St. Vincent as holding the mean between Pelagianism and ultra-Predestinarianism, but Catholics know that the second Council of Arles in 529 condemned it as heretical. Nature and free will left to themselves are incapable of accomplishing, and even of beginning, the supernatural work of salvation. God is the primary and necessary Agent Who creates in us the first desire of good, and brings about its effective accomplishment. Mr. Moxon, who has no clear idea of what the Church means by tradition, naturally cannot understand the Rule of St. Vincent. He states that Cardinal Franzelin in his *De Divina Traditione* practically repudiates St. Vincent. This is not the fact. Franzelin merely stated that St. Vincent's Rule is true in its positive sense, namely, so far as it claims that doctrines that have been taught *Everywhere, Always,* and *By All* are of faith, but that it cannot be admitted in a negative or exclusive sense, namely, in the sense that doctrines that have not been taught *Everywhere, Always* and *By All* cannot be of faith. For it is contrary to the whole economy of the faith to maintain that only those things which have been explicitly believed from the first are contained in the deposit of faith.

To say "that modern Catholicism has abandoned the Rule of St. Vincent altogether," is to bear false witness; to say that Papal infallibility does away with all study of antiquity, and treats all appeal thereunto as "treason and heresy," is utterly unworthy of a serious scholar. The Pope does not claim to be inspired, as Mr. Moxon falsely asserts, but he speaks *ex cathedra* under the guidance

of the Holy Spirit when, having examined carefully the teaching of Scripture and tradition, he finds a doctrine of faith or morals taught by Jesus Christ and the Twelve Apostles. He never adds to the deposit of faith, for with St. Vincent he holds: "There is to be progress in religion, but not change of faith." We would advise Mr. Moxon to read again carefully the twenty-third chapter of the *Commonitorium,* and then compare its teaching with the teaching of Cardinal Newman in his *Doctrine of Development,* and with Cardinal Franzelin's teaching which he has entirely misrepresented.

THE MASTERING OF MEXICO. By Kate Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This stirring account of the conquest of Mexico is based on the *True History of the Conquest of New Spain* by Bernal Diaz del Castillo, an eyewitness to one of the most picturesque military exploits of all times. It is only within the past twenty-five years that the old Conquistador's history has been unearthed in the archives of Guatemala, where he finally settled after the conquest. It was published by Señor Genaro Garcia. Padre Rémon published a garbled version of the history in 1632, and various renderings have been published in English by Thomas Nicholas, Maurice Keatinge, and John Lockhart. These volumes are all out of print, and practically unknown to the average reader.

These pages, as the author states, picture "a human Cortez, untiringly active in mind and body, gently intimate and comrade-like of heart, subtle in speech, but ardent, imaginative and ambitious enough to grasp opportunities and mould them to his advantage. These pages prove that the conquest was a democratic, community affair, each soldier of fortune present by his own choice and with vote and speech indicating his personal, independent wish in general matters.....all its members were served by a substantially founded education, and gifted with the ability to do their own thinking in the practical affairs of life."

MICHAEL CASSIDY, SERGEANT. By Sapper. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

These vivid tales of the war in Europe are drawn from life. Though colored a bit by a masterly hand, they could only be written by a man who has been through the scenes he describes. They tell of life in the trenches, of suffering in the hospitals, of the valor of heroes and the cowardice of deserters, of Christmas

truces, and of the fate of spies. The humor occasionally is a bit exaggerated as in the "Charge of the Cooks," but perhaps this was required to offset the strain of continual stories of wounds and death. Most graphic are the tales of the experiences of the mining engineer, the death of the brave German spy, and rescue of the wounded between the English and the German trenches.

THE BORODINO MYSTERY. By Maria Longworth Storer. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

Mrs. Storer's latest novel is a clever detective story, in which an Englishman disguises himself as a Russian nobleman in order to win the girl of his choice. He has to feign death to bring this about, and the humor of the tale lies in the fact that he is pursued to the end by an amateur detective, anxious to convict him of his own murder. The characters are all well drawn. We thoroughly enjoyed the prim and precise French Duchess of the old régime, the unconventional Lady Betty, the over-zealous and over-suspicious Breton Curé, the loyal friend Bertie Harding, and the pure, clean-cut hero and heroine. The story is well told, and the style vivid and full of distinction.

THE CROWD IN PEACE AND WAR. By Sir Martin Conway. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

The individual or the crowd—this is the balance that Sir Martin Conway, late Professor of Art at Cambridge and writer of many books on art and travel, strikes in his elaborate study of social phenomena. In a close analysis of man's "crowd instincts" the writer finds that the crowd is peculiar in characteristics and action, differing in these respects from the individual alone. Composed of intellectual units the crowd is moved by passion merely, and acts on impulse but never with moderation. It is tyrannical, harsh, overwhelming and jealous of its continuity. These are its principal defects. The crowd's greatest merit lies in its work of preserving ideals, of perpetuating the inspiration given it by the individual.

These are "crowd" days, the author declares, and shows in many examples the tendency of government today to take down the last few restraining barriers and place all control in the multitude. There is great danger in this, he holds, and, in conclusion, points out the just mean—the individual "to keep his mind free of crowd dominance," and the crowd to continue its preservation of ideals.

In considering social, political and economic crowds, the author brings forward a great wealth of material that contains many well-substantiated truths. But when he leaves this fertile field and enters the realm of morals and religion, he seems like a child who has collected all the pieces of a picture puzzle, yet fails to put them together properly. The reason for this failure is clear, for the author, by assuming that all causes influencing crowds arise from natural sources, discards the fundamental principle underlying morals and religion, and makes all conclusions deduced from these premises vain and fruitless. "Religion," he states, "is man's description of his ideas about the great unknown, his projections on the darkness of what he conceives that darkness to contain." With such a false tenet as a first principle it is only natural that many errors follow in its wake, for without a true basis for religion, morality cannot be explained or ciphered out as the vagaries of crowd impulse or social mutation.

The book is scholarly in tone, but contains many errors both of fact and interpretation concerning the Catholic faith and the Church's history.

THE GREAT PUSH. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

There has not been written a narrative of the present war that so grips the reader as does this story by the author of *The Rat-pit.* It tells of the British offensive a year ago at Loos, and it gives a startlingly vivid picture witnessed by one who had the power to see keenly and the genius to transmit his perceptions in terms of the real.

Patrick MacGill, the navvy-author, was stretcher-bearer 3008 of the London Irish. His work was to care for the wounded in the great offensive that all were expecting. It came; and the writer was a living unit in the terrible combat. He felt the spirit of the men before the attacks; he swept with them over the open when they kept up their courage by kicking a football across the intervening ground; he was among the first to enter the enemy's trench. In his spare moments he set down these soul-stirring impressions, and wrote practically the whole book in the trenches. It could never have been written by anyone less in contact with the scenes it portrays—they are so real, so genuine, so moving in their characterizations of the soldier and the sense impressions of warfare and death.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Rev. George M. Searle of the Paulist Fathers. New York: The Paulist Press. $1.25.

Father Searle is right in styling Christian Science "the most surprising delusion of modern times." Its very name is dishonest, for, as has been frequently pointed out, this new theory is neither Christian nor scientific. It is not Christian, for it denies every doctrine taught by Jesus Christ; it is not scientific, for it does not rest on a solid basis of fact. The gospel of this impious cult is set forth in Mrs. Eddy's book, *Science and Health*—a great hodge-podge of contradictory philosophies without trace of sequence or logic. It would have been simpler to refute Christian Science by showing the falsity of its tenets, but to offset any possible charge of unfairness, Father Searle determined to discuss Mrs. Eddy's remarkable volume chapter by chapter.

His analysis of Mrs. Eddy's book is most thorough and searching. He shows that it is the book of a woman ignorant of the very first principles of science, and ignorant of the most elemental truths of the Christian Gospel. He points out on every page her inaccuracies, her lies, her absurd and meaningless statements, her pious posing, her constant fighting with men of straw, her pretended cures, and her impiety.

"This impiety," says Father Searle, "consists, fundamentally, in its regarding of sin as being merely an error of mortal mind, having no real existence, instead of being, as it actually is, a real and terrible disease of the passions and the will.....Exalting itself to the throne of God, it tells us we have no need of His help; that sin is no danger to us, except by our false belief in it; that if we abandon this belief, sin will trouble us no more." Father Searle well says that Christian Science is "most dangerous because it has superficially such an appearance of good; particularly because in those who are victims to its delusions, it presents such a fair-seeming counterfeit of the joy and peace which Christ promised to His true followers."

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Hermann Wedewer, Professor at the Royal Gymnasium of Wiesbaden, and Joseph McSorley, of the Paulist Fathers. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

The twelfth edition of Professor Hermann's *Grundriss der Kirchengeschichte,* published at Freiburg in 1907, forms the

groundwork of the present volume, although Father McSorley has made so many changes in the original text as to make it practically a new work. Besides he has added one hundred and twenty-eight pages of original matter on the Foreign Missions in Asia, Africa and America, and on the entire modern period from 1789 to 1914.

We recommend this history of the Church to our schools and academies. It presents the main facts in brief but accurate outline, and its generous use of heavy type and judicious paragraphing will prove most helpful to the young student. The best part of the volume deals with the Foreign Missions and the history of the Church in the nineteenth century, especially in the United States. Father McSorley has crowded into these pages a great deal of information which has never been published before in any textbook.

AN ALPHABET OF IRISH SAINTS. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 40 cents.

This attractive book for children is the joint product of five authors. The lives of the early Irish saints are told in rhymes both English and Irish, the latter in Irish lettering, and with each story is a picture in outline to be filled in with color by the pupil. These are well drawn, and the ornamental panels and tail-pieces, also to be colored, are adaptations or reproductions of the designs seen on the Celtic crosses. The book enables the child to be instructed and his taste to be trained at the same time, and in a manner most enjoyable.

THE LIFE OF ST. COLUMBAN. A Study of Ancient Irish Monastic Life. By Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.00 net.

This volume is not alone a complete biography of the illustrious Abbot, who was in Italy and whose name added lustre to the great Abbey of Bobbio; it is also an interesting scholarly study of ancient Irish monastic life of the days when Erin was deservedly known as the prolific Mother of saints and scholars.

Clonard and Bangor, with copious accounts of many of their sons, are passed in review as the writer records the story of Columban, till at about the age of fifty the "Desire of Pilgrimage" arose in his bosom, and urged him to bid farewell to his native land which he was never to see again. Then the story carries us to the land and the stormy times of the Merovingians and the great Abbey of Luxeuil, afterwards to the Lombards, Bobbio and peace.

The biography, while it is a first-rate piece of exact critical scholarship, is throughout suffused with well-regulated religious fervor. It is furnished with a full, judiciously chosen bibliography, and besides the numerous footnotes and references, includes an appendix consisting of longer notes supplying further criticism and information.

It is proper to observe here that this book owes its existence, as the author records, to the generosity of the Right Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University of America. Bishop Shahan deplored the fact that we possessed no worthy life of this great Irish saint. He offered, through the bishops of Ireland, a prize of £200 for the best life of Columban. The present volume is the result.

A LITTLE WHITE FLOWER. The Story of Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux. A new translation by Rev. Thomas N. Taylor. Rochdale, Lancashire, England: The Orphans' Press. 75 cents.

The explanation of this new translation of the autobiography of the Little Flower lies in the fact that the Carmel of Lisieux has only now published for the first time the full text of what Sœur Thérèse wrote, and this definitive edition differs greatly from its predecessors.

The autobiography is based upon three different manuscripts written by Sœur Thérèse at the command of her superiors. The first and longest manuscript—Chapter I.-IX. of the present volume—was addressed in 1895 to the prioress, Mother Agnes of Jesus; the second—Chapters X.-XII.—was addressed to Mother Mary of Gonzaga who had received her into the Order; the third—Chapter XII.—was written for her eldest sister, Marie.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon the splendid press work and the tasteful illustrations which characterize the volume.

PHILOSOPHY: WHAT IS IT? By F. B. Jevons, Litt.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

The average man, who has probably heard the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics, is inclined to believe that philosophy is a study of something or other that has nothing whatever to do with our practical life: It is productive of nothing; it does not pay as "the inductive sciences do." If he has read Macaulay on Bacon he will perhaps quote some bouncing, brilliant, but shallow and inaccurate, judgments passed by that essayist on the waste of

human intellect that philosophy has provoked. When a student of philosophy undertakes to set such a person right, he very often finds that the technical language in which he is obliged to convey his ideas, and the abstract character of the ideas themselves, wholly foreign to the mind of his auditor, render his well-meant effort futile. The author of this book, who has written many philosophical studies of value, endeavors to meet this situation. He presents here five lectures, first delivered before a Worker's Educational Association, some members of which had expressed a desire to know what philosophy is. The titles are: "Philosophy and Science;" "Materialism and Idealism;" "Skepticism in Philosophy;" "Philosophy in Practice;" "Personality and the Whole." Nowhere, in English, have we a happier attempt to provide a simple, lucid exposition of the meaning and import of philosophy, and, in more detail, some of its paramount problems, in concepts and language suitable to the popular mind. The keynote of the author's purpose is struck in the opening page:

> In the lives of most, perhaps of all, of us there come moments of dejection, or even of despair, when the burden and the mystery of this unintelligible world come with such crushing weight upon us that, in spite even of religion itself, we ask, "What does it all mean?" "What is the good of it all?" The questions are asked in a despair which implies that there is *no meaning in it all,* and no good in life; or that, if there is, at any rate we cannot see it.
>
> But though the questions may be asked, and in moments of personal despair are asked, in a tone which implies that no satisfactory answer is or can be forthcoming, they may also be considered, in a calmer mood, as questions which call for a reasoned answer, and with regard to which we must ask, as a matter of deliberation rather than of despair, whether an answer is possible at all. Now it is the calm consideration of these questions that is to be given to them—if any answer can be given—that constitutes philosophy.

Though one might be inclined to append a note of interrogation to some of Dr. Jevons' incidental positions, or reasonings, the following passage from "Personality and the Whole" bears witness to the soundness of his philosophic creed on the great crucial questions, the existence of a personal God, and man's free will.

> On the assumption, which we now see that all have made from the beginning, that experience is a whole and has a

meaning, and that the reality of the whole is a Perfect Personality, it will follow that our human personalities are but feeble copies of it, if, for no other reason than for the reason that none of us can say that we are not in process, not becoming, that as yet we are human copies made in the Image of God. As copies, we have free will given to us by Him Who made us. Because we have free will the future is not predetermined, but will be what we help to make it. Because we have free will we are helping to determine—for better or for worse—what the future will be. The whole, that is to say, is in process. Process or activity in process, implies an end—a good which is being realized and an end which is yet to be attained. That good is expressed in the words, "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself."

SHAKESPEAREAN STUDIES. By the Members of the Department of English and Comparative Literature in Columbia University. Edited by Brander Matthews and Ashley Horace Thorndike. New York: Columbia University Press.

The eighteen essays of this volume were prepared by professors of Columbia University as the contribution of that institution to the celebration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. As the editors inform us, no effort has been made to conform them to a general plan, or to harmonize conflicting opinions.

Brander Matthews, writing on Shakespearean stage traditions, adduces a number of instances in which an unexpected illumination of Shakespeare's text has been accomplished by inventive actors and ingenious stage managers. F. T. Baker writes rather pessimistically of the use of Shakespeare's plays in the schools. W. T. Brewster gives a brief but exhaustive sketch of the attempt to restore the personality of Shakespeare from his plays. He concludes: "Doubtless he is the supreme poet, but from that it does not follow that he was a particularly interesting man, or that his personality was more important than that of hundreds of his contemporaries." W. W. Lawrence treats of *Troilus and Cressida*, J. Erskine of *Romeo and Juliet*, de Vivier Tassin of *Julius Cæsar*, and J. W. Cunliffe of *Henry V*. H. M. Ayres sums up what we know today of Shakespeare's pronunciation, F. A. Patterson shows the poet's debt to the mediæval lyric, and H. R. Steeves gives a list of American editors of Shakespeare.

We commend this volume to all lovers of Shakespeare. They

will find many things to agree with, many things to argue about, and many things to reject with scorn. But the essays are all carefully written, and well thought out.

MODERN ESSAYS. Reprinted from Leading Articles in *The Times.* With Introduction by J. W. Mackail, LL.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.

The "Third Leaders" in *The Times,* as the editor of this volume remarks, do not deal with the news of the day. Instead they are short essays, from a detached point of view, on manners, tendencies, springs of action, problems of life and conduct. The selection here offered covers a widely varied range of subjects, many of them of deep import; others concerned with the minor moralities and proprieties. Genial in their tone they frequently embody shrewd psychological observation and excellent advice. Their spirit and style are so nearly uniform that one is prompted to conclude that a great many of them must be from the same pen. But this common resemblance may be the result of having been prepared to conform to some established journalistic type. Some of the titles selected haphazard will best convey a notion of the topics: *The Wisdom of the Ages; Charlatans; Moral Indignation; On Giving Advice; The Latin Genius; Grumbling; The Perspective of Life; Man and Nature; Good Friday; Cynicism; Old and New.*

Some of the essays discuss matters of grave importance, while the subjects of others are comparatively superficial. We should say, however, that there is not one among even the latter class that is not worthy to be preserved in permanent form.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00 net.

The editor of *The Sacred Heart Review* is already well known for his excellent verses published under the titles of *A Round of Rhymes and Voices from Erin.* His last volume of verse will be welcomed by all lovers of true lyrical poetry. Only one Irish-born could write *The Little Town of Carrick, St. Brigid* and *Ballyknockin,* or that delightful skit, the *Leprechaum.* His patriotic poems—*America First, The Dream of Columbus* and *The Land Where Hate Should Die*—should be memorized by every American boy and girl.

DUTY AND OTHER IRISH COMEDIES. By Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

The five one-act plays of this delightful volume—Duty, Jurisprudence, Magnanimity, Matchmakers and Retribution—are full of that rich Irish humor which characterize the stories of Seumas O'Brien. The dialogue is always pointed and clever, the situations mirth-provoking in the extreme, and the characters well portrayed.

THE HERMIT AND THE KING. By Sophie Maude. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

Mrs. Maude is well known to Catholic readers through her charming historical romances of the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Her latest novel centres about Henry VI. and the stirring days of the War of the Roses. The true Earl of Castle Avon, robbed of his earldom by a cruel stepmother, becomes a hermit to pray for the souls of sinful men. The story is told in a simple and moving style, and pictures well the Catholic spirit of the time. The author is hardly justified in making Henry VI. a martyr and a saint, but that may easily be overlooked for the sake of the quaint story she tells.

SOUTH AMERICA. Study Suggestions. By Harry E. Bard, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This book is written for travelers intending to visit South America. It contains a brief but fairly complete list of the chief books in English dealing with the intellectual, social and economic conditions of the South American Republics. The author rightly insists on a better understanding of our Southern neighbors from the standpoint of Pan-Americanism, which is winning over the leading men of both continents.

THE WORLD FOR SALE. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

The author prefaces his work with a few half-apologetic words explaining that it was written before the outbreak of the present war, therefore it must go as a story of "peace-life" of the Canadian Northwest. It is a term that scarcely applies to this story of the turbulent life of a frontier town, its divisions and its feuds, and the resolute efforts of one man, Max Ingolby, to bring it into alignment with advanced civilization. To the readers of this popular author the ground he covers here is familiar. He has, however,

introduced a new interest in a gypsy heroine, so fine and loyal in her support of Ingolby during his adventures and heavy trials. He wins her in the end, he counts the world for sale. The tale is picturesque and full of action. It is safe to predict that it will soon be spread upon the screens of the moving pictures.

THE GREEN ALLEYS. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The title refers to the green alleys of the Kentish hop fields. Through this "emerald architecture" which the author describes enchantingly, his people intermingle and have their exits and their entrances so much of the time that the book is rightly named. They are an interesting group, intangibly but unmistakably racy of the soil; and the story, which has originality and quiet strength, is the outcome of reactions of individual temperaments.

No one can do this sort of thing better than Mr. Phillpotts, and none of his contemporaries exerts a spell of more fascination than he when, as in the present instance, he is at his best. Though the book is appropriate only for readers of mature judgment, its tone is wholesome and elevated and closely human. The vigorous, pointed dialogue is refreshing, and the personages who express themselves are all distinct to our mental vision, and some of them most welcome to our acquaintance. Rosa May is as delightful a young woman as is to be found in fiction, a fitting mate for even so fine a man as the principal, Nathan Pomfret.

Though the picture is of life in a rural community, the characters are not slow-witted rustics. The action of the story closes with the beginning of the war, and in their conversation on this subject there is much that is fresh and shrewd and even stirring. The introduction of the war is not the easy expedient of a perplexed author; his dignified novel finds a suitable ending in the absorption of heartburnings, jealousies and fraternal strife into the cleansing fires of the national sacrifice.

MY SLAV FRIENDS. By Rothay Reynolds. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

In this charming, touching and beautifully written book, seasoned with a kindly humor, and as entertaining as a novel, Mr. Rothay Reynolds gives his impressions about two Slavic races which, long divided by religious and political hatreds, now unite their efforts to crush the same common foe. His pen is filled with

enthusiasm for the Russian, an enthusiasm, however, which does not interfere with his seeing the dark sides of a country where so many cruel attempts against religious and intellectual freedom have been taking place for long centuries.

The aim of the writer is to point out the characteristics of Russian and of Polish character. He selects the form of literary sketches to set forth the results of his own experiences; and his book shows a wonderful knowledge of the Slavic psychology and of the past and present history of Russia.

Mr. Reynolds finds the reasons of the secular torpor of the Russian soul in that spiritual catastrophe which destroyed the union of Russia and the West—the schism of Photius and Michael Cerularius—Byzantium not only marred the unity of Christendom, but isolated Russia from Western Christianity.

Mr. Reynolds raises his voice against the systematic defamers of Russia. We must acquaint ourselves with Russian history in order to understand the character of the Russians and to sympathize with them. This acquaintance is extremely important if we would sound the heart of Russian Orthodoxy. It is a mistake to look at Russian Orthodoxy as a superstitious worship of images, or a mechanical making of the sign of the cross. Some features of Russian piety go back to the earliest days in Christianity. "At every journey and movement," writes Tertullian, "at every coming in and going out, at the putting on of our clothes and shoes, at baths, at meals, at lighting of candles, at going to bed, at sitting down, whatever occupation employs us, we mark our foreheads with the sign of the cross." Russian Orthodoxy participates in the fondness of Byzantine Christianity for religious symbolism. It celebrates the victory of the spirit over the flesh, by lighting tapers before a picture of Christ, or of the Blessed Virgin. It is not the inner nucleus, the vital cells of Russian Christianity which are corrupted, it is its exterior garb, its outward organization, which is ill-affected; and unhappily in the ranks of the Russian hierarchy we find a low conception of the Church which makes of her a servile tool in the hands of political rulers.

The sympathies of the writer for Russia do not go as far as to silence the voice of his conscience concerning the saddest episodes of the religious intolerance of Russian bureaucracy. We are glad to hear from the lips of an Anglican, well disposed towards Russia, a confirmation of what we have said in THE CATHOLIC WORLD as to the conditions of Galicia under Russian rule:

> Religious liberty [says Mr. Reynolds] is not yet full in Russia. The spirit of persecution is not yet exorcised, and some of the clergy still resent the loss of past privileges. The methods by which Eulogius, Bishop of Chelm, sought to drive the Uniats into the Orthodox fold during the Russian occupation of Galicia, show that the clergy can only be restrained by the vigilance of the secular arm. I do not care to dwell on this subject, which is as painful to the vast majority of Russians as it is to Englishmen. It will suffice to say that the proceedings of this prelate led more than two-thirds of the members of the Imperial Duma to include in the list of reforms, which they desire to be made immediately, the complete cessation of religious persecution.

The book contains some beautiful and striking chapters about Poland. In a chivalrous phrase the writer says that the secret of the unity of Poland is the charm of the Polish women. Permitting that to pass, we claim the right of asserting that lacerated Poland owes her political unity mainly to the unity of her Catholic Faith, and we can fully agree with the words of our writer when he says: "The Catholic Church has been a refuge to the afflicted in the darkest hours of Poland's tragic history. The clergy have been a powerful force to keep alive the spirit of the nation during a century and a half of unparalleled misfortune, and the Pope has been the only sovereign who has dared to raise his voice in the defence of the Polish people." The Catholic Church has saved Poland from the danger of being absorbed into national German Protestantism and into national Russian Orthodoxy. As long as the Polish people will keep alive their wonderful devotion towards the Catholic Church, the mother of their high civilization, the ethnical unity of their own race will never be effaced or submerged by the rising tides of Pan-Germanism, or Pan-Slavism.

In some points we disagree with Mr. Reynolds. He states, for example, that the friction between Poles and Lithuanians arises in the main from class-feeling. It seems to us that this friction is the natural outcome of the development of Lithuanian literary culture and national consciousness. He also brands as a ridiculous story the strange influence exerted by Rasputin, a vulgar peasant, upon the Tsar and his family, but we claim that such influence was *de facto* exercised.

The book deserves to be read by men who long for a deeper insight into the enigmatic Slavic soul. It does not parade a

laboriously stored erudition. But its writer is thoroughly acquainted with the historical past of Russia, and this acquaintance enables him to discover the true aspect of Russian religious and political life.

It may be said that the writer sometimes forces the note of optimism as to the future destinies and mission of Russia; but when so many clouds and columns of thick smoke darken the horizon of Europe, it is fair to read books which trace out the hopeful prospect of a renaissance of the Slavic race in the spirit of justice and Christian friendship.

DANTE: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By Alfred M. Brooks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

In a long and well-written introduction, Professor Brooks cites the tributes paid by the world's great writers to the splendor of Dante's genius, gives a short sketch of his times, explains the motive and scope of the *Divine Comedy,* and states that the purpose of the present work is to interest and aid the many who are deterred from this reading by its difficulties.

The book, therefore, is not a contribution of fresh appreciations, but a guidebook for beginners. The student is conducted through the poem, and at every step his attention is directed to special instances of beauty and power; sometimes the significance of an entire canto is given in a few lines, sometimes it is considered at length, with quotations.

The exposition is painstakingly thorough. The author seems to look for none but the most rudimentary education in his readers, nor does he place too much faith in their intelligence. There is a profusion of footnotes designed to meet a lack which, if existent, would seem to preclude their necessity, as it is improbable that people thus handicapped would turn their attention to the study of Dante. Those who are looking for some such manual, however, will find one here that is wholly trustworthy and leaves no point untouched or obscure.

PEOPLE LIKE THAT. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

This is a novel with a purpose. It tells the story of a young, unmarried woman of society who, by the death of a relative with whom she has made her home, is left with an income sufficient for her support, but not as she has lived hitherto. Rather

than be a hanger-on, she elects to take up her residence in a part of a house belonging to her, situated in "the last square of respectability" in a long-since fashionable quarter of the city of her birth, but now given up to stenographers, shopgirls and "people like that." Immediately beyond lies the region of the underworld. Life as she now sees it is an absorbing and often painful education. She observes undreamt-of conditions of poverty and hardships, and is brought into contact with one of the unsuspected overlappings of her former world with the one below her present sphere. Shocked and indignant, she appeals to "good women" to realize their responsibilities, and see to it that the penalty for wrongdoing shall not fall upon the woman alone.

The idea offers great possibilities, and the earlier chapters give a promise that is not fulfilled by the finished product. The demands of fiction intervene to the detriment of the book's interest as a sociological study, and the author's generous sympathies do not take into account the individual problems that impose deliberation upon the judgment of experienced social workers.

THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURE. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

It is the historic Lewis and Clark expedition that is indicated by the title of this book. The author has put into the form of fiction the history of that great enterprise, introducing, of course, the conspiracy of Aaron Burr and the love between his daughter, Theodosia Alston, and Meriweather Lewis.

As a novel, it is an only moderately successful effort. The material is assuredly all that a writer of romance could desire; but Mr. Hough has not taken his dramatic values as effectively as he might have done. The expedition itself is not presented with the feeling which he evidently had in mind, as shown by the footnotes, which are more forcible and spirited than the body of the text, displaying full appreciation of matters he might have wisely dwelt upon at greater length, even to the exclusion of some of the sentimental portion.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

Great Britain.

Among Great Britain's many difficulties the increase in the cost of living is by no means the least. While in Berlin the general level of retail prices during July was one hundred and seventeen and six-tenths per cent above that of July, 1914, and in Vienna one hundred and forty-nine per cent, the average increase in Great Britain of the retail price of food is put at sixty-five per cent, which is reduced to fifty-nine per cent if allowance is made for the increase in the duties on tea and sugar. In other countries the increase is not so marked. In Italy it amounts to thirty-three and three-tenths per cent; in Switzerland to forty and six-tenths per cent; in Denmark to forty-six per cent. In Norway, however, it has reached eighty-one per cent. This increase has not affected a large number of the working classes, such as munition workers, for it has been accompanied by an equal or even greater rise in the rate of wages. But upon those, and they are numerous, whose wages have not increased, and upon those whose incomes are fixed, a heavy burden has been imposed. Among those are the railway men. At the beginning of the war those workers received a bonus, and thereupon entered into an agreement that on no account would their unions ask for an increase of wages until the Government should give notice of its intention to relinquish control of the railways. Circumstances, however, they thought, altered cases, and when for every twenty shillings which they received they found themselves unable to purchase more than twelve and a half shillings worth of food, they made a demand, under the threat of a strike, for an increase of wages amounting to ten shillings a week. As a strike would have been fatal to the prosecution of the war, a series of conferences between the general managers of railways and the representatives of the unions was held. The Board of

Trade intervened to prevent the deadlock which was threatened. Both sides made concessions; instead of an increase of wages the unions agreed to accept the doubling of the weekly bonus, making it ten shillings instead of five shillings a week.

There are those who question the sense of justice of the railway men in making this demand, and who look upon it as an abuse of the power which is now in their possession. Under the existing agreement between the railways and the Government, it is the State, that is, their fellow-citizens, including a large number who are suffering in an equal degree from the rise in the price of food, who will have to pay the thirty-seven millions and a half which the doubling of the bonus involves. This double burden is thrown upon them by the concession of demands made under a penalty which involved a national disaster. Does it not give to all who are subject to an increase of taxation as well as to the increase of food prices, a right to be compensated by the Exchequer? So far, however, no further demands have been made. In fact there seems to be, with the possible exception just mentioned, an almost universal willingness among workers of all kinds, even the engineers on the Clyde, and the miners of South Wales, to make every sacrifice for the sake of their fellow-workers who are now giving their lives on the battlefields. This, indeed, is the special aspect of this war. The army is not now made up, as it has been hitherto, of soldiers by profession. It consists of men of every walk in life. All classes are represented, and, of course, the most numerous class is the most fully represented. Eight out of every ten of Kitchener's soldiers are workingmen. This fact gives them a claim on the support of their fellowmen who are left behind. It is for this reason that so complete a unity exists, and so full a determination—one that seems to become stronger in proportion to the sacrifices that have been made, so that they may not have been made in vain.

This does not, however, prevent the expression of the determination of the trade unions to resume to the full all the rules which they have laid aside when the war is over. This, in fact, was one of the most prominent of the subjects which was discussed at the recent Trade Union Congress, a body which is now recognized as being almost as powerful as the House of Commons. These rules have the effect of limiting output. For the time in which a bricklayer in this country would lay three thousand bricks, the British union rules allow his fellow-workman in England to

lay only eight hundred. Similar rules are made for every trade, and when enforced they manifestly seriously limit the output of the country as a whole.

Opinions differ as to what will happen after the war, and whether there will be a demand for labor or the reverse. But all agree that in order to make good the losses that have been sustained, Great Britain will have to build up its trade again, and indeed vastly increase it. Ca'canny and the other trade union rules if renewed will prove an insurmountable obstacle. Solemn promises, indeed, of this renewal have been given by the Government. An appeal, however, is now being made to the patriotism of the workingmen that even after the war they should preserve that union between capital and labor, which for the time being exists, as a condition absolutely essential for the upbuilding of the nation. To prevent the renewal of the industrial strife which was the characteristic of the two years before the war, efforts in various quarters are being made. At the meeting of the Trade Union Congress, to which reference has been made, its President declared that the workingmen were tired of war in the industrial field, and that they hoped for something better than a mere avoidance of unemployment and strikes. "Would it not be possible," he said, "for the employers, on the conclusion of peace, to agree to put their businesses on a proper footing by admitting the workmen to some participation, not in profits, but in control in those matters which concern us directly?" This suggestion may possibly be an indication of the opening of a new era in the relations between capital and labor, a hope which is encouraged by the plea for a *rapprochement* made at the Congress by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, who is himself one of the largest employers of labor in that city. No signs, however, of the practical acceptance of the President's suggestion by capitalists have yet appeared, but earnest thought is being given to the matter, and doubtless under the pressure of the necessity which will arise after the war an improvement will be effected in the relations between capital and labor.

That there is great room for this improvement, some of the resolutions of the Congress clearly show. Among those passed unanimously was a demand of the Congress that such a proportion of the wealth of the country as should be necessary to defray the expenses of the war should be conscripted immediately, in order that future generations should not be burdened by the payment of

loans. In preparation for this it was resolved to make a census of wealth immediately. A more patriotic resolution was the one by which a refusal was given to the invitation to attend an International Congress to be held at the same time that the Plenipotentiaries were arranging terms of peace. Not until the democracy had dissociated itself from the crime of the sinking of the *Lusitania,* would it be possible for the British democracy to associate with the Germans. The Congress' attitude to the Church of England, as well as to the various bodies which dissent from it, was shown by a resolution which was carried by a majority of one hundred and seventy-nine thousand votes condemning the exemption from conscription allowed by the Military Service Act. Its proposer, indeed, disavowed any attack on the clergy, but considered their exemption an anomaly. As, however, there were one million two hundred thousand votes against the resolution, it would not be fair to draw the conclusion that the workingmen of England are hostile to the Churches, still less to religion.

The attitude of organized labor as represented by the Congress to the probable change in Great Britain's fiscal policy after the war from free trade to protection, showed that a surprising change has taken place in the views of skilled labor. Before the war they had stood as an impregnable barrier to the movement in behalf of tariff reform initiated by the late Mr. Chamberlain. An attempt was made by those who are still opposed to any change to commit the Congress to active opposition. This attempt led to an emphatic protest in the opposite sense, and this was endorsed by a majority of three to one. Instead of condemning protection it repudiated free importation by adopting a resolution calling for the restriction or prevention of the importation of cheap manufactured goods produced abroad under worse labor conditions than those at home. No longer do the trade unions, any more than the chambers of commerce, regard cheap imports as a sacred law which must never be broken; in fact, they are prepared to modify it to suit circumstances.

The vast increase due to the war of the powers exercised by the state has led to the outcry that Great Britain is being Prussianized. *The Fight for Freedom* is the title of a periodical which is being published to point out the effects of the war on British freedom, and to state the case of civil liberty now and in the future. Censorship of private letters, suppression of newspapers, prohibition to reside within special areas are only a

few of the powers exercised by the civil and military authorities under the Defence of the Realm Act. The safety of the state, which is the first law of all, justifies those interferences for the time, galling as they are. Nor is there any real danger that Great Britain will not revert to its old-established institutions, both in their letter and in their spirit, as soon as the war is over. An attempt made by the military to revive the old press-gang method of recruiting failed at once, even in the present need of men. One of the things which has been made manifest during the past two years is the imperishable character of national characteristics. The war, however, may bring about certain corrections due to the mistakes of the past. The chief among these will be a very much wider extension of the powers of the state. Important steps in this sense have already been taken by the appointment of commissions to deal with education, the control of commerce and other matters.

Anxious thought is being given to the question, how to pay for the war? The figures are so large as to have lost all meaning. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, recently held at Newcastle, this subject, although it seems alien to the object of this Association, was discussed by financial experts. Five hundred millions in British money is now being raised annually by taxation, and this is considered to be as much as can be raised in this way. Recourse, therefore, must be had to loans, and the opinion was expressed by one of the experts that the amount of internal war loans that might be raised by an advanced community under modern banking conditions was almost unlimited, provided the terms of issue and methods of collection were made sufficiently attractive. Under certain conditions he could conceive of the United Kingdom being able to mortgage property to the extent of at least ten thousand million pounds sterling. Up to the present time it was declared the war expenditure had been met with comparative ease—a fact which demonstrated both the wealth of the United Kingdom and the soundness of its financial system. Some economists, indeed, hold that the country will emerge from the war as rich as before or even richer. A speaker at the meeting, however, declared that such a statement made him conclude that either he or they were living in a lunatic asylum.

Want of shipping due to the large number of the vessels taken over by the Government and to the loss through submarines and other causes, is another and a fundamental difficulty with which

the country has to cope. To this is largely due the rise in the price of food. In this case, too, it would seem the crisis is past. Shipbuilding works, hitherto employed exclusively by the Government in building and repairing vessels for the navy, are being released for other work, and are now employed in building ships to make up for the loss of merchant vessels. This process is being expedited by the adoption of a method of standardizing ships, by which means the time is much shortened.

As the war goes on, the determination not to make a premature peace is becoming ever stronger, and as the enemy's methods by sea and land are being more clearly revealed, the terms on which peace will be made are becoming more severe. The execution of Captain Fryatt has led to the declaration by Mr. Asquith that due amends for outrages of that kind will be included in any peace treaty, while the demand is becoming ever stronger for every ton of British shipping destroyed by the submarines, an equivalent will be exacted at the end of the war. Whether or no trade relations will ever be resumed, or only after a long term of years and on what conditions, is a matter more in dispute. As to the result of the war, there is practical unanimity that the Allies are sure to win. The only question which exists is how soon that will happen. Some think they see the end, others that it is not yet in sight.

France.

A few signs of wavering in the determination to push the war to a decisive conclusion have served the purpose of manifesting the practical unanimity of the nation. A member of a tiny fraction of Socialists having ventured in the Chamber of Deputies to suggest the opening of negotiations with a view to seeking peace of Germany, M. Briand concluded a speech, which is said to have surpassed in eloquence all his previous utterances, with the words: "This peace which you want is an outrage, an insult, a challenge to those who have died for France." The House leaped to its feet and broke into prolonged cheers for the Prime Minister, who had translated into words the feeling of the whole of France, determined as she is to fight on to the end, and more confident than ever of the result. In the course of his speech, M. Briand said: "When your country, which has for years had the honor to be the champion of right, has stayed the invader, and is defending the whole world, when its blood is flowing, you say 'Negotiate peace.' What an outrage to the memory of the dead! Ten of your country's

provinces are invaded, our old men and women and children have been carried off; they bear their misery bravely, awaiting deliverance at your hands. Is it then that you come to us saying: 'Negotiate, go and ask for peace.' You little know France if you imagine that she can accept economy of milliards, or even of blood, in such humiliating circumstances. There is not a Frenchman in the world that can desire it." By four hundred and twenty-one votes to twenty-six the House ordered the speech to be placarded throughout France.

In the French press there has of late appeared a demand "for unity of conscription," based on a belief that the Allied resources of men are not so well pooled as their other resources, and aiming at Great Britain as one among the other States who are thought to be behindhand in comparison with France. When the subject was brought up in the Chamber, M. Briand showed how each ally was doing his best. "Tomorrow will see an extension of this common coöperation. Men, money, material, everything must be pooled among the Allies. As for Great Britain, at the beginning indeed she had no army, but at the present time she was not only fulfilling her rôle of guarding the seas, but had done a thing unheard of in her history by her acceptance of military service, and had succeeded in raising a redoubtable army, and had sent hundreds of thousands of men to our land. Britain has never answered 'No' to an appeal for assistance."

Some time ago it was among the possibilities, perhaps even the probabilities, that M. Briand might be overthrown. His position, however, has become stronger, rather than weaker. His foresight in insisting upon holding Saloniki after the overrunning of Serbia by the Central Powers has contributed to this result. To his efforts and those of General Joffre it is due that the British Government's wish to evacuate Greece and to transport the troops to Egypt was not carried into effect. Subsequent events have amply justified both the wisdom and the generosity of his policy.

That the financial world looks with confidence to the victory of France, seems clear from the fact that the price at which the new loan issued is less favorable to the subscriber than was that of last year. The old loan, moreover, is quoted at the present time at a higher price than that of issue, it having risen from eighty-eight to ninety, whereas British loans are at a small discount. Revenue from taxation is returning to conditions existing previous to the war, notwithstanding the occupation by the enemy

of some of the richest French territory, seventy-eight and seven-hundredths of the normal revenue having been collected. Arrangements have been made with Great Britain for mutual help, by means of which England's gold reserve has been strengthened. In fact, all the Allies have pooled their gold.

Greece.

Never probably was a country in such a plight as Greece. Its King, who reigns solely by virtue of the Constitution, trying to play the part of an absolute monarch, so far as foreign affairs are concerned; surrounded by officers in whom fear is their ruling principle; a succession of ministries, coming and going every two or three weeks; one part of the army declaring a revolution at Saloniki, and placing itself under the command of the General of the Allied forces; another part treasonably giving itself up to Germany and suffering itself to be deported into its territory; its leading statesman in open revolt; an Allied force consisting of British, French, Italians, Russians, Serbs and Albanians within its territory, with another part of that territory given up voluntarily to the most hated of its enemies—Bulgaria; such is the present state of things. What will come of it all no one can tell; it seems however, easy to see that it has resulted from the coward's fear to risk anything for a good cause. Loyalty to Greece's best interests might have led to success, and certainly would have deserved honor. Disloyalty has resulted in both failure and shame.

Progress of the War.

Except upon one of the fronts, the war is going well for the Allies. The enemy is on the defensive, and every effort to break through has been defeated. So far from accomplishing this purpose at Verdun, he has lost ground, and has sacrified hundreds of thousands of men without result. The British Secretary of State for War during his visit to the front went to Verdun, where he made a short but moving speech to the officers of the French army, "the sentries on those impregnable walls." "The name of Verdun alone," he said, "will be enough to rouse imperishable memories throughout the centuries to come. The memory of the victorious resistance of Verdun will be immortal, because Verdun saved not only France, but the whole cause which is common to themselves and humanity." There is no doubt that the tenacity of the French

gave time both to Great Britain and Russia to make the preparations for their subsequent advances. The Military Cross has been awarded to the town, the President of the Republic visiting the fortress of imperishable memories, while the Sovereigns of the Allies paid homage to its victorious resistance.

The Great Push, as it is called, has made good progress. Some one hundred and twenty square miles of territory formerly occupied by the Germans and fortified to the best of even their ability, have been occupied by the Allies, over six hundred guns and fifty thousand prisoners have been taken, and four hundred thousand of the enemy put out of action. The "crushing superiority" of the British and French artillery, for such it is declared to be by the military correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* makes him ask, "How long can this slaughter last?"

Little progress has been made on the Eastern front; the Germans are not, as they hoped, on their way to Petrograd, nor have the Russians taken either Kovel or Lemberg. In the Carpathians some little progress has been made. The too rapid advance of Rumania has been repulsed. This is the one part of the field which is causing anxious thought to the Allies. Germany's aim is to crush Rumania as she crushed both Belgium and Serbia. It is still doubtful as to whether or not she will be able to do so. Serbia is again fighting in her own territory, having driven the Bulgarians across the border, although the goal aimed at, Monastir, has not yet been reached. Some small progress has been made by the rest of the Allied forces in Greece. Surprise is felt that General Sarrail has not made a stronger attempt to push on into Bulgaria. Nothing could be more helpful to Rumania or more damaging to Bulgaria and her Allies than an advance across the railway which leads to Constantinople. Perhaps he is afraid of treachery in his rear. Little change has taken place in the position of the Turkish and Russian forces in Armenia and Persia. Egypt has not been in any way disturbed by a further attempt to cross the Suez Canal. The few miles that are still occupied by the German forces in East Africa are the last remnant of her colonial empire, and it is only a question of a few weeks when even this will disappear. The Belgians occupied the chief inland town of Germany in East Africa—Tabora. Last, but not least, Italy is slowly but surely gaining ground, both on the Carso and in the Dolomites. She is said to be within ten miles of Triest.

With Our Readers.

AFTER reading Miss Bateman's article on *The Catholic Note in Modern Drama,* with its warm eulogy of Paul Claudel, our readers will be delighted to learn that one of his plays—*The Tidings Brought to Mary*—has just been issued in English translation by the Yale University Press.

A reading of it will prove beyond all doubt that the exceptionally high praise sounded by Miss Bateman is amply deserved. The Yale Press deserves both our thanks and our congratulations for presenting Paul Claudel's work to the American public. The publication is a happy sign that many are turning from the weak and irresponsible work of unprincipled dramatists, and welcoming that which is wholesome, lofty, inspiring. The greater eternal meaning of life is receiving more and more of a hearing; materialism is losing its hold: through many and varied processes men are freeing themselves from its slavery. The spiritual nature of man, and indeed, for him, the spiritual value of all things created, is being more and more deeply and widely recognized. The moderns have but played with problems that really overpowered them, as they must overpower all men who do not recognize direct, personal responsibility to a personal, living God. The modern world determined not to listen: to entertain itself with the light things of the hour, the engaging attractions of the flesh. It will demand a cataclysm for the many to awake; for the many to understand that they are subjects, free, responsible agents of an eternal law from which there is no escape. Europe is being brought to its spiritual senses by the shock of fearful war; the daily messages of death; the piercing light of the battlefield that shows against the background of dark earth both the passing and the eternal value of human life, and bids us look to heaven if reason is to remain master of itself, and hope is to be known among men.

* * * *

IN our own country many are not only blind to the ravages of doctrinal disruption and denial, of a vulgar rationalism, of an increasing materialism, but many in speech and publication and organization are doing all in their power to drive God out of the world, and, as of old, to assure man that all his problems are to be solved by his own hands. But the greatest problem of all they never touch; and a problem avoided is not a problem solved. Signs are not wanting, however, that many also of those who really think are seeing that the

problem of life and death, of suffering and of happiness, of God and man, is still the one great problem that is at the root of all other problems: that no question of life, economic, social or individual, is ever going to be solved unless that first problem is solved. Man was born for God—and it is only when his relations with God are right that he is right or can be right with his fellowmen. Discord with God means strife upon earth that is deadly. Harmony with God means peace upon earth, even through the strife and suffering and anguish that every human heart must bear.

* * * *

WE will not discuss the literary merits of Claudel's drama. The publishers, in an extract from the London *Nation,* speak of it "as an illuminated page taken from a mediæval manuscript." It is rather a chapter glowing with the light of Catholic truth from the book of human experience which bears no date, but is ever ancient and ever new. It is mediæval in its setting; it is ancient, mediæval and modern in its substance. The love of husband and wife; the love of family; of land; of country; the lust of the flesh; the pride of living; the problem of the poor; of the laborer; the failure and treachery of government—all are treated here with a wisdom of which the present might well learn. It preaches again the supreme lesson of the Cross, still to many a stumbling block, still to many an utter foolishness, "but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God."

* * * *

GOD'S will directs the world and it is the highest wisdom of a creature to accept that will.

"It is not for the stone to choose its own place, but for the Master of the Work Who chose the stone."

"One day as I went through the forest of Fisme, I heard two beautiful oak trees talking together,
Praising God for making them immovable on the spot where they were born.
Now one of them, in the prow of an ocean raft, makes war upon the Turks.
The other, felled under my care, supports Jehanne, the good bell in the tower of Laon, whose voice is heard ten leagues away."

And Violaine who found herself so happy, so entirely content where God had placed her, is set upon the altar of suffering for her own glory and for the consolation and the salvation of others. She

leads the sensual sinner to penance and to that full liberty with which Christ has made us sinners free. The purified one exclaims:

"Truly I have always thought that joy was a good thing. But now I have everything! I possess everything, under my hands, and I am like a person who, seeing a tree laden with fruit, and having mounted a ladder, feels the thick branches yield under his body.
I must talk under the tree like a flute which is neither low nor shrill!
How the water
Raises me! Thanksgiving unseals the stone of my heart!
How I live, thus! How I grow greater, thus mingled with my God, like the vine and the olive tree."

* * * *

THROUGH the Cross, and immediately through her who has united herself in suffering to the Victim on the Cross, is he thus brought back to life. The sufferer asks: "Of what use are you?" and Violaine answers: "To suffer and to supplicate." "But of what use is it to suffer and supplicate?" and again she answers simply, "God knows. It is enough for Him that I serve Him."

The stone has submitted itself to the hand of the Master of the Work.

"Oh, how beautiful is stone, and how soft it is in the hands of the architect! and how right and beautiful a thing is his whole completed work.
How beautiful is stone, and how well it preserves the idea, and what shadows it makes!"

* * * *

CLAUDEL looks not upon life as a plaything. Life is a drama: more tragic, more terrible, more grand than the greatest of human artists can ever put upon paper, or the most gifted actor can ever present upon the stage. To every individual is assigned an eternal part. He carries with him a divine spark, his soul. It may glow with the life-giving flame of paradise, or torture itself with the fires of hell. He carries in his hand the eternal scales, and as he turns them this way or that he keeps or he destroys the wonderful order of Infinite Wisdom. The sun in all its glory is not sufficient to show the glory that shall be revealed in him; the quiet heavens cannot adequately express the peace that is his inheritance; nor the boundless sky the freedom which is his possession. Great as are his powers for good, infinite as his capacity for glory—tremendous, unspeakable also, are his powers for evil. The great wind that mars the beauty of the forests, that uproots the aged trees, that takes

in its arms the homestead and leaves the children desolate, is not so terrible as the individual who giving himself to rebellion and to evil destroys his own soul and sows the seed of death through the world.

Only through the definite truth of the Cross is man able to recover his inheritance and walk in the way of peace. "Powerful is suffering," says Claudel, "when it is as voluntary as sin."

"The Cross.....
Behold how it draws everything to itself.
There is the stitch which cannot be undone, the knot which cannot be untied,
The heritage of all, the interior boundary stone that can never be uprooted,
The centre and the navel of the world, the element by which all humanity is held together."

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FARLEY and the President and Faculty of Fordham University are to be congratulated upon the opening under their patronage and supervision of a school of Sociology and Social Service. The extent of this field of work which engages so much of the time and the money of every government today, municipal, state and national; the vast sums of money expended upon it; the professional methods necessary for its right conduct, are known by all. It is most peculiarly the inheritance of our Holy Church, the Mother of charity. It must be founded on true Christian principles, else it will be a force making in the long run for evil, giving itself over to purely naturalistic and materialistic principles.

We are sure, therefore, that as this new school will fill a need that has long existed and that has been very pressing, so also it will receive the loyal and generous support of Catholics who have an intelligent insight into the needs of the Church in this our day.

The school under the Presidency of Father Joseph A. Mulry, S.J., has an efficient Board of Directors. It will train students for all branches of Social Service, grounding them thoroughly in the history, principles and methods of social work. The prescribed course of studies will occupy two academic years.

All desired information may be obtained by addressing the Registrar, Fordham University, New York City.

WE are sure that our readers will be pleased to see reprinted here the generous amende which Father Keating, the distinguished editor of *The Month,* publishes in its October issue, for his doubt

expressed in *The Dublin Review* concerning the thorough orthodoxy of Father Hecker's views on the origin and nature of civil authority:

"In the August number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the editor, courteouly but quite effectively, dispels a doubt hazarded by the present writer regarding the complete accord of the late Father Hecker's doctrine on the origin of civil authority with that of the Church. We frankly own that, if we had known Father Hecker's writings better, we should never have suspected him even for a moment to have leaned to the side of Rousseau in this matter. Even the phrase cited with hesitation—'All political authority in individuals is justly said to be derived, under God, from the consent of the collective people who are governed. The people, under God, associated in a body politic are the source of the Sovereign political power in the civil State'—is sufficiently orthodox as it stands and appears still more clearly so in its context. Father Burke adds further valuable testimony from Father Hecker's other writings, which conclusively prove him to be a stanch and eloquent upholder of the Catholic teaching in favor of civil liberty and against State absolutism. In view of the fact that Rousseauism has colored the speculations of some of our Catholic writers, it is of great importance that the orthodoxy of Father Hecker, ardent democrat as he was, should be fully and universally recognized."

A RECENT volume which adds to the evidence of a reawakening to that which is the peculiar inheritance of Catholics, is a work published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in its series of *The Types of English Literature.* It is entitled, *Saints' Legends,* and is written by Gordon Hall Gerould. Professor Gerould studies and records the English *Lives of Saints* in the light of the definition given by Father Delehaye of the Bollandists, "a new *genre* develops which is concerned with biography, with panegyric and with moral instruction."

Besides the literary value of Professor Gerould's book, there are many conclusions which he comes to as a result of his extensive and laborious researches that are very valuable, very timely, and we hope to many enlightening and inspiring.

* * * *

THE reading of the lives of the Saints is not a feverish occupation of Catholics now-a-days. In fact, one can hardly be too emphatic in condemning the indifference and the ignorance of very many Catholics with regard to this field of literature, one of the richest in

the treasury of the Church, because it has been made and fed by her holiest children. Indeed some are prone to scoff at such *Lives,* and to think that the reading of them is weak milk fit only for babes.

It would be well for such also to look into this book. The author, who is not a Catholic, after his critical survey of the whole English field, thus writes: "The Lives of the Saints demand reverence of maker and reader alike: but they do not require superstitious credulity. Though many of them are stained by ignorant and unworthy association, as a type they are inspirers of purity, and militant guardians of the integrity of the human soul. Thus the view of history exemplified by them is that the forward movement of the world has been hastened by great leaders, but by leaders working with and for their followers, and always under the guidance of the divine Hand. .....Whether in fantastic apologue and parable, or in sober narrative of well-authenticated history, the lives of the Saints represent the search not only for goodness but for truth."

The story, that he reviews, says Professor Gerould, "is, for the most part, of a day long past, but its significance remains. I have tried to show that legends are dry and dusty, merely because the dust has been allowed to settle upon them. The dryness I fancy is merely a matter of ourselves, in any case."

* * * *

ONE of the notes of the true Church of Christ is holiness. This note extends not only to her doctrines that beget holiness, but to her children who live it: who love it in others even when they have it not in themselves and who love those who have exemplified it. The higher their example, the more love will be given to them. They will cherish their memory: write their lives and their deeds into books. No organization ever yet left unrecorded its heroes. It is a curious and pregnant fact that the Catholic Church alone has fostered and produced as a living, vital literature the lives of the Saints.

When the Reformation came in England, "along with shrines and images, books of saints' lives fell under the ban of the Church. One has only to see the defacement of surviving books to understand the fanatical fury of the crew that was only less zealous to destroy than to acquire." Never was a government more ruthless than that of Henry VIII. in crushing opposition. "The less said of the motives of Henry and his ministers, the greater the charity: but in its effects the Reformation made England whole-heartedly Protestant."

The writing of Saints' Lives came to an end in England. However we have, 1596, the chap-book, entitled *The Seven Companions,*

part of the contents of which has become the common heritage of the English-speaking world. In an age that had been bullied into hatred of the Saints, to use Professor Gerould's words, this book served as a sorry burlesque of saintly lives to amuse children. "It formed a curious eddy of Catholic tradition in the midst of Protestantism. An eddy, alas, that quite shockingly belies its source."

The seventeenth century, particularly in the Catholic College of Douay, saw something of a revival in the writing of the Lives of the Saints. The latter half of the century witnessed a decline. After the first quarter of the eighteenth century a better era opened for hagiography. Professor Gerould praises the work of Bishop Challoner who "excelled in acuteness most scholars of his day."

* * * *

IT is gratifying, indeed, to read in the volume that "the work of Alban Butler, with which the eighteenth-century hagiography reaches its climax, was recognized at once as of outstanding value, and it has never lost the admiration which it excited from the first. Butler's *The Lives of the Saints* is the great classic of modern English Catholicism, and it is time-defying in the same way as is the history of Butler's great contemporary, Gibbon. Indeed, even Gibbon has a good word to say of 'the sense and learning it displays.'

"Whether *The Lives of the Saints* be read as a book of devotion or of history, whether by the man of doubting or of believing mind, it cannot well fail to attract and give profit. To any person of discretion and taste the clear, dry light of the author's personality has an abiding charm. Butler's great work is the masterpiece of modern English hagiography: an almost inexhaustible treasury of learning, the wealth of which is arranged with consummate skill."

* * * *

WE might quote further with pleasure and with profit, but we must forbear. We are grateful to Professor Gerould for his scholarly volume. To know the Saints will mean surely to bring more of virtue, more of self-denial, more of Christ and of God into the world. Professor Gerould tells us "that Saints' lives have not regained in pure literature, whether verse or prose, the place they lost when the schism of the sixteenth century rent the Western world apart." "It is permitted," he adds, "the lover of saintly lore, to trust that they may again become such a factor." It is surely our inherited duty and glory to do all we can to bring this about. It is often said that only a saint can write the life of a saint. By studying the Saints we can bring them back to the world—the memory and the

reverence of those who have passed from it, and the example of those called here to be saints—even us ourselves.

IT is hard to conceive of a sin greater than that of Satan whereby he sought to make himself like unto God: and yet it might have been greater if Satan had tried to make God like to himself. George Moore seems to have outdone Satan in his latest work called *The Brook Kerith,* for in it he deliberately makes not only Christ, but God Himself like to George Moore.

It is a fearful thing to utter these words of any man; yet if a critic who views the book simply from a literary point of view feels called upon to utter them, it is well to publish to the full the iniquity of this work issued by a reputable house.

The keenest insight not only into the book, but into the whole character of George Moore is shown in a masterful review of the work which appeared in *The Nation* for October 19th.

* * * *

"IF one writes well enough," the reviewer says, "one may say anything he pleases. If he unites with his talent for dulcet utterance a certain instinct for 'sex' and salacity, and shocking middle-class sensibilities, he is pretty sure to become a celebrity, and he has a fair chance of becoming a classic, in his own life time. There is at present a strong demand for the sanction given to the discussion of questionable subjects by an unquestionable style."

* * * *

MR. MOORE for many years, continues the notice, has done not much thinking, but much musing about Christ and the teachings of Christ. These teachings have vexed his spirit and annoyed his flesh. They disturbed his musings; ran counter to his instinct; upset his comfort; blocked the way he would go. Consequently to be at peace with the self he loved, he must get the thought of Christ out of his system. But that is a very difficult, indeed an impossible process. "Anyone who desires to rid himself of the obsession of the spiritual Jesus has but to put his own natural instinctive self in the place of Jesus. The substitution brings instant relief from the pressure of an exacting alien force." Therefore George Moore made of Christ an Irish sentimental naturalist—and was no longer troubled by the call, "Follow me," for the undisciplined self of George Moore smiled at the words, since they were now but an invitation to follow his own inclinations. Into the life and character of Christ he reads the experiences, even the degrading stuff of *Memories of My Dead Life,* and reaches the conclusion, "God is but desire;" "to be without sin

we must be without God;" and Jesus stood before the cenoby..... asking Himself if God were not the last uncleanness of the mind." And this work, the last word in blasphemy, has received commendable notice from many American periodicals! The review in *The Nation* is healthy, invigorating and altogether praiseworthy.

WE are pleased to publish the following letter from a subscriber who has evidently followed THE CATHOLIC WORLD faithfully for many, many years:

THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

With much interest I read your account of Father Cuthbert's tribute to the memory of Wilfrid Ward, late editor of *The Dublin Review,* who was in active sympathy with the "new intellectual awakening" which came with the pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. For about four centuries before that date the Catholic Church had been in "a state of siege," and a sort of martial law had taken the place of the ordinary law which governs and guides individual action in times of peace. Catholics had grown accustomed to look upon unquestioning obedience as the one law of life, and to go to authority for guidance which in more normal times would be left to individual initiative.

Newman's theory of development was proposed by Wilfrid Ward to meet the need of the modern world, but it was to be taken in conjunction with the scholastic system which embodied the teaching of the two great constructive periods of Catholic thought, the patristic and the mediæval. In the accurate process of separating the true from the false adopted by the mediæval champions, he saw the working principle for that synthesis of thought which will bring together the historic Christian Church and the modern world.

The above summary from Father Cuthbert's article in *The Dublin Review* for July, 1916, recalled to my mind some other book or magazine in which the same argument had been presented. Following an old habit, I began a search among the back numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The missing link was found in Volume XXI. which begins with April, 1875. It was an article entitled *An Exposition of the Church in View of Recent Difficulties and Controversies and the Present Needs of the Age.*" The editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD announced in a footnote that the article was reprinted with the author's permission from advance sheets of a pamphlet published by Basil Montagu Pickering of London. The name of the author was not given. His argument may be seen from the following quotation: "All religions viewed in the aspect of a divine life find their common centre in the Catholic Church. The greater part of the intellectual errors of the age arise from a lack of knowledge of the essential relations of the light of faith with the light of reason; of the connection between the mysteries and truths of divine revelation and those discovered and attainable by human reason; of the action of divine grace and the action of the human will.

"The early Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church largely cultivated this field. The Scholastics greatly increased the riches received from their predecessors. And had not the attention of the Church been turned aside from its course by the errors of the sixteenth century, the demonstration of Christianity on its intrinsic side would ere this have received its finishing strokes.

The time has come to take up this work, continue it where it was interrupted; and bring it to completion. Thanks to the Encyclicals of Pius IX., and the decisions of the Vatican Council, this task will not now be so difficult.

"The denial of the Papal authority in the Church necessarily occasioned its fuller development. For as long as this hostile movement was aggressive in its assaults, so long was the Church constrained to strengthen her defence.....Every new denial was met with a new defence, the danger was on the side of revolt, the safety was on that of submission. The chief occupation of the Church for the last three centuries was the maintenance of that authority conferred by Christ on St. Peter and his successors; the contest was terminated forever in the dogmatic definition of Papal Infallibility."

The article from which the above extract is taken was at a later date reproduced in the volume called *The Church and the Age,* bearing the signature of Father Hecker. For an old reader like myself of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, it is a pleasant reflection to know that its pages contained several years in advance the same line of argumentation which was afterwards adopted by Wilfrid Ward for *The Dublin Review.* Father Hecker's early books, *Questions of the Soul* and *Aspirations of Nature,* were also in harmony with the object of the Synthetic Society, of which Wilfrid Ward was one of the founders, together with Arthur Balfour and others. The chief aim of this Society was to promote a union of effort to provide a philosophical basis for religious belief.

SENEX.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Catholic Ideal Readers—Fourth Reader; Fifth Reader. By a Sister of St. Joseph. 45 cents net. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* By H. G. Wells. $1.50. *The Founding of Spanish California.* By C. E. Chapman, Ph.D. $3.50. *The Literary History of Spanish America.* By A. Coester, Ph.D. $2.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Roma: Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome. By Rev. A. Kuhn, O.S.B. Parts XVII., XVIII. 35 cents each. *Cupid of Campion.* By F. J. Finn, S.J. *The Sunday Missal.* Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. 75 cents.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:

With Serbia Into Exile. By Fortier Jones. $1.60. *Representative English Plays from the Middle Ages to the End of the Nineteenth Century.* By J. S. P. Tatlock and R. G. Martin. $2.50 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N. Y.:

The Bird House Man. By Walter P. Eaton. $1.35 net. *The Emperor of Portugallia.* By Selma Lagerlöf. $1.50 net. *Mount Vernon.* By P. Wilstach.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

The Wrack of the Storm. By M. Maeterlinck. $1.50 net. *The Tutor's Story.* By C. Kingsley. $1.35 net. *Damaris.* By L. Mallet. $1.40 net. *Love and Lucy.* By M. Hewlett. $1.35 net. *The Life of the Caterpillar.* By J. H. Fabre.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:

A Woman's Diary of the War. By S. Macnaughtan. $1.00 net. *The Chevalier de Boufflers.* By Nesta H. Webster. $4.00 net. *Ghenko: The Mongol Invasion of Japan.* By N. Yamada, B.A. $2.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Phases of Early Christianity. By J. E. Carpenter, D.Litt. $2.00. *The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel.* By A. B. Davidson, LL.D.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Thirteenth Commandment. By R. Hughes. $1.40 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Book of the Junior Sodalists of Our Lady. Compiled by Father E. Mullan, S.J. 50 cents. *Voices of the Valley.* Compiled by F. McKay. 75 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Saints' Legends. By G. H. Gerould. $1.50 net. *Coram Cardinali.* By E. Bellasis. $1.25 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Old Glory. By Mary R. S. Andrews. 50 cents net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
The Irish at the Front. By Michael MacDonagh, M.P. 75 cents net.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard. By Grace King. $1.40 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Pseudo-Scientists vs. Catholics. An Eighteenth-Century Social Work. Pamphlets. 5 cents.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York:
Almanac of the Sacred Heart. 12 cents.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR INTERNATIONAL CONCILIATION, New York:
Towards an Enduring Peace. Compiled by Randolph S. Bourne.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston:
The Psychology of the Common Branches. By F. N. Freeman, Ph.D. $1.25 net.
The Syrian Christ. By A. M. Rihbany. $1.50 net.

RITTER & Co., Boston:
England, Its Political Organization and Development, and the War Against Germany. By E. S. White, LL.D. $1.50 net.

THE RIVERDALE PRESS, Brookline, Boston:
Arlo. By Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. $1.00.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
The Best Short Stories of 1915. Edited by E. J. O'Brien. $1.50 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
How To Learn Easily. By George Van Ness Dearborn. $1.00 net. *The Mothercraft Manual.* By Mary L. Read, B.S. $1.25 net.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.:
Society and Prisons. By Thomas Mott Osborne. $1.35 net. *The Tidings Brought to Mary.* By Paul Claudel. $1.50 net.

WM. MCAFEE GOODWIN, 1406 G. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.:
The Christian Science Church. By Wm. McAfee Goodwin. $1.50 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT, Philadelphia:
Pinocchio, the Story of a Puppet. By "C. Collode." $1.25 net. *Blackbeard's Island.* By R. S. Holland. $1.25 net. *Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work.* $2.00 net. *With Sam Houston in Texas.* By E. L. Sabin. $1.25 net.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, N. J.:
French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778. By Edward S. Corwin, Ph.D. $2.00 net.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA Co., Oberlin, O.:
The Date of the Exodus. By H. M. Wiener, M.A. Pamphlet. 25 cents.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:
After Hours. By Wm. F. Feld, S.J. $1.00.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Students' Mass Book and Hymnal. Compiled by Rev. W. B. Sommerhauser, S.J. 35 cents net. *History of Saint Norbert.* By Rev. C. J. Kirkfleet, O.P. $1.80 net.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL Co., Indianapolis::
Daniel Defoe: How To Know Him. By Wm. P. Brent. $1.25 net.

UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Grand Junction, Ia.:
The Christian Historic Witness. Pamphlet. 5 cents each; $3.00 per 100.

CATHOLIC BOOK & CHURCH SUPPLY Co., Portland, Ore.:
Father Gibney's Debate with Death. Pamphlet.

IMP. DE L'ACTION SOCIALE LIMITÉE, Quebec, Canada:
Leçons de Morale; Leçons de Logique; Leçons de Psychologie et de Théodicée. By Abbé A. Robert. 50 cents each.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Benoit XV. et Le Conflit Européen. Par Abbé G. A. d'Agnel. *7 fr.*

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CIV. DECEMBER, 1916. No. 621.

THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION: A MEDLEY OF ARGUMENTS.

BY FRANK O'HARA.

IT has been well said that man is a rational being, because whenever he wants to do anything he can always find a reason for it. In other words, he reaches his conclusions first and establishes his premises afterwards. This principle is well illustrated in the debate concerning the merits and demerits of the proposal to restrict immigration to the United States through the application of a literacy test. The proponents of the measure agree in just one thing, their demand for the restriction of immigration. But their agreement upon this point is so perfect and sincere that they seem to be unconscious of the medley of arguments which are brought to bear upon their opponents like great siege guns. The opponents of restriction are logically in a somewhat better position than their adversaries, since they are in possession of the field, but they too are often careless of the arguments with which they ward off attack.

During the last few years there has grown up a sort of gentleman's agreement according to which the immigration question is to be considered an economic one. Individuals will, of course, line themselves up for or against restriction according to their tastes, but in presenting the arguments for restriction the soft pedal will be put on all non-economic considerations. Miss Grace Abbott drew sparks from the chairman of a Congressional committee which was investigating the immigration question last year,

Copyright. 1916. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

when she failed to observe the convention on this point, and hinted that much of the demand for a literacy test both inside Congress and outside might be traced to religious bigotry in the backs of the heads of the people who were making the demand. Mr. Steiner, too, strayed somewhat from the reservation when he wrote: "The one institution in America most gravely concerned with the coming and staying of the immigrant is the Protestant Church. Each shipload of people from Southern and Southeastern Europe increases the already-crowded Roman Catholic parishes, lays foundations for the perpetuation of the Greek Orthodox Church in the United States, and enlarges the tents of Israel whose camps encircle the dying churches."[1] But then Mr. Steiner was not arguing. He was just telling us about it.

A great many Catholics agree with Mr. Steiner, that immigration ought to be restricted, but as a general thing they maintain the convention and consider the question an economic one. When they do discuss religion they take the stand that although a great many of the immigrants are Catholics when they leave Europe, very few of them are Catholics when they get to America. In other words the great influx of Catholic immigrants does not seem materially to affect the Catholic census figures in this country. These Catholics are at one with Mr. Steiner as to the conclusion, but they differ with him as to the premises. This, however, is not an unusual situation when questions of this kind are under discussion.

Besides religion, another question which it was agreed by common consent to leave out of the immigration discussion, was that of race superiority. Before the present war broke out, it was considered a sign of superior intellectuality to assume that one race was intrinsically as good as another. Men would stand up in public meetings and say that although their forefathers had been in America for two hundred and fifty years, they themselves were no better than some poor German immigrant who landed only yesterday. The Chinese and Japanese—well, that was another question, but immigrants ought not to be excluded just because they were born in one country rather than in another. Of course, where the immigrants break down standards of living they ought to be excluded, etc. The convention which requires the suppression of the racial superiority argument is pretty well observed, but now and then there is a falling away. For example, only last year a

[1] *The Immigrant Tide*, p. 311.

professor of sociology published a book in which he hinted that our descendants are to be preferred to the descendants of other races. This, of course, is a perfectly natural feeling, but under the terms of the agreement it ought not to be openly urged, because it is not an economic argument. In fairness to the professor, however, it must be said that this view was put forward in conjunction with a standard of living argument, which is, of course, an economic argument in good standing.

Dr. Hayes (for he is the sociologist in question) wrote: "If we should grant that the immigrants are of a stock that is quite as good as ours, and that they worthily represent the stock from which they spring, still it remains unquestionable that their standard of living is lower than ours, and by unrestricted admission of immigrants having such a standard of living we more or less substitute them and their offspring for our own unborn children."[2] And he concludes: "We invite the gradual but inevitable approach of old world standards of living, and sacrifice the opportunity to establish a higher level of general welfare which ought to prevail in this country, and we do so without any assurance whatever that, save very temporarily, the number of those who enjoy the advantages of the new world is materially greater, or the number of those who struggle against old world conditions is materially less, than if we enforced a policy of restriction."

The theory adopted by Dr. Hayes that immigration does not increase the population of the United States, belongs by right of discovery and occupation to the late General Walker, who developed it at some length in his *Discussions in Economics and Statistics*. During the decade 1830-1840, five hundred and ninety-nine thousand foreigners came to the United States. "Was the population of the country correspondingly increased? I answer, No!" says Walker. "The population of 1840 was almost exactly what, by computation, it would have been had no increase in foreign arrivals taken place." Between 1840 and 1850 the immigrants to this country amounted to not less than one million and seven hundred and thirteen thousand. "Again we ask: Did this excess constitute a net gain to the population of the country? Again the answer is, No! Population showed no increase over the proportions established before immigration set in like a flood. In other words, as the foreigners began to come in larger numbers, the native population more and more withheld their own increase."

[2] Introduction to *The Study of Sociology*, p. 269.

The reason for this situation was that "the American shrank from the industrial competition thus thrust upon him. He was unwilling himself to engage in the lowest kind of day-labor with these new elements of the population; he was even more unwilling to bring sons and daughters into the world to enter into that competition."

In order that there might be no doubt about his facts, Walker reënforced them with figures. Elkanah Watson, it appears, made an estimate in 1815 of the probable future population of the United States. On a basis of the study of the increase in population between 1790 and 1810 he predicted that the population in 1840 would be 17,116,526, and that in 1850 it would be 23,185,368. Watson could not, of course, foresee the great increase in immigration that was to come in the second quarter of the century, but in spite of that fact his forecast proved to be remarkably accurate. His estimate for 1840 differed from the census returns by only forty-seven thousand and seventy-three, and for 1850 by only six thousand five hundred and eight. Now, says Walker, although more than two and a quarter million people came to this country between 1830 and 1850 the population was practically the same in 1850, as it would have been if the birth-rate of 1790-1810 had been maintained and the immigration had remained a negligible quantity. Nothing was easier for Walker than to draw the conclusion that an increase in immigration meant a correspondingly great decrease in birth-rate.

Professor Willcox, who has devoted much attention to the study of population statistics, avers that Elkanah Watson was mistaken in his estimate of what the population of 1850 would have been without immigration. Watson's estimates were based upon the increase in population between 1790 and 1810, but Professor Willcox assures us that the birth-rate had already begun to decrease in 1810, and that between 1810 and 1820 there was a decrease of more than nine per cent in the birth-rate as compared with the rate upon which Watson based his estimates. Therefore, concludes Professor Willcox, the population of the United States is much larger now than it would have been if there had been no immigration during the nineteenth century. And to further support his contention, he adds that in Australia, where there is practically no immigration, the birth-rate has fallen off about as rapidly as in America. Professor Willcox himself is not convinced of the need of further restriction on immigration.

Professor Fetter will serve as an example of a high-grade economist of the present day who has examined Professor Willcox's argument with care and who rejects Walker's premises, but accepts his conclusion with regard to the desirability of restricting immigration. Professor Fetter says:[3] "The assumption that immigration constitutes a net addition to the population is not in accord with the well-known theory of Francis A. Walker. He believed that immigration had the effect of reducing the birth-rate of the native-born so greatly that the net increase was about what it would have been without immigration. Let it suffice to say that this view seems to be a misreading of the evidence and an exaggeration of a truth of limited application." But Professor Fetter sees other reasons for shutting out the immigrants. "In the light of the doctrine of population," he says, "there is no mistaking the influence of continually increasing numbers in gradually and permanently depressing the whole plane of wages. It is generally assumed that when the immigrants and their children become Americanized and raise their standard of living, their presence no longer has any effect in depressing wages below what they otherwise would have been. Indeed it is tacitly assumed that the law of increasing returns operates as population becomes denser, and that the general prosperity is enhanced by the mere growth of numbers. This idea was measurably true so long as national growth was one of extension into unoccupied areas, and the average density of population was low. It ceases to be true whenever the ideal point of equilibrium between population and resources has been attained. The territorial distribution of immigrants, their training in the English language, and their adoption of American standards of living, cannot change a mathematical fact."

In a word, Walker wanted the foreigners kept out, because their presence here kept the native-born from perpetuating their race. Fetter is convinced that there is nothing to Walker's argument, but he wishes the foreigners kept out because the law of increasing returns has ceased to operate because of the fact that our population has become too great for our resources. He does not take any stock in the view that if the immigrants would adopt American standards of living, the situation would be improved. Dr. Warne, who has recently written a popular book on immigration, is in favor of the literacy restriction, but he does not accept Walker's argument that immigration does not increase the num-

[3] *The American Economic Review*, Supplement, March, 1913.

bers of the people. On the other hand, he appears to accept the view which Fetter condemns, viz., that if the foreigners raise their standard of living to meet that of the native Americans, their presence will no longer have the effect of depressing wages; and he condemns the view which Fetter accepts, viz., that we have already passed the point of diminishing returns, and that further increase of numbers will result with mathematical certainty in making it harder for the average person to make a living, no matter whether he desires to adopt a high standard of living or not. Dr. Warne is far from being pessimistic in this regard, and he looks forward to a golden age of increased production when everybody will live in plenty, provided, of course, that the foreigner's psychological attitude towards consuming food can be changed.

On the question of the law of diminishing returns, Dr. King of the University of Wisconsin, who has recently published a book on *The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States,* is against Dr. Warne and on the side of Professor Fetter. Dr. King, who is an ardent restrictionist, presents a table to show "that the American laborer has been unable to withstand the continuous onslaught of the alien hosts, and that he has been forced to yield all the advantages derived from the economic progress during the decade, and to content himself with a slightly lower commodity wage than he received in 1900. After all, the law of diminishing returns is inexorable," he says.

Dr. King's book appeared as late as 1915, and is well supplied with tables and graphs and other statistical machinery to make his arguments convincing. In fact, there is every inducement to lead the innocent reader to say: "Now at last we have the facts. We know now what we are talking about. Whatever else there may be in the immigration discussion that is doubtful, it would seem at least that there can be no doubt that commodity wages have been declining." But wait. Professor Fairchild has not been consulted yet. Professor Fairchild, writing in *The American Economic Review* in March, 1916, says that we do not know for certain whether commodity wages are going up or down; or at least that we did not know until he told us in March, 1916. He says: "In the United States diametrically opposite views are repeatedly expressed, with great conviction, as to the course of the standard of living, and each of these views finds ready acceptance with various audiences, according to their prejudices or preconceived notions.....It is significant that no reliable proofs have been

presented in support of either view.....For some time the writer has experienced a growing conviction that this question of the course of the wage earner's standard of living is altogether too vital to be left to random guesses and rash assumptions." There appears to be danger, therefore, that Dr. King's perfectly good-looking figures fall either in the class of random guesses or in that of rash assumptions. However, we shall forget the weakness of the statistical arguments used in the past to show the need of restriction, because we have now before us Professor Fairchild's conclusions. It is not of much consequence that we believed in restriction in the past on inadequate grounds. The important thing is that we shall now believe in restriction on adequate grounds. And so, skipping Professor Fairchild's figures, we hurry to his conclusions. "The writer is well aware," he says, "that the foregoing data do not prove that the common laborer's family was better off in 1890 than in 1908. Nothing statistical is *proved* if there is a single estimate, a single approximation, a single gap in the demonstration, a single chance for error. But he does believe that they furnish very strong evidence in support of the proposition.....It is probable that more exhaustive study of prices actually current in 1890 might necessitate some minor modifications in various items of the budget. It does not seem possible that it would materially affect the general conclusions. One thing seems safe to say—that the foregoing data *disprove* the right of anybody to assert with serene confidence that the standard of living of the American common laborer has improved in the past thirty years. The burden of proof is laid on the optimists, to bring forward some positive verification of their assumptions." Well, there you have it. If the restrictionists are not able to prove that the standard of living has been going down, at least they have the satisfaction of knowing that their opponents cannot prove that it is going up.

The cry that immigration is responsible for an undue share of poverty and crime is an old one. The managers of the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism in New York were already acquainted with it in 1819. "First, as to the emigrants from foreign countries," they say, "the managers are compelled to speak of them in the language of astonishment and apprehension. Through this inlet pauperism threatens us with overwhelming consequences.....An almost innumerable population beyond the ocean is out of employment, and this has the effect of increasing the usual want of employ. This country is the resort of vast num-

bers of those needy and wretched beings. Thousands are continually resting their hopes on the refuge which she offers, filled with delusive visions of plenty and luxury. They seize the earliest opportunity to cross the Atlantic and land upon our shores..... What has been the destination of this immense accession to our population, and where is it now? Many of these foreigners may have found employment; some may have passed into the interior; but thousands still remain among us. They are frequently found destitute in our streets; they seek employment at our doors; they are found in our almshouse and in our hospitals; they are found at the bar of our criminal tribunals, in our Bridewell, our penitentiary, and our State prison. And we lament to say that they are too often led by want, by vice, and by habit to form a phalanx of plunder and depredations, rendering our city more liable to increase of crimes and our houses of correction more crowded with convicts and felons."[4]

This indictment of foreigners on the charge of pauperism and crime sounds so familiar that one is disposed to accept it without further proof. In fact, it is not at all unlikely that similar charges against immigrants could be found in the literature of every one of the ninety-seven years since the managers of this society came to this profound conclusion. We have not time to make the search through the literature of the succeeding century, nor the space to present it when found, and so we shall content ourselves with quoting from Dr. King, to whom reference has already been made, for similar testimony from the year 1915. Dr. King has just been discussing the economic evils attendant upon immigration and he adds: "The political and social evils wrought by the invading hosts are perhaps just as destructive to American welfare. Poverty, corruption and crime are the constant camp-followers of the foreign army." And to prove that this is so, Dr. King refers the reader to Professor Edward A. Ross' *The Old World in the New.*

But the iconoclasts among the restrictionists will not even let the good old argument of the poverty and vice of the immigrants rest in peace. Fairchild says:[5] "The prominence of pauperism as an item in the immigration agitation has led to the production of a large amount of material on the subject. Nevertheless, most of it has been fragmentary and untrustworthy. This has been largely due to the incompleteness and lack of uniformity of the

[4] Quoted in *Report of the Industrial Commission,* 1901, vol. xv.
[5] *Immigration,* pp. 311, 323, 329.

records of various eleemosynary institutions, and the difficulty of securing returns from all the manifold agencies of relief..... There can be but one conclusion from the foregoing discussion, namely, that our foreign-born add to the burden of public and private relief an amount largely out of proportion to their relative numbers in the general population, and that this burden is likely to be an increasing one.....In the matter of crime the effort to make generalizations is complicated by the fact that it is necessary to take into account, not only the number of crimes, but the nature and severity of the criminal act. Tests of criminality, to be accurate, should include quality as well as quantity.....These conditions frequently result in an injustice to the immigrant. The police and court records of our great cities show an amazing proportion of crimes chargeable to the foreign population.....But when these records are studied more closely it becomes apparent that a large share of the offences of the foreign-born are violations of the city ordinances—offences which are comparatively trivial in themselves, do not indicate any special tendency toward criminality, and are in many cases intimately associated with a low station in life." Although this testimony still leaves much to be desired it indicates, at any rate, that there has been much recklessness in the past in charging immigrants with pauperism and crime.

Jenks and Lauck, who are both firm believers in the desirability of the literacy test, testify as follows with regard to the criminality of the immigrant:[6] "It is perhaps sufficient to say here that on the whole, in spite of the inclination apparently shown by certain nationalities to commit certain classes of crime, it is impossible to show whether or not the totality of crime has been increased by immigration." And the United States Immigration Commission, which stands for a pro-literacy test, says:[7] "While it does not appear from available statistics that criminality among the foreign-born increases the volume of crime in proportion to the total population, nevertheless the coming of criminals and persons of criminal tendencies constitutes one of the serious social effects of the immigration movement." Or, in other words, while the immigrants are not criminal to the extent that the native-born are, still there are criminals among them who ought to be prevented from landing.

An interesting question that has been discussed in relation

[6] *The Immigration Problem*, p. 57.
[7] *Reports*, vol. i., p. 27.

to the subject of immigration restriction is that of the effect of immigration on the introduction of machinery. Some restrictionists hold that immigration should be held in check because the tendency of unrestricted immigration is to *discourage* the introduction of machinery. Other restrictions hold that immigration should be held in check because the tendency of unrestricted immigration is to *encourage* the introduction of machinery. In other words, the restrictionists debate among themselves the question as to whether more immigration does or does not mean the employment of more machinery, but they are agreed that whatever may be the fact, that fact leads to the conclusion that immigration should be restricted.

The Federal Immigration Commission, which has already been cited as a friend of the literacy test, was of the opinion that immigrant labor and the wide use of machinery harmonized well with each other. In speaking of the more recent immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe the Commission says:[8] "Before coming to the United States the greater proportion were engaged in farming or unskilled labor, and had no experience or training in manufacturing or mining. As a consequence their employment in the mines and manufacturing plants of this country has been possible only by the invention of mechanical devices and processes which have eliminated the skill and experience formerly required in a large number of occupations.....In bituminous coal mining, for example, the pick or hand miner was formerly an employee of skill and experience.....By the invention of the mining machine, however, the occupation of the pick miner has been largely done away with, thereby increasing the proportion of unskilled workmen who load the coal on cars after it has been undercut and the holes drilled by machinery, and the coal knocked down by a blast set off by a shot firer specialized for that division of the labor. Such work can readily be done, after a few days' apprenticeship, by recent immigrants who, before immigrating to the United States, had never seen a coal mine. The same situation is found in the cotton factories.....In the glass factories, also.....In the iron and steel plants and other branches of manufacturing, similar inventions have made it possible to operate the plants with a much smaller proportion of skilled and specialized employees than was formerly the case. It is this condition of industrial affairs, as already stated, which has made it possible to give employment to

[8] *Reports*, vol. i., p. 494.

the untrained, inexperienced, non-English-speaking immigrant of recent arrival in the United States." Jenks and Lauck[9] discuss this phase of the question in a paragraph, the heading of which reads, "The Inefficiency of the Immigrants Has Encouraged the Use of Machinery."

If one takes the view of the situation presented above, one arrives at the conclusion that a literacy test is needed by way of the line of reasoning that immigration is substituting unskilled labor for skilled labor, and thus lowering the economic status of the American workingman. If, however, one takes the opposite view of the facts and believes that immigration is hostile to the extensive use of machinery, one comes to the conclusion that there is need of a literacy test by way of the line of reasoning that immigration discourages inventive skill, and stands in the way of the progress that would harness machinery to the uses of mankind. It is the latter point of view and the latter line of argument which is adopted by Dr. Warne when he says:[10] "Cheap labor prevents invention and retards the introduction of machinery. A country that has an over-supply of cheap human labor has no record of any consequence in machine invention. The opposite is true, however, of countries where wages are relatively high. It is so because of the necessity capital is put to in order to keep down the cost of production, and this urges capital to substitute the cheaper machine labor. This encourages inventive skill, and in the absence of immigration would encourage it still more, thus improving the arts and also relieving human beings of some of the present inhuman toil."

It is not at all a strange and unusual phenomenon to see men who are heartily in favor of some line of action grasping at all kinds of arguments, good, bad, and indifferent, to convince others of the desirability of pursuing that line of action. These immigration restrictionists are all firmly convinced of the desirability of legislation which will put a check upon the number of the incoming foreigners. Unfortunately, they cannot agree upon the facts upon which their arguments are to be based, but, after all, in the case of the great majority of the arguments no one person is responsible for more than a half of each contradiction. Each one may recognize the contradiction, but may honestly believe that his own ratiocination is unimpeachable. The situation becomes much

[9] *The Immigration Problem*, p. 186, second edition.
[10] *The Tide of Immigration*, p. 185.

worse where the same author is responsible for both sides of the contradiction. For example, it is not at all unusual to find a restrictionist arguing that immigration causes the population to increase too rapidly, and then, as soon as he has established this point to his satisfaction, insisting that a considerable fraction of the immigration be cut off, and that no foreign workingman be allowed to land unless he bring his wife and children with him and declare his intention to remain permanently in America. The innocent bystander is likely to ask why, if population is increasing too rapidly, it would not be better to shut out the foreigner who comes with a family, and to admit only those foreigners who come without families and with the intention of returning to their native country after a few years of work in this country.

The place of honor in presenting both sides of the last-named contradiction belongs probably to the Federal Immigration Commission. It not only contends strongly for the need of restriction, and argues that the proper persons to exclude are those who would contribute the least increase to the population, but it brings these two contentions together in the same paragraph. Thus, in Section 8 of the Recommendations of the Commission, we read: "The investigations of the Commission show an over-supply of unskilled labor in basic industries to an extent which indicates an over-supply of unskilled labor in the industries of the country as a whole, a condition which demands legislation restricting the further admission of such unskilled labor.

"It is desirable in making the restriction that: (a) A sufficient number be debarred to produce a marked effect upon the present supply of unskilled labor. (b) As far as possible, the aliens excluded should be those who come to this country with no intention to become American citizens or even to maintain a permanent residence here, but merely to save enough, by the adoption, if necessary, of low standards of living, to return permanently to their home country. Such persons are usually men unaccompanied by wives or children."

The unwary reader is in danger of being misled by the language of the Commission into believing that it is not because they are unaccompanied by wives and children that these aliens are to be excluded, but because they send a part of the money which they receive to Europe. The unwary reader should, therefore, be referred to standard works on economics, in which it will be explained to him that under normal conditions each nation will

tend to keep its share of the total money supply of the world, and that if it sends away an undue proportion of it at one time it will receive it back at another time. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were many intelligent persons, called Mercantilists, who gave thought to this problem, and who did not accept the principle just laid down. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries there have also been Mercantilists, but their intelligence has been more or less under suspicion.

Dr. Warne wishes to shut out the foreigners who leave their wives and children in Europe, but his reasons appear to be social rather than economic. "I do not know—I know no one who might know," he says, "because scientific information is lacking on the subject—but I venture the assertion that if the facts were ascertainable they would prove that certain crimes of a peculiarly atrocious character among our alien population diminish according as the number of the sexes approach an equality." Dr. Warne is on fairly safe ground in venturing an assertion in a field where scientific information is lacking, but Jenks and Lauck think that undue importance has been attached to the social effects of immigration. They say: "In most of the discussions on immigration that have appeared during the last few years, whether the immigrant came from Europe or from Asia, great importance has been attached to the social effects of immigration arising from the personal qualities of the immigrants.....The late investigations of the Immigration Commission show that undue significance has been attached to these social effects during the past few years..... The chief danger of immigration lies not in this direction, but in the field of industry." They believe[11] that "tendencies toward lowering the American standard of living are at work at the present time in this country through our large immigration, and that, therefore, it is desirable that by some wisely effective method we restrict such immigration." In other words, they think there are too many laborers in the country, but on the next page they make it clear that their sympathies are with the proposal to let in the foreigners who come with their families, and to shut out the foreigners who leave their wives and children in Europe and expect to return to Europe themselves in a few years.

Before the outbreak of the present war, when immigrants were coming to this country at the rate of more than a million a year, the restrictionists insisted that then was the time to apply the

[11] *The Immigration Problem*, p. 339.

severe restrictive tests in order to keep the country from being overrun with a European horde that would depress our American standard of living. Diagrams were made which could be read from left to right, or from top to bottom, hinting at the great increase in immigration that might be expected in a few years. Little was said of the half million and more emigrants who left our shores each year, because many of these were the people who came to this country without their wives and children, and the restrictionists may have thought that they had given these persons sufficient notice when they had explained how reprehensible was their conduct, in the first instance, in coming here without their wives and children. Since the outbreak of the war, with the number of immigrants falling off to such a degree that in some months the emigration exceeds the immigration, the argument is that *now* is the time to begin to apply the restrictive test because it will be easier to apply it now, and because the immigration will be so much greater after the war than it was before if the test is not applied. While others are speculating as to whether the wastage of men occasioned by the war will not lead foreign nations to place restrictions upon their emigration, the restrictionists in this country appear to be supplied with advance information which enables them to predict that the volume of immigration will not be decreased.

It will be interesting to wait and observe whether, if there is a reduction in the volume of immigration after the war as compared with that of former years, the restrictionists will work out an argument to show that there is need of a literacy test because of the *decreasing* volume of immigration.

TERCENTENARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FAITH IN CANADA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IT is now three hundred years since the torch lit at the blazing pile of seventeenth century Catholicism kindled that same fire on the heights of Quebec. The tercentenary of the establishment of the Faith has been celebrated by a remarkable demonstration in the ancient capital on the sixteenth and seventeenth of October. On the Sunday previous a pastoral letter from Cardinal Bégin was read in all the churches announcing that festival of gratitude and remembrance, and emphasizing the high motives which led the pioneers of Christianity and of civilization into the heart of the Canadian wilderness.

"Give thanks to God," says the pastoral, "Who willed that our country should have been discovered, explored and colonized by the Catholic sons of a most Christian kingdom, and that our French-Canadian race, born of Catholic faith and French patriotism, should have preserved in all its integrity and without alteration the Catholic doctrine preached by our first evangelists in New France."

In the pastoral and in the addresses which marked the celebration, notable tributes were paid to the memory of Samuel de Champlain, surnamed "the Father of New France," whose genius was so many-sided. He is the daring explorer, the cartographer, whose charts, it is said, are still reliable, the witty and charming chronicler whose immortal *Voyages* are of perennial interest, the military commander of signal ability, and the wise, enlightened and broad-minded governor who saw far beyond the narrow confines of the moment.

The founder of Quebec was profoundly Catholic. To the Queen, Marie de Medici, he declared that his expedition to Canada was "to make the lilies flourish there with the one religion, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman." In his *Relation* of 1613, he expresses the desire to bring "those poor people to the knowledge of God," and in dedicating his *Voyages* to the French king he emphasizes his intention of "planting in those regions the standard of the Cross, and teaching the savages the knowledge of God, to the glory of His holy

Name." To this end, he secured the services of four Recollets, who had obtained authorization from the Holy See and letters patent from the king to undertake that hazardous mission. From the Cardinals and Bishops, just then assembled in Paris, they received money for the purchase of portable altars, church ornaments and other necessaries, while the Company of Canada undertook to feed, support and transport them. These monks, whose work figured so largely in the recent celebration, belonged to one of the branches of the great Franciscan Order, which for centuries has played so important a part in the history of Christendom. They preached the doctrines of love and charity, poverty and lowliness, voluntary suffering and privation to a world corrupted by the luxurious paganism of the Renaissance. None too partial a witness, Sir James Stephen, thus testifies to the effectual reform they accomplished: "Nothing," he says, "in the histories of Wesley or of Whitfield can be compared with the enthusiasm which everywhere welcomed them, or with the immediate and visible result of their labors. In an age of oligarchical tyranny, they were the protectors of the weak; in an age of ignorance the instructors of mankind; and in an age of profligacy the stern vindicators of the holiness of the sacerdotal character and the virtues of domestic life.

"The patrons of art and the inspiration of many an artist, they were the impelling force in the creation of much literature, and they gave great Doctors to the Church; they were the friends of the poor and the lowly, so that the very term of Friar came to have a peculiar significance, and to connote a tender relationship between them and the poor of Christ."

That little band of adventurers, planting the lilies of France and the standard of the Cross in the New World, hailing from a genial climate, tasted all the rigors of a Canadian winter, untempered by civilization, endured without flinching indescribable hardships, and held their lives at the mercy of the red barbarians. Despite all that has been written, it is doubtful if the world at large, and even the world of Canada, realizes to the full the debt which is owing to Champlain, or the heroism with which he and his associates endured the horrors of that primeval existence. Champlain's idea of an empire to be established on American soil was frustrated by the weakness and indifference of the French court dominated by unworthy favorites. It remained a dream or has been far otherwise realized, but Champlain, by statues of bronze erected on various sites, has been acknowledged one of the strongest

forces in the foundation of the North American confederation. "The story of those one hundred and fifty years of the French dominion abound in soul-stirring and inspiring incidents," says a Non-Catholic historian,[1] "which can never fail to excite the attention of the lovers of the romantic and the picturesque elements of history, as well as the student or the statesman who is interested in the political conditions of the past and its effect upon the present."

Canada has, indeed, continued to attract the lovers of the picturesque, in all its phases from those first early glimmerings of tradition which displayed the Raven of the Norse adventurers, preceding the Lilies of France, on the quest for unknown lands and seas. And from the viewpoint of the romance-lover, the dramatist and, as shall presently be seen, the Catholic, this interest is chiefly centred upon that period of the French domination which Parkman thus graphically describes: "The French dominion is a thing of the past, and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again, their ghostly campfires seem to burn, and the fitful light to cast shadows around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us, vast wastes of forest verdure, mountains silent, in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool, wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in the dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism; men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, born to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here with their dauntless heroism put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

Four Recollets sailed from Honfleur on the *St. Etienne,* and under the protection of the Proto-Martyr had a prosperous voyage of thirty days, and landed one May day, the Feast of the Translation of St. Francis' body, at Tadousac. There on the shore of that beautiful bay, encircled by hills which legend declares to have been the playthings of giants, they first encountered the savages, news of whom had been thrilling religious circles in France and exciting the interest even of the court. As if to impress them

[1] Sir John Bourinot.

with the appalling perils that beset their path, they witnessed the burning at the stake, with every refinement of torture, of an Indian prisoner. If any heart quailed it was certainly not those covered by the frieze of St. Francis. Those holy missionaries were more eager than ever to hasten to the evangelization of the tribes, and thenceforth became an integral part of the animated drama of early Canada.

Those first Franciscans were Fathers Denys Jamet, Jean d'Olbeau, Joseph Le Caron and Brother Pacifique du Plessis. Father Jamet, taking up his abode temporarily in the governor's habitation, devoted himself to the study of the country, its climate, topography, upon all of which he made a report to his ecclesiastical superior, the Archbishop of Rouen. He said the first Mass, not at Quebec, but on the island of Montreal, that is to say the first since the days of Cartier and Roberval, who had with them two Benedictines, Dom Guillaume Le Breton and Dom Antoine. At the spot where the first Mass was said in 1615, the Recollets later gave a martyr to the Church in the person of Father Nicholas Viel, treacherously drowned in the swift flowing rapids by the savages, with his faithful disciple, Ahuntsic. This event is immortalized by four statues, and by villages named respectively Sault-au-Recollet and after his Indian follower.

Father d'Olbeau, called "the first pastor of Quebec," though charged also with the care of the Montagnais tribe at Tadousac and other aborigines of the Lower St. Lawrence, said the first Mass, after the settlement of Quebec, on June 26, 1615, where now stands the chapel of Our Lady of Victory. "Nothing was wanting," writes Father Le Clerq, "to render that action as solemn as the simplicity of the little colony permitted. Having prepared themselves beforehand by confession, all received their Saviour in Eucharistic Communion. The *Te Deum* was sung to the sound of their little artillery, and by the acclamations of joy that resounded everywhere the place was changed into a paradise, whilst all invoked the King of heaven."

"That was a beautiful day for Champlain and his fellow colonists," says the Abbé Ferland, "when in the poor, little chapel at Quebec they assisted for the first time at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the banks of the great River St. Lawrence, inaugurating thus the Catholic faith in Canada. For a century and a half the Church of Quebec was the centre and hearthstone of Catholicism in the immense regions extending from Hudson Bay to the Spanish possessions."

And so with that first Mass began, it may be said, that wonderful Canadian Church which has given to Catholicism a whole galaxy of resplendent figures, a hierarchy headed by the heroic Montmorency de Laval, unsurpassed for learning, wisdom, pure doctrine and intrepid defence of the people's rights; Jesuit missionaries, discoverers, martyrs, whose names and thrilling story have resounded from one end of Christendom to the other; the sons of Olier, who brought their science and their virtue to the wilds of New France, giving new names to the Canadian martyrology and playing an important part in the founding of Ville-marie. In the train of those pioneers came many other religious orders of men and women, every one of which has impressed its special character upon this portion of North America.

Father Le Caron set out with Champlain for the country of the Hurons, meeting at the Falls of St. Louis a delegation from that tribe, urging them to hasten to their fellows' help. The Recollet went forward with twelve Frenchmen and some Indians, being the first apostle to penetrate those savage wilds, and to discover the territory of the Great Lakes.

"Years before the Pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod," says Bancroft, "the unambitious Franciscan, Le Caron, had penetrated the land of the Mohawks, had passed to the north into the country of the Wyandots, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had gone onwards and still onwards, taking alms of the savages."

That journey, which must have borne so hardly on one who had passed years in the atmosphere of a court, Le Caron having as a secular priest been preceptor to the Duke d'Orleans, is thus described by himself: "It would be hard to tell you the lassitude I suffered, having been obliged all the long day to take the oars in hand and row with the Indians; more than a hundred times I waded through rivers on sharp stones that cut my feet, in the mud, or through the woods, carrying my canoe and my little outfit.....Nor need I mention the painful fact, which distressed us, of having nothing to eat but a little sagamite, a paste made of water and Indian meal, which was given to us in small quantities, morning and evening."

"It was in the hot sun of a July day, 1615," says a recent writer,[2] "that Father Joseph Le Caron, after days of incessant toil, reached the mouth of French River. He is suddenly aroused by the cries of his Indian companions. Raising his head, he sees before

[2] Brunet, *The Cross in Huronia*, vol. ii., p. 783.

him a vast sea stretching away until it meets the sky. He dips his hand into the wave and raises it to his lips. The water is sweet. It is the *Mer Douce,* the great, fresh water sea, of which he had heard so much. He lands at once and plants a cross in the sand. It was thus that the humble Recollet discovered the first known of the Great Lakes. The first monument of civilization on Lake Huron was the little cross of Le Caron."

He was afterwards rejoined by Champlain, and together they penetrated more than three hundred leagues into those territories, the monk celebrating the sacred mysteries amongst the barbarous tribes in the very heart of savage idolatry. "They were compelled to remain there during that whole winter. This gave Father Le Caron an opportunity to study the various dialects for the dictionary which later he compiled. During the fourteen years that he spent in New France, despite his ardent desire, he never revisited Huronia, but was intrusted instead with the instruction of the Montagnais and other tribes of the Lower St. Lawrence. He died in France of the plague.

Brother Pacifique du Plessis was stationed at Three Rivers, where he was employed in the instruction of the children, and made himself exceedingly useful by his knowledge of drugs, having been previously an apothecary. He rendered an important service to the colonies by discovering through one of his neophytes that the tribes in alliance with the whites having taken umbrage, had assembled to the number of eight hundred for a general massacre of the whites. His timely warning saved the situation. He only survived his arrival in New France by three years. The Recollets were denied the privilege of returning to Quebec, after the taking of that city by the Kertk brothers in the service of England and its restoration by treaty to the French. It was not until 1670 they were recalled, as is chronicled by the Jesuit *Relation* for that year.

"The Reverend Recollet Fathers," writes Father Le Mercier, "who have been brought from France as a new help to the missionaries and to cultivate the soil of the Church, have given us a great increase of joy and consolation. We received them as the first apostles of this country, as did all the inhabitants of Quebec, in acknowledgment of the obligation which the French colony is under to them for having accompanied it in the period of its first establishment. All were delighted to see these good religious in the place where they lived forty years ago when the French were driven out of Canada by the British.

They rebuilt then that monastery of Our Lady of Angels and remained there until 1692, when they were permitted to build a regular convent, named after St. Anthony of Padua, by Monsignor de St. Vallier, who, like his predecessor, Laval, paid them high tribute. He declared that in their fourteen years of labor they had "penetrated to the extremity of the lands watered by the great river" (the St. Lawrence).

The Recollets were also active in Acadia laboring amongst the savages and fur-traders, several dying of hardships in the woods. They strove to establish there a seminary for the training of Indian youth. As a chronicler[3] observes: "The great Cardinal of France was interested in Christianizing the tribes of New England, before Plymouth or Massachusetts or the English government had thought about them."

Were it possible to follow the history of exploration and colonization over the whole country, the brown-robed sons of the Italian Saint would be found at every stage of the journey. After the English conquest they remained in Canada, and have ever since been securely established in the affections of the people, having churches and monasteries in most of the chief cities. It is a notable coincidence that the first resident Apostolic Delegate to the Dominion, Monsignor Falconio, was a Franciscan.

It was to celebrate, then, the beginnings of a Church, as prolific in noble achievements, as in remarkable personalities, and those missionaries who were the precursors of a glorious band, that thirty thousand persons, it is estimated, gathered about the monument which was unveiled on October 16th. His Eminence Cardinal Bégin pontificated at the Mass, assisted by Monsignor Pelletier, Rector of Laval, and the Reverend Fathers Etienne and Adolphe, Capuchins, and Fathers Jean Joseph and Odoric, Franciscans. Abbé Brosseau, of Montreal, preached on the gratitude due by Canadian Catholics to God for the magnificent work done in the New World by the pioneers of the Faith and their successors during the last three hundred years, illustrative once more on this Western hemisphere of the "*gesta Dei per Francos.*" The historic basilica saw again a profoundly impressive ceremony, the latest of that long series of pageants witnessed by this venerable edifice.

In the afternoon the General Committee of the celebration, accompanied by His Honor the Mayor, went to lay a wreath upon

[3] J. G. Shea, *Catholic Missions.*

the tombs of Champlain and Laval. The zouaves and various cadet corps accompanying them also served as escort to the Cardinal, who proceeded to the former Place d'Armes, close to the spot where once stood the church of the Recollets. Then to the sound of the "Papal Hymn" and "O Canada," the monument was unveiled by the representatives of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, the Cardinal and the Governor. A thrill of enthusiasm passed through that vast multitude and cheer upon cheer broke forth. It was the acclamation of Catholic Canada of today to Catholic Canada of the past, and it sprang from the heart of a people profoundly Christian, saluting thus the symbol of its Faith.

The speeches on the occasion were notable, not only because of the eloquence of trained orators, but because of the passionate earnestness with which they voiced the aspirations and ideals of a people to whom the most sublime of causes had always appealed, and to whom the memories of the past were living and vibrant. *"Memorare. Je me souviens,"* words inscribed upon the monument, were reëchoed in the hearts of that eager, wistful, devout assemblage.

The monument consists of an ornamental fountain, thirty-seven feet in height, in granite and bronze, with four sides precisely similar. The buttresses are adorned with two gargoyles, the water from which replenishes the basins. Through an arched opening, divided by a column in the interior, the water gushes from a rock, glides along the sides, and falls from basin to basin to the bottom. The bronze figure on the pedestal signifies Faith. In her outstretched hand is the symbol of Redemption, the Cross, while in the left she holds the palm of victory awarded to nations as to individuals that have remained faithful. Bronze plaques at the base of the structure bear the names of the four Recollets and commemorative scenes, that of Father Jamet saying the first Mass on the island of Montreal; Father d'Olbeau arriving with Champlain at Quebec; Father Le Caron amongst the tribesmen in Huronia.

The proceedings began with the reading of a cablegram from the Cardinal to the Holy Father, offering him the filial veneration of the Catholics of Canada and the assurance of their attachment to the Church, which has been strengthened by three centuries of struggle, of devotedness, and asking for his paternal benediction. The answer through the Cardinal Secretary of State conveyed the expression of Benedict's paternal benevolence, and the blessing accorded from his heart to his children assembled at Quebec for

the celebration of the third centenary of the establishment of the Faith in Canada. It seemed as a voice not only from across the ocean, but across the distant centuries, that of another Pope sending those apostolic laborers to the difficult vineyard of New France.

A cablegram was also received from the General of the Franciscans in answer to one offering him the homage of gratitude and respect. A touching letter was read from Cardinal Amette of Paris, from whose diocese the first missionaries had set forth, deploring the sorrowful circumstances which prevented him from being present or even from being represented.

Cardinal Bégin referred to the moving spectacle before him of a multitude present to offer grateful homage to God, Author and Preserver of our Faith, and to pay a well-deserved tribute to the first missionaries, men of apostolic hearts, men of God, true heroes, those dear sons of St. Francis who had come hither to seek, in the forest of the New World, ferocious pagan Indians who were to be civilized and Christianized, knowing well what obstacles they had to overcome, and welcoming probable martyrdom. He showed how they had traveled over the country, following the savages in their wanderings, and everywhere causing the Catholic *Credo* to resound. " Quebec," he continued, "whose gracious device is *'Je me souviens,'* had never ceased to accclaim the names and deeds of those, who had founded, colonized and evangelized the country.....On such a festival day it is good to evoke those deeply touching and apostolic memories, and to recall those historic lives which gave true glory to our city. The superb monument before me, on which I offer my most cordial congratulations to the committee, will remain to tell a grateful posterity the edifying story of our first pioneers of the Faith and our religious beginnings in Quebec and Montreal." Having enumerated the many monuments already in existence, he declared it fitting that " Quebec, the first bulwark of the Faith in North America, the first beneficiary of the preaching of the Gospel, should commemorate in such imperishable fashion the tercentenary of the establishment of the Faith on the shores of the St. Lawrence."

The Cardinal in his remarks epitomized the object of the celebration and the reason for the erection of the monument. It is the apotheosis of the past, and of the sons of him who upon the Umbrian hills gave to the world of the thirteenth century, in concrete form, the old message of the Gospel. Francis chose my Lady Poverty for his bride, and it was my Lady Poverty, clad in heroic

rags, who accompanied the first Canadian missionaries and took up her abode with them on this arid soil.

Sir Evariste Le Blanc, the Lieutenant-Governor, quoted the words of Champlain: "Having learned on my preceding voyages that in certain districts there were sedentary tribes, devoted to the culture of the soil, who had neither faith nor law, living without God or religion like brute beasts, I judged that I would be committing a great sin if I did not take means to bring them to the knowledge of the true God, and I strove to find some good religious who would be inspired with zeal for the glory of God." And he described how those four apostolic men "burned to make that voyage in which by God's grace they might plant in these countries the standard of Jesus Christ, with a deliberate resolve to live and, if it were necessary and the occasion offered, to die for His holy Name.....The seed which they sowed in the holy earth of Canada has blossomed into magnificent flowerage. Fertilized by the devotion of these first missionaries and watered by the blood of our Canadian martyrs, the Tree of Faith has struck deep roots into our soil, and cast tutelary branches over the whole country. We are a believing people. The religious idea is traditional with us; our hearts and our national life bear the imprint of its strong and mysterious influence, and by carefully preserving it we shall best secure the future of our race. In the words of Henri Lavedan, religion alone teaches the highest morality, and has the strength to enforce it, the power and the gift to animate and enkindle it, rendering it living and glorious, making it a necessity and a commandment." He touched briefly, but in moving terms, upon the war now raging in Europe, and declared that the Canadian hierarchy, continuing the traditional loyalty of the Catholic Church to the government and to the authorities, has clearly indicated the line of duty to be followed.

Sir A. B. Routhier, President of the Monument Committee, spoke with his customary grace and charm of the "event of 1615" as "not only the supernatural illumination of a people, but a covenant between this people and God. The humble chapel erected by the Recollets was not only a house of prayer but a bow of promise, a symbol of the union between God and the people of Canada, like that which Jehovah made with the Hebrew nation.....Behold that Covenant, says the Lord, which I make with the House of Israel. I will put My law into their mind and I will engrave it upon

their hearts; and I will be their God and they will be My people." Then taking a step forward, he added: "In the name of the General Committee of Citizens, who have erected this monument, I have the honor to announce that dating from this day it shall be called 'The Monument of the Faith,' and shall belong to the city of Quebec, if it will accept the gift thus made and the charge of preserving and maintaining it. It is just that this city which is the theatre of great events in our history, should be also the city of monuments, and I hope that in the course of years all the glories of the past will be revived in a number of statues."

The Mayor having accepted the gift, gave the assurance that the city of Quebec would receive and ratify through a by-law the donation made, guaranteeing the maintenance of that superb memorial erected to the glory of Quebec and the honor of the Canadian Church.

Having paid a graceful tribute to His Eminence, he concluded: "Therefore at the foot of the monument which expresses our faith and gratitude and the perfect understanding which existed between the founder of this city and the missionaries, I am certain of interpreting faithfully the thought of my fellow-citizens when I say that we are proud of the close alliance which has always existed between our people and our clergy, by means of which the latter have shared in all the vicissitudes of our national life. That alliance has been more than a guiding star in the darkest hours of our history. It has been a beneficent shelter and often even a bulwark." He quoted a noble tribute paid by the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, when visiting Quebec for the centenary of the English Cathedral. Recapitulating all the marvels of courage and endurance on the part of the early evangelists, the Archbishop said: "'In presence of the heroism and unshakable faith of those first missionaries, of Bréboeuf and Daniel, we should be wanting in truth and yielding to a mean and narrow sentiment, did we not pay them the homage which is their due.' Such are the sentiments of us all," concluded the Mayor, "in this solemn moment when we inaugurate this monument to the glory of God and of His Church."

This homage of an entire people, which so truly reflects the sentiments of that Catholic province and of the descendants of the hardy colonists who are scattered through the Dominion, is a highly significant fact in these days when materialism, the glorification of merely secular achievement, and the mean and cowardly surrender of the rights and claims of the Church in so many coun-

tries is lamentably common. It is a fact of the highest interest, and one which should thrill with pride Catholics of other nationalities, and especially the descendants of other saints and martyrs.

The Premier of the Province, Sir Lomer Gouin, also paid his tribute to "The Makers of Canada," dwelling particularly upon the services rendered by the Recollets in the domain of education and particularly primary education, and he urged the people to take the fullest advantage of the instruction that was provided for them, making special mention of the agricultural schools. He described the tie that bound Canadians to the soil, in the centuries' old struggle, as titanic as that of Hercules with Antæus. Like the latter, the people of Quebec gained new strength each time they came in contact with the earth, which, as a good mother, gives them her treasures of mental and physical vigor.

A most touching incident, which evoked rounds upon rounds of deafening applause, was the placing of a wreath upon the monument, accompanied by a parchment scroll upon which was written: "To our First Missionaries. From the grateful Hurons." These are the Hurons of Lorette, the remnant of a once powerful tribe.

That evening the monument and the square round about, there on the heights of Quebec, between that river which Cartier, in the twilight of the past, had named, and that other christened the St. Charles by the Recollets, was brilliantly lighted by electricity. The ancient town was in its gala attire. Bands played stirring music, and speeches were made reflecting from different sections of the people the common sentiment. Also, there was an entertainment of a high order, at Laval, where the intellect, as well as the social life of the provincial capital was fully represented. The proceedings began with the graceful and heartfelt welcome of the Rt. Rev. Rector, and his assurance that Laval was fully in accord with the spirit of the occasion. Monsignor P. E. Roy made a stirring address concerning that act of Faith of a whole people which had been that day accomplished. The Abbé Camille Roy's splendid "Page from Our History," which reviewed all the leading events commemorated by the tercentenary, was a chief feature of the evening, together with a fine poem, "To the Pioneers of Our Faith," written and read by the well-known French Canadian poet, W. Chapman.

The next day, October 17th, there were to have been demonstrations at the foot of the monument for the youth of both sexes. Owing to bad weather that part of the programme had to be carried

out in the Hall of Promotions at Laval. At 10 o'clock in the morning the pupils of the convents gathered there and listened to an admirable discourse from Mr. C. J. Magnan, Inspector-General of Schools. He exhorted them to remain true to the traditions of the past. The Hon. Cyril Delage, Superintendent of Public Instruction, also painted for his young auditors a stirring series of pictures taken from the historic page. He brought before them Cartier and Champlain, Montcalm and Laval, and drew from that context an inspiring lesson. A most interesting feature of that morning reunion was the discourse of Monsignor Belliveau, Archbishop of St. Boniface, who withdrew the minds of his hearers from Quebec to that new theatre of Catholic enterprise, the Canadian Northwest. He reviewed the noble struggle extending over so many years for Catholic education, a struggle still continuing, and where but few privileges had been obtained.

In the afternoon the boys from all the colleges and schools of the city and environs were assembled, as in the evening were brought together the young men, students and those of the professions, the *Jeunesse Catholique,* who were by no means behind their elders in professions of loyalty to the Faith.

We may be permitted here to give some paragraphs from the discourse of the Abbé Camirand of Nicolet College, because it showed how the enunciation of great truths and the performance of great deeds through the inspiration of faith have circled the world.

"Look upon the monument," he said. "The statue which crowns it symbolizes the Faith of our race. Its right hand presents to the world the Cross. That noble figure fixed in bronze reminds us that in the Name of Christ and for the salvation of souls, our first explorers and the founders of our country came, and that grand chivalric song which you have just sung is reëchoed over the distance of centuries, the great voice of your ancestors, who also said in speaking of their future conquests, 'We wish for God—*Nous Voulons Dieu.*'"

The orator made a beautiful allusion to Christopher Columbus coming out of the Cathedral of Palos, and crying to the crew of his light caravels: "In the Name of God unfurl your sails." Touching the soil of the New World, he bent to kiss the earth, and drawing back his sword in salute displayed his standard adorned with a Cross. Cartier, too, coming forth from the Cathedral of St. Malo, with the blessing of his bishop upon him, planted the

Cross and took possession for France of new territory in the Name of Christ.

Such were the ideals and exemplars held up to the Catholic youth of the country. Their significance assuredly is profound, far-reaching and of universal application. Is it of no slight importance in this day, when secularization in one form or another is the prevailing spirit, that such ideas be consistently maintained? Youth, at least, may learn from the lessons of the past, when religion was the motive power of the most splendid achievements, to avoid the specious reasoning of a false liberalism, of an easy tolerance, which would avoid at all hazards what might put them in the wrong with the world about them.

In the face of these solemn memories, and of such noble enthusiasm, should not those minor differences which have unhappily arisen in Canada of today be imperiously brushed aside? The children of the Faith, the sons of saints and martyrs should stand shoulder to shoulder. For between them is that vital bond, a communion of interests which will stretch forward into eternity, and to which that other great passion of humanity, love of race, must be at times subservient. How great soever be that love of race, greater still are the interests of religion and country, both of which are those of God. Union amongst Catholics, the promotion of Catholic education and the preservation of Catholic ideals and Catholic principles is surely the truest patriotism. In all the storm of contending passions, there has arisen on the heights of Quebec, as on another Mount of Vision, that monument of the Faith, consecrating the past, definitely committing the present to the first and greatest of causes, and stretching out an inspired arm towards the future.

And in this pleasure-loving age is it not of good omen that a memorial should arise at the very gateway of this Empire of the West to the apostles of poverty and humility? On the monument is inscribed:

1615—1915.
A Nos Premiers Missionaires.
Les Recollets.

DENYS JAMET. JEAN D'OLBEAU.
JOSEPH LE CARON. PACIFIQUE.

Les Canadiens Reconnaissants.

And below, encircled by a wreath of maple leaves, is the motto of Quebec: *Je me souviens.*

OLD WINE AND NEW BOTTLES.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

Chapter VI.

OUTSIDE the Good Shepherd ward was a little office where Madame de St. Hilaire did her writing, and carried on her other business of administration.

Mrs. d'Argnes knocked at the door, which was standing open, and said:

"Madame, may I go back to Raymond?"

Madame de St. Hilaire got up from the table and drew the English lady in. "Not for a few minutes, please. The doctors have finished with your son, but they are still in the ward. They will be gone very soon....."

"I wonder what they thought of him. When I left him I thought him worse."

"I thought so too, dear madame. I saw him just after you had left him. And I was with him all the time the doctors were examining him. But, courage! I have always felt a conviction of his recovery. Today he is, I confess, worse than any day since he came here: but there must be fluctuations—tomorrow may be a good day for him."

While Madame de St. Hilaire was speaking, more hopefully than she felt, Claire d'Argnes came out of the ward.

"Madame," she said, "Doctor St. Simon wants you again." Then turning to Raymond's mother she said: "Madame d'Argnes, I do not know if I am indiscreet, but Raymond is better."

The girl did not notice that she had called her patient by his Christian name, nor did his mother. Madame de St. Hilaire noticed it; but not on that account did she think that perhaps Claire *was* indiscreet. Her own opinion was that Captain d'Argnes was very much worse. She, however, had to obey the doctor's summons and went away at once.

"You say he is better!" said Madame d'Argnes. "Madame de St. Hilaire and I were, alas, agreeing that he was worse."

"Yes: he *was,* this morning, before the doctors came and while they were examining him. But twenty minutes ago I felt

certain I saw a change. The doctors had gone to attend to other cases, and I was finishing up with him. He gave a little start as though I had hurt him, touching the wound, but I had not touched it at that moment. All the same I apologized for hurting him .....'But you did not touch me, did you?' he asked, and I had to say that I had not. A few minutes after that he said: 'The pain is gone. And I do not want to cough. I am not choking.' It was true that he was no longer coughing. He has not coughed once since. And he asked me to give him some soup. He said he felt hungry. The soup did not make him sick. I am sure when the doctors are gone and you can go in that you will see that he is better."

"*He* did go," thought his mother.

She was so quiet that Claire suggested she could not trust herself to believe such good news.

"I am not deceived," she added gently, "it would be cruel to buoy you up with false hopes. Only I know that he is better. He is reading again: all yesterday and the day before he was not able to read."

"What is it he reads? I did not, for some reason, care to ask him."

"Catholic books," the girl answered simply. "I hope you do not mind. He asked for them."

"No," his mother answered quietly, "I do not mind." She paused a moment and then said: "But I am very selfish. How is your own brother?"

"Doing very well. The doctors think there is now practically no danger of another hemorrhage. He was so much troubled all yesterday that Captain d'Argnes was so ill. As soon as I came on duty this morning he began asking about him."

"Raymond is very fond of him. He said: 'I can't talk to him, because I can't raise my voice enough; but we smile at each other;' and Claire, my dear (you don't mind my calling you so?), your brother has a most entrancing smile."

His sister laughed and said: "He is a naughty boy. He teases our mother. She wants him to be good and he says: 'I haven't been bad enough yet.' He hasn't been to confession for ever so long and he says: 'It's better to wait till one has more to tell, thus one can be sure of contrition.' He is not bad at all; only he is very frivolous."

Raymond's mother gave a little reserved smile. She was any-

thing but frivolous; a religious woman in her way, but all her habits had made her think religion a thing it would be almost indelicate to discuss in Claire's easy-going fashion. She herself had a special voice for religious topics, and Claire talked of them in just the same voice she would have used had she been discussing her brother's taste in dress or amusement. Above all she was taken aback by the girl's way of mentioning confession—Catholics, she supposed, ought to go to confession, but it seemed to her quite awful to talk about it.

Claire, who was far from being obtuse, perceived that she had somehow been indiscreet. Her mother was much in the habit of reproving her indiscretions.

"All the same," she thought, "I think English men are nicer than their mothers. Raymond would not have looked like that."

Presently the doctors passed out to go to another ward and Claire said:

"Madame, you may go in now. You will find he is better."

They entered the ward together, but Claire left Mrs. d'Argnes to go to her son's bed alone. She herself went to her brother.

"Did the doctors say anything about d'Argnes?" he asked her at once.

"They did not to him of course. But they told Madame de St. Hilaire he was very much worse."

"You speak very coolly about it. I suppose you felt sure of it before."

"Yes. But, Henri, he is not worse now. He is much better."

"Really! in this short time?"

"Yes." And she told him what she had told Raymond's mother.

Henri was unfeignedly delighted. He had taken an immense liking for his English brother-in-arms.

"His mother," he said in a low voice, "she is excellent: and very nice to me. She often comes over to chat with me, and one can see that she is full of sympathy. But, oh Claire! she is stiff. Why do English ladies feed on pokers?"

"To stiffen their backs. The seat of the English conscience is in the back."

"The seat of mine is in my pocket: and sometimes it drops out."

"No one would hear it fall; it is too light. But, Master Henri, one of these days you'll lose it altogether."

"No. I shall tell St. Anthony of Padua to find it for me. He always finds my collar stud."

"You'd better not talk to the Saints about your conscience: they might tell you some disagreeable things about it."

"Oh, no! It is pert misses, like you, who do that. They know all about it and have unlimited tact. I think that little stretcher-bearer is a saint."

"Does he talk to you about your conscience?"

"No, I tell you he is a saint. But when he talks to me I remember that I have one. If Raymond d'Argnes were a Catholic, he would probably be a saint too."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes. He and the stretcher-bearer are much alike."

"I can't imagine two people more unlike."

"That is your mistake (one of your mistakes). One is tall, noble and very handsome—you need not blush, mademoiselle, I am not describing you—the other small, plain-faced and insignificant, but they have the same expression, the same sort of expression. They are supernatural creatures, and you and I, my dear, are natural ones."

Claire did not know that her brother and the little stretcher-bearer had struck up a kind of intimacy. But she knew Henri well enough to guess that his talk with the young seminarian would be very different from his talk with her. She and he were always chaffing each other, even when the subject of their conversation was a serious one.

"After all," said Henri, "it's just as well d'Argnes is *not* a Catholic."

"Why?"

"The day he sends for a priest I have to send for one. I have promised mother."

"And you would keep your word?"

"Of course I would. I am supposed to be a gentleman."

Claire laughed and went off to attend to her duties.

Chapter VII.

The little stretcher-bearer, whose name was Roussel, liked very much to wait upon the young lieutenant of cuirassiers; and the lieutenant's own orderly was not at all jealous. He had a cordial

liking for Roussel; and was fond of helping him in his tasks about the ward. Roussel never bored Henri and never tried to talk about religion. He had a certain impression that the young officer was not religious, but he thought Our Lord must be fond of him all the same. "I don't see," thought the little seminarian, "how He can help it. *I* am, and I have done nothing for him, while *He* has done everything."

"What a lot of trouble I give you!" said Henri to him, on the afternoon of the day on which Raymond began to grow better.

"No trouble. Only little pleasures. And—and I think it a great honor. In my heart I salute all the wounded—and in the street and here in the ward. 'Voilá, des braves!' I think. It is wonderful to be brave. I am not."

"Eh! but that is untrue. You are much braver than a fellow like me. You have no human respect. I'm full of it."

The lad regarded him with a quiet, direct look out of his grave eyes and said:

"Perhaps what you call human respect is shyness."

"You, my dear Roussel, are the first person who ever thought I was shy!" and he laughed.

"Still it may be so."

"You have something in your head, say it."

"Perhaps I had better not. I do not say things well."

"Well enough for me. I am not a master of good French."

He knew very well the boy did not mean that, and said: "It is you who are shy."

"May be. But it is not that. When one talks amiss one injures the subject."

"You will not. Say what you meant. I give you an obedience—there!"

He laughed, but Roussel's rather pallid face flushed a little.

"Well, I accept the obedience you give me," he said. "When I said that perhaps what you call your human respect is shyness, I think I meant this—you might omit some external proof of reverence for what is right, not because you are on the side of what is wrong, but because you are too shy to range yourself on the side of—"

"Well, *mon petit,* go on."

"Of Our Lord then, lest it should seem you were claiming a friendship with Him that does not exist: taking a certain liberty."

"It certainly would be a liberty for me to claim that friendship."

Roussel did not go on; and did not guess that Henri really wished that he would.

"Why," asked the young soldier after a pause, "did you stop?"

"I had said what I meant, and badly; as I knew I should. That is a liberty. No one has a right to speak ill in a good cause unless he is *bound* to say what he can."

"You have not injured your cause; don't be afraid."

Henri meant more than he said. To him it seemed that the lad, even if he spoke far more clumsily than he did, must help "his cause" by being what he was. He felt sure that it was purity, faith, religion that had made the boy what he was. No doubt he was the son of a peasant, a peasant himself, with not much general education, but the young officer recognized in him a nobler creature than himself, and knew well in what school that nobility had been learned, Who was his Schoolmaster, what His lessons had been.

"Listen, *mon cher,*" Henri said presently, "all talk worth listening to is of the things with which one's heart is full. I wish you would, when you talk to me, not try to choke yourself up, but speak of what is in your heart."

"I can't talk much of anything. I have not the habit. At home even I picked up the habit of silence. My mother's heart is full of us (her seven children) and of our father, but she does not talk of us."

"Not to you."

"There are hardly any neighbors. We live three kilometres from the village—a little tiny village. It is only when she goes to Mass she sees people, and then she has to hasten home. There is so much work."

"But you have had to learn the habit of thought. You have, for instance, to make meditations."

"I do it ill. I have always distraction. Everything distracts me."

"For instance?"

"Well—anything. I try to meditate about Our Lady and I look perhaps at her statue to help me; and my eye falls on a flower and I think of that—how wonderful its color is and then I say to myself: 'God thought of everything, even the color of the flower.'

What kindness! He need not have made any, people do not eat them: or He might have made them all green or all red. And then I think of the smell of them. He thought of that too, and I suppose they smell like Christ's Feet. And then very likely I think of some poor soldier's feet, crushed and wounded and lame perhaps forever, and one thinks: 'You will have to take his arms, poor *brave;* it is hard enough to get to heaven on two sound feet. You will have to help him up that steep road.' And then my thoughts wander to other wounded—to you, often, lately: and instead of mediating on the Blessed Virgin's humility, I am begging her to obtain that you have no more hemorrhage. I am a wool-gatherer."

"Eh, my little stretcher-bearer, go on gathering your wool for me, and perhaps she will weave a white garment out of it for some poor devil of a soldier who hasn't kept his own very clean."

Chapter VIII.

Meanwhile Raymond and his mother were talking too. He had been reading; and looking up he caught her eye.

"You wonder what my books are?" he asked smiling.

"I used to wonder. I think I know."

"They are about the Catholic religion. I want to know more about it. I think it always interested me; but only as a fine thing out of date like chivalry and the Feudal System: a great idea that had made the Middle Ages more picturesque than our own. Still one could not now go back to the old feudal ways."

"I suppose not," said his mother, rather uncertainly. She was a Tory of Tories, and was not sure that modern times were all that they should be.

"Well, I think there is always affectation in ignoring that past things are past. Tournaments and jousts now—they would be an affectation; and we do not need to fortify ourselves in castles. An old castle is most fascinating, but to build a new one is appalling. I suppose I thought Catholicism was gone like the castles. Just as in some old families there are the castles still, and their owners do right to preserve them carefully, so in some of our oldest families there is still the Catholic faith, and I thought them also right, having it, to keep it—a sort of heirloom and relic. But where it was gone, it seemed to me, it would only be an affectation to pretend it hadn't gone—like building a new castle. You see I thought it also a relic, and relics are of the dead, not of the living. So I thought

there would be a sort of vulgarity in *becoming* a Catholic—as if a man should buy some other family's heirloom; imagine a *nouveau riche* buying at an auction the shirt Charles I. was beheaded in!"

"It's just what Lord ——— would do if he had the chance!" declared Mrs. d'Argnes with disgust and conviction, and rather glad to be able to say something quite on Raymond's side.

"You understand then. Well, since I came out here I have found how different it is. The Catholic religion is not antique: it is eternal. It is not mediæval a bit; the Middle Ages belonged to it; but it did not belong to them. It is quite as modern as being alive, and eating and drinking and being happy and sad; and instead of being an obsolete phase it is an undying principle, and the only one for which hundreds of millions of living men would care to die. It is no more dead than Christ. He paused an instant and said in a very low voice: "It is Christianity."

"Oh, Raymond!"

"Yes. I have come to feel sure of that. All others are broken chips knocked off Christianity by the jostle of doubt and opinion. The difference, I have come to see, between the Catholic Church and other Churches is the difference between God's revelation and man's opinion. Perhaps, what first set me on that train was a thing a young officer of my regiment said. He is a Catholic, and very devout, but not fussily or obtrusively. Everybody respects him because one feels that his religion is part of himself, not part of his talk. Well one evening—we were taking our rest, and were all together—some of us were talking about religion and he was reading. One fellow said: 'My idea is so and so,' and another said: 'The way I look at it is this,' and someone else said: 'And my notion of it is that,' and so on. It was interesting, but simply a clatter of theories: then one of us asked Chichester what his ideas were. 'I am,' he answered simply, 'a Catholic. It is not with us a question of notions, but of what God has revealed. The Catholic Church teaches us that.' And, mother, I think that is why other Churches keep changing their teaching and the Catholic Church never does. They started with human opinion and so they naturally feel they have a right to modify it. The Catholic Church knows she has no right to change one jot or one tittle of what Christ revealed and set her to guard. She is the trustee of His bequest of faith, and cannot cheat His children of the smallest coin of it."

"You intend to become a Catholic?"

"Yes, dear mother. I hope you will not mind very much."

"I am sure you will only do what you think right. But it will divide us so!"

"You and me?"

"Yes, dear. It will build up a wall between us."

"There is no wall between you and Lionel: you and he are just as much to each other as ever you were."

Her son, Lionel, had abandoned all faith and said so. His mother had been shocked, but, as Raymond said, it had not divided her from her son.

She could not answer that, but spoke of something else.

Raymond was saying: "I do not believe you will love me less because I am a Catholic, and if I could love you more I should believe it would make me love you more."

She just touched his hand, smiled and said: "If you turn Catholic you will have to go in for miracles and all that sort of dreadful stuff."

Even as she spoke she felt an uncomfortable twinge, and really thought she heard a voice say, not in her ear, but in her heart, "I did go."

"Go in for them!" said Raymond, with a little smile, "if you mean believe in them, I do; God is always the same, omnipotent and kind. There are still blind men to be made to see, and dead folk to bring to life."

She was not really listening to him, but wondering whether, if she were incredulous, this miracle of his being better might be canceled through her fault. That frightened her. Then she thought, "It was not I who asked Him to go. It was the nun who asked His Mother to send Him. *Her* faith was rewarded, not mine, and her faith doesn't stumble." That comforted her, but she prayed in her heart, "Do not let me spoil it."

Chapter IX.

When Claire entered the ward next morning—for she was on day duty—her brother's little friend, the stretcher-bearer, said to her at once:

"Please, will you go to Monsieur d'Argnes?"

"My brother?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. He asked me to say you were to go first to him."

"Here I am, Henri, what is it?" she asked as soon as she had reached his bedside. "Is anything the matter? Did you have a bad night?"

"No." Then he looked queer and said: "But—you will have to send for a priest."

"Oh, Henri! Do you mean that you are worse?"

"Worse than I thought perhaps.....but, oh, don't look frightened. I was teasing you."

"You don't really want a priest?"

"Yes, I do. I told you I would keep my word; and Raymond d'Argnes is to have a priest. The little stretcher-bearer told me. He is going to become a Catholic. Roussel is so nearly in heaven already with delight, that if we don't hold on to him he will slip off altogether."

"I'll tell you who won't be in heaven then—Madame d'Argnes. She will hate it."

"Mamma?" said Henri, hypocritically pretending to misunderstand. "I should think she would be glad."

"Not our mother, but Captain d'Argnes. She is Protestant all down her long back."

"People," observed Henri audaciously, "always do dislike their mothers-in-law."

His sister darted a most savage look at him, which he sustained with unflinching effrontery.

"It is perfectly beastly of you to say that," she remarked hotly, in English.

"Ah, ha, Miss, you would not dare to use such expressions in French! Stick to your mother tongue; it restrains you. It wasn't at all 'beastly' of me to say that. It was to clear the ground. It was to save you the embarrassment of having to make a certain announcement one of these days."

Claire did not look much mollified by this.

"If mamma heard you talking like that," she observed, "she would wash your head for you."

"If mamma heard you talking of 'perfectly beastly' *you* would be soaped, my dear. As a matter of fact she and I quite approve, and you know very well that she and I can persuade papa of anything; if you are too uppish I shall withdraw my consent, and *then* see what papa says!"

"You don't mean to say," said Claire in a tone of horror, "that you and she have been discussing this."

"Yes, I do. It is quite correct. Young ladies are not to arrange these matters for themselves. The heads of their families have to adjust their opinions first."

"You one of the heads of my family! What—I shall have to talk English again."

"Well!"

"What *cheek!*"

"Claire! I'm sure your excellent *Meess* (what names English *Meesses* do have! Mac-Gilly, Cudd-y, wasn't it)? I'm sure *she* never taught you to say 'what cheek!'"

"No, it was you."

"Pray understand that though there are no genders in English, there is masculine English and feminine English. I may talk of *your* cheek, but *you* may not talk of *mine*. Yours by the way is slightly flushed....."

Claire, still unreconciled, went off to her duties. All the same there was a grain of truth in what Henri had said. If something did happen, the fact that her mother and brother were cordial in approval, would certainly go far to secure her father's consent.

Chapter X.

Raymond continued to improve. He was able to eat well, and almost hourly seemed to recover strength. The cough was wholly gone. The doctors, who had not yet made another examination of the wound, began to hope that an operation might be possible, and the piece of shrapnel be removed. When they did examine the wound they found that the piece of shell had come away and was near the entrance of it. It could be taken out instantly and without an anæsthetic. The wound itself was already much more healthy, and now it would only be necessary to encourage its healing. Hitherto it had been essential to keep it open.

As Raymond was now able to talk, not only without fatigue or danger of bringing on the cough that had agonized him, but in a much stronger voice, Henri asked to be moved across the ward to the bed next his, rendered vacant by the departure of one of the wounded. Raymond was delighted, and Madame de St. Hilaire gave her consent.

Henri could not help teasing his sister, and said to her before he was moved across: "You see I shall thus be able to improve my mind by hearing your conversation with Captain d'Argnes."

"He talks a great deal more to your little stretcher-bearer than he does to me."

"One can understand that. Roussel is not frivolous. He does not say 'cheek.'"

The priest came to Raymond and gave him conditional baptism and heard his confession, his profession of faith, and absolved him. For his first Holy Communion it was decided that he should wait till he should be able to go to the convent chapel. But at St. Just there lives a bishop, not the bishop of the vast diocese, but one of his Vicars General, and he came to the hospital and gave Raymond confirmation. While he did this screens were arranged around the patient's bed. As he came out, when the brief rite was finished, he saw Henri looking up in his face, and he smiled.

"Everything goes well, my brave man?" asked the bishop, and as he smiled the young cuirassier thought: "What a good man. There is my priest."

"Monsignor!" he said aloud. And he made a little gesture for the bishop to stoop down.

"Yes? What is it my brave man?"

"You have just made a soldier of Christ of that Christian," said Henri, "now make a little Christian of this soldier. I want to confess myself."

For a bishop, monsignor was young; he was not yet ten years old in the priesthood.

"I had to do that before," he said, smiling down into the honest young eyes. "I was a soldier too: not an officer, just a little corporal of infantry" (he was about six feet high) "and one day The Captain called me—and orders are orders—I had to obey. I had to change armies and make myself a Christian. I tell you this that you may feel that I know all about it. I do not mean that one cannot be a good Christian in our glorious French army; I know there are hundreds of thousands: I only mean that *I* was not."

He spoke so simply, so wholly without pose or unctuousness, that Henri was quite sure he had been right in thinking, "Here is my priest."

The screens were still round Raymond's bed, and as Henri's was the last at the end of the ward, no one saw that the bishop was sitting at his side. It was only just as he was going away that the little stretcher-bearer came to take away the screens. Claire came up at the same time. When the bishop had gone Henri, who was as teasing as ever, said to her:

"I shall not send for a priest."

"Oh, you have changed your mind."

She did not speak reproachfully, but he saw at once that she was disappointed that he had gone back of his word.

"After all a bishop is a priest," he observed, making a queer little face at her.

"Do you mean.....?" she asked eagerly in a low voice.

"Yes." And though he only nodded she understood.

"Isn't he nice?" she asked. She had far too much tact and instinct to gush forth in congratulations. All the same she was in her heart thanking God: she felt sure it was years since he had been to confession.

"After all," whispered Henri, with a little jerk of his head towards Raymond's bed, it was his idea, wasn't it? I had not the least thought of it."

Another patient called her, and Henri looked towards Roussel who had just finished taking away the screens and was about to go away himself. He caught the lad's eye and with a gesture of the head invited him to come near.

"Roussel," he said, when the little stretcher-bearer was standing by his bedside, "did you hear my sister and me talking?"

"Of course I did. But I was going and coming, and only caught one sentence; besides you were neither of you talking loudly."

"What was the sentence?"

"I thought," the lad answered honestly, "that I heard you say, 'I shall not need a priest.' I then took one of the screens away to the end of the ward."

"I suppose you were sorry?"

"I had not known you had ever thought of sending for a priest. But I was sorry."

"You would like me to confess myself? Don't you often find it hard to find anything to say?"

"No. But I have heard some people say that they found it hard."

"Ah! that's the worst of going too often. I had no difficulty."

He could not help teasing even Roussel a little, but he liked much better making him happy.

"I told Claire," he said, "that I should not send for a priest because I had confessed to the bishop."

Chapter XI.

By the time Raymond was well enough to go to the chapel for his First Communion, Henri was also able to be up; though he could not walk. He went in a wheeled chair to the chapel and received Holy Communion too. On the afternoon of that day he was again wheeling himself about in the chair, though only in the ward. And Claire was helping him. Their mother and Mrs. d'Argnes were talking to Raymond quite at the other end of the ward. Presently the door opened, and Madame de St. Hilaire came in and at her side walked Count d'Argnes. Neither of his children saw him enter: their backs were turned to that end of the ward.

"Claire," Henri was saying, "today has an odd feeling. Can you understand?"

"Yes, I think so."

"It feels," the young cuirassier said, "like the day of my First Communion."

"Henri," she said, almost in his ear as she leant over the back of the wheeled-chair, "I was afraid you would have had too much human respect. The chapel was so full, and you not being able to go to the altar made it worse."

He had occupied a bench quite at the front, and the priest had brought the Blessed Sacrament to him there.

"Oh," he said, "the little stretcher-bearer taught me not to mind about human respect. He thinks he is a coward, and I know he would go to Holy Communion before ten thousand unbelievers."

Madame de St. Hilaire touched Claire upon the shoulder and said:

"Look down there, you two people, see what visitor I have brought you."

Claire turned the chair round with a rapid sweep, and at the same moment they both saw their father and mother coming towards them.

"Papa!" they cried.

"Yes. I am here! I took it into my head to come and see what you were all about."

Madame de St. Hilaire went away and left them to themselves.

"Sit down," said Henri, "that's my bed."

And M. d'Argnes sat down upon it.

"Henri," he said, "I find you very well. You have recovered

nicely. And Claire—I think the change of air has done her good. Madame de St. Hilaire tells me she is a very good nurse, but she does not look overworked."

"Oh, no," declared her brother, "Claire has excellent distractions."

His sister looked savage and her mother looked inclined to give her son a slap; but one cannot box wounded men's ears, and he escaped.

"Captain d'Argnes," said the Count, "looks almost well. His mother is not much like him—a very noble woman, but: no I find no resemblance."

"Claire does not find any either," remarked her brother in a disengaged manner. "Papa! should you like Claire to enter holy religion."

My dear boy," cried her father, "what on earth do you mean?"

"She is determined never to change her name."

Count d'Argnes adjusted his *pince-nez* and looked at each member of his family in turn.

"What is Henri talking about?" he asked appealingly.

"Well, circumstances," said Henri, "lead me to the conviction that she is resolved to stick to the name of d'Argnes."

His mother was trying not to laugh, and Claire was trying (with very indifferent success) to look loftily unconcerned by her brother's foolish remarks. His father, without any endeavor at all, was looking thoroughly puzzled.

"There seem," said Henri, "only two ways in which she can carry out her plan; one way is to enter holy religion; the other.....," and he gently raised a crutch and pointed down the ward to Raymond's mother, whose tall figure was turned their way. Raymond himself, with his back to them, was hidden in the big armchair in which he was sitting. ".....the other," explained Henri, "is to do as *she* did."

"As *she* did?" repeated his father.

"Yes. Didn't she marry a Mr. d'Argnes? I think it an excellent plan: and so does mother. As for Claire, I suspect it's about the only thing in which she would be disposed to imitate our good friend, Raymond's mother."

[THE END.]

THE CRIMSON SNOW.

(BETHLEHEM, 1916.)

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

" Close to your heart, O take Me, Mother!
Close to your bosom hold!
There are cries in the night that shake Me, Mother,
And the wind of the world is cold!"

Sweet, O be quiet; safe in my keeping
Nothing shall hurt or harm!
('Tis only the throb of my wild heart weeping—
The pulse of my loving arm.)

" But the wind is bitter and chill, My Mother,
And the world is turning dark,
And the voice of Love is still, My Mother,
While the Wolves of Anger bark!

" And where is the light of My Star, O Mother,
That was so wont to glow,
Beckoning far and far, O Mother,
Over the Christmas snow?

" Will the Shepherds come no more, My Mother,
Nor hear when the Angel sings?"
They come no more! They have lost one another!
And they quarrel with the ancient Kings!

" And the Kings?—they bring no more love-treasures;
Nor magi nor paladin—"
They have gone them down, for hates and pleasures,
Into the Valley of Sin!

"O, cry to the Kings then, Mother My Mother,
And call to the Shepherds dear!
Tell them I love them, brother and brother,
Plowman or prince or seer—

"Call to them sweet and loud, O Mother!
Cry, ere the Star be lost—
For a terrible dark cloud, O Mother,
Breathes through the Christmas frost,

"A cloud that is deathly mortal, Mother—"
('Tis smoke from the gates of hell!)
"But who hath opened that portal, Mother?"
Ah, who? And who will tell?

"And look, O Mother, My Mother, look!—
There is blood on the Christmas snow,
And blood on the sea, of brother and brother,
And blood where the rivers flow!

"And O, the grief on the wind and storm,
And O, the cries of pain!
And whiter than snow, the stark white form
Of brother by brother slain!

"Mother, My Mother, lift Me high
Ere the sun in the dawn hath swooned,
And show Me to my brother's eye
Ere he die of his gaping wound!

"Higher—and high, O Mother, hold!
And cry to the world of men,
Till Shepherd and King and Seer, as of old,
Come back to My crib again!"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.

Make we merry on this feast,
For *Verbum Caro factum est.*

WHAT is known as the Christmas spirit is rather widely believed to have been either invented or discovered about midway in the Victorian era by one Charles Dickens. With his name are inseparably connected the holly and the mistletoe, the roaring fires bidding defiance to the blasts without, the loosening of purse and heart-strings, and the generally prevalent jollity. Of course what Dickens really did was to rescue the shreds of Catholic merriment which had survived Elizabethan scolding and Puritan frown.

The Christmas spirit has had for centuries a hard struggle of it, but there are evidences that it is coming into its own again. In New York, for instance, within the past few years, a beautiful custom has grown up. In the centre of one of the open squares a gigantic tree is erected, which after nightfall is ablaze with innumerable lights, and in their glow multitudes pause in their haste and lend their voices to the carols that ring out across the snowy streets. Day laborers and shop-girls on their way homeward, derelicts whose feet have long forgotten that way, and occasionally fine ladies and scholarly-looking men join, timidly at first, and then with full tones, in the strains of "Holy Night" and other Christmas anthems.

There is an air of groping about the affair, but unquestionably it is a step in the right direction, an attempted return to the days of wassail and carol and *noël.* The pity is that the step should not have been taken under Catholic auspices, that the Christmas spirit should be credited to the pen of a Protestant novelist and the revival of carol singing to a movement for civic improvement. For a merry Christmas is a matter of logic, and Catholics alone have never deviated from the premises to which a merry Christmas is the conclusion. *Quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator mundi,* was the angelic explanation, and this *quia* runs like a golden note through all the mirth of the Christmas season. It is the only explanation of the boar's head and the plum-pudding, of the

Christmas tree and the *cierges de Noël* and the gleeful governance of the Lord of Misrule. It is the motif of all the Christmas carols that ever were sung and they all are, moreover, a peculiarly Catholic institution and possession, so much so that a statute of Elizabeth visited dire penalties on the heads of carol singers, while the Cromwellian Parliament, in its efforts to suppress Popery, went farther, and enacted that "no observance be held of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day."

There is, notwithstanding these repressive measures, a voluminous literature on the subject, although much of it is fragmentary or mutilated, and we can only fear that many a melodious round has been hushed into oblivion. The noëls have fared somewhat better, for those that live on in the *patois* of the provinces are still sung at each succeeding *veillée,* which is the period between the family supper and midnight Mass, a service attended by the entire community as a matter of course. The same simplicity of concept and expression characterizes all these outpourings of the faith of a people, whether in English or *patois* or pure French. If we sometimes meet with a phrase or a word which does not measure up to our standards of literary elegance, we must remember that these songs were produced by people given to plain-speaking, to whom religion was for everyday use, and whose religion was characterized by a loving familiarity with God. They were, as it has been said, "at ease in His Presence." To them the Redemption was not a remote historical fact, but an ever present source of exuberant joy, an event of the most vital importance to Mall and Will and Margoton. Hence the ineffable charm of their anachronisms, as in the noël which describes the Infant Jesus as saying the rosary on His Mother's breast.

As a general thing both noël and carol were folk-songs pure and simple, handed down from generation to generation, sometimes by word of mouth, sometimes by being preserved in commonplace books. The noëls of Burgundy, however, belong to a different category, being the work of Bernard de La Monnoye, who deserves more than a passing mention. He was a native of Dijon, who, in the reign of *le roi soleil,* abandoned the profession of law, in which he had brillant prospects, to devote himself to literature. Five of his poems were crowned by the academy, but despite this success he declared that next to pure water he hated pure French, and for the purpose of exalting his native Burgundian speech he wrote in that dialect, under the name of *Gui Barozai,* a collection of noëls

which have had all the popular vogue of songs born of the hearts of the people.

There was not a detail of the great mystery with which these songs did not deal in loving fashion, the Annunciation especially seeming to hold particular charms for the carollers. Thus the fifteenth century "Listen, lordings both lief and dear," treats it exquisitely:

The angel answered anon full well,
"Mary, dread thee never a deal,
Thou shalt conceive a Son full well,
The Holy Ghost shall shadow thee."

Mary on breast her hand she laid,
Still she stood and thus she said:
"Lo me here, God's own handmaid,
In heart and will and body free."

This was the note which Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his brethren sought in vain to capture, and which can only be caught in the meshes of a simple faith. What the pre-Raphaelites achieved was art; what eluded them was artlessness.

In many of the carols will be noticed a facile mingling of English and Latin words, an evidence of the people's familiarity with what Blessed Edmund Campion called "a language that God understands:"

Mary mother, be not adread,
Jesu is in your body bred,
And of your breast He will be fed
Cum pudoris lilio.

A Breton nativity play accompanies Our Lady and St. Joseph to Bethlehem. On the weary road they discuss the edict of Cæsar and the great Event which is about to transpire, and St. Joseph calls Our Lady's attention to the fine appearance of the little town, with its towers and *maisons fermées*. At last they come to an inn, but are roughly told to be off, as this hostelry is not for *trundaille*, but for travelers by coach and horseback. Disheartened, they betake themselves to a stable, which they describe ruefully as not being fit for "a king or a constable." "The hour is come," says this Princess of the House of David, and the stage directions which followed read with terrifying simplicity: "Icy naist Jesuschrist."

The visit of the shepherds and the kings to the crib was a subject so universally attractive as to give rise to a quite distinct class of noëls, which consisted in the description of whole retinues of people who came to pay homage to the new-born Saviour. Here anachronism ran riot and joy joined hands with love in an exultant dance about the manger. Sometimes this form of noël afforded the opportunity for a bit of sly fun, as in La Monnoye's *Noël des Princes* and the satirical *Noël de Lunéville,* in which St. Michael receives and rejects on the score of some shortcoming the representatives of the various religious orders of that town. In this category belongs what is perhaps the most delightful noël ever written, the Breton *Noël des Oiseaux,* in which all the birds of the air accompany the angels on their earthward flight and flutter lovingly around the crib. The swallow expresses his regret that the Divine Child should have such a wretched house and offers to help build another, "I am something of a mason," says he; the skylark alights from a prolonged flight and expires beside her Lord (Dom Guéranger's comment on this verse is that the lark has reached heaven at last); the chaffinch amuses the Child with his "little language;" the canary announces that he flew from New France the moment he heard of the Saviour's birth; the magpie comes hopping towards Him, bearing in her beak a present, we hope well-gotten; while the linnet sets a magnificent song to a new air for "the sweet Son of the Most High."

There is a strikingly life-like air about the shepherds of the noëls of Lorraine, which were the products of a pastoral people, an added touch of realism consisting in the fact that in the dialogue the shepherds speak patois and the angels and the kings pure French. A certain fine courtesy distinguishes all these rustic folk. Thus a Burgundian politely greets Our Lady and St. Joseph at the door and requests to be allowed to see "the Fruit of Life." A Breton reassures his diffident companion, who fears that he will not be equal to the occasion, by declaring that when he reaches the stable he will inquire concerning the health of all whom Our Saviour has left in His heavenly home. Elsewhere St. Joseph apologizes to the three Kings, "masters in astrology," who are warrantably dismayed by the ass' extraordinary contribution to the general rejoicing, his effort being described as "un beau couplet d'Arcadie." "Lo! he merries," cries out Pastor primus, in a Townely mystery, and acting on that impulse, which stirs every heart that comes to the knowledge of the Gift of God, he exclaims:

"Have a bob of cherries!" Another offers Him a bird, another a ball that he may play tennis, another a pot of cream, and Blaizotte conjured Gui Barozai, "Thou who makest rhymes, offer him songs."

In the "chant natal" of Barthélemy Aneau, an attempt at historical accuracy has been made by calling the shepherds by Hebrew names, but the jocund singer of the carol known as "Jolly Wat" was undisturbed by such solicitude.

The shepherd upon a hill he sat,
He ware his tabard and his hat,
He had tarbox, pipe and flageolet,
And his name was Jolly, Jolly Wat,
For he was a good herd boy.

Wat, having heard the angel's tidings and visited the crib, is not to be outdone in generosity and courtesy by Breton or Burgundian.

Jesu, my pipe, I give to Thee,
Robe, tarbox, scrip I offer free,
Home to my fellows now I flee,
The sheep, methinks, have need of me.
Ut Hoy.
What shall I sing?

Now farewell, Wat, my herdsman true.
What, Lady, so my name ye knew?
Lull ye my Lord to sleep anew,
And Joseph, now good day to you.
Ut Hoy.
What shall I sing?

Now dance and sing full well I may,
For at Christ's birth was I today,
Home to my mates I'll take my way,
Christ bring us all to bliss I pray.
Ut Hoy!
In his pipe he made so much joy,
What shall I sing but Hoy?

The shepherd's pipes figure in the following carol also, and it is not difficult to imagine what feats of skirling accompanied the jubilant lines:

About the fields they pipëd right
So merrily the shepherds began to blow;
Adown from heaven that is so high
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow.

Of angels there came a company
With merry songs and melody,
The shepherds anon gan them aspy,
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow.

But what makes the strongest appeal to all these sturdy hearts is the littleness of the Lord. It seems as though women must have had a hand in some of the carols, so *mothering* are they. They delight in coining diminutives for the Divine Infant. "Little day star," they call Him, and they fashion for His Mother's lips such adoring lullabies as "Lullay, Thou little tiny Child," and

Lullay, mine liking, my dear Son, my Sweeting,
Lullay, my dear Heart, my own dear Darling.

In "Quid petis, O Fili?" the Holy Child stammers delicious baby Latin to His Mother, and it would be difficult to surpass the mingling of awe and tenderness in these lines:

"Ah, my dear! ah, my dear Son!"
Said Lady Mary, "Ah, my dear!
Kiss thy Mother, Jesu,
With a laughing cheer.

"A laughing cheer." So all the laughter at Bethlehem, they would assure us, was not brought thither by the shepherds and the kings:

There was mickel melody
At that Childës birth,
Though the songsters were heavenly
They made mickel mirth.

And having given us a vision of mirth-making angels they depict a still more startling picture in this carol from the west of England:

As I sat under a sycamore tree, a sycamore tree, a sycamore tree,
I looked me out upon the sea,
A Christmas day in the morning.

I saw three ships a-sailing there, a-sailing there, a-sailing there,
The Virgin Mary and Christ they bare,
A Christmas day in the morning.

He did whistle and she did sing, she did sing, she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
A Christmas day in the morning.

After this the wassails and the waits are so much a matter of course as to be almost an anticlimax, and we know that he did not appeal in vain who sang:

Bring us in good ale, bring us in good ale,
For Our Blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

And still less astonished are we to hear:

Wassail, wassail, wassail, sing we,
In honor of Christ's Nativity.

The famous boar's head song is still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, in reminiscence of the days when England was merry England because it was Catholic England. The mumming which prevailed at this season is said to have been derived from a pagan festival which was observed in similar fashion. There is nothing to prevent our seeing in the Christian adaption of the custom a commemoration of Our Saviour's masking of His Divinity when He assumed human nature and lay at Bethlehem between the ox and the ass, but indeed there is no necessity of going in search of an explanation beyond the child-like love of make-believe, which gave "Nicholas and his clerks" such a high hand at this season. It was, as it is today, according to the spirit of the Church to make merry, and everyone was expected to do his share:

Let no man come into this hall,
Groom, page, nor yet marshall,
But that some sport he bring withal,
For now is the time of Christmas.

The honor of adorning the festival was hotly contested by the holly and the ivy, and the partisans of the holly invested it with a beautiful symbolism.

The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our Saviour.

The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

When the Chinese wish to describe a man's lack of literary ability they say, "he has no ink in his stomach." The stomachs of these singers may have been empty of ink, but how full their hearts were of poetry. They have, moreover, left us a glorious heritage, and it is not fitting that we, who have kept the faith which was their inspiration, should relinquish the songs which that faith inspired. It is well also to bear in mind Our Lady's pact with her Son:

Whosoever they be
That can and will be
Merry on this day,
To bliss them bring
And I shall sing
Lully by, by lully, lully.

WAS THE SON OF MAN BRUSQUE TO HIS MOTHER?

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

TWO incidents in the New Testament contain a certain element of surprise: the Lord's manner of addressing His Mother when she found Him in the Temple; and when, some years later, at the wedding feast of Cana, she turned to tell Him that the guests were in want of wine. The abrupt, incisive answer of the Saviour on these two occasions has been the theme of commentators since Christianity began; and to many, if not to most, the text seems to stand in need of some explanatory softening. It is not our intention to marshal the host of comments which these passages have occasioned, or to crowd the reader's vision with their detailed review; one could scarcely compass an end so vast in a thick and heavy tome. Ours is the more modest purpose of suggesting a principle of explanation which is capable of strict establishment from the Scriptures, and which, whatever else one may say of it, cannot be charged with having been "piously invented" to gloss a difficulty or smooth a wrinkle of the sacred page. In the course of the theme we shall endeavor also to establish that the principle of explanation here tentatively thrown out is of general validity and sweep, by no means confined to the pair of incidents first considered, but running through the whole course of the Lord's utterances from the Temple to the Cross, as an adopted policy of speech, as part of a deliberatively chosen and effective teaching method, in the light of which, as in a dissolving medium, apparent incivilities disappear, and one's ruffled sense of fitness regains composure.

The Finding in the Temple is one of the most familiar, moving incidents in Holy Writ.[1] The Child Jesus, then a boy of twelve, went up from Nazareth to Jerusalem in the custody of His parents to celebrate the feast of the Pasch, as was their yearly wont. The sacrifices over, His parents began their plodding journey homewards, little dreaming that the Child had remained behind in the city for purposes of His own. The returning pilgrims had left Jerusalem a good day's march behind and had halted for the night, before

[1] Luke ii. 41-52. See verse 40, preceding, for the reason of their confidence.

the Child's absence was discovered. The tardiness of this recognition—be it noted in passing—argues no negligence on the parents' part. The Child's obedience and prudence had hitherto been of the kind that inspires perfect, unquestioning trust; and the apparent unconcern of His parents was the natural fruit of this experience—a revelation of their confidence, not a proof of their remissness or neglect.

It was not unusual in those days for the inhabitants of a single village, or of several neighboring towns, to travel together in a caravan; and if customs now prevailing in Bible lands are any clue to the way pilgrimages were conducted in Gospel times, the women set out first, and the men followed, older children traveling with either parent, the younger with the mother. What more natural, were such the case, as in all likelihood it was, than that each parent should fancy the Child returning with the other, and give the matter no further thought. Nothing out of the ordinary had thus far happened to ruffle the even coursing of His way. The Child as yet had exhibited no sign of taking over the government of His conduct into His own hands. He had behaved after the manner of ordinary children, and this had led His parents to feel assured that the time of His public self-manifestation was far from nigh. One day, indeed, He would define Himself and His mission quite independently of parental influence and control, but that day lay somewhere in the distant future, they thought, and sufficient forewarning would be had against its coming. The charge of parental neglect can find lodgment only in the minds of those who have no eyes for the exceptional in history, who see nothing but the usual occurring everywhere, and whose wits are never so readily assembled for any purpose as for that of vulgarizing the uncommon.

The surprise of Mary and Joseph, when they discovered that the Hope of Israel was not returning in their company, may be left to noble souls, whose sense of trust is perfect, to imagine. They beheld their well-established confidence melt suddenly into self-reproach, and they felt their spirits toss in the cross-currents of wonderment. Little recked they that the Eternal Day had broken without the expected previous heralding of the Dawn! They turned back at once to seek Him, mentally ill at ease that He should have taken it upon Himself to act in such an unaccountable manner. It probably took them a whole day to make a thorough search among their kinsfolk and acquaintance of the Nazareth caravan, which had a peopled length that must have seemed well nigh

endless to their disquietude of spirit. Another day of inquiry spent in the city itself saw evening fall without advantage to their quest. The third day brought their anguished footfalls to the terrace within the Temple enclosure, where members of the Sanhedrin, on sabbaths and festivals, gave public instruction to the remaining pilgrims; and there, seated among the Doctors—possibly Gamaliel, Joseph of Arimathea, Annas, Caiphas, Simeon, and Nicodemus—a rapt listener and a searching questioner, they found the Child Whom their weary minds and hearts and feet had been three days seeking; and to their intense agony and surprise they found Him upon far other things intent than the anxiety of His questing parents.

The hurt and astonished Mother was the first to speak: "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold, *thy* father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." To which the Child made answer, not by proffering excuse, but by *publicly intimating His Divinity* before the learned circle in the centre of which He stood: "How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about *My* Father's business?" Even should we translate the ambiguous Greek dative in another way, so as to make it read "in My Father's house" rather than "about My Father's business;" the place *where* they should have looked for Him rather than *what* He would be about when found—it was the *public* intimation of His Divine Sonship that proved astounding and unintelligible to His Mother.

She naturally thought it strange that without parental consultation or consent, He should reveal Himself to the Temple teachers who neither knew nor loved Him, as she did, for all the gentle wisdom of His years. It was the telling of the mystery to others, without admitting His Mother and adoptive father into the secret of His design, that proved so utterly surprising. His choice of moment, place, and audience for His first partial self-disclosure—this and the secretive way He went about it proved a mystery beyond their full fathoming at the time. The Mother felt that she had lost the Child in more senses than the spatial; and she had. In Him were the two orders of action, one referring to the common life of men, the other directly to His mission. In the first He was her subject; in the second, her Lord and King. The visit to the Temple belonged to this second order of operations, and stood outside the range of her personal jurisdiction. His Mother was not ignorant of this mysterious economy; but she could not know—independently of a special revelation, which was not fitting in the circumstances—that her separation from Jesus belonged to the

second order of His activity,"[2] as above described. Her thoughts were all of the first sphere of relationship, and hence the genuineness of her wonder and the intensity of her pain.

The Mother's *knowledge* is not the least in question. The surprised counter query of the Child, "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" is ample proof of that assertion, were other evidence lacking, which is not the case. It is not a question of her knowing the mystery of His nature and mission, it is a question only of her being able at the moment to understand the mystery of His conduct; to account to herself fully for the reasons prompting Him to act in this strange and unaccustomed way. Knowledge must not be confounded with ability to explain conduct, as will become still clearer in the paragraphs to follow. Perfect knowledge of the Son's Divinity, allotted work, and destiny was perfectly compatible with the genuine feeling of sorrow and surprise that this was to be the manner of its divulging; the independent, unconsulted way it was to break its seal of secrecy and begin. Nothing in her previous experiencing of Him as a babe in arms, learning to frame His first human words, after the model of her own rapt speech; nothing in His hitherto unbroken silence concerning His Person and mission had led her to expect that a public act directly relating to the accomplishment of His ministry was about to be performed. He that was later to counsel the leaving of father and mother for the Kingdom's sake, practised that doctrine before He preached it, ennobling literature and life with the first example of the New Detachment—that rose not without its thorns, that crown which is set with sacrifices for jewels, and significantly surmounted by a cross.

The general law of His public conduct, namely, that He would forbear acknowledging His human parentage, and preach His Divinity outright, as if He knew no earthly tie, taxed the powers of a mother's mind and heart, in the first instance of its application. What a self-commending story, this—The Finding in the Temple!—over which an ocean of Christian tears has been sympathetically shed. Keim says of it: "This fine and tender picture, in which neither truth to nature, nor the beauty which that implies, is violated in a single line.....cannot have been devised by human hands, which, when left to themselves were always betrayed into coarseness and exaggeration, as shown by the apocryphal gospels."[3]

[2] *La Mère de Dieu et la Mère des Hommes.* By B. Terrien, S.J. Vol. ii., p. 64, note.

[3] *Jesus of Nazareth.* English translation. II., p. 137.

The thought that they, His parents and the privileged sharers of His intimacy, were to be as members of the multitude when the hour of His self-disclosing came; the knowledge that no private announcement of intention had preceded the semi-public avowal, all this had its pain of mystery in a mystery so largely one of pain. And here we are introduced to the secret of that departure from the ordinary conduct of ordinary sons which marks the manner of the Lord's discoursing with reference to His Mother. In the explanation which we are gradually unfolding, to wit—that Christ is *publicly teaching,* and not addressing His remarks either personally or exclusively to His Mother, but to the listening crowd, whose instruction He has primarily in mind—the whole difficulty of a slighting reference disappears, and phrases that were dark and puzzling become suffused with explanatory light.

The Lord's answer to His Mother on the terrace of the Temple took the form of insistence on His Divine, as distinct from His human, Sonship. When He says, "*My* Father," "*My* Father's business," it is obviously to claim and teach another origin than that implied in her statement, "*Thy* father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing." All through His ministry, from these, His first recorded words, to the last, He speaks of *My* Father, never of *Our* Father, save only in the Lord's Prayer, which was manifestly intended for utterance on other lips than His. Some critics try to sustain the claim that in the Temple Discourse the Child is merely insisting on His Abrahamic descent; but the text completely disposes of this clumsy attempt to limit its significance. It states that His parents "understood not the word that He spoke to them," and adds that "His Mother kept all these sayings in her heart." Were the Child merely confessing that He was a son of Abraham, would the Mother, think you, ever have made a mystery out of a thing so obvious, and kept it in her heart for further pondering? Mature minds do not mistake the commonplace for the mysterious. Only critics of an unabashed type do that, as when they would have us, like themselves, become evasive, and profess to see a tremendous mystery in the profession of descent from Abraham!

No, the mystery which His Mother pondered was why the Child should secretly leave the tutelage of His parents, and lift, even for an instant, the veil of secrecy behind which He had remained hidden in the solitude of Nazareth.[4] The reason of this

[4] *La Mère de Dieu et la Mère des Hommes.* By B. Terrien, S.J. Vol. ii., p. 63.

sudden behavior she could not understand; it was concealed from her for the time being; and only in the perspective which the years were sure to bring, would it become clear and evident why it was that at an age so tender He should in part abandon His voluntary obscurity and half-reveal the wondrous character of His Person unto men. A knowledge of the mystery that the Son of God was tabernacling with her in the flesh did not carry with it a comprehension of the reasons impelling Him to this unexpected change of conduct; nor did it give immediate insight into the bearing which this change of conduct had on the fulfillment of His mission.

What would have happened, had the Child informed her beforehand of His prospective visit to the Temple? Would the astounding event ever have taken place? Did not the very condition of its coming to pass require that the parents be kept without knowledge of the project, lest the privacy of His human relations to *them* take precedence over the publicity of His Divine relations to humanity at large? Had He acted otherwise than He did, would the world have witnessed the manifestation of His early plenitude of wisdom? Would it have marveled at the superiority which He claimed over His earthly parents? Would it ever have had the occasion to grasp the full significance of the statement: "He went down to Nazareth and was *subject* to them?" Would it ever have had before its eyes the wondrously sad yet wondrously instructive spectacle of the Divine distinguishing itself from the human; of the Divine seeking self-assertion, *without asking leave;*—that by the wounded astonishment of the Mother, and our vicarious experiencing of it, ever afresh, in a world that changes its denizens more swiftly than it does its ways, we might, in the sacrificial depths of a Mother's tears, and in the aroused sense of a mystery not fully fathomed, cleanse our small souls of the science that puffeth up, and refill them with the faith that passes understanding!

The Lord's reply to His Mother in the Temple when He so strangely confessed His Divinity, instead of acknowledging His human parentage, is a vignette, a miniature of His attitude and action throughout the whole course of His public ministry. And it was the detection of this fact, the discovery of this *general law of conduct,* that suggested the present theory in an intuitional flash. The thought leaped to light, that the Temple Story contains two features which are characteristic of the Lord's preaching, His whole life through—the affirmation of Divinity, coupled with the omis-

sion of all reference to His human origin, or to the relations thence deriving. This is clearly the kernel of the narrative, the very pith of its substance, the actual reason for its insertion in the Gospel of the Infancy, where coming events are seen casting their shadows before for whoso would penetrate beneath the letter which killeth to the spirit which giveth life; and this astonishing revelation of a plan and method, right here at the threshold of His career, nay, long before that career was to see its real inception, linked up so consistently, and fell in so readily, with the whole chain of subsequent events and incidents in the Lord's teaching ministry, that it seemed to furnish a forecast, an anticipative sketch, a leading clue; and the present writer determined to work it out, to see if it really had the potency, of which it gave such roseate promise in advance.

Taking it simply as a forecast, one finds oneself prepared for much that follows, and things come out of their surrounding hazes with astonishing ease. The Man, we may safely predict, will follow the leadings of the Child. His teaching of the multitude will be as His teaching of the Doctors. He will emphasize His Divine Sonship in contradistinction to the human. He will take occasion, even of His Mother's words and presence, to accentuate the Divine. He will not call her " mother " in His public utterances, we feel sure, lest the thought of His hearers be drawn away from the recognition of His heavenly origin, by the employment of that most tender of all human words. And she will understand—was it not one of the sad thoughts she gathered from the Discourse in the Temple?—that it must needs so be for the successful accomplishment of His teaching mission, especially among a people already wrongly persuaded that " when the Messiah comes, no man will know whence He is."[5]

Had He not asserted His filial relation to the Father of all light, when she had asked Him before the Doctors why it was that He had caused her and her guardian spouse a triduum of quest and grief? The visible and obvious side of His being would manifestly have to suffer lack of public stress, even to the suppression of filial human references to His Mother, lest its familiar mentioning distract from that other and higher filiation which it was the burden of His life, His work, and His example to preach and teach. His Mother would know from His private manifestations of love and fealty, that the *publicly unexpressed* concerned her relations to the Teacher, not her relations to the Son; and that

[5] John vii. 27.

it was dictated by the pressing necessity of making known the Divine, not by any personal desire to minimize the human or disown it. To this urgency of the teaching office, to this spread of redeeming knowledge, maternal affection would have to yield the customary civilities, sacrificing love to light, that the Orient from on high might win His way without distraction into the souls of men!

When we turn to the subsequent pages of the New Testament, we find that this was the actual manner which the Lord's discoursing took. Events fell out just as the Temple Incident foreshadowed that they would. At the wedding feast of Cana[6] when the Mother called the Son's attention to the deficiency of wine, she elicited a reply that has seemed brusque to many the ages through, but which, strange to say, left her perfectly tranquil and untroubled, as may be seen from the confident manner in which she ordered the servants to do as the Messiah bade. "Woman, what is it to Me and thee?" He had replied. "My time is not yet come."

Understood as a personal statement, directed by the Gentle One to her from whom He drew His earthly frame, this reply has all the appearance of a discourteous incivility. It amounts to a declaration that there is nothing in common between the Mother and the Son. But must it be so taken? A precious incidental remark made by the Evangelist shows that the answer was not really intended for the person addressed. The sacred writer states that "His disciples were also invited;"[7] and this statement, from the point of view which we are now occupying, puts an entirely different complexion on the Lord's answer and the direction in which He meant it to travel. It contained a certain amount of instruction for His disciples, and it was they who were in the midfield of His attention when the remark was made. That no element of personal rebuke to His Mother was either intended or conveyed is amply established by the fact that her request was at once granted and that she herself felt so sure of its granting as to advise the servants of their part in the preliminaries to its accomplishment. "The conscious water saw its God and blushed;" and if the Mother's countenance imitated its incarnadining, it was not from confusion at what the Son had said, but from the joyous realization that He had done this gracious deed for love of her and "before His time."

It is evident from the circumstances narrated that the "mys-

[6] John ii. 1-11. [7] *Ibid.*, v. 2, v. 11.

tery " of the Lord's manner in the Temple had by this time cleared itself up for His Mother, in the recognition of His teaching method, and of her own self-sacrificing position as an occasion for its exercise. She could now well understand the instructive sadness of the Finding in the Temple, and see to what wondrous purposes it was wed. The great sacrifice—His and hers—had revealed its interactive nature and function. The didactic character of the Lord's manner of address; the element of instruction wrapt up in it for conveyance unto others—what was this but the uplifting of her unmentioned motherhood into the service of the Divine, that *her* self-emptying might not leave *His* uncompanioned and unshared? The two psychologies—the Divine and the human—had met midway in the perfect reconcilement of sacrificial self-giving. Justice and love had kissed in the fullness of mutual understanding.

The presence of instructive elements, the fact that the conversation is not personal but official, furnishes the key to its rightful understanding, or rather—to put it more modestly—seems to provide a means to that most desirable of ends. Nor need we have recourse to proving, from current or previous literary usage, that the word " woman," which the Lord used in addressing His Mother at Cana and from the Cross, is interchangeable with that of " lady," even though the best of cases may be made out for that contention. In the explanation which we are developing, the significance of the title " woman " need not be raised, since it is employed, not from a filial or personal, but from a didactic or official point of view, and has about it none of the features or associations of a directly intended discourse. Its use is part of that prudential teaching method, in which all the Lord's public references to her who bore Him in the flesh are seized upon as so many salient opportunities for the more forceful bringing-out, by contrast, of that other and eternal Sonship which is His. Over and above His human birth must be emphasized His procession from the Father, lest men continue to think of Him as merely the son of Joseph, the carpenter, and not be brought to recognize that He is verily the Son of God; for this is the baptism with which He is baptized, and how straitened is He until it be accomplished!

Neither need we trouble to soften the answer: " What is there common between us? " It is exactly what our theory would lead us to expect; and the phrase may be left as it stands, without our attempting in the least to turn or dull its edge by the refinements of exegesis. If we take it as said for the instruction of others,

and cease to view it as a personal reply, the disparaging quality in it vanishes like mist, and we behold the Lord teaching His disciples, not rebuking His Mother; instructing the guests unto salvation, instead of singling out one of the company—and she the dearest—for a barbed allusion and public humiliation.

And this reminds us of something we have deferred for this late mentioning. Commentators agree—we are looking backwards for a moment—that the two verses in St. Luke,[8] which describes the Blessed Virgin as "not understanding the word spoken to her" by the Child in the Temple, and as "keeping all these sayings in her heart" after she had returned to Nazareth—commentators agree that these two verses contain the actual record of her experience at the time, and that she it was who personally told St. Luke of the impression of mystery which the Lord's first public words had made upon her. If this be so—and there is nothing to impair its likelihood—what a world of difference in the impression which the Son's manner of speech made upon her at Cana, from that which she had received from His mysterious bearing in the Temple—the one, all joyous; the other not unmixed with wonderment and pain. It is holy ground, and we would be the last to approach it with unshodden feet, especially in these novelty-seeking times when the venturesome boldly enter where the reverent fear to tread.

The theory that Our Lord takes occasion of His Mother's presence to teach His Divine Sonship in contrast to the human, and that not her reproving, but the education of the multitude is what He has in mind, finds its likelihood further increased, its explanatory power still more strikingly confirmed, by a third incident[9] recorded in the Gospel, on meeting which the unbeliever sharpens his wits, and the faithful become suddenly hushed and pensive, it seems so out of keeping with the postulates of the heart. Our Lord is preaching, when a voice is heard, conveying the information that His Mother and kinsfolk stand without, and would have speech with Him. What did the Lord do? Go at once to His Mother? No! He turned to His informant, and exclaimed: "Who is My mother, and who are My brethren? And He stretched out His hands towards His disciples, and said, Behold My mother and My brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of *My Father Who is in Heaven,* the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

What are we to think of this arresting passage? There are those who would have us gather that it indicates an unsympathetic

[8] Luke ii. 50, 51. [9] Matt. xii. 47-50.

attitude towards His Mother and kinsfolk, nay, that it is tantamount to a public disavowal and criticism. They go to great lengths of scholarship, such men as these, to link the incident up with the previously mentioned hostility of the Lord's "brethren,"[10] and this in glaring despite of the fact that no resumptive particle is to be found in the Greek text. Thus theories are ground out almost without end, all of them deriving from the parent supposition—which we have shown to be false—that the Lord is here uncovering His innermost personal feelings for the vulgar inspection of the curious.

Pause with me, reader, and reflect, lest we, too, go the unworthy way of these, and mistake instruction for personal psychology; examples of a teaching method for the intimate mental history of the Teacher Himself. Give Our Lord the credit of knowing the circumstances in which He had to speak, and the hostile, self-confident audience, with which He had to deal, then as now, and in both cases, equally, to their clear confounding. Open the New Testament Scriptures—it does not matter much at what page; notice the obstacle which the Lord is everywhere encountering, in the public fact of His human parentage; and think, while so doing, of the simplest, most rudimentary, and, at the same time, most efficient method of instruction—that which proceeds by contrast, with a view to making the opposite of the obvious more strikingly known; and ask yourself, in the light of this governing reflection, if the theories which refuse the Lord this minimum of equipment in knowledge, this fundamental principle of common sense, are for an instant worthy to receive a mental housing, much less a lengthy entertainment. Are they not intruders and obtruders all? Do they not base themselves on a psychology so low and common that the very stones cry out in protest, as the Master threatened they would, when He rode defiantly into Jerusalem, on the Sabbath of the palms?

Sursum corda! Such puny edifices of interpretation, built up by puny men from the puniest of reflections, all come a-tumbling about our ears, are all sapped, undermined, and made collapsible, by the fact that the Lord of Israel steadily follows from the Temple to the Cross the same highly instructive contrastual method of asserting His heavenly relations, every time His human origin is thrust forward upon attention. In the light of this central, constant, and leading fact, insinuations perish, and the Lord is seen

[10] Mark iii. 20, 21.

to stand at the door of every mind, knocking for entrance against the prejudice that would view Him then, that would view Him now, as of purely human stature—in all things *save sin*—O sarcastic exception!—made like unto the rest of men.

Turn back again—this time with purified eyes—to the Gospel incident; see how it ceases to be a difficulty of exegesis and becomes an illustration of that imperative teaching method which the Lord so unswervingly followed from His first recorded words to the last. Behold the same quick, sharp reference to "*My* Father Who is in Heaven," the instant His Mother's presence is announced. Consider even the gesture: He extends His hands out over the crowd, as He tells them that *they* are His brother, and sister, and mother—a statement that corrects theirs as sharply, as He corrected His Mother's gently but firmly in the Temple—a statement calculated to have a tremendous psychological effect on hearers so forcibly reminded of His *special* relations to God, and His *special* relations to *them,* at the very moment when their minds were all intent upon His human origin, because of the announcement of His Mother's presence.

There is not the least indication that He is denying, disowning, or even underrating His Mother; there is every indication that He is proclaiming Himself Divine. The phrase, "*My* Father Who is in heaven," offers ample proof of that, carp at it as critics may to eviscerate its substance. The scene is redolent of His manner in the Temple, of His manner at Cana; it is not an isolated incident, but one of a chain. In this scene, as in the other two, He is recalling the minds of His hearers from fleshly to spiritual relationships, from the consideration of His earthly, to the fact of His heavenly, descent; endeavoring thereby to distract attention from the one, that the other may receive its due meed of consideration, from the sheer force of the contrastual stress which He lays upon it. Could further proof be needed that the public is in the focus of His attention, His Mother in the margin, and that this displacement is due, not to a personal, but to a Messianic attitude having for its object no expression of how He personally felt towards *her,* but of how He was compelled to feel towards His *listeners,* because of the prejudice created among them by the fact of His human birth and ties? Could any more vivid, dramatic, touching, telling example of the teaching art be imagined than this seizure of the concrete opportunity offered by His Mother's presence, to contrast His filial relations to her with the filial relations He had to

God before Abraham was and time began? And should there be a reader so coarsely fibred in mind and feeling as to think or say of the theory which we are here proposing, that it makes the Lord sacrifice His Mother for His own enhancing, let him see the grossness of such a view dissolve before his eyes, in the illuminating reflection that the purpose of the sacrificing was to enrich our life by His, not His by ours; for His inner personal glory as Son of God is neither enhanced by our recognition of it, nor diminished by our opacity to its claims.

Who, then, can behold in the scene described, if it be approached as we have shown it should, anything more than a didactic statement, akin throughout with that other confirmatory passage, in which the woman who interrupted His preaching with the cry, "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee"[11] was instantly confronted with the reminder that "far more blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it." And who can critically ponder these three incidents—Jerusalem, Cana, and the visit of His Mother and kinsfolk—without rising from his reflections with the clarifying thought in mind, that the Lord's public statements are all prompted, and His public conduct steadily governed, by the necessity of proclaiming His Divinity, and not by any intention or desire to disparage her who, alone of all, ministered full human companionship to His spirit, and who grieved, as none other, when that companionship was first interrupted on the occasion of His unannounced visit to the Temple at the tender age of twelve;—a visit which let her see, through misting tears, that thenceforth her Child's public appeal would sheer away from the whole graded spectrum of human relations and emotions, because only in that way and by that recourse could existing prejudice be overcome, and the saving intuition gain credence—that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

This was the supreme urgency, and nothing must be suffered to stand in the path of its realization. The spiritual had the right of way, and must keep it to the end, whatever the cost to human emotion, whatever the price affection would have to pay—even a Mother's and a Son's. Not even on the cross would He call her *Mother,* when He gave us into her care and keeping, in the person of the Eagle of Ephesus, the saintly John, who was the disciple that had loved Him most, and was most loved in turn;—a mystery of supernatural solidarity, this final, soul-stirring commendation of

[11] Luke xi. 27.

His Mother—for the Master was *teaching* still;—a mystery of solidarity in which the Mother and the Man of Sorrows became as one with us, of alien days and climes, who fill up in our pitiably poor and unruly members those things that are wanting to His passion and to hers. For she is part of the world's redeeming, and none may deny her the fullest measure of her voluntary human share. As Mother, she suffered eclipse in His public references, that the Light might be made to shine in undistracting splendor for those that sit in darkness, and in the valley of the shadow of death. She made the supreme human sacrifice while He was making the Divine. She gave Him the sublime, unprecedented, coöperative companionship of self-effacement. She, as Mother, remained in the shadows, to give unrequited testimony to the Light; and when that testimony was given; when the teaching necessity that called it forth no longer urged, she suddenly found herself made forever glorious, in a new and unsung *Magnificat,* by the reflected splendors of the Son, which she so self-sacrificingly had aided in increasing and spreading. The triumph of her motherhood had to wait until the triumph of her womanhood was complete. *Ave Maria!* Blessed indeed art thou among women, and blessed indeed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus!

The explanation broached in these pages has all the freshness of novelty, but there is about it not the least suggestion of an iconoclastic touch. Its proposer confesses that it has been for him a luminous ray which he would gladly see shine for others, unto joy of the heart and peace of the understanding. It searches many dark places in the Scriptures, and leaves them shot through with light. It brings her, who was immaculately conceived, into a more prominent share in the Redeemer's work, into a more public part in the ministry of Him, Who came to save the race from error, as He came to deliver it from sin. It explains away the difficulty—so hard for the heart to understand—that He never publicly called her by the name of mother. It lifts the Lord and the Lily of Israel above the criticism of the profane, the self-questionings of the devout; and it does all this, not by lessening, but by increasing the sweetness of the Christian tradition concerning her and Him. It offers a striking proof, also, that the Gospel of the Infancy is not, as so often alleged, an invention of St. Luke; because the same general rule or law governing Christ's public references to His Mother is as much in evidence *there,* as elsewhere in the Scriptures. Nor does it seem too much to say—in view of the last re-

mark—that it deals a heavy, if not a mortal, blow to those theories of the Messianic consciousness, now current, which strive to prove that Christ came gradually, through circumstance and accident, to a knowledge of His Divine nature and teaching mission. It stands up, moreover, without apparent sign of faltering or collapse, under the weight of difficulties fully as heavy, if not heavier than those which have here received solution through its means; and this story of its still further efficiency, we hope—at a not too distant date—to lay before the reader. But best of all, perhaps, is the clear proof which this newly-discovered explanation offers, that the Lord's manner of speech to His Blessed Mother was not such as the children of darkness in every generation would have had the children of light believe.

THE SLEEPING CHRIST.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O SWING and sweep of circling angel wings,
O roseate sea of Heaven's transcendent grace!
Dear Bethlehem the Blest, white-wreathed place
Of this sad world's divinest visionings!
We seem to see the holy Light that flings
Celestial splendor on the narrow space
Where a glad Mother first beholds the Face
Of her rare Glory-Babe, our King of kings.

And, as we gaze, a mighty wave of love
Still sweeps us on to unimagined deeps.
The Calvary-love has won us. From above
Garlanded cherubs smile!—And still He sleeps,
The Virgin-Born, as pure as buds that spring
From ruddy stems in rose-white blossoming.

FROM CHRISTMAS TO CHRIST.

BY HENRY A. DOHERTY, JR.

IT was not that Thomas Donahue did not know the anti-Christian arguments. Baptized a Catholic in infancy—and educated as one—though none too strictly, he had, during his days at Harvard, lost his slight hold on the Catholic Faith, and had plunged into the popular modern agnosticism of philosophy and social ideal as deeply as his intellectual equipment allowed. The plunge was deep enough to estrange him from all orthodox Christianity, although it permitted him to retain a belief in Christ's teaching as that of a purely human moral genius and leader.

As he sat in his study this afternoon on the day before Christmas, planning one of the ultra-modern satirical comedies with which he hoped to shock a hypocritical world into a realization of the new outlook, he was reflecting rather seriously on what his own new outlook had cost him, and on what value it had given for the price paid. The price had been large—a shattering which had shaken Donahue to his soul's foundation. If the process had brought him a new outlook which he sincerely felt to be true despite its harshness, it had certainly not, he reflected, brought him satisfaction. Here was man, manifestly not self-created, not even consulted as to whether or no he wished to be born; not master of his own destiny, however much he might like to believe himself to be; evidently dependent upon some power beyond him which had ordained his existence, had encircled it with bonds and laws, and mapped out his destiny. Yet this power, the most important thing in his consciousness, was really unknown to him. He might consider his own desires, cravings, inspirations, talents and aims as revelations to him of his own destiny and function as an individual machine for the performance of that power's will, but this, satisfactory or not as it might be in showing him his function in life, did not reveal to him what this power was in itself, nor even, fully, what it was in its relation to men as a whole nor to the universe as a whole. Try as one might to suppress the desire for such information by assuring oneself that the revelation of one's particular function sufficed, certain cravings persisted. Oh, that one

might know what this power was, whether it were merely the life of all earthly things and the design unfolded in their evolution, or something infinitely more! Oh, that one might *know* with something of the certainty of the Christians! But that was manifestly out of the question in this age.

Yet it is strange what a sort of left-over Christian feeling remains with the Christian who has "outgrown" his Christianity. And Christmas—how pathetic the effect of Christmas on such as Donahue! What inexplicable feeling seems to fill even the "disillusioned" Christian at such a season—a sort of realization of the loss of something which had satisfied, and which had been replaced by something which did not satisfy. It was Christmas Eve. Donahue remembered the thrill which the season had brought him in his younger days—Catholic days—even if Santa Claus and the spirit of giving and gifts, good cheer and good food, had overshadowed the Christian message. But, after all, had not Santa Claus and gift-giving been the whole of Christmas? Was not humanity the care of man at all times, and was it not the duty of man at all times to see that there were no poor, and no people without certain gifts they wanted? Had not the new realization of the purely immanent nature of this power, which some called God, and of men as parts of the unfolding of this power in the universe—had not this abolished the irrational Christmas spirit?

Donahue had read in the paper that there were to be great doings on Beacon Hill, in Boston town, that Christmas Eve; candles in the windows and carol singing on the streets, and the sight and sound should be worth a journey across the Charles from Cambridge, where he lived. With all his estrangement from Christianity, the strains of the *Adeste Fideles* still delighted him at this season. The words might be fabulous, the sentiment outgrown, but there was a something which made it a favorite tune with him, and the fact that it was a Christmas tune, instead of spoiling his enthusiasm rather added to it. There could be no harm in loving it as a survival of the childhood of the race, which, although darkened in intellect, possessed, possibly for that reason, a thrill lost to maturity of the race in its superior sophistication. He might hear the *Adeste* that night. Anyway he would go over to Beacon Hill.

The crisp, cold cheer of the season was a delight to him. It was difficult to analyze how much of the romance of the season

was due to the spirit of Christmas itself, but it was unnecessary to bother about that. It might be the romance of the closing of an old year, or of the progress of the seasons in their mysterious unfolding of the evolution of that power in the world and the race. Even the Christmas spirit might be but a childish prelude to a better, because more mature, holiday flavor with which the race, in its upward progress, would replace Christmas in the new and fitting religion of the future. At any rate, it was not a time of dissatisfaction. The thrill was there, and he felt it; a thrill as of "something being up," the more thrilling because mysterious.

The thrill deepened as he walked through the crisp air and took the car. Christmas greens and Christmas bustle; the many "Merry Christmas" greetings he heard on the way; the poetry of a race for one night forsaking the prosaic for the poetic, the dull for the gay, the frown for the smile; the sight of suspicious bundles and burdens in the arms of cheery looking passengers who on other days could hardly be conceived of as burdening themselves with either a bundle or a smile; the expectant expressions on the faces of children, and on those of their elders as well—all this put him in harmony with the holiday, which was contrary to reason, certainly, but not to good cheer. Might it be in accord with something beyond reason, after all?

Leaving the car with an unwonted patience and even good humor at jostlings and bundle impediments, Donahue found himself on Beacon Hill. There were the candles in the windows, and right cheery they were too. Why should candles be more cheery than electric lights? Why should the sight of windows full of them cheer the heart, instead of chilling the nerves with a fear of conflagration, as surely it ought, to the rational mind? But it did cheer; it soothed all fears with the assurance that, somehow or other, human beings, even if mere Christians, do know a thing or two about taking precautions. It was certainly a fairyland view.

But look yonder! See that statue of a woman with a Babe in her arms in the window of that aristocratic looking mansion. What can be happening? Here in Protestant, cold-blooded Beacon Hill, even a Catholic would hardly look for that? Was it faith, or merely fairyland fancy? But why ask? Was not the whole scheme of illumination and carol singing a thing of Christmastide, of the season unmistakably dominated by that self-same Mother and Babe? It was Christmas, a feast long coldly and bitterly ignored, as he understood it, by the very Protestant moderns who had founded

Boston. And how could it be so celebrated in the very heart of the aristocratic Protestant part of such a city? Catholics themselves, surely the most logically interested in Christmas, never had paid such open public honor to the Vigil of the Feast of the Nativity. Was superstition coming back, and was Donahue, "emancipated" Catholic, modernist and rationalist, out of date in a world which he had felt to be his own? But perhaps it was only the human love of festival and display, excitement and poetry, which would disappear again tomorrow midnight into the sane and worldly commercialism of the world and his wife. The thought was not pleasant, and he dismissed it. He himself loved the poetry of the celebration, and half wished that it were true and that it had come to stay.

Ambling about he found little groups of people here and there, and heard a soft strain of a carol sung by a few persons in a dark and mysterious road. But it seemed too early yet for the big events, at any rate on the streets. So he strolled in a leisurely manner across prosaic Charles Street toward the river of that name. He came upon a church, cheerfully lighted behind its dark stained-glass windows.

Plain as it was, there was a sort of indescribable air of romance about this brick church, irregular in its cosy jumble of chapels, turret and spire. It had a sort of poetic flavor, as of the Middle Ages—that great Time which, during his rationalistic dreamings, had thrown a glare of unearthly and joyous light across the dark path of human progress as he had studied its history.

He found the church to be a Protestant one, and he entered. It mattered nothing to him now as to whether it were Catholic or Protestant; nay, in his present state of "advancement" he saw nothing wrong in entering—for he resented any thought of going to worship there. The door led into a cosy and mysterious little vestibule, whose inner doorway, open, disclosed a crowded auditorium.

Through this door Donahue saw in the pulpit, seemingly at the end of a metal screen across the chancel, a clergyman, in a snowy-white surplice, preaching a Christmas Eve sermon. The service Donahue learned later was that of "Evensong" of the "High Church" school of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The preacher was speaking at that moment about heaven.

The preacher's talk was not remarkable for any endeavor

after an intellectual adjustment of "modern" thought and Christian principles which might possibly have made an impression on such as had been led by modern thought to doubt Christianity, among whom was Donahue. It was an intelligent sermon by an "orthodox" clergyman. With the setting in which it was delivered, the impressive Gothic interior, the cheerful Christmas greens, it stirred Donahue to the depths, and touched some hidden chord in him.

When the service was resumed, the thought came to Donahue that he would have hardly dreamed that any Protestant church would use such a seemingly "more than Catholic" sort of ritual. In the screened chancel were seated white-surpliced and black-cassocked men and boys. The preacher, at the end of his discourse, had removed his stole and actually Donahue noticed how he kissed it before descending from the pulpit. Then the organ pealed forth the opening bars of "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful." The notes sent a thrill through every fibre of Donahue's being. But his attention was suddenly drawn to a movement in the chancel. A youth with a long white gown over his red cassock, girdled, emerged from the chancel gateway in the screen, bearing a gleaming processional cross of exquisite workmanship. He was followed by other youths similarly garbed, and bearing lighted candles. Behind these came two more, swinging censers, and clad in white surplices over red cassocks. Following the acolytes walked a clergyman wearing the most gorgeous mediæval cope that Donahue had ever seen, and accompanied by two assistants. A long line of vested male choristers followed, broken here and there by boys carrying gorgeous banners.

As the wave of sound from choir and congregation rolled about, Donahue, who had hardly ever sung a note in church or school or elsewhere, joined in the singing with a thrill which almost shook his voice. And he did a strange and noteworthy thing. Zealous as he was for the use of the vernacular in worship—if it must be performed—he sang the *Adeste* with the congregation, but in Latin! His emphasis testified that he gloried in the Latin. Some impulse too strong for rejection, seemingly, made him use the tongue of his own Church.

Having arrived in the chancel, the vested choir, facing the vested clergy before the high altar, burst into the overwhelming strains of Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus. The note of heavenly exultation and defiance of earth in this great anthem broke upon

Donahue with an appeal which seemed to overpower reason, and to satisfy something as far beyond reason as music is beyond words. Its "King of kings and Lord of lords" throbbed and thrilled as a truth of eternity.

The architecture, the preaching, the procession, the singing, the ritualistic flavor of the whole ceremony, had done more than hint to Donahue that there was something beyond rationalism demanded for the satisfaction of human cravings. Catholicism, which he had rejected or rather neglected, had not, he thought, supplied it. Protestantism, as he knew it, with its exaltation of the sombre-gowned preacher and prayer leader, had failed still more completely. And now here were Protestants not only conscious of what was lacking in their belief, but actually endeavoring to supply it—and yet not succeeding.

As Donahue left the Church of the Advent that night he was, consciously or otherwise, a changed man spiritually and intellectually. He had been seeking something which he had not found, and here he had seen his need witnessed to where he had not dreamed of finding witnesses. It was the tangible, visible, audible expression of something which did not conflict with reason, but rather completed and explained it—the expression of the relation of man as a race to God as its First Cause and Ultimate End. This it was which was pictured in the scene which he had just witnessed—the natural flowering of human aspiration in sure touch with something beyond the human and the visible, but which nevertheless is felt to be part of the picture which God Himself is painting. Donahue had been brought to recognize, to listen to that craving within his soul which cold rationalism, he had to admit, could never satisfy; that craving for the sure touch of his soul with the Reality, truer than sense, in a worship not contrary, but complementary to reason, leading it and perfecting it. The ceremony which he had just witnessed had confirmed, from unexpected sources, the testimony of his conscience to this fundamental need of every man. And yet while that ceremony stimulated, it had witnessed also to its own insufficiency. And as Donahue reflected, his thoughts went back to the faith of his earlier days. Surely that Catholic faith must be the pure font of the wisdom of God when these who were Protestants, whose leaders had once officially rejected it, were now beginning to imitate its ritual; to copy that which they had so long spurned and condemned. But ritual, if sincere, is but the expression of a true inner life. Was

there not, therefore, in Catholicism that which no imitation could secure or express? Borrowing the coat might make the borrower's body beautiful, but the wearing of it would not change his soul.

This ritual was splendid, but it was the human part of it that was splendid. Here was a worship which appealingly expressed man's relation to God—from the earthly side—man's reaching toward God. But the full relation must necessarily be twofold: that of man toward God, and of God toward man. The human rite furnished the human or earthly side of the liturgical picture. But the lack which Donahue felt in that picture was the lack of a sure completion of it from the supernatural side—from eternity, from God. Man worshipped before an altar. But should he worship merely *before an altar?* If there was nothing on that altar which was not in any other place on earth, why worship in church, liturgically or corporately, at all? Why not admit that to man has been given no central place on earth in which to worship something which is there in a particular manner? Why not admit at once that conduct is the only real worship? But Donahue had found by experience that it is not; or rather that the full extent of conduct must be extended to deliberate and particular external worship if man's life and man's need is to be filled.

The ceremony which Donahue had witnessed did express this craving, but it did not answer it. What was needed for its foundation and completion was the donation by God from above of a Real Presence which should be a centre for the needed human worship below. Man of his very nature, thought, worked and communicated by means of symbols. His very nature also required worship, symbolical and liturgical worship. To express the corporate relation of man as a whole to God, man must gather for formal corporate worship in a central place. But being a creature with body and senses, requiring objects which appeal to sense, lest he forget, his worship requires, in that central place, a Real Presence, which is a symbol of God and yet more than a symbol—God really, sacramentally present on the altar.

Donahue had often rehearsed the truth, which agnostics wrest to their own destruction, that God is hidden from men on earth —veiled from them by the things of sense. How much clearer, how life-giving the real truth, that of the Real Presence of God veiled in the Blessed Sacrament? It was the true answer, not only to doubts and questionings, but to man's best aspirations. Sacramentalism was the principle of nature as well as of religion; man's

very thought and action was sacramental. Therefore his worship must be sacramental. And the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament was the earthly expression of God's hidden relation to man, as man's liturgical rites before that Presence were the earthly expression of man's relation to God.

Unless on the Protestant altar there was this Real Presence, it was a mockery and a superstition to gather before that altar and address before it a liturgical worship which requires a complement on the altar. Every Protestant creed denies the Real Presence. The Catholic Church alone has had this Presence through all her history—and Donahue had discovered the absolute need of it for his own soul, his own life. In discovering and owning to that need he had come home. He had found himself a Catholic once more. He had traveled from Christmas to Christ.

GIVE US THIS DAY.

BY CHARLES MCGILL.

GREAT Love Divine that lowly manger chose—
Who gave the weak and toil-worn life and light;
Whose guiding star of wisdom brighter grows
While legioned worlds have swept to deepening night,

Light us in truth to Thine ennobling way,
Guide us in peace by paths that Thou hast trod—
Rising and broadening through the brighter day
To heights of freedom and to heights of God.

DR. JOHN B. MURPHY.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THE life and work of Dr. John B. Murphy, who died in Chicago on August 11th of the present year, illustrated the splendid possibilities open to the intelligent American of our day. He is another striking example of the country boy who, coming to a great city, carved out for himself a career that gave him world-wide fame.

Dr. Murphy was born on a farm near Appleton, Wisconsin, on December 21, 1857. He was graduated from the Appleton High School in 1876, and three years later from Rush Medical College in Chicago. He won the competition for Medical Interneship at Cook County Hospital, Chicago's great public hospital, and served there for a year and a half. He did not immediately afterwards take up practise for himself, but entered into a partnership with Dr. Edward W. Lee, which gave him an opportunity for much practical work under the supervision of a friendly experienced eye, and a definite salary that with his modest tastes and studious habits enabled him to save some money.

After two years of such apprenticeship, at the age of twenty-five, Dr. Murphy, eager to fit himself still more thoroughly for his life's profession, went to Europe, where he spent the next two years. He studied in Vienna, Munich, Berlin and Heidelberg; he returned to America full of the spirit of original investigation and scientific research, and the pioneering tradition just then so alive in the German clinics. It is much easier to understand the development of Dr. Murphy's career if one is familiar with a book like Garrison's *History of Medicine*. Such a history tells us that the very year before Dr. Murphy went to Europe, a whole series of the most important advances in medicine had been made. Laveran had discovered the parasite of malarial fever, thus solving an age-old problem; Koch introduced the plate cultures of bacteria, thus giving a new impetus to modern bacteriology, and making possible the isolation of the bacteria of disease, and Medin discovered the epidemic nature of poliomyelitis—that serious affection which in recent years has proved such a source of death and suffering to our

children, and which, so far, has baffled every effort for its prevention and cure.

In the light of these supremely original developments in medical science, it is easy to comprehend how an enterprising young American student would have his enthusiasm aroused for scientific work in the best sense of that term. If, still following Garrison, one reviews the list of progressive advances in surgery of those years, he will readily understand the incentives that lent aid to Dr. Murphy's successful career. In 1881, Dr. Billroth, at Vienna, resected the pylorus of the stomach, the gateway or passage out of the stomach into the intestines. This part of the gastro-intestinal tract is frequently the seat of cancer, which previous to the discovering of the great Vienna surgeon had always proved fatal. In the same year Czerny, at Heidelberg, simplified a whole series of operations for women that did as much for the cure of cancer of the uterus as Billroth had done for cancer of the stomach. During that same twelve months Hahn performed the operation of nephropexy, the sewing up of a loose kidney to the abdominal muscles in the loin so as to prevent its injury by pressure when misplaced, and Woelfler introduced gastro-enterostomy, the making of a new passage way from the stomach to the intestines, an operation which has since come to play an extremely important rôle in surgery.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Dr. Murphy, after two years of discipleship under such men, should return home convinced that the next great phase of development in surgery would relate to the gastro-intestinal tract. For centuries this portion of human anatomy had not been an operative field for surgeons. It is curious to note, however, that the surgeons of some five centuries ago performed a large number of operations on the intestines, especially when injured by wounds from the swords and pikes of old-time warfare. All this had been in some way forgotten, and the surgeons of the world were just about to remake a great new chapter in the history of surgery.

Dr. Murphy's first important article, found in the list of his writings compiled in a short autobiographic note in 1894, was on *Gun Shot Wounds of the Intestines.* Up to that time it had been generally believed that penetrating wounds of the intestine were necessarily fatal. If unoperated upon, perforations of the gastro-intestinal tract would almost inevitably be followed by leakage of the contents and consequent peritonitis. The one hope was that

the contents might not find a way out because of emptiness of the stomach or the intestines, or from some fortunate circumstance in the mode of the perforation, and then nature would care for the patient by adhesions. Expectant treatment was the rule. Dr. Murphy, having seen the German operators daring to intervene in intestinal lesions, was not satisfied with the expectant treatment, and counseled active intervention in gun shot perforations as giving the best prognosis for the patient.

Dr. Murphy's next important publication, following the same line, took up what has since become one of the most important phases of modern surgery. Its title would scarcely indicate this except to the medical mind, for it was on *Early Operations for Perityphlitis*. This last term was the old name for all infections in the right lower quadrant of the abdomen which were considered as originating in connection with the *cæcum* or "blind gut," in Greek called *tuphlon*. Dr. Murphy's paper was written before the invention of the term appendicitis, though his observations were made on the class of cases that subsequently came to be called by this designation. He had recognized the gravity of such cases, their frequent occurrence, and advised early operation as the one best possible safeguard. He must be looked upon then as a pioneer in the recent development of our knowledge of appendicitis.

Dr. Murphy realized, however, the then defective surgical technique in intestinal operations. Surgical intervention in the intestinal tract requires delicate skill and ample technical resourcefulness. If it is necessary to remove a portion of the intestines, as for instance when a part has become gangrenous, or badly lacerated or torn across by some perforating wound or missile, the two ends of the intestines have to be brought together in such a way as to leave the lumen of the intestine quite patulous, free for the movement of the contents, and yet the severed ends of the intestine must be brought so nicely together that there shall be no leakage. If either of these conditions remain unfulfilled, fatal obstruction or equally fatal peritonitis will be the result. Between the danger of intestinal obstruction from within and peritonitis from leakage without, the problem is extremely difficult, and until it had been worked out, it is no wonder that surgeons feared and preferred to remain inactive.

Dr. Murphy set about improving the technique of these operations by experiments upon animals. For several years he operated

upon a large number of animals, noting the results, and trying different methods. He summed up his experiments and clinical observations in a paper entitled *Original Experiments and Clinical Researches in the Surgery of the Gall Bladder, the Liver and the Intestinal Tract.*

In the course of these researches he invented a surgical instrument or piece of mechanism which greatly facilitated the bringing together of several ends of the intestines, or, as the process is called technically, the making of an anastamosis between two portions of the intestinal tract. This little mechanism of different sizes for different purposes, but about the average size of an English walnut, was, because of certain perforations in it by which it was fastened to the severed ends of the intestines, called a button. Dr. Murphy suggested a name for it, "the anastamosis button." It came, however, to be called by his own name, "the Murphy Button," and is now used throughout the world.

One day, in 1889, this young doctor of thirty-two showed the button to a surgical friend, saying: "Here is the little thing that is going to revolutionize intestinal surgery. I have tried it on twenty dogs with the most absolute satisfaction." Opportunities soon presented themselves of trying it on human patients whose life was despaired of, and it proved its worth. The button does not remain permanently in place, but after facilitating agglutination of the ends of the intestines passes out.

I shall never forget the first time I saw Dr. Murphy. It was nearly twenty-five years ago, and as a medical student I was attending the meeting of the American Medical Association held that year in Philadelphia. Between sessions I was strolling through the commercial exhibit room. Suddenly there was a commotion. The hubbub of conversation ceased, while everybody listened to a pleasant looking, tall and rather thin man who was speaking very vigorously. It was Dr. Murphy. A few years before, in 1889, he had invented the Murphy Button. A number of the sellers of surgical instruments had these buttons on sale. Dr. Murphy, visiting the exhibit room, had found that some of these buttons were imperfectly made, and that their use would be dangerous. He bought these unfit samples; stepped up on a box and addressed the bystanders. The crowd stopped its talk and gathered to listen. They listened the more attentively when they discovered that Dr. Murphy was indignant over the improper construction of the buttons called by his name. The story of this scene spread through the

meeting, was the topic of conversation for all the other days of the session, and Dr. Murphy's purpose was accomplished.

This story is typical of his character, of his Irish impulsiveness, his readiness to see his way through a difficulty, his willingness to take the chance of being misunderstood rather than permit patients to be submitted to further serious risks.

After having done magnificently successful work on the intestines, it might have been expected that Dr. Murphy would devote himself particularly to this field, which in the nineties of the last century seemed to present ample opportunities. Had his one idea been the making of money, he would doubtless have confined himself to this specialty. Large and promising as this field was, however, it did not satisfy his desire further to enlarge the opportunities for possible successful surgical intervention within the abdomen. Besides the gastro-intestinal tract, then, he paid special attention to the biliary tract, the surgical possibilities of which in many pathological conditions were just beginning to be realized. Gall-stone surgery and surgical intervention for certain infectious conditions of the gall tract, as well as even malignant conditions when they could be known early enough, presented some of the most difficult problems in the whole range of surgery, but their very difficulty constituted a special appeal to Dr. Murphy. Some of his work in these lines proved as helpful to the profession as that which he had done in the gastro-intestinal tract.

Dr. Murphy did not confine his investigations, however, to the abdominal region, but took up some other difficult problems which surgeons were facing now that aseptic surgery permitted them to intervene where before Lister's great discoveries such intervention would surely have been fatal. Such problems were presented, for example, by the surgery of veins and arteries. In these vascular tubes it is quite as necessary to maintain the lumen after operative procedures as it is with regard to the intestines. If they become blocked or narrowed to any considerable degree, clots form and become organized, and then the circulation through these vessels is prevented. The question of anastamosis, that is, of bringing the several ends of arteries and veins together, occupied Dr. Murphy's attention. He succeeded in showing that some of the radical measures of old-time surgery which often submitted patients to considerable risk of gangrene, need no longer be considered necessary, and that it was even possible to operate upon blood vessels without necessarily bringing about a closure of them.

One interesting and novel treatment originated by Dr. Murphy was the injection of nitrogen into the pleural sac in order to set at perfect rest a lung affected by tuberculosis, and thus give it an opportunity to heal thoroughly. Dr. Murphy had himself been affected by tuberculosis in his early years, and had been always keenly interested in its treatment. Sixteen years ago he treated patients thus affected by the injection of nitrogen. His method at the time attracted widespread attention. Later it was forgotten or considered as one of the many failures in the treatment of the disease. Three years ago, however, while traveling East with Dr. Murphy, he reviewed for me the present status of this mode of treatment, how it was extensively used, and how far some patients who could not otherwise be treated, were helped by it.

To the end of his life Dr. Murphy sought to develop, extend and perfect surgical methods. Joint surgery in the days before the discovery and applications of sepsis and anti-sepsis had been timorous and very often unsuccessful. This dread of intervening in joint cases prevailed even in aseptic days. The consequence was that a great many patients remained permanently crippled because of joint anchylosis, or locking from adhesions within the joint capsule. Such cases presented an extremely difficult series of problems in surgical technique. Perhaps for this very reason Dr. Murphy's attention was especially attracted to the subject. Nearly every case was individual. Dr. Murphy succeeded in making a great many of these patients far more comfortable and active. His work attracted wide attention, not only in this country, but in Europe.

While engaged in this work he realized the necessity for securing proper publicity for his methods, and began the publication of the "Murphy Clinics." The "Clinics" were taken down from dictation and then put into shape for publication by a special assistant, Dr. Murphy himself carefully reviewing the proof sheets. He once told me that when he began the publication, his only idea was to satisfy the request expressed by a number of physicians who had been with him at various times in Chicago, and who wished to keep in touch with his work. It was a source of gratification to him then to find during its first year that the publication became self-supporting, and later that it was the source of quite unexpected revenue. The publication had a wide circulation also in England, Australia and in the libraries of the medical schools of Europe.

Dr. Murphy will be remembered especially in the history of

American surgery as a teacher at a time when surgery was making its greatest advances. His leadership as a teacher here in America came too at a time when American surgery was playing a prominent part in that progress. Surgery is the one department of medical science in which America has been distinctly a leader, an enterprising pioneer, and not merely a follower of the European countries.

Dr. Murphy's teaching was by no means confined merely to the undergraduates in medicine in the schools, nor even to the regular post-graduates who came to Chicago to the Post-Graduate Medical School. The profession throughout the country had come to recognize him as a leader and a master. His connection during the last five years of his life with the American College of Surgeons emphasized his place as a teacher, and also added prestige to that organization.

After his death, *The Journal of the American Medical Association,* a representative organ, declared; "When Dr. Murphy died the medical profession lost one of the ablest surgical teachers and a clinician of the highest rank; one who had contributed much to medical and surgical science; one whose influence was world wide." Dr. Murphy was not only a great surgeon, but also a great teacher of surgery. He could grasp the details of a problem of diagnosis, see his way through, and then evolve the best method of treating the patient. Above all he could make others follow him, and give them the courage to go and do likewise. He had a keen power of observation and judgment, and knew whom to select to benefit by his instructions, and extend the fruits and blessings of his knowledge.

Few men have done more for charity in the best sense of the word than this American surgeon. He constantly operated, without remuneration, on the poor, and many hours of almost every day of his life were devoted to their service. He made it a life-long rule never to accept a fee from priests or religious, and it has been well said that "no man knows the number of bishops, priests and religious women who were treated by him without charge." One need but talk with some of these clerical patients to realize how whole-hearted was Dr. Murphy's charity. He made them feel that he was personally interested in their case, and that he spared no amount of time or trouble to give them the best possible service.

No wonder, then, that honors came to Dr. Murphy from all quarters, educational, professional, secular and ecclesiastical. The

Pope made him a Knight of St. Gregory, and just before his death raised him to the position of Knight Commander with the Star. The University of Notre Dame conferred on him the Lætare Medal, and many other universities honored him with their degrees. The University of Illinois gave him its LL.D. in 1905, and the University of Sheffield, in England, its degree of Master of Science, while Loyola University of Chicago conferred the degree of M.A., and the Catholic University gave its LL.D. in 1915. Besides he was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in England, a Life Member of the Societé de Chirurgie of Paris, as well as of the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Chirurgie of Berlin. Since his election in 1898 to be the Orator in surgery of the American Medical Association, scarcely a year had passed in which some important distinction from a medical society did not come to him. He was the Honorary President of the Surgical Section of a series of International Medical Congresses; the guest by invitation of the British Medical Association, the Honorary President of the International Surgical Congress, and President of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Murphy's life and work prove false the oft-repeated statement that devotion to applied science is almost sure to disturb dogmatic religious convictions. Dr. Murphy's Catholic faith was firm; enduring; thoroughly loyal. He, like his great predecessors, Pasteur, Claude Bernard, Corrigan, the great Irish physician, Theodore Schwann, the founder of the cell doctrine, and Johannes Müller, the father of modern German medicine, was a great scientist and a stanch Catholic.

We have had in our own country a number of distinguished physicians and surgeons, who like Dr. Murphy have been faithful and even devout Catholics in the midst of busy and successful careers. The first important teacher of chemistry in American Medical Schools was Dr. William J. Macneven, who left Ireland after having taken part in the Revolution of '98; and since his time such distinguished men as Gunning Bedford, Van Buren, Thomas Addis Emmet, Horatio Storer and Joseph O'Dwyer have been noted for their distinguished abilities as well as for their simple Catholic faith.

POLLY'S PUDDING.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

JIM HOLT and his wife Polly had been married for over six months; everything was still very new and bright in the trim little cottage which had been white-washed in honor of their advent, and painted and papered inside by their own hands. Not less bright, perhaps, because it was still new, was the mutual love of the young couple, and Jim's belief in the superhuman perfections of his wife.

"There's naught our Polly can't do," he would say. "Everything as she sets her hand to turns out well. Sewin', cookin', or mendin'—why, she tailored up yon owd westcoat o' mine same as if it was done in a shop. I welly believe there isn't a single thing in this blessed world as our Polly couldn't do."

Polly herself, a fine bouncing, yellow-haired, rosy-cheeked wench, was too good a wife to doubt Jim's judgment in this as in other matters, and was accustomed to accept his eulogies with the complacency of one who felt them to be well deserved.

It was therefore something of a shock to her when, on one particular evening, Jim, who was sitting in his elbow-chair smoking a luxurious pipe after the labors of the day, remarked:

"I were thinkin', Polly, about our pudden for Christmas; 'twouldn't be a bad notion if ye was to slip across to my mother and ax her advice about makin' it."

Polly set down the mutton-pie which she was in the act of carrying away from the table—Jim liked "summat tasty" for his tea—and turned round in astonishment not unmixed with indignation.

"And what i' the world should I do that for? Whatever put that in your head?"

"The owd lady herself was sayin' some such thing," rejoined Jim, good-humoredly. "She's got agate o' makin' hers. Says she, 'It 'ud be as well if your Polly 'ud come and take a lesson; I'm reckoned the best hand at makin' a plum pudden in this parish.'"

"Take a lesson!" ejaculated Polly, tossing her head. "It's news if I have to take lessons in cookin' at this time o' day. I

thought ye found yourself pretty well satisfied up to now, Mester Holt."

She picked up a plate, gazed at it critically, and slapped it down again.

The big, sandy-haired giant in the corner laughed with innocent appreciation of what he took to be an excellent joke.

"Ho, ho, that's not bad—not bad—I will say. Aye. I find myself pretty well satisfied up to now, Mrs. Holt—that's to say, Mrs. *James* Holt," he added more seriously. "My mother's the gradely Mrs. Holt."

"Oh, ye needn't think I want to rob your mother o' any o' respect as is due to her," said Polly. "But I don't think I need come even to the *gradely Mrs. Holt"*—this was spoken with such deadly sarcasm that even the good-natured, thick-headed Jim perceived the intention—"for a lesson in pudden-makin'. I don't think yon pie was one to find fault with; and ye seem to ha' been able to pick a bit o' bun-loaf," casting a withering look at the fragment of the dainty in question, which was all that remained after Jim's inroads during tea. "I didn't need to take no lessons from the *gradely* Mrs. Holt to make those."

Jim puffed solemnly at his pipe a minute or two before he spoke, and then it was in a serious tone.

"A plum pudden's different, ye know. A plum pudden's a wonderful ticklish thing to manage. Did ye ever chance to make a plum pudden, lass?"

"I didn't never ha' need to," rejoined the young woman with dignity; "my aunt always made ours."

"And did your aunt make a good plum pudden?" persisted Jim.

"Well, what do ye think?" rejoined Polly snappishly. "It was my aunt larned me all the cookin' I know. You've never found fault wi' me before. I'm sure I think it's a strange thing for your mother or anyone else to be tryin' to set ye agen your own wife."

"Coom," said Jim alarmed. "Whoever said I was findin' fault wi' ye? Naught o' the kind. I think you're the wonderfullest wife a man could have—I'm never done admirin' ye."

"Well, then," said Polly, smiling in a mollified way as she took up the mutton-pie once more and carried it away to the buttery.

On her return she found Jim staring ruminatively at the fire;

he looked up at her as she entered, with an ingratiating smile. "Talkin' o' Christmas puddens," he remarked, "folks has different fancies, ye know, about Christmas puddens, aye, I've heard my mother say that many a time. Some puddens is just as hard as cannon-balls, and some is as light as feathers; some puts meat in them, and some doesn't; and some"—he broke off, eyeing Polly a little anxiously—"I've allus been used to the sort my mother makes," he resumed. "I'd like ours to be as like that sort as ye could get."

"Now I'll tell ye summat," rejoined Polly firmly. "I'm not goin' to take no lessons from nobody. I don't want 'em and if I did, 'tisn't your mother I'd ax. I call it downright nasty of her to go makin' mischief between us this road. If I can't make a pudden as ye can fancy, ye can go wi'out. I'm not goin' to make little o' myself and turn myself into a laughin' stock for anybody."

"Coom!" said Jim again.

He took out his pipe and gazed at her round-eyed; Polly startled him further by laying her yellow head down on the table and bursting into tears.

"Why, lass, how is this?" cried he, aghast.

"You've hurt my feelin's awful," sobbed Polly.

Naturally there was nothing for Jim to do but to come lumbering round the table and to take her in his arms, atoning for his misdemeanor by countless endearments and abject apologies.

He had to pass his mother's house on the following day on his way to work, and regretfully described the portly form of that good woman on the doorstep.

"I were lookin' out for ye," she cried, as he was striding past, after a nod of greeting. "Here, wait a bit—what's all your hurry? I want to know what about pudden? I've got the stuff ready, but I haven't started mixin' it yet—your Polly ought to see me doin' that. I kept it back on purpose for her."

"Don't keep it back no longer, then," rejoined the son. "Our Polly's busy today; she's got a bit behind wi' the wash."

"Eh, the bit of a wash she'll have for ye two isn't worth namin'," rejoined his mother. "'Twas a different story when I had the ten o' ye to do for. Besides, I saw her takin' in the dry things off the hedge yesterday mornin'; she must ha' got through wi' her ironing by now. Did ye tell her I was keepin' back the pudden for her?"

"Aye, I just mentioned it," rejoined Jim, backing away from the gate.

"And what did she say?" queried his mother, descending from the step and walking down the flagged path.

"Eh, well, I can't exactly call to mind what she said," returned Jim. "I mind she thought it awful good o' ye, but she said it 'ud fidget her to keep ye waitin', and she didn't reckon she could get through wi' her work for another couple o' days—"

His voice trailed away, for Mrs. Holt was wagging her large head with an incredulous smile.

"Eh, no need to tell stories about it, lad," she remarked; "your Polly doesn't want my teachin'—that's where it is. There, young housekeepers is very easy offended, but I'll say no more about it. Eh, well, I hope she won't regret it nor ye either; Jim, ye always was one as thought a dale o' your Christmas pudden!"

Meanwhile Polly, who had indeed finished her ironing on the previous day, betook herself across the fields to the lonely little cottage where lived the aunt who had brought her up. Miss Rimmer, a tall, gaunt old woman, was in the act of making bread, and, even while greeting her niece, continued to roll and knead the lump of dough.

"This is an early visit, Polly! If ye coom a bit later I'd been just as well pleased. I've a little job o' sewin' for ye, but I can't take my hands out o' this till bread's ready."

"When are ye goin' to start makin' plum pudden, aunt?" queried the younger woman, dropping into a chair.

"Eh, there is but myself now—it'll not take me long."

"Ye'd best come and share ours," rejoined Polly, struck with a happy thought. "It 'ud be lonesome for ye to sit down to your Christmas dinner by yoursel'. I'm goin' to get agate at makin' our pudden today."

"I could do," responded Miss Rimmer, pausing in her labors to gaze reflectively at her relative; "aye, if it wasn't very wet or snowin,' I'd just as soon as not step down to dinner wi' ye. 'Tis scarce worth cookin' anything out o' the way when one's all by oneself and yet a body likes to have summat a bit different for Christmas."

"I'm sure ye'd be very welcome," rejoined Polly, intent on her own thoughts. "I'll be steppin' down to the village to buy all as is wanted this afternoon, so I thought I'd just ax ye what I must get. There'll be suet enough on the beef, of course, but I

must get raisins and currants—how much of each do ye think, Aunt Maggie?"

Miss Rimmer slapped the mass of dough two or three times on the table before replying in a meditative tone.

"Raisins, and currants, and suet—yes, ye'll want all that. I'm sure I can't tell ye how much ye'll have to get, though."

"Why, aunt, didn't we always have plum pudden for Christmas?"

"We had a pudden," said Miss Rimmer, giving a last vicious thump to the dough; "but it wasn't a *plum* pudden, my dear—not a proper plum pudden. The plum puddens is so awful indigestible. To tell ye the truth, ours was mostly made of figs."

"Figs!" ejaculated Polly, gazing at her aunt with retrospective indignation. "And ye makin' out it was plum pudden all the time—year arter year ye did it! I didn't think ye'd ha' been that artful!"

"'Twas nobbut for your good," retorted Miss Rimmer, with a virtuous air. "Ye wouldn't ha' growed up so healthy if I hadn't allus took care to give ye naught as was bad for the digestion. Figs make a very good pudden. If ye put a good few spices, and a bit o' ginger and a nice drop o' traycle same as in a real Christmas pudden, and sticks a bit o' holly on top, there isn't one in a hundred as 'ud know the difference."

"Spices—ginger—traycle."

Polly mentally took note of these ingredients as she rose to go.

"Ah, but our Jim must have a gradely plum pudden as how 'tis," she remarked. "He wouldn't be content else. How much do ye *think* I'll want?"

"That depends on the size of your pudden," rejoined Aunt Maggie irritably. "I know naught about it, I tell ye. Better ax them as does. Why not ax your mother-in-law? She's reckoned best hand at makin' puddens in the country."

"I'd sooner not ax her," returned Polly loftily. "'Twouldn't be much credit to me, Aunt Maggie, nor ye either, for me to ha' to take lessons in cookin' from her. They'll be sayin' in the village as Jim was better done to by his mother nor his wife. They'll be sayin' it's a funny thing if young Mrs. Holt didn't larn all she should larn from them as brought her up!"

Miss Rimmer paused, rubbing her nose on that portion of her bony arm which topped what may be called the flour-line.

"Eh, don't be moidering me, child," cried she acidly. "Keep your eyes open; ye'll soon find out. Everyone i' the place is makin' puddens now: ye ha' but to step in wi' some excuse or another and look about ye and ye'll see."

"Reet!" exclaimed Polly jubilantly; "that's a good notion! Thank ye, Aunt Maggie."

On leaving the cottage she struck off by a path which led to a certain farm about half a mile or so away. Here lived Mrs. Balshaw, a great crony of Aunt Maggie's, and a notable housekeeper.

To the young woman's joy she found her engaged in stoning raisins.

"Why, 'tis Polly Rimmer—Polly Holt, I should say," exclaimed Mrs. Balshaw, as she entered. "How are ye, Polly?"

"Very well, thank ye, Mrs. Balshaw. Ye must excuse me comin' so early. I've been to see my aunt up yon, and I thought I'd just look in to wish ye the compliments of the season."

"Thank ye, I'm sure. Ye'll excuse me shakin' hands—I'm all sticky wi' these raisins. Eh, dear! seems as if I should never get through wi' them—our pudden has to be such a size, ye see."

"Yes, indeed; there are so many of ye to be done for here, what wi' your family and what wi' the men."

"Ah," agreed Mrs. Balshaw, sighing. "I do assure ye, Polly, the tops o' my fingers is quite sore, "'tisn't only the raisins to stone, there's the currants to pick over—and they're such nasty little fidgety things, they fair moider a body."

"And ye must want a lot of them," said Polly artfully. "Equal weights of both, I suppose?"

"No," said Mrs. Balshaw with a knowing look. "That's not the way I manage, my dear. I puts most raisins in our own pudden—the childer is awful fond o' raisins, and I fancy they're wholesomer nor currants; but I put more currants in the men's, because currants are cheap."

"I see," rejoined Polly. "Of course, it's only a matter o' taste, I suppose? Ye haven't to be thinkin' o' any particular quantities, of course? It hasn't to be all weighed and measured that particular?"

"No, I'm a pretty good hand at guessing," rejoined the farmer's wife; "ye'd scarce believe it, but I'm nearly always right to a handful."

"I see," said Polly, giving a sigh of relief.

What an idea that was of Mrs. Holt senior's to suggest her taking lessons from her! The making of a Christmas pudding was evidently the simplest thing in the world. As she took her way homewards her mind busied itself with the problem as to whether it would be better to have a preponderance of raisins in Jim's pudding, or to be economical and give currants the preference. Fortune further favored her before she reached her own door, for she described in the neighboring garden one of the children of the family busily hunting about the back premises.

"Have ye lost anythin'?" cried she.

"No," rejoined the child, "but one of our hens is layin' astray, and we have but one egg for the plum pudden."

"Eggs!" ejaculated Polly mentally; "that's another thing."

She ticked off the various ingredients on her fingers when she found herself indoors. Two eggs were evidently necessary, since Jinny declared one to be insufficient. Two eggs, raisins, currants, spice, ginger, treacle—as she came back to her thumb she paused, frowning.

"My word, that pudden 'ul be like to cost summat! I'm sure I ought to have more currants nor raisins, then. Still, Christmas comes but once a year."

Taking off her hat and coat, she went meditatively into the buttery. Luckily there was plenty of suet on the beef; the sugar jar was nearly full. There were two eggs on a little saucer on the corner of the shelf; nevertheless, her prospective outlay at the grocer's weighed on her thrifty soul.

"It needn't be such a very big pudden," she said to herself.

But Jim's first remark at dinner time destroyed that illusion.

"I've axed my cousin, Bill Stanley, and his wife to eat their Christmas dinner wi' us," he remarked. "Poor chap, he's been out o' work a long time, and they haven't much to make merry with. Bill were allus a great favorite of mine. I'd like him to see how happy we are, ye and me."

"I'm sure he'll be very welcome," said Polly with a sinking heart.

"Afore Bill married," went on Jim, "he used allus to spend Christmas Day wi' us at home. My word, how he used to enjoy mother's plum pudden. He hasn't forgot it yet. Says he to me when I axed him, 'Is your wife as good a hand at a pudden as your mother, Jim?' said he. Ho! Ho!"

"And what did ye say?" asked Polly, a little nervously.

"Eh, what do ye think I said?" rejoined he, pinching her cheek. "Says I, 'I don't know yet, but I'll be surprised if she isn't. There's naught our Polly can't do,' I says."

"I'd better have most raisins," remarked Polly, to herself. Aloud she remarked that she was going to the grocer's that afternoon.

"Are ye?" rejoined he. "I'll tell ye what, love. I think as it's our first Christmas, and as Bill and his wife are comin', there'd be no harm in our havin' a gradely do for once. Ye might get a bottle o' port wine same time as you're gettin' the brandy for the pudden."

"The brandy!" exclaimed Polly, speaking aloud in her excitement. "Of course, the brandy. A plum pudden wouldn't be a plum pudden wi'out it was set afire. That makes seven," she reflected, mechanically grasping the forefinger of her left hand.

"Nay, that it wouldn't," agreed Jim. "Don't spare the brandy, lass—my mother allus puts a nice drop in when she's mixing it. It make it wholesomer-like."

"I'm not like to forget that," rejoined Polly tartly, though as a matter of fact she should have been grateful for her husband's timely reminder, the idea of brandy forming actually a component part of the dainty in question not having previously occurred to her mind.

At the grocer's further revelations were in store for her; she had to wait a moment or two while a country woman was completing her purchases, dropping the packets one by one into a capacious basket.

"That's the lot, I think," she observed at length. "Have I got the candied peel? My word, if ye'd let me go without the candied peel, my plum pudden 'ud ha' been spoilt, and what would the childer ha' said?"

"Candied peel. Why, that's eight!" groaned Polly.

Her thrifty soul rebelled, and for a moment she was half tempted to dispense with candied peel. But, then, if Jim should say it was inferior to his mother's pudding? That was a possibility not to be contemplated.

"Have I got them apples?" pursued the customer afore mentioned. "The eatin' apples for the childer and the cookin' ones for the pudden."

"Apples too!" Polly's very soul seemed to cry out as she

breathed the words. But how many ought to be used? Here was a fresh question.

"Some people think apples spoil the plum pudden," she remarked aloud, smiling ingratiatingly at the woman. "I wonder how many it's safe to put in, now?"

"Nay, that's a thing as folks must judge for themselves," rejoined the woman, thrusting her arm through her basket. "I don't bother my head much about it. 'Tisn't easy to sp'ile a Christmas pudden as long as ye put plenty o' stuff in it, and b'ile it long enough."

"What's your rule, then, for measuring the stuff?" asked Polly. "I'm but a young housekeeper, and I don't want to make no mistakes."

"Why, ye can't make no mistakes," responded the other. "Take equal weight of everything, and b'ile it well—that's the whole secret."

This recipe seemed simplicity itself and Polly watched the various little packets being made up according to her order with considerable elation. In due time having freshly scrubbed her already immaculate table and donned a serviceable apron, she set to work. The eight little piles, having been duly measured and weighed, were mixed together, stirred and re-stirred, and set on a shelf to wait Jim's return.

"He can be stirring it for luck while I'm pouring in the brandy," she said to herself, and rubbed her hands gleefully.

Really, the making of a Christmas pudding was nothing to make a fuss about; when all was said and done, it was as easy as anything. After tea, therefore, the white crock containing the mixture was triumphantly set before Jim.

"Eh, my word, it smells good," remarked he, grasping the spoon as if it were a broom-handle. "It looks wonderful rich."

"It looks what it is, then," rejoined Polly gaily. "Eh, I never could tell ye half what goes in it. I were mixin' and stirrin' and weighin' and measurin' till I welly thought I should drop."

Though she made light of the task herself, she was not going to belittle its importance in her husband's eyes.

"Well, well," said Jim. "And fancy ye doin' it straight off same as that—all out o' your own head, so to speak, for I suppose your Aunt Maggie didn't reg'lar teach you?"

"Nay," rejoined Polly proudly. "Not reg'larly. Eh, I reckon I can say this is mostly out o' my head."

"Well, I'll tell ye what it is, lass," said Jim, setting down the spoon in order to thump the table. "This is a splendid pudden, and you're a splendid housekeeper."

"Now, then, ha' done wi' your compliments," returned Polly. "Just you keep on stirrin' while I drop in brandy. See, I've got some in a little bottle here. They let me have half a gill—I reckon that'll be enough to make sauce too."

"It didn't look so very much," said Jim, squinting at the bottle in question. "Eh, yon mak's it smell better nor ever. Coom, I reckon we'd better have it all in—I likes it to be tasty. We can get another lot for sauce."

"It makes it a bit sticky-like, doesn't it?" said Polly surveying the lucious-looking compound doubtfully. "I hope we haven't put too much in."

"Nay, nay, it'll go off in the bilin'," said Jim. "Ye can't have too much of a good thing."

When Christmas Day arrived, Polly prepared for the great event of her first party with confidence and jubilation. Her mother-in-law good-naturedly shared her anticipations, and came across, herself, at an early hour to see if she could be of any assistance. Polly, full of peace and good will, thanked her warmly, but assured her that she was all right.

"Well, my dear, if there's anythin' as ye want—a body often finds theirselves short o' some little thing at the last minute—or if I can mak' myself o' any use, ye need but to pop around and tell me," said the elder woman as she turned away. "I'm as anxious about your little party, Polly, as if it was my own—I wouldn't like our Jim to be disapp'inted no more nor yourself."

"Well, I don't think he'll be disapp'inted this time," said Polly joyfully.

At about a quarter to twelve, however, the door of the elder Mrs. Holt's kitchen was thrown violently open, and Polly rushed in, scarlet in the face and struggling with her sobs.

"Eh, mother, mother, I don't know whatever's happened to our pudden, but it won't hold together no way, and I can't so much as offer to dish it up. It's bewitched, I think; the half of it seems to have soaked away through the cloth, and the rest of it's nobbut a sticky mess, as I could never think of settin' before Jim nor nobry else."

"My dear, that's bad," cried Mrs. Holt, with such sincere commiseration that Polly's heart was further touched with remorse.

"Eh, if I'd only took advantage o' your offer—eh, if I had but looked in when ye axed me!"

"Nay, never mind that—ye thought ye knowed," rejoined Mrs. Holt, still with a deep note of compassion.

"I thought I knowed, and I axed two or three folk; there, it was very ill done o' me not to ax you. 'Twas all foolishness and jealousy. But I done everything that everybody told me. I put all the things in, sich a many of them—currants and raisins and apples and ginger."

"Ginger," interrupted Mrs. Holt. "Who told ye to put in ginger?"

"My aunt," rejoined Polly dismally. "And sugar and suet and candied peel and tracle."

"Goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Holt. "And spice and brandy," resumed Polly. "I reckon we put a drop too much o' that in, but Jim was set on it—"

She broke off mournfully, wondering if it would mitigate the offence in Jim's eyes if she could hold him partly accountable for the failure.

"And how much flour did ye put in, my dear?" inquired her mother-in-law.

"*Flour,*" echoed Polly, looking at her with startled eyes.

"Maybe ye used bread crumb," suggested the other; "some folks thinks it makes a pudden lighter; but I like flour best mysel'."

Polly dropped into a chair and gazed helplessly into the matron's face.

"Mother," she exclaimed, almost voicelessly. "I didn't use either one or t'other."

Mrs. Holt could not resist a chuckle.

"Well, love, I'm not so very much surprised, then, at the pudden not turnin' out quite right," she remarked, trying to compose her countenance.

"Eh, whatever must I do?" cried Polly, bursting into fresh tears. "I'm disgraced! Jim 'ull never think the same o' me again—and ye know, mother, he's that proud o' me, and thinks there's naught I can't do. Eh, I don't know where I'm going to hide my head! His cousin's comin' and all, and Aunt Maggie—she'll be ashamed too—it's mich if Jim 'ull speak to her. Eh, I'll be the laughin' stock o' the place, Christmas Day and all! It'll not be much o' a Christmas Day either for him or me."

Mrs. Holt, senior, good-natured as she was, was sufficiently

human to feel a strong inclination to improve the occasion by such remarks as "I told you so," or "Pride must have a fall," but the girl's deep distress, and, moreover, her allusion to Jim, who was as the apple of the elder woman's eye, enabled her to conquer it.

"Coom, all's not lost," she said. "My pudden here is big enough for two. "We'll cut it in half; ye can pop your share into a bowl, and carry it off under your apron. It'll set as nice as anything while you're at the beef, and ye can stick a bit of holly on the top and have plenty of blue fire, and nobry 'ull ever find out the difference. Ye can say it's *your* pudden if ye like, my dear, for I'm sure I'll gladly give it to ye."

"Eh, mother!" gasped Polly, and her arms flew round her mother-in-law's stout neck.

"Coom, all's well as ends well," rejoined the latter, going rather red in the face and moist about the eyes; "we'll understand each other a bit better from this out. Eh, my dear, there's no need for jealousy one side or t'other. We both thinks the world o' Jim, and wants to make him happy. Coom, dear, dry your eyes; your company 'ull be comin' over yon. Let's get pot off fire. Now, here's the pudden—a monster, isn't it? 'Tis a good job the childer is all out till dinner time—as it is, nobry need never know naught about it. Give me yon blue bowl—that's it—you're share fits in nicely. Now dip off, quick as ye can, and don't forget to stick a bit o' holly on the top."

Polly with her blue bowl under her apron, sped across the road, popped the bowl into the top shelf of the oven, and whisked the saucepan containing her failure off the fire, just as the dignified form of Aunt Maggie appeared at the gate. "I'll not tell her neither," she said to herself. "I'm comin' directly, auntie," she called out. "I'm but runnin' to the end o' the garden to empty this saucepan."

Jim's spade was sticking upright in the midden, and Polly breathlessly plied it until all traces of the pudding were effectually concealed; then, returning to the house with a detached air, she welcomed the incoming guests.

"'Pon my word!" exclaimed Jim, jubilantly, when the last flickering blue flame burnt itself out on his plate and he swallowed the first spoonful. "This is summat like a gradely pudden. Tell ye what—I welly believe its better nor me mother's!"

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONVENTION IN ST. LOUIS.

BY JAMES THOMAS COFFEY.

THE long heralded, much advertised, very rich, and wonderfully complex Episcopal assemblage has met, legislated and departed. All the daily papers gave the Convention much space and commented most favorably on its work. The presiding officer of the House of Bishops, the venerable Bishop Tuttle, declared in his opening address that all was to be peace and harmony, and from all outward appearances there were no serious disturbances. But as usual the convention was a boiling caldron of religious differences, not accidental or disciplinary, but doctrinal. The Catholic or High Church party striving for a nearer approach to Rome on the marriage question, worked hard to eliminate the foundation stone of the Church of England—divorce. In this attempt it met with complete and summary defeat, as it did a few years ago in the open-pulpit battle. But the Protestant party offered it a few minor concessions. They were: a prayer for the dead, a few hymns, and several insignificant details of ritual. The High Church people wished the Commandments shortened, the Protestant ending taken off the Lord's Prayer, more explicit definitions in regard to the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, the conservation of the host; all of which may come later, but were stubbornly protested against now. Much praise was given for the vast sums of money raised for pensioning their disabled and retired clergy and their families, and for missionary work at home and abroad. This was surely an evidence of the claim made boastfully and publicly during the Convention, that the Episcopal Church in the United States is easily the Church of the vogue, supported by and catering to the exclusive rich. In spite of this, St. Louis papers gave great praise to the Episcopal Church for its work among the poor and the outcast. It is to some extent true that the Episcopalians have not, like other Protestant congregations, precipitated their flight from the congested districts of our large cities, nor have they gone with bag and baggage. Here and there they may still maintain a downtown church, but the congregation gathers there in automobiles from far-distant boulevards and exclusive residence sections.

It may wish to claim the title of Catholic, but it is as far from reaching the masses of the people as any other Protestant sect. And yet, during this St. Louis Convention, they tried to disown their founder—Henry VIII. They produced in the Colosseum a wonderfully rich and awe-inspiring pageant, going back, in delusion, two thousand years, to get away from Henry, and at the same time repudiating the Pope of Rome, the Successor of St. Peter. It is hard, indeed, for any educated, sensible person to keep track of the ecclesiastical gymnastics of this hybrid religious body; Protestant in name and origin and profession, it wishes to be Catholic; anti-Roman from its inception, it purports to be a branch of the great Church of the Apostles; without a priesthood and a sacrifice, it brazenly claims sacerdotal rites and functions, and maintains barren altars. It has the cross and rejects the image of the dead Saviour that made the cross the symbol of salvation. It adopts prayers and hymns recognizing the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of Holy Communion, and refuses to have the Sacrament conserved on its altars for the consolation of its communicants and the comfort of the sick and dying.

Queen Elizabeth swept away every vestige of Catholicism when she tore down the historic altars of the magnificent English churches, and, vandal-like, obliterated the treasures of painting and sculpture, with which the brush and chisel of genius had made beautiful the Catholic cathedrals and temples of England. Why should not the followers of Henry VIII. in rebellion be honest with themselves and with those outside their ranks? The Lutherans have never tried to repudiate the renegade Augustinian Monk of Wittenberg. The Calvinists have clung to John Calvin and his terrible doctrine of predestination; why should the Episcopalians discredit and disown Henry, the adulterer and wife murderer, who, in 1534, by act of Parliament, was declared only head of the Church and clergy in England?

The successor of Henry VIII. is still, according to the law of England, head of the Episcopal Church, and here is the rub for the American branch of that denomination. That branch does not wish a royal head, so it proceeds to disown its erstwhile founder of unsavory memory. Its more Catholic element would call their Church the American Catholic Church, and the same minority party strives to rid its ecclesiastical robes of the immoral stench of lecherous Hal.

At the Convention in St. Louis they endeavored to appoint a

commission to correct the American textbooks of history, which assert Henry VIII. was the founder and first supreme head of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Superintendent of Public Schools of St. Louis immediately declared that this could never be done; that the facts of history in regard to the institution of Episcopalianism had been established and would remain. Of course, it is evident that American Episcopalians have no head at all; they have cut themselves off from the Mother Church of England, and taken with them what they pleased, hence they are thoroughly Protestant, whether they like it or not. Their legislative body—the Convention, which has just ceased its deliberations—is no better than any other Protestant assemblage of the same nature. It is heterogeneous, disunited and without authority. The lay-body of the Convention is extremely Protestant, and practically nullifies every attempt of the House of Bishops to make sweeping reforms demanded by the High Church people. Not having an authoritative head, and no fixed doctrines or discipline, every separate bishop and minister follows out his own whims. So there were bishops in the Convention with peculiar episcopal robes and bishops without them; bishops with cap and gown and bishops with ultra Roman accoutrements; bishops with pectoral cross and staff, and bishops that would sooner wear a hangman's rope around their neck than ape the Apostolic Church. There were socialist bishops and parsons, and some who styled themselves priests. To add diversity, if not gayety, to the assemblage, they welcomed and made much over representatives of the Eastern Orthodox Churches. If common sense and reason are to prevail, there must be a radical split in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, or else the imitators of Rome must continue to come over to the true Fold. How long will they carry on these imitations, continue the vain show, and the equally vain attempt, hoping to leaven the greater body of adherents who are thoroughly Protestant, and who suffer Catholic teachings and practices in the High Church section only to keep the recalcitrants there quiet and contented. One cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, neither can the sincere but deluded followers of Henry VIII. make anything out of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but what it has claimed to be from the beginning—anti-Roman and anti-Catholic.

New Books.

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. Edited by Rev. C. Lattey, S.J., and Rev. J. Keating, S.J.

The New Testament. Vol. I., Part II. *The Gospel According to St. Mark.* By Rev. Joseph Dean, D.D.

The Apocalypse of St. John. Vol. IV., Part III. By Rev. F. E. Gigot, S.T.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents each net.

Dr. Dean, Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Joseph's Diocesan College, Upholland, has followed the Greek text most closely in his new translation of St. Mark's Gospel. His confrères were not so happy in their rendering of the Epistles of St. Paul, although we admit that their task was a more difficult one.

In a brief introduction the translator discusses the life of St. Mark, the evidence of his authorship, and the doctrinal, historical and literary characteristics of his Gospel. The notes on the text are excellent, although on a number of passages we had hoped for fuller treatment. In an appendix Father Lattey treats of the chronology and harmony of the life of Christ.

The Apocalypse, on account of its prophetical character and its symbolism, is one of the most difficult books of the New Testament to interpret. Like the prophets of the Old Law, St. John is concerned with the destinies of the Kingdom of God. "To his mind, as to theirs, there is a conflict raging between the pure worship of the true God on the one hand, and heathenism and its consequent immorality on the other.....On the one side stand God's chosen people (Apoc. v. 10) obeying His commands and helped by His intervention from heaven; and on the other side are found the nations worshipping false gods whose authority and power they uphold. St. John, like the prophets of old, beholds victories and reverses; and, like them, he traces such events to the will of God, Who grants the one and allows the other. The final issue of the conflict is never doubtful; God and His righteousness will ultimately prevail, through the advent of One of the House of David, Who is both a Redeemer and Judge."

In his introduction, Father Gigot proves by both external and internal evidence that St. John is the author of the Apocalypse,

and he accepts with St. Jerome the fourteenth year of Domitian's reign, A. D. 95, as the date of its composition. He divides its contents in seven parts: "The Seven Letters," "The Seven Seals," "The Seven Trumpets," "The Seven Signs," "The Seven Vials," "The Destruction of Babylon," and "The Consummation."

The translation is most accurate and readable, and the notes are the last word of critical scholarship.

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF SPANISH AMERICA. By Alfred Coester, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Any book is welcome that helps to a better appreciation in this country of Spanish America. We need it badly. One often meets with the provincial attitude that is inclined to regard as our "inferiors" people who happen to differ from us in civilization and in character. This prejudice has been particularly strong towards our neighbors of Central and South America, and has led to misunderstandings of all kinds. For the benefit of those who may not realize that Spanish America has a literature of its own, Alfred Coester has written a complete survey of the literary history of eight South American States, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, and the States of Central America.

Spanish-American literature divides itself into three periods, the colonial, the revolutionary and the modern. The similar conditions of life during the colonial period and the common aim of the countries during their revolutionary struggle against Spain gave a certain similarity to their literary productions. Later, when freedom had been won, each country pursued its own course in literature as in politics; in discussing the modern period Dr. Coester devotes a chapter to each nationality and sketches its political history.

There is a very close relation between the political and social history of the several countries and their poems, essays, dramas and novels. During the colonial period the prose narratives and the heroic poems picture the period of discovery and conquest. Later when the disposition of Spain to exploit her colonies for her own benefit had become unbearable, there was an abundance of poetry and prose extolling the revolutionary heroes and the principles of liberty. The long struggle for political freedom waged by Cuba has produced what has been sometimes called a "revolutionary" type of literature, and de Heredia, probably the greatest poet of Spanish America and a native Cuban, stirred up his countrymen by his wonderful verse to resist oppression.

Mexican literature presents great variety of form, and has

shown an activity of production due to the inheritance of culture which stood on a high plane during the colonial period. Its literature reflects the supremacy of the one or the other of the two continually clashing classes, property owners and peons.

Spanish-American literature has no masterpieces, but it is a vast, interesting body of work, original in its subject matter, in its vivid description of natural scenery, and in the bright pictures of its characteristic socal life.

Dr. Coester essayed an extensive task, and would have done better had he chosen a few of the better authors and devoted more space to them. As it is, the reader is apt to be bewildered by the endless succession of names. The work will be found a valuable handbook by anyone wishing an introduction to Spanish-American authors. Dr. Coester thinks that these writers will be likely, as in the past, to follow the changes in form of European literature while supplying the subject matter from their own environment. Their form of culture will be predominantly Latin in type; and thus they are predestined to be the standard bearers in the New World of the classic ideals of beauty and literary form.

THE FOUNDING OF SPANISH CALIFORNIA. By Charles Edward Chapman, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

This book by Dr. Charles Chapman, Professor of History in the University of California, is an interesting and valuable contribution to United States history. Much of the material employed by the author was found by him in the Archivo General de Indias in Seville, Spain, and is here published for the first time.

His object is to trace the influences that were at work prior to the nineteenth century, whose tendency was to preserve Alta (American) California for ultimate acquisition by the United States. The period chosen for intensive study are the years 1687-1783, which Dr. Chapman regards as a peculiarly significant time, because it was then that the Spanish settlements in California were made permanent by the establishment of an overland route to California from Sonora, Mexico, by which supplies could be carried to the colonists, and by the great Anza expedition which culminated in the founding of San Francisco in 1776.

Until the eighteenth century, the Pacific Ocean had been a Spanish lake, traversed only by the Manila galleons that plied between the Philippines and Mexico; but in the eighteenth century other European nations were attracted by the possibilities of commercial expansion in the Pacific, and began slowly to encroach on

the Spanish domain. Russia was working her way from Alaska down the northern Pacific coast of America; in 1740 an English squadron broke into the Pacific Ocean and captured one of the galleons. Spain became highly alarmed, and felt that she must make a great effort to protect her holdings in California. The result was her establishment of an overland route from Mexico, which lasted until 1781, when the Yuma Indians' massacre of Spanish colonists caused the route to be abandoned. Had it been permanent, California would in time have been very much more thickly settled by the Spaniards at the time of the coming of the Americans, whose task would have been made exceedingly difficult.

The expedition of Anza resulting in the founding of San Francisco, was the climax of a long series of attempts at the northwest expansion of New Spain. The details of the great march are very interesting; Anza is a hero heretofore little exploited; he was a typical frontiersman, and well fitted to lead the work that resulted in Alta California being held safe for Spain.

The history of California would have been very different had there been no firmly established Spanish civilization there, and had England or Russia been the first to found permanent settlements. These nations were rising powers at that time; they had the means to build up formidable colonies, and would have clung tenaciously to them, whereas preserved as California was for Spain, a weak nation, it came easily through the hands of Mexico, a still weaker power, into the possession of the United States.

Because of the fact that the Spanish settlements were made along the coast, the vast mineral wealth which lay back in the mountains was untouched until the coming of the Americans.

The Spanish diplomacy in the reign of Charles III. (1759-1788) is treated in one of the chapters with a discussion of its effect on the New World. On the whole, the book is well worth while to anyone who wishes to gain from the original historical documents a better knowledge of the Spanish traditions of California, and the steps which were responsible for the later acquisition by the United States of her Pacific seacoast.

TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO, GUATEMALA AND HONDURAS. By H. A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

The writer of these travelogues goes tramping through the above-named countries with such a prejudiced mind that his book is useless to the American who desires to obtain a true insight into

the lives of our Latin neighbors. Occasionally we come across a good description of the beauties of Mexican mountain scenery, but the writer spoils nearly every chapter by his vulgarity, his newspaper English, and his idle repetition of unimportant happenings. He sees red every time he mentions a Catholic priest or a Catholic Church. He unfairly and impudently calls Catholicism a pseudo-religion, and on page after page speaks of its wily, avaricious and immoral priests, its fanatical and gullible people, its superstitions, its idolatry, its selling of confessions and Masses, and the like. We do not wonder that he found the well-to-do Mexicans churlish and impolite, for he was utterly inimical to all that they held dear.

JULIUS LE VALLON. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

A specific importance attaches to the publication of a new work by Mr. Blackwood, from the fact that his vogue is wide and steadily increasing, and that to a considerable number of his readers his writings are not fiction, but gospel; interpretations in story form of truths of mysticism and occultism. The hunger that feeds upon the material he provides is perhaps not entirely comprehensible to Catholics, who have never been deprived of their birthright of mysticism, but it obtains with growing intensity among those who, contemptuous of faith in revelation, grope for sustenance in the ashes of materialistic philosophy. It is, unfortunately, not to be doubted that to many such readers, *Julius Le Vallon* will appear a message of illumination and guidance.

The book is, in point of fact, a will-o'-the-wisp, superficial yet dangerous. It is the story of the reincarnation in our times of three "old souls," two men and a woman, who are discovered to each other through the mystic memory of the principal, Julius Le Vallon. At a period inconceivably remote, and upon another planet, they have been associated in an existence immeasurably grander than anything known upon the earth; and there, under the leadership of Julius, they have participated in an ambitious sin against the cosmic forces of Fire and Wind. Their crime has disturbed the balance, which must be restored; this they owe to the Universe—which Mr. Blackwood always mentions with a capital. The expiation, however, can be made only under the conditions that are now reached, when their reincarnations have at last coincided, and they are reunited.

The tale of their vicissitudes need not be rehearsed; the chief

objection to the book is not the story, preposterous as this is, but the religious philosophy as expressed by Julius Le Vallon. "He was unfettered by any little dogmas of man-made creeds, but obeyed literally the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, which he knew by heart.....His belief included certainly God and the gods, Nature and Christ, temples of stone and hills and woods and that temple of the heart which is the Universe itself. True worship, however, was *with* Nature." It is this last clause that is stressed throughout. The variations are many, the refrain the same: man's instinct is not for the unknown, but the forgotten; for the grandeur that once was his and that lurks far back in the dim vistas of his memory. To restore his fellowship with the cosmic forces he must worship Nature by "feeling-with" all things and elements, since it is by feeling, not thinking, that truth is perceived. This, in brief, is the treasure of wisdom that "Julius Le Vallon" produces from his memory of that marvelous past.

Mr. Blackwood's sense of the picturesque, his feeling for color, and his extraordinary vocabulary complement each other, directed by his fine literary art, in presenting this doctrine with endless repetition, but with great variety of form and expression. The effect is almost hypnotic: nevertheless, in the minds of readers less susceptible to the spell of language there must arise questions concerning the relation of these ideas to the individual mind and conscience, that some working hypothesis might be possible. These Mr. Blackood anticipates and eludes. He speaks only through John Mason, one of the trio, a soul less exalted than Julius, with a memory more fitful and sluggish. These hiatuses are, at times, failures of his memory; at others, they are caused by an unconquerable reluctance to interrogate Julius, fearing a response too tremendous to be endured. In view of these evasions, as well as the delirious finale of the novel, it is difficult to credit the author with that sincerity of intention without which such a book is something more serious than a mistake.

This réchauffé of theosophy, occultism, pantheism and polytheism has an appeal to the popular mind which cherishes the conviction that it is broad to worship nature, narrow to worship the Creator of all things, visible and invisible, and belittling to seek the means of grace extended by the Church, with her humbling and exacting discipline. To have contributed with effectiveness to the causes that make for vague, fruitless emotionalism, confusion and ultimate failure is Mr. Blackwood's unenviable responsibility.

THE HEART OF RACHAEL. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

No addition to the prestige of the author will result from this novel, which has the radical defect of evasiveness in handling a subject of vital importance. It tells the story of Rachael Breckenridge, who obtains a divorce from an indifferent and intemperate husband, there being no children to complicate the question. Later, she marries an old friend, Dr. Warren Gregory. She has lived happily with him for several years and is the mother of two sons, when his temporary infatuation for a young actress brings disaster. Rachael separates from him, with her children; but she refuses her rival's pleadings that she divorce him, for she has learned, she says, that "divorce is wrong." An accident to one of the children and the saving of his life by his father's skill and devotion reunite the parents, and the "happy ending" once more triumphs, to the destruction of all force that the book might have had. As none of Rachael's troubles as Gregory's wife has any relation to her divorce, there is no argument against this great evil, even from the secular point of view. The religious side is not touched on, though, for some unaccountable reason, Mrs. Norris has recorded the unregarded disapprobation of Gregory's Catholic mother. She also puts into Rachael's mouth words of regret and misgiving in regard to the suicide of her former husband, which she cannot wholly dissociate from her own act; yet this apparently casts no cloud upon the shining future indicated when the book reaches its end.

From every standpoint the novel is unsatisfying. The lack of genuine purpose is reflected in the artificiality of the execution: interest wanes as the story progresses. The book is not negligible, however, for a colorless position toward a problem so menacing is in itself an injury.

THE PLEASANT WAYS OF ST. MEDARD. By Grace King. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.40 net.

In this charming volume Grace King gives her readers a perfect picture of Louisiana in the late sixties. The interest centres around the family of a New Orleans lawyer which has been reduced to the utmost poverty by the Civil War. The book is in no sense a love story, but an interesting series of character sketches drawn to remind Northerners of the charm of the old South. Incidentally the writer discusses the unsolved negro problem, and

pictures vividly the South's hatred of the Northern politician and carpet-bagger. The story might have been greatly improved had Miss King been fairer in her estimate of the nuns and priests who figure in her pages. They all seem over-anxious about money, but according to one of her characters that seems characteristic of the Church. As she puts it: "The Church is mighty polite to the men who have money to give, and has mighty little use for the other kind of men."

THE ROMANCE OF A CHRISTMAS CARD. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

For the lover of the old-fashioned New England Christmas story, no more appealing tale than this latest book by Mrs. Wiggin could be found. The New Hampshire village with its snow-covered roads and straight-backed meeting-house, the minister and his wife and wayward son, the various members of the flock with their sympathy and narrow-mindedness, their problems and their prejudices are all drawn with a sure hand and a fidelity to type that makes the mention of the locality almost superfluous.

The minister's wife, with a talent for painting and verse making, designs two Christmas cards picturing a well-known house in the community. These are published in large numbers, and find their way to two straying sheep from the village fold who hear, through the message in the words and the little scenes on the cards, the compelling voice of home. The meeting of the scrapegrace brother and his devoted sister, whose warm welcome seems far in excess of his deserts, and of the headstrong son and his old father, the minister, are charmingly told.

The Christmas spirit that pervades the book is that of home and family ties and human sympathies, rather than of the supernatural, which is but lightly touched upon. There are several illustrations in water-color and line which add to the attractiveness of the volume.

OLD GLORY. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

In these days of conflicting opinions, of holding forth on preparedness and peace-at-any-price, this little volume, bristling with patriotism, is very opportune. The three short stories all have to do with the glorification of the Stars and Stripes: first by an American who thinks he wants to be an Englishman and discovers

his mistake; then by an Italian whose devotion to his "boss" leads him to devotion to his adopted country, and lastly by an English-born American boy whose life is saved by American soldiers.

All of the stories, and especially the first one, are full of dramatic situations, and all told in the rapid, graphic style characteristic of their author. An excellent little gift to send to absent guardsmen on the Mexican border.

GORSE BLOSSOMS FROM DARTMOOR. By Beatrice Chase. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 35 cents net.

The spirit of the moor—with its mist, its tors, its clouds, its sunrises, its sunsets—breathes in these fifty delightful lyrics. With what deftness of touch does the poet sing of a "white sunset:"

> The sun has wed with the moor and shed
> On her brow her silver rays,
> And the tors, they swim on the hills' pale rim
> In a sea of opal haze.
>
> When white day dies in the placid skies
> The wind will her wings unfurl,
> And the round white moon she will glitter soon
> In a sky of mother of pearl.

Most of the verses of this little volume are devotional, the chief themes being God's love for us and His mercy to repentant sinners.

WITH THE ZIONISTS IN GALLIPOLI. By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00 net.

In March, 1915, Colonel Patterson was put in command of a number of Russian Jewish refugees, recruited in Egypt for service in the Gallipoli campaign. He gathered together five hundred officers and men, and thus formed the much-talked-of Zion Mule Corps, the first Jewish military unit since the days of Judas Maccabæus. His book describes most graphically their seven months' service in carrying water, food and ammunition to the trenches in Gallipoli. As an expert in military matters, with long years of experience in India and South Africa, he criticizes very adversely the Dardanelles campaign, which he considers the greatest failure ever sustained by British arms. He maintains that the whole army should have landed at Anzac, instead of dividing its forces and attacking six practically impregnable positions in the toe of the Penin-

sula. But as he himself remarks: "It is easy to be wise after the event."

On page after page Colonel Patterson speaks of the excessive red tape that hindered efficiency, the stupid mismanagement in the transport and medical services, and the glaring instances of jobbery and favoritism which led to the appointment of incompetent Staff officers. He tells the following story to illustrate how well the enemy knew their incompetency: "It had been noted with some surprise that, though the Turkish sniper exacted his toll from all other ranks, the Staff appeared to be immune. At last the mystery was solved when one of these sharpshooters was captured, for on being asked how it was that the Staff always escaped, he replied: 'Oh, well, you see, I get five shillings for every private I shoot, ten shillings for every sergeant, a pound for every officer; but if I were to shoot a Staff officer I would be shot myself!'"

THE LEATHERWOOD GOD. By William Dean Howells. New York: The Century Co. $1.35 net.

The Leatherwood God is the story of a religious imposter named Dylks, who appeared in a little backwoods town of Ohio about 1830, claiming to be God. Mr. Howells informs us that he heard about this remarkable personage from his own father, and that for many years he has had the idea of writing a novel on the fanatical emotionalism of those ignorant pioneer days.

Mr. Howells describes the excesses of the old-fashioned Protestant campmeeting in most dramatic fashion, and relates the rise and fall of this sordid imposter in most vivid and telling language. We consider the theme unworthy of his pen, although it illustrates well the power men like Alexander Dowie, or women like Mrs. Baker Eddy, possessed to delude the ignorant multitudes.

THE TUTOR'S STORY. By Charles Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35 net.

After many decades, a posthumous novel by the late Rev. Charles Kingsley has just been published. His daughter, Mrs. Mary Harrison, who writes under the name of Lucas Mallet, found the uncompleted novel in a very sketchy condition among her father's notebooks. She has developed the characters and disentangled the plot; the style must also be hers, for although the scene is laid in the early thirties, the atmosphere is the breezy, modern one of today.

The novel, a bright, interesting tale of adventure, is not remarkable in any way, but will afford a pleasant evening's entertainment. It deals autobiographically with the experiences of a Cambridge scholar who becomes the tutor of a young nobleman, the heir to a great estate and the object of many jealousies and intrigues. The tutor's devotion to his headstrong, yet attractive pupil, involves him in a world of excitement from which at length he is glad to retire to lead the comfortable life of a Church of England clergyman.

Even in this harmless novel Mr. Kingsley must go out of his way to call the Tractarian Party at Oxford in the early forties an "outbreak of fanaticism."

THE WONDERFUL YEAR. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co. $1.40 net.

In his latest novel, Mr. Locke relates the wanderings of a young Englishman who had for years taught French in an obscure boarding school. He goes to Paris for a short vacation, travels through France on a bicycle with an unconventional young woman friend whom he had met in the Quartier Latin, and finally becomes a waiter in a little provincial inn. Eventually he becomes more French than the French themselves, enlists in the French army, and returns home wounded to marry the inn-keeper's daughter.

All the characters of this tale fight shy of the conventions of polite society, and are governed solely by emotion, fancy and impulse. The unbelieving French Catholic is put forward as a type of all that is good and noble, while the only practical Catholic that figures in these pages is a cruel, heartless, unforgiving Pharisee.

LOVE AND LUCY. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35 net.

Love and Lucy pictures the home life of a cold, undemonstrative and formal English lawyer. His wife, Lucy, is an emotional creature, hungry for affection, and winning, despite herself, the love of one of her husband's friends. He is a self-made millionaire scoundrel who determines to break up the McCartney home. But he merely succeeds in arousing the husband's jealousy, and thereby increases tenfold the love of husband and wife.

Throughout this story sentimentalism runs riot, and the un-Christian doctrine of the end justifying the means seems to merit hearty approval. Lucy, the loyal wife, is much too kindly in her farewell to the blackguard Urquhart.

THE BIRD HOUSE MAN. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

Alec Farnum, the hero of this delightful tale, is a kindly New Englander who writes about birds and makes bird houses, and incidentally is a most determined matchmaker. His one purpose in life is to make other people happy. With infinite tact he wins the confidence of every man and woman of the little town of Southmead, brings about a number of happy marriages, reconciles discontented husbands and wives, and gives peace and joy to the hearts of disconsolate maiden ladies. We are all pleased when at the end he himself marries the girl of his choice.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF THE WONDER OF WORK. Reproductions of a series of drawings, etchings, lithographs made by him about the world, 1881-1915, with impressions and notes by the artist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00 net.

In his preface the well-known American artist, Joseph Pennell, tells us that he has done his best to give Americans a graphic record of what the industrial world is doing, or, as he puts it, "to tell of the wonder of work as I see it in NewYork, Chicago, San Francisco, the coal mines of my native State, in Europe and in Panama."

The fifty-two illustrations in this volume image forth the beauty that Mr. Pennell sees in the building of a New York skyscraper, the ore wharves of Duluth, the flour mills of Minneapolis, the copper mines of Butte, the shipping of Genoa, the mills of Valenciennes, and the Krupp works of Essen.

The spirit which animates Mr. Pennell may be seen from the following description of New York City taken from a lecture he delivered before the Royal Society of Arts in London. He writes: "New York, as the incoming foreigner and the returning American see it or might see it, rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay, the color by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves, to reveal themselves in the rosy steam clouds that chase one another across their flank; when evening fades they are mighty cliffs glimmering with glistening lights in the magic and mystery of the night. As the steamer moves up the bay on the left the Great Goddess greets you, a composition in color and

form, with the city beyond, finer than any in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined, or Turner ever dreamed."

SOCIETY AND PRISONS. By Thomas Mott Osborne. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35 net.

Mr. Osborne delivered the lectures of the present volume on *Society and Prisons, or Some Suggestions for a New Penology,* at Yale a year ago under the terms of the William Earl Dodge lectureship. No one can deny that the lecturer held his hearers from the beginning to the end of these entertaining talks. He has much to tell us about the injustice of the police, the trickery of District Attorneys, the defects of the courts, the cruelty of our prisons, which, as he says, " often deprive a convict of his working capacity, his sanity and his faith in God."

He describes his own experiences as a voluntary convict in the roughest gang of Auburn Prison, and pictures in glowing terms the success of the Mutual Welfare League which he established at Auburn. He denounces strongly the evils of the old system on the following counts: it insisted too much on long hours of confinement in small unhealthy cells; it fostered unnatural vice; its labor system was ill-organized and inefficient; it enforced silence to an excess; it allowed no break in the terrible monotony of cell-block, buckets, meals, and work; it fostered constant espionage and created a number of despicable " stool-pigeons; " it resulted in brutality on the part of the guards and despair on the part of the prisoners.

Mr. Osborne failed because in his revolt against the real evils of our prison system, he went to the other extreme of treating the criminals with too much kindness. He is wrong in holding that " the only purpose of the prison that will stand the test of intelligent examination and analysis is that of reformation." Criminals must be deterred from further wrongdoing, and they must be punished adequately for their defiance of the law.

THE SUNDAY MISSAL. Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents to $4.50.

We recommend the Sunday Missal as a good prayer-book for the laity. Although the print is excessively small, it is well arranged, and contains not only the Masses for Sundays and holidays, but most of the prayers found in the ordinary prayer-book.

CONCILIUM TRIDENTINUM: DIARIORUM, ACTORUM, EPISTULARUM TRACTATUUM NOVA COLLECTIO. Edidit Societas Goerresiana. Tomus Secundus. Diariorum Pars Secunda. St. Louis: B. Herder. $21.00 net.

(The Council of Trent: A New Collection of Its Diaries, Acts, Epistles and Treatises. Edited by the Goerres Society. Volume II. (St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.00 net.)

The Goerres Society, which purposes to publish all the original documents relating to the Council of Trent, well deserves the commendation of Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X. for its indefatigable industry and its careful scholarship. Its scholars have been for many years visiting the private and public libraries of Europe in order to edit and compare every manuscript that will help the historian to form a perfect estimate of the Council of Trent. Their work, when completed in the thirteen promised quartos of some thousand pages each, will correct for all time the unreliable *History of the Council of Trent* by the apostate Servite, Fra Paola Sarpi, and the partial polemical treatise published to refute it by the Jesuit Cardinal, Sforza Pallavicino.

The present volume is the result of six years' incessant labor. The ten documents here printed have been carefully edited from manuscripts to be found in the libraries of Paris, Nantes, Rheims, Verdun, Saint-Mihiel, Naples, Milan, Rome, Salamanca, Trent, Munich, Stuttgart, Wirzburg and Vienna. They comprise the fifth, sixth and seventh diaries of Angelo Massarelli, Secretary of the Council; the *Epilogus of the Acts of the Sacred and Œcumenical Synod of Trent,* by Laurent de la Prée, Canon of Tournay; *The Commentaries of the Council of Trent,* by Cardinal Girolamo Seripando; *The Diaries of Luigi Firmano,* a paper master of ceremonies at the Council; *The Election of Pius IV.,* by the Augustinian, Onofrio Panvinio; the account of the death of Paul IV. and the conclave and election of Pius IV., by Antonio Guido of Mantua (Medole?); *The History of the Council of Trent,* by Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Bishop of Salamanca, and the diary of Nicole Psaume, Bishop of Verdun.

Massarelli's fifth diary (November 6, 1549-February 8, 1550) treats in detail of the conclave which elected Julius III. It opens with a brief account of the last illness, death and burial of Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese) and a brief estimate of his character. The conclave lasted eighty-two days, and resulted in the election of Cardinal de Monte on the sixty-first ballot.

The sixth diary (February 9, 1550-September 8, 1551), treats of the first year and a half of the pontificate of Julius III. The eleventh and twelfth sessions of the Council held on May 1st and September 1st were unimportant.

The seventh diary (February 12, 1555-November 30, 1561) is chiefly valuable for its contemporary portraits of Marcellus II., Paul IV. and Pius IV., and its record of the chief happenings of their pontificates.

Laurent de la Prée, Canon of Tournay, gives a brief account in thirty pages of the first eight sessions of the Council. His diary is valuable from the fact that it is the only source we possess written from the imperial standpoint. He does not touch the questions discussed by the theologians or canonists, but writes of the supposed motives that governed the bishops in their debates, and the politics that guided the different factions. He is fulsome in his praise of the Emperor Charles V., whom he defends on every occasion. He never seems to grasp the absurdity of the Emperor's continued interference in theological matters after the manner of the old Byzantine emperors, or his usurpation of the Papal authority in attempting to settle the doctrinal differences between Catholics and Protestants on his own authority. He unjustly accuses the legates of cunning and deceit, because they were ever strenuous defenders of the Papacy. His style is so full of bitterness and prejudice that the editor compares him with Hippolytus and Tertullian, while declaring he is not consciously dishonest.

The Commentaries of Cardinal Seripando, General of the Augustinian Hermits, cover the period between December 11, 1545, and June 4, 1562. He was one of the most learned theologians of the day, and one of the best pulpit orators and Scriptural scholars of Italy. He was one of the legates during the last sessions of the Council, under Pius IV., and took a foremost part in the discussions on Justification. His theory of imputed justice was considered by ten conferences of theologians, from October 15-26, 1546, and condemned by thirty-two votes to five.

The other documents are of minor importance. The diary of Luigi Firmano (May 19, 1584-December, 1563) gives a detailed account of the ceremonies incident to the conclaves of Julius III. and Marcellus II., and the Council during the years 1560-1563. Onofrio Panvinio of Verona treats of the conclave which elected Pius IV. Antonio Guido treats of the same conclave, but adds little or nothing to our knowledge of the times. The Bishop of

Salamanca's history of Trent (January, 1562-December 4, 1563)—the only Spanish document—is not really a diary, because it was written some time after the facts it records. It deals with the preparatory work of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth sessions, and with the concluding sessions which published decrees on Communion under both kinds, the Mass, Holy Orders, Marriage, Purgatory, Veneration of the Saints, Images and Relics, and Indulgences. The last document of the volume by Nicole Psaume,. Præmonstratensian, Bishop of Verdun, is the only document of the present volume which gives in full the speeches of the prelates at the closing sessions of the Council (twenty-third to twenty-fifth).

Space prevents us from saying more about the contents of these most interesting documents. They will prove a great storehouse of material for the future historian, and will make every Catholic realize the workings of the Holy Spirit in bringing to a successful conclusion the great Council which forever declared the true teaching of the Catholic Church against the errors of Protestantism, and started the great movement of the true counter reformation.

PRIESTS ON THE FIRING LINE. By René Gaëll. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.

Today more than twenty thousand French priests are tending the wounded on the bloody fields of France. Shoulder to shoulder they have taken their places in the front ranks, helping, cheering, and suffering with their fellows. When the terrible shock of battle comes no supporting exhilaration, no new power born of nervous tension that the spirit of killing gives is theirs to help them bear up under the fearful strain. They are there to help the wounded, to shrive the dying, and to bury the dead. No words of human history can ever tell adequately the story of these men.

When the call to arms came, the priests of France laid aside all other considerations and took their places under their country's flag. One of them was not to go to the front. With a heart of regret he heard his assignment to a hospital far in the rear. His friend, the Abbé Duroy, received the welcomed command to serve in the first lines. As the two parted he said: "I have an idea, old friend. I'll write to you from 'là-bas' as often as I can..... and from the impressions you get joined to mine, I'm sure you'll be able to write some touching pages."

Thus it was that the Abbé Gaëll came to write this little volume that so touches the heart as no other war book has done. Sweet with the sanctity of holy men, it has about it an odor of blessedness and bravery and nobility that reaches deep down into the spirit. When one reads, it calls forth a tear, a smile, a prayer—a hope for strength to emulate. It seems incredible that such pain and misery could exist, that men could be so noble in the face of death. The Abbé Gaëll saw life, when life is shorn of its trappings, and he has given it to the reader in terms of such vividness as to move the soul to the depths of pity.

The sad tale of suffering witnessed in the hospitals of France is intensely pathetic in its detail. It is surpassed only by the inspiring story of the work being done by the priest at the front. Words of praise are so futile in the face of the beautiful facts of heroic self-sacrifice. Read of the death of the Abbé Duroy and you will see the futility of a reviewer's words of praise. "As you think of it all, in its greater meaning, words of praise seem harsh and profane."

TOWARD AN ENDURING PEACE. A Symposium of Peace Proposals and Programmes. Compiled by Randolph S. Bourne. New York: American Association for International Conciliation.

What means have been suggested and what constructive measures have been put forward to bring about a lasting peace between nations, the student of international conciliation will find fully discussed in this compilation published and gratuitously distributed by the American Association for International Conciliation. The volume, the editors tell us, "is intended primarily for libraries and for the shelves of men and women seriously interested in international affairs." It is worthy of this purpose, for it presents thoroughly the best thought of the radical peace writers and workers, and gives a comprehensive view of their aims and means. In addition to articles from writers, such as Charles W. Eliot, Norman Angell, Rudolph Euchen, John A. Hobson and A. Laurence Lowell, the book contains the various peace proposals and programmes published during the past two years in Europe and the United States.

This work is rich in thought and idealistic in trend. No person interested in international comity can afford to slight its pages, so complete are they in the presentment of the many proposals to insure a world peace. But while the thinker will appreciate, he

cannot always commend. Invariably the plan set forth is for the formation of leagues or societies to enforce peace—a method inherently defective. The secret of peace lies not from without but within the individual, and it is to be seriously doubted if mere sociological efforts can move men to lay aside the baser but closer appeals of self-advancement and national interests for the nobler but more abstract ideals of international brotherhood. It is most lamentable to see how religion, as an efficient agency for peace, has been forgotten or deliberately put aside by modern thinkers. By their silence they are denying the one thing necessary. The Hague Conference excluded the successor of the Prince of Peace; no world-wide peace movement will be successful unless it recognize him.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The world war, with its awful consequences of suffering and death, cannot, at this time, be a suitable theme for a novel of our present-day fiction type. Mr. Wells has given us the only kind of war novel possible at this time. The world is different since the war began, especially are the people of the belligerent countries different because of the war. This Mr. Wells has taken as his central idea, and in the high lights of the struggle he shows us a wonderful study of character change and character development.

There is little or no emphasis on the plot in the story of Mr. Britling. There is no real need of such, for the war provides sufficient action. It is rather in the effect of these events on the character of individuals that Mr. Wells is interested, and he shows remarkable insight in his studies.

Mr. Britling is a writer who has secured a place in the world of literature, and looks out upon the world from his typical English home. Mr. Britling and his family represent a cross section of the middle class of England, and their lives are the lives of the ordinary Englishman before the war. They play badminton, write, read, think, all in terms of the secure and protected. Then comes the catastrophe they had been speaking and writing of for years, and it finds all unprepared both materially and spiritually. The reaction is strong, especially upon the character of Mr. Britling, who attains a newer and wider consciousness, and rises to greater powers.

Mr. Wells has written much that absorbs. None, however, of

his other novels shows the strength of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* It is trenchant and powerful, not merely in the mechanics of fiction, for it is more than fiction. but in the depths he probes in character-analysis. It is clear-visioned, purposeful but, above all, strong.

DEFOE: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By William P. Trent. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

This entertaining volume gives a brief sketch of the life and writing of Defoe. The author rightly calls him "the real father of the English novel in the sense that he was the first Englishman to write a truly readable, widely circulated, and permanently valuable prose story dealing with secular human life."

All his life long he was a writer of controversial political pamphlets, selling his pen to the highest bidder without the slightest scruple. He edited a newspaper, *The Review,* for nine years, and although cultivated readers of the early eighteenth century affected to despise him, he was in range of information and intellectual ability without a rival among the editors of the period.

Defoe will always be remembered for his *Robinson Crusoe,* which has given untold pleasure to children of every nation for the past two hundred years. No one today reads his Whig or Tory pamphlets, his coarse *Moll of Flanders,* or his dull *New Voyage Around the World.*

The book before us is especially valuable, because at the end of every chapter it presents scores of selections from Defoe's various writings. They give the student a very good notion of the immense activity and the great versatility of this indefatigable writer.

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET EZEKIEL. By Rev. A. B. Davidson, D.D. Revised by Rev. A. W. Streane, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.10.

Dr. Davidson published his edition of the Book of Ezekiel for the Cambridge Bible for schools and colleges in 1892. Dr. Streane, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, revised this work just before his death in 1915. He adapted the commentary to the Revised Version, and introduced in the notes many changes in detail.

This learned commentary contains much of interest and value to the Bible student, but we must warn Catholic readers against this volume's continual denial of the supernatural. The idea of a Prophet being inspired is totally ignored, and Ezekiel with the

other Prophets is spoken of as a man who writes either in an exalted frame of mind or in a trance. To quote the author's words: "It is probable that the prophet was subject to trances, for the vision is but a higher form of the mental condition which clothes its thought in symbols, and this symbolism is characteristic of the whole book."

THE HISTORY OF ST. NORBERT. By Rev. C. J. Kirkfleet, Ord. Præm. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.80 net.

Father Kirkfleet has written an excellent life of the founder of the Præmonstratensians, St. Norbert. Strangely enough this Saint is little known among English-speaking peoples, although at one time there were no less than sixty-seven abbeys of the Norbertine or White Canons in England, Scotland and Ireland. Indeed this is the first complete biography that has appeared in English, although over thirty lives of the Saint have been written since 1599.

Father Kirkfleet's volume is interesting from the first page to the last. He describes St. Norbert's life at the University of Cologne, and at the Court of the Emperor Henry; his miraculous conversion, his poverty and penance, his founding of the Præmonstratensians, his zeal in combating heresy, his efforts at reform, his many miracles, his foundations, his rule, his activity as Archbishop of Magdeburg, his relations with King Lothaire and Pope Innocent II., and his literary labors.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND THE BIBLE. By George A. Barton, Ph.D. Philadelphia: American Sunday-school Union. $2.00 net.

One of the minor evils of the Great War is the set-back given to archæological exploration in the Near East, just at a time when much important work was on the point of being accomplished. This is an evil, however, which the world bears with sufficient equanimity; and archæologists may compensate for it, to some extent, by taking stock of the gains already made. We are fortunate in having this work done for us, in the volume before us, by a scholar of wide and solid acquirements. Professor George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr is a Biblical commentator, an assyriologist and an archæologist of a long-established reputation, which was recently crowned by his election as President of The American Oriental Society. An elementary work by such a man comes with more than ordinary authority. We are happy to add that Dr. Barton's work is written in a reverent spirit, and with faith in

the divine inspiration of the Bible, and that his critical views, whatever they may be, are not obtruded upon the reader.

The present work is intended as a summary of the results of archæology so far as they shed light upon Holy Scripture. Written as an aid to the Sunday-school, it is by no means a work for children, but it is well adapted to the needs of college students who have acquired a certain familiarity with the Bible. Its scope is wider than many readers would judge from its title. He first gives a sketch of the various civilizations surrounding the ancient Hebrews of Egypt, of Babylonia and Assyria, and, newest and most interesting of all, of the Hittite Empire, confining himself mostly to the new light which their archæological remains cast upon the Bible. This is done, briefly, in three chapters; and then follow thirteen chapters upon the archæology of Palestine, its cities, its roads, and agriculture, its domestic and religious life, etc., and one chapter for the Greek setting of apostolic history. This section of the work goes systematically over the ground usually covered in the old books on Biblical archæology, but is enriched by many recent discoveries. The second section gives a very extensive collection of texts, recovered by explorations and happy finds, which illustrate various books of the Bible. One would have to search through many books and periodicals to gather the materials here brought together in one volume and set in their proper light. The author ransacks Babylonia and Egyptian remains for parallels, to give a few examples, to the Biblical accounts of Creation, of the Flood, of the Patriarchs, of the Mosaic Code, of the history of the kings. He quotes liberally from their poetry and folk-wisdom to find parallels to Job, the Psalms, the wisdom literature and the Prophets. A chapter on the reputed "Sayings of Jesus," one on the census of Quirinus, and one giving some new light upon the Acts and the Epistles conclude the literary part of this volume.

By no means the least valuable feature of this publication is the large number of full-page plates, one hundred and fourteen, which it contains. They give a vivid picture of Oriental, and particularly of Palestinian, civilization.

The whole work is, in fact, deserving of the highest commendation, as a successful attempt to give within the compass of one volume the chief results of archæological discovery as illustrating the Bible.

There is one very notable omission, however: no mention is made of the recovery of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus, but as

that book is excluded from the Protestant canon, the reason for the omission is evident. We might add, also, that the New Testament is not at all generously treated, probably because Dr. Barton, as a Semitic scholar, is more at home in the Old Testament. One truth shines out from the paralleling of the inspired text, that the heathen neighbors of the Hebrews, though superior to them in material civilization, were incomparably their inferiors in religion and ethical doctrines. This is a fact, we are glad to say, that is well recognized and proclaimed by Dr. Barton and explained by reference to the true cause, that the sacred books of the Hebrews were not the product of man alone, but of man aided by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. *Digitus Dei est hic.*

SPEAKING OF HOME. By Lillian Hart Tryon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

It is not as a reformer with plans of standardization that the author speaks of home; nor does she enter into controversy in defence of that institution so heartily condemned by a generation that apparently regards it entirely as a fetich to which far too much has been sacrificed. She writes engagingly of the interests and pleasures of housekeeping and homemaking as she has found them; and it is plain that the drudgery so bitterly complained of by women is recognized by her as the labor inseparable from an art in which, as much as in any other, delicacy and distinction in self-expression are to be found. A book so sensible and witty as this little volume of "Essays of a Contented Woman" deserves to be widely read.

PRAYER. Its Necessity, Its Power, Its Conditions. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

The well-known Redemptorist, Father Girardey, has written an excellent treatise on the necessity, the efficacy, and the conditions of prayer. In simple devout language he tells Christians how to pray, and illustrates the Catholic doctrine of prayer by practical lessons taken from the Gospel. He devotes a special chapter to St. Alphonsus' teaching on mental prayer, and ends his volume with a number of selections from Father Bronchain's *Meditations.*

JUVENILE PLAY CATALOGUE. Edited by Katherine Brégy. Philadelphia: The Catholic Theatre Movement. 25 cents.

This pamphlet contains a list of about two hundred plays suit-

able for the use of schools and societies of young people, with some practical suggestions regarding their production. It is a varied list, including operettas, fairy plays, mythological plays and some recognized standard plays. It gives brief synopses and information concerning the character of the plays, the number of parts and other useful data.

It will be helpful to all who are seeking suitable plays for young amateurs, and is a happy augury of the work to be accomplished by the Catholic Theatre Movement.

One adverse criticism we might mention. The catalogue recommends editions of Shakespeare issued by some of the publishers of so-called "acting" editions. Most of these editions are shockingly garbled and should, in full, be condemned rather than recommended.

THE REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH PLAYS. From the Middle Ages to the end of the Nineteenth Century. Edited with introduction and notes by John S. P. Tatlock, Stanford University, and Robert G. Martin, Northwestern University. New York: The Century Co. $2.50 net.

This is an unusually full and complete collection for a single volume, embracing as it does the whole field of English drama, from *Noah's Ark* to *Lady Windemere's Fan.* The editors in the preface urge the difficulties that faced them in the selection of plays, and plead that they have been driven to choose on practical, rather than theoretical, grounds, allowing various considerations to prevail. The result is satisfying. We have excellent collections a-plenty of mysteries and miracles, and of Elizabethan plays, and even the successful dramas of the last decade or two have received attention; but the plays of the intervening periods have been comparatively neglected. The Restoration and the eighteenth century have received but scant critical attention, and the early nineteenth century has been forgotten—deservedly so, perhaps.

This collection, however, makes a good many omissions. There is scant representation of each period, it is true, but a single volume has limitations that must be respected. The plays, however, are well chosen and representative. The Elizabethan period occupies nearly one half of the book, but that is not an undue proportion. The Restoration is adequately represented by Dryden, Otway and Congreve. It is gratifying to see Fielding's *Tom Thumb the Great* included with the familiar works of Sheridan

and Goldsmith as typical of the eighteenth century. Fielding as a dramatist is known to too few of this generation. Addison's *Cato* and Steele's *Conscious Lovers* make this division of the work fairly complete.

The editors have done as well as could be done with the barren field of the early nineteenth century. *The Cenci,* despite its revolting theme, has some claim to notice, and *The Lady of Lyons* represents the taste of the period, though its tinsel looks sadly tarnished now. Browning's *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* and Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan* bring the book almost to our own day. The volume includes an excellent bibliography.

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND. By W. Forbes Gray. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

"While the laureateship is largely a record of mediocre poetry, and witnesses to the indestructible and bewitching power of flattery, it nevertheless affords many profitable lessons for the student of English literary history." These words from the preface to Mr. Gray's informative volume might very well be taken as its keynote. The book brings together a number of historical and biographical facts which are useful—at times even necessary—for the literary student, and which are often interesting if seldom inspiring. It is not the historian's fault that of the seventeen laureates who have so far won the English laurel, only four have been poets of the first class; nor that only one (Tennyson) should have "thoroughly understood his business." For the rest, the story is a curious commentary upon "cabbages and kings"—to say nothing of politics, poetasters and the periodical religious upheavals of British history since the reign of Elizabeth.

Mr. Forbes Gray is in the main—and in spite of an old-fashioned clinging to such adjectives as "Romanish"—a sympathetic critic. His verdict upon Dryden might have been more charitable, and more true, had he trusted less to Macaulay, often an unreliable witness where his own prejudices were involved. Alfred Austin received at his hands an appreciative justice which is none too common. One wishes that in commenting upon the three-year interregnum between the death of Tennyson and the appointment of Austin, or later in recording the induction of Dr. Bridges, the author might have found opportunity to discuss the widespread agitation in England in favor of a *woman* laureate—namely, that rare poet, Alice Meynell.

THE OWLET LIBRARY. Ten volumes. $1.00 net.

THE KNOW ABOUT LIBRARY. Twenty volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

Nothing is left undone today in order to make learning easy and pleasant for our children. The ingenuity of their elders is put to full service in devising means that will make the royal way more entertaining and delightful, and cause the younger ones to forget the climb. Thus, for example, E. P. Dutton & Co. has just issued *The Owlet Library*—a series of small books artistically presented. Their very attractiveness will force the child to learn of the people of foreign lands; of the different animals; of Mother Goose rhymes; of birds; of boats; of fishes; of feathered barnyard folk; of flowers and of butterflies. All the little volumes are handsomely illustrated, and the gorgeous stamps to be placed over the story or the description will make the child forget entirely the passage of time.

And the same house publishes *The Know About Library* of twenty volumes. We have seldom seen anything more attractive or ingenious in the way of toy books of information. Gorgeously illustrated and fantastically cut after the shape of the subject of study, with equally well illustrated stamps to be placed by the child in their proper place, they make even an aged one believe that it would be a pleasure for him thus to learn about the different birds and the wild flowers and the songs of winged creatures, and all those varied glorious wonders with which God has crowded the universe.

WORKMANSHIP IN WORDS. By James P. Kelly. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00 net.

Thomas Hardy speaks in one of his books of "an appalling increase every day in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago." This suggestive and stimulating volume points out many an instance of slipshod writing in the works of some of the best writers of the past seventy-five years in England and America. The author's work is the fruit of long experience in teaching, long-continued familiarity with good literature, and a life-long interest in good workmanship. He does not burden the student with a number of grammatical rules, or set forth personal theories of style, but teaches solely by concrete examples drawn from the errors of Newman, Arnold, Mere-

dith, Hardy, Pater, James, Lowell, Howells, Lounsbury, Churchill, Dana, and many others.

Under the four headings of grammatical propriety, clearness, ease and force, he calls attention to mistakes in syntax, faulty punctuation, misused words and particles, and lack of clearness in construction. There is not a dull page in the book.

HUMPHREY J. DESMOND has written a small volume whose value is not at all proportionate to its size. *The Way to Easy Street* (Chicago, Ill.: A. C. McClurg & Co. 50 cents) may be described as a hearty cheerful call to the pessimistic and the self-analytical to forget themselves and their troubles, and cultivate a wider outlook and a warmer heart. We recommend the volume as a particularly welcome one at this time of the Christmas season.

BOOKS that we feel we ought to mention in order to give them notice for the Christmas holidays are *Morning Face,* by Gene Stratton-Porter, author of *Freckles.* This is a delightful volume of prose and poetry on flowers and birds and children. The press work and the illustrations are of exceptional beauty and merit. Children of from ten to fourteen years of age would consider such a book a most precious Christmas gift. It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, and sells for $2.00 net.

THE literary merit of *The Allies' Fairy Book* will be sufficiently indicated when we say that it is written by Edmund Gosse. It gives examples of the folk lore of the present Allied nations. The illustrations are done by Mr. Arthur Rackham, and are artistically drawn and colored. The price of the book is $1.75 and is published by J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia.

IN *The Psychology of the Common Branches,* by Frank Nugent Freeman (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25), the author applies the scientific principles of psychology to the teaching of Writing, Drawing, Reading, Spelling, Music, History, Geography and Mathematics. Some generalizations upon Natural Science, followed by questions and topics for discussion, complete this effort to present the matter in a form serviceable to teachers. One can hardly fail to note with pleasure the lack of dogmatism in the tone of the work, as well as the simplicity and practicality of the suggestions. Such points are likely to render the book what its author wishes it to be—an aid in the task of elementary education.

THE FOURTH READER of the Ideal Series of Catholic Readers, by a Sister of St. Joseph, and published by the Macmillan Co., New York (60 cents), is well compiled for the use of the pupil who has advanced from the period of learning to read to that of reading to learn. The selections will whet the pupil's appetite to know more of the riches of literature and fuller acquaintance with the leading authors. Here and there, however, are verses and readings that seem scarcely worth while.

BLACKBEARD'S ISLAND, the adventures of three Boy Scouts in the South Sea Islands, by Rupert Sargent Holland (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net). There really was, just about two hundred years ago, a buccaneer who bore the sobriquet of Blackbeard. Chance threw the opportunity of recovering some, at least, of his ill-gotten gains into the way of our heroes, and the story of how it was seized upon and followed out successfully makes interesting and exciting reading. The boys are earnest, hard-working, courteous to their elders, and one might say, best of all, unselfish.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The America Press, of New York, has published in the latest numbers of *The Catholic Mind, Pseudo-Scientists vs. Catholics,* by F. L.; An *Eighteenth-Century Social Work,* by Rev. H. Fouqueray, S.J.; *Race Suicide,* by Rev. M. P. Dowling, S.J. 5 cents each.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne, Australia, sends us *Bennie and the Bishop,* by Miriam Agatha; *Capital Punishment,* by Rev. J. J. Ford, S.J.; *Woman's Work in the World* and *The Church and Woman,* by Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J. 5 cents each.

In a brief brochure of sixty pages, *Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Interpretation* (Buffalo: Catholic Union Store. 20 cents), J. Godfrey Raupert again calls attention to the evils of spiritism. In three chapters he treats of the facts, the phenomena, and the interpretation of the phenomena of spiritism. He brings out the impossibility of establishing identity, the immoral character and aim of spirits, the dangers to health attending evocation, the contradictory character of spirit-teaching, and the absolute and bitter antagonism of spiritism to the Christian Gospel.

Harold M. Wiener, M.A., the well-known Biblical scholar, sends us a reprint of his article in *Bibliotheca Sacra* on the *Date of the Exodus.* (Oberlin, O.: The Bibliotheca Sacra Co. 25 cents.)

The Apostleship of Prayer, of New York, has just issued their *Almanac of the Sacred Heart for 1917.* (12 cents.) It contains a number of good stories, a sketch of Windthorst, an account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and a few words of advice upon betrothal and marriage.

Benziger Brothers, of New York, have published the *Catholic Home Annual for 1917.* (25 cents.)

The Bureau of American Ethnology has just published *The Ethnobotany of the Tewa Indians,* by W. W. Robbins, J. P. Harrington and B. Freire-Marreco.

We have received the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology from the Government Printing Office, Washington. These two volumes discuss the *Ethnogeography of the Tewa Indians of the Upper Rio Grande Valley, New Mexico,* by John P. Harrington; *The Ethnobotany of the Zuni Indians of Western New Mexico,* by Matilda C. Stevenson, and *An Inquiry into the Animism and Folk-Lore of the Guiana Indians,* by Walter E. Roth.

The Negro Year Book for 1917, published annually by the Tuskegee Institute of Alabama (35 cents), has been compiled by Monroe N. Work. It gives a good review of current events relating to the negroes of the United States, and a comprehensive statement of historical and statistical facts arranged for ready reference. Some of the topics discussed are: The Anti-Saloon League and the Negro; the Jim Crow Car; Segregation; Rural Schools Improvement; the Use of Colored Soldiers in the European War.

No. 21 of *The Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society* contains a number of interesting papers: *The Life of Adlai Stevenson,* by J. W. Cook; *The Life of General James Shields,* by F. O'Shaughnessy; *The Story of the Banker-Farmer Movement,* by B. F. Harris; *Indian Treaties Affecting Lands in Illinois,* by F. R. Grover.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Bloud et Gay in the new numbers of the series, *The French Clergy and the War,* edited by Bishop Lacroix, include a discussion of the rebuilding of Rheims Cathedral; accounts of priests who serve in the army; the story of the parish of Vitry-le-Francois while that town was in possession of the German army.

The same publishers continue their series of *Pages Actuelles,* with pamphlets containing important comment from such journals as *L'Action Française, Le Figaro, Le Journal des Débats,* written during the first months of the war. *Les Aumôniers Militaires,* from the same house, bears testimony to the valor of the Catholic chaplains.

The same publishers issue a series entitled, *Catholics in the Service of France,* which will be of important apologetic value. Abbé Georges Ardant, with three collaborators, bears testimony to the religious revival in France in the volume, *L'Eveil de l'Ame Française devant l'Appel aux Armes.*

Two extremely valuable and timely volumes are issued by P. Lethielleux of Paris, entitled, *Benoit XV. et Le Conflit Europeén,* by Abbé d'Angel. Adverse criticism is frequently heard from hostile sources against the Holy Father's attitude and conduct in this war. The noted author reviews the attitude and the action of the Papacy in the light both of Catholic principles and of history; gives all the documents of Pope Benedict concerning the war; analyzes them; answers objections and vindicates, if vindication were needed, the course outlined and adhered to by Benedict XV. A valuable chapter is added on the importance of the independence of the Holy See, and the necessity of including the Holy Father in any peace conference that is to be effective. The publishers will later continue the series. It will thus make eventually a complete digest of Papal documents and pronouncements on the War.

Recent Events.

The Editor of The Catholic World *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

France.

With the exception of a minute number of Socialists, France remains firm in the often-expressed determination not even to discuss any terms of peace before the enemy is completely vanquished. Two Bishops of the Church have recently been paying a visit to Ireland. Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, speaking at Maynooth, made a clear statement concerning the attitude of the Church to the war. To an insinuation, to which currency had been given in certain circles, that there was some difference of opinion as to the necessity or the conduct of the war between the clergy and the other elements of the French, he gave an emphatic contradiction: "There is not one of us that does not feel and resent all the cruelties of the war, nor is there one who does not believe that the war which France is waging has all the elements of a just war such as are laid down in Catholic theology—for instance, in the works of St. Thomas Aquinas and of his great commentator, Suarez. It is not we—it is not the successive French Ministers, to whatever party they belonged—who have wished for the war. We defend ourselves. Our country has been violated. It has been violated by a raid through a neutral country, a country recognized as neutral by international contracts and by European international right. We have opposed our armies to the invader. How would it be possible that bishops, that priests could hesitate to applaud and bless such resistance." The Bishop added that even the members of the religious orders who had been harshly expelled from the country came rushing back at the first call of the trumpet when told that France was in danger.

Royalists and members of exiled families are as united in their efforts as is the rest of the nation. The Empress Eugénie has given up a large wing of her mansion in England for use as

a hospital for the wounded officers of France's Allies, and to its supervision and the supply of its wants she is devoting continuous attention.

The unity which prevails internally in France as regards the war is developing to a still more close union between France and her Allies. This development is due to the supremacy which France has established in their councils. The mistakes which have been made are said to have been due to failure to accept the advice which was given by the French Government. Of this Government, M. Briand, the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, is the inspiration. He now holds a commanding position as the leading statesman of Europe. His position, however, is not uncontested even at home. M. Clemenceau, at such a crisis as the present, is striving to raise the old issue of clericalism against anti-clericalism, maintaining that the Vatican is using the war as an opportunity to regain temporal power. To M. Clemenceau, M. Briand is offering an earnest opposition.

The Somme campaign is proceeding according to the plans of the Allies. Slowly but surely the enemy is being driven back, and manifesting ever more and greater signs of demoralization. Large numbers of prisoners have been taken. It is not thought that there will be any cessation of attempts to advance during the winter, except when the weather conditions render such attempts impossible. The great push, for which that on the Somme was just a feeler, will in all probability not take place until the spring. By far the most striking event of the month has been the brilliant victory of the French at Verdun. In a few days they have retaken positions which had cost the Germans hecatombs of men and several months of effort. Forts Haudromont and Vaux have been recaptured, and Germany has suffered a defeat in an effort upon which she had staked much.

Belgium.

The war began with outrages inflicted upon the Belgians for their resistance to the might of Germany. This resistance has been maintained both within the small area of two hundred square miles, which still remains in the occupation of the Belgian army and its Allies, and in the far larger portion which has been occupied by the Germans. The exact conditions under which the population exists have not been learned, the utmost pains having been taken to

keep the world outside in complete ignorance. Of late, however, certain incidents have occurred which have rendered it impossible any longer to conceal the truth about the harshness of the rule of the invader, and his violation of the universally recognized principles of international law. It is to Cardinal Mercier and the Bishops of Belgium that the world is indebted for testimony so authentic and incontrovertible that any further attempt at concealment will be useless, supported and confirmed as it has since been by the dispatch of the American *Chargé d'Affaires* at Berlin. Cardinal Mercier's protest to the civilized world declares that the military authorities are daily deporting thousands of inoffensive citizens in order to set them at forced labor, giving them, according to another account, eight cents a day. The ordinances at first only dealt with unemployed men who refused, from patriotic motives, to work for their oppressors. They have since been made to apply to all able-bodied men. Proceeding by regions, all, whether employed or not, are carried off and deported to unknown destinations. In four of these, from eight hundred and twelve hundred were rounded up daily. These methods have been growing in harshness. As long ago as August of last year, forced labor for the unemployed was ordered and that only for Belgium; in May of this year orders were given for forcibly taking the unemployed to places not merely in Belgium, but also in Germany for the benefit of the Germans. Soldiers are used to separate children from fathers, husbands from wives. All this is being done in spite of formal assurances repeatedly given by various high German authorities, that the liberty of the civil population would in every way be respected. Nor is more regard paid to the rights of property. War levies, which have reached a total of a milliard of francs, have been imposed, and are being continued at the rate of forty millions of francs monthly.

The Cardinal's protest was followed by one from the Belgian Government, which gives further details of the systematic measures of oppression which have been adopted, involving still more encroachments upon international law. Among these is the fact that one of the works imposed upon the Belgians is the making of trenches for the soldiers, thereby freeing the latter for active service on the firing line. No provision is made for the families which have been left behind. Even refugees who have returned from Holland and England on the invitation of the Germans with the assurance that they wished Belgium to resume its ordinary peaceful conditions, are now being forced to work under German taskmasters.

So flagrant are these violations of international law that at last our Government has felt itself called upon to take action. The *Chargé d'Affaires* at Berlin has been instructed to tell the Chancellor of the German Empire that such measures are in defiance of humanity and international law, and are producing what the Secretary of State calls an unfortunate effect upon neutral opinion. This protest is based upon information given by the Embassy in Berlin. The Pope also, it is said, is upon the point of addressing a similar remonstrance to the German Emperor. This is the more likely to be well-founded, because His Holiness has clearly manifested good will to Belgium by sending a nuncio whose sympathies are openly with the country's independence. Monsignor Locatelli has labored to remove all suspicion and all misunderstanding from the minds of the Belgians with reference to the policy of the Holy See. This policy, it is publicly stated, and that without contradiction, has for its end and object the complete restoration of the independence and sovereignty of the Belgians. A higher authority, the Cardinal Secretary of State, in a recent interview declared that the aim of the Holy See was to secure an early peace, indeed, but a just and permanent peace. Such a peace would involve the freeing of every nation from oppression, and the taking into account the aspirations of all peoples so far as such aspirations can be realized. Otherwise the peace would be no peace, for it could not be permanent. "Towards the Catholic peoples, the neutrality of the Pope is benevolent, because they are the ones who have suffered most. France, eldest daughter of the Church; Poland, the Slav child; Belgium, most precious to the Holy See because she has endured the worst." The Pope, Cardinal Gasparri declared, has denounced violations of international law.

The increase of pressure upon the Belgian civilians is due to the ever-increasing need of more men for the defence of the thousand-mile front which Germany now has to hold. Turks have been brought to help the Austro-German forces in Galicia, as well as in the attack upon Rumania in the Dobrudja. After the declaration of the establishment of a Polish kingdom, volunteers were asked for its defence. The man-power of the German Empire is being tested to its uttermost. A bill is to be introduced in the Reichstag enforcing labor upon every German civilian. The purpose of the new law is to bring into the service of the State all people who are drawing an income without working, or whose business does not benefit the national economic interests in order

that the whole energy of the Empire may be concentrated on war industries. The rejection by King Albert of new terms of peace, made through German agents, may be another reason for the new measures which have been taken against Belgium. These terms included, it is reported, the withdrawal from Belgium, the payment of an indemnity for the destruction due to the military occupation, the retirement of the German forces from Serbia without indemnity, and the return of Lorraine to France. Not much reliance, however, can be placed upon the truth of this report.

Committees have been formed in France and England, as well as in other countries, to rebuild the Library of Louvain which was destroyed by the Germans in 1914, and to refurnish it with books. A very considerable number of valuable works have been already collected and arranged, so as to be ready for sending to Louvain as soon as the times comes.

Austria-Hungary. The assassination of the Prime Minister of Austria has directed public attention to the Dual Monarchy. During the war it has met with a continuous series of misfortunes, especially the Cis-Leithan Empire, and things within its borders are said to be of a more serious character than have been its exterior failures. It has now sunk into an almost complete subservience to Germany, and has had even to call up the Turks for help. Thus low has fallen the Empire which in former days saved Europe from Ottoman domination. Beaten in the first year of this war by the forces of the small kingdom of Serbia, and driven out of its territory in a disastrous flight, it is no wonder that she had soon after to flee before the invading host of Russia, and that her soldiers were forced to surrender in hundreds of thousands. The same catastrophe befell her in the present year, although not on so large a scale. Complete disaster has been warded off by the almost entire supersession of her generals by those of Germany. On the Italian front alone has she been able to maintain a not unsuccessful resistance, and even here she is gradually yielding ground. The cause of these failures are twofold—the discontent which exists within her own borders and the want of courage of the officers. The cowardice of the latter have made them a byword throughout Germany. The discontent of Bohemia with the German element of Austria has been long and bitter for many years; the war has greatly

accentuated these feelings. The leading statesmen of the country were imprisoned at its beginning, and a large number of civilians have been executed for treason. Parliamentary rights had been suspended for some time before the war began. In Austria itself no meeting of the Parliament had been held; the officials, of whom the assassinated Premier was the chief, having taken into their own hands the exercise of all the power which had not been assumed either by the Emperor in person or by the military. Austria had consequently lapsed into a despotism. Count Stürgkh had himself no political weight; it is said that his murderer was the hired agent of a wealthy politician, to whom he owed his appointment and who had recently turned against him. The only man of weight in the Dual Monarchy today is the Calvinist Prime Minister of Hungary, Count Stephen Tisza. The assassination is, however, looked upon as an indication of the discontent with the course of the war of the Austrian working-classes.

Rumania.

The course which events have taken in Rumania is deeply disappointing to the Allies. It was expected that the entrance of King Ferdinand's armies in coöperation with those of Russia would have had decisive results, and in the first weeks this anticipation seemed on the point of being realized. A large part of Transylvania was overrun by the Rumanian troops, the Austrians being driven back in every direction. This has been the uniform experience whenever the Austrians have been left unsupported and uncommanded by the Germans. So much is this the case that by many in Germany the support of her ally is looked upon as one of the chief burdens which has fallen upon their shoulders. When a German army arrived under the command of von Falkenhayn the course of events took another aspect. The Rumanians were driven back at two points. It looked as if their country would soon be overrun. In the Dobrudja, the course of events was somewhat different. The army of Turks, Bulgars and a sprinkling of Germans, under the command of von Mackensen, first made a considerable advance, was then driven back, then made a further advance, in which Constanza and the Cernavoda Bridge were taken, and is now being driven back again. It is easy after the event to see the mistakes which Rumania made. For political reasons, her main effort was directed against Austria, whereas it

should have been made against Bulgaria. There is every reason to believe that in coöperation with her Russian ally, a successful advance might have been made upon Constantinople. At least one of the most important objects of the war might have been achieved—the cutting off of all communication of Germany with the Ottoman capital by the seizure of the Orient Railway. As things are Rumania is on the defensive.

While the crushing of Rumania by Germany would be for the Allies a great calamity, involving, as it would, the prolongation of the war, and a severe blow to their prestige, for the Germans it is a matter of supreme and immediate importance. It is now the only direction in which the Central Powers can act on the offensive. It may even open a door into Russia, a thing of great value now that all other doors are closed. The economic interests are perhaps of even greater immediate importance under the conditions now existent in the Central States. Germany would secure immense stores of corn, petroleum, benzine, mineral oils, salt and timber; a good railway system, and the Danube as means of transport, besides all the crops which the fertile soil of Rumania can produce. This possession would relieve Germany from all danger of starvation. In the event of permanent possession by Germany of Rumania—a thing, however, that is inconceivable—the control of Bulgaria and Turkey, of the Balkans and of Greece would be secured. That Greece would enter into the struggle was, it is said, fully anticipated by the Government of Rumania. In this, however, it has been disappointed.

Greece.

One of the foremost of the British newspaper-statesmen is credited with saying that the Allied Powers have made with reference to the situation in the Balkans every mistake which it was possible to make. Perhaps that a situation similar to the present never existed before may be something of an excuse. The course of events is too intricate and obscure to be gone into fully in these pages, nor perhaps will the full truth ever be known. Certain facts, however, are clear. The King is a constitutional monarch, who is openly violating the constitution to which he owes his power, and is supported by a considerable number of Greek citizens in the course which he has chosen, their determination being to keep Greece neutral in all eventualities. In this policy he has been acting

in opposition to the advice and influence of the Prime Minister at the beginning of the war—M. Venezelos, the statesman, who in the days of the King's father, when the dynasty was tottering and when all the Courts of Europe were being filled with the cries of distress of King George, came to its assistance and brought remedies to the State which freed it from the maladies from which it had long been suffering.

In consequence of the King's refusal to accept his advice, M. Venezelos resigned as Premier, and has been succeeded by a series of Prime Ministers too numerous to mention, who were willing, in greater or less degree to violate their trust in subservience to the King or from agreement with him. M. Venezelos has at length set up a Provisional Government, disclaiming indeed any personal disloyalty to the King, but acting in armed hostility to his policy—a policy which involved the yielding up to Greece's most bitter enemies important forts and valuable supplies. By how large a proportion of the citizens M. Venezelos is being supported is not clear, but influential generals and admirals have taken service in the forces of the Provisional Government, which are now serving with the Allies. The situation thus developed has had a paralyzing effect upon the army under the command of General Sarrail, and the movement towards the interior of Bulgaria has been not indeed completely hindered, but greatly impeded. Rumor says, but only rumor, that a division of opinion exists between France and the rest of the Allies as to the treatment of King Constantine. France, it is said, wishes to deprive him of his throne. The other Allies are unwilling to proceed to this extreme. Suggestions have been made that the personal influence of the royal houses of Great Britain, Italy and Russia has been at work to keep the King upon his throne. Certain it is that a brother of the King has been paying a visit to London. Fear of treachery compelled the Allies to demand the surrender of the Greek fleet, except three warships, a demand which was complied with. A conspiracy existed in Athens to officer the fleet with pro-Germans and to concentrate in Thessaly, at the rear of the Allies troops, guns, stores and material from Athens and elsewhere.

With Our Readers.

THE Report of the Proceedings of the Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association which has just appeared, is well worth the perusal of all interested in the education of our Catholic children. The problems and the duties that face us today are discussed by those whose knowledge and experience justify their leadership. The lay reader who studies these papers will learn the Catholic philosophy underlying Catholic action and Catholic policy. Their pertinent value extends far beyond the field of education itself, and reaches in some measure at least to many other fundamental questions.

* * * *

FOR example, Rev. Charles B. Carroll, S.S.J. discussing *Patriotism in Education,* advises the introduction into our schools of a Catechism of Patriotism. Speaking of patriotism he gives the following useful definitions:

> Patriotism is not *Chauvinism,* that excessive so-called patriotism which exalts love of country above love of God, glorifies it into a religion, and puts the flag where the cross of the Redeemer ought to be.
>
> Patriotism is not *Jingoism,* that race hatred which stirs up unnecessary wars.
>
> Patriotism is not *Hyphenism,* which disrupts a nation internally, poisons a nation's blood, gnaws at its heart, and kills a nation's very soul.
>
> Patriotism is not that *Nationalism* which holds that we have a divine mission from heaven to bring the world to our American way of thinking in all things, and that no American should think otherwise.
>
> Patriotism is not that *Internationalism* which holds that the national aspirations, national ideals, national institutions, customs, and preferences, of all nations, must be destroyed, to build upon their ruins a universal socialism.
>
> Patriotism is defined as "the love of one's country." The true love of one's country is properly expressed neither by the vociferous fanaticism of some, nor by the lethargic indifference of others. Love is expressed and measured by feelings, by words, by deeds. Patriotism is not a mere sentiment which a citizen may adopt or ignore according to his wish or taste or fancy. It is a solemn obligation which binds correspondingly in civil life, as divine faith binds in the religious sphere.

Brother Potamian, who is well-known to our readers through his articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, pleads for more attention to

the study of astronomy. *The Basic Principle of the Philosophy of History* is treated in a timely paper by Brother Bernardine, F.S.C. Coeducation is discussed by Father Albert Muntsch, S.J., and the *Problem of the Feeble-Minded* by Dr. Madeleine A. Hallowell.

* * * *

ONE of the most important papers in the volume is that contributed by the Rev. Doctor John F. Fenlon of the Catholic University. The subject of it is *The State,* and since the province of the State is being more and more widely extended today in both theory and practice, Father Fenlon's paper is of exceptional timeliness even though he necessarily confined himself to the question of the State and education.

Modern conditions, he argues, have made the education of the people and the cultivation of science essential to the well-being and even to the preservation of the State. This necessity has arisen from two causes—the rise of democracy and the rise of industrialism. "If the modern State would flourish, both popular and higher education are essential." He declares that education is necessary for the modern State on three counts—economic: military: political. Dr. Fenlon under the last heading cites the example or rather the fate of Mexico:

> That unhappy land has been unable to maintain a stable government, principally because it has no large middle-class, no substantial body of intelligent, well-educated, prosperous citizens who feel the need of security and have the intelligence and power to keep the reins of government out of the hands of military dictators. No Mexican blanket is large enough to shelter two such bedfellows as liberty and illiteracy; before morning one or the other is sure to find himself out in the cold, and I fear it will always be poor liberty.

* * * *

NO illiterate populace can be a democracy; it can be ruled over only by an oligarchy or a despot. Every democracy, on the other hand, as soon as it became conscious of its power, has felt the necessity of popular education to preserve its liberties and to equip its citizens for the proper fulfillment of their duties.

> This has always been the deep conviction of America, from the earliest colonial times down to the present day. Every citizenry feels the need of enlightenment to vote on national and local questions, and depends for enlightenment on the public press. It is incapable, of course, of judging intelligently of all political questions—few of us, I fancy, would pass a brilliant examination on the merits of the Federal Reserve Bank Act—but it does feel competent to decide which party at any period can best manage the affairs of the nation.

A remarkable instance of the extent and use of individual discrimination and selection by the American electorate was given in the recent election, where thousands upon thousands voted a split ticket, selecting a Democrat for this office: a Republican for that.

* * * *

NO nation worthy of the name can be content with a purely utilitarian education. A nation must express and cultivate its soul, the higher things of the spirit. "But who," asks Dr. Fenlon, "is to provide the education which a whole nation needs?" Private agencies alone cannot do it. The Church alone cannot do it, for the Church lacks two essential conditions of success—money and the power of coercion. So wherever education is universal either the Church and the State coöperated, or one supplemented or competed with the other, or the State assumed the monopoly. Such monopoly by the State is unknown in our country. But in other countries such monopoly is as normal as is liberty here. Under State monopoly liberty is impossible. Dr. Fenlon quotes the words of John Stuart Mill:

> One thing must be strenuously insisted on—that the government must claim no monopoly for its education either in its higher or lower branches, must exert neither authority nor influence to induce the people to resort to its teachers in preference to others, and must confer no peculiar advantages on those who have been instructed by them.....It is not endurable that a government should either in law or in fact, have a complete control over the education of the people. To possess such a control and actually exert it, is to be despotic. A government which can mould the opinion and sentiments of the people from their youth upwards can do with them whatever it pleases.

* * * *

IT is of extreme importance that Catholics rehearse this truth: that they declare it publicly and privately—for neglect or denial of it will sound the death knell of our American Republic. Three steps have invariably marked such a course of State monopoly. First, the State takes the right of inspection and control in many minor matters, sometimes rightly, sometimes wrongly; second, it subsidizes private schools, and, third, it absorbs them into the State system. "Our schools have now complete liberty and independence: we are better situated than Catholics in most countries of Europe, although we suffer from a double tax. The essential thing for us is the complete preservation of the liberty and independence of our Catholic education. We must above all things, then, hold to this essential of liberty and independence, and not barter it for a mess of State pottage." These words are in singular accord with the recent public statement

of His Eminence Cardinal Farley at the dedication of St. Bernard's School, New York City.

* * * *

THEN Dr. Fenlon proceeds to discuss that many-sided and difficult question of the attitude of the State with regard to education and religion. The heart of that question, he states, is the menace of secularism in State education; the ignoring of God and religion in education is hostility under the mask of neutrality. The triumph of secularism in State education is becoming more and more complete. Never before in the history of the world has the experiment been tried of educating the nation without religion. Such a course spells ruin, national and individual. Irreligion is immorality—the denial of that supreme, inviolable moral law which is absolutely binding upon nations and their rulers, upon parliaments and upon armies. Washington said in his "Farewell Address:" "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

> It is indeed strange that a practical and level-headed people like the Americans can fail to see that religion and morality are the foundation of abiding national security and prosperity, or, seeing this, can believe that religion and morality can be vital elements of our national life if they are excluded from our schools. Especially is it remarkable that religious people can fail to see the importance of religious education.....We desire to see a more enlightened public opinion which will recognize that you cannot gather the harvest unless you first sow the seed; nor reap wheat unless you sow wheat; that you cannot have a strong morality in public and private life unless you train the children in morality; and that yau cannot train them in morality unless you implant in their hearts the love and fear of the Eternal Lawgiver and Judge. We desire, also, to have an historical truth recognized—namely, that we Catholics have preserved the true original American principle of education, professed by Puritan, Cavalier, and Catholic, and by the fathers of our country, which maintained that the chief and most important element in education is the training of the young in religious and moral principles. It is not we who have left the channel of true Americanism and are willing to drift recklessly on an uncharted sea; it is those men who do not fear the experiment of training a whole nation without the knowledge and fear of God.

* * * *

AS State monopoly is disastrous to popular liberty, so also is any other monopoly of whatsoever kind or power. It is necessary, therefore, for the safeguarding of our fundamental rights as Amer-

icans that we protest against the encroachments and increased powers of such foundations as those known as the Rockefeller and the Carnegie. Both, by virtue of the immense sums of money at their disposal, are in a fair way to do much to undermine the right concept and the right exercise of popular and personal liberty. They are intrinsically un-American. Whatsoever right motives may prompt their creation, or the exercise of the innumerable and far-reaching powers they possess, they cannot but enslave all who are dependent on them for a livelihood; they will inevitably control all who are benefited by them, they will accept as full justification of their being and their methods the good that they achieve; power is of itself avaricious, hence they will constantly reach forth to new fields until both their ruling spirit and their funds have seized upon public utilities, and are able efficaciously to shape those public utilities according to their plans and their economic and religious or non-religious belief. They create, in plain terms, a monied autocracy. "Money talks," as the old saying has it, and money oftentimes convinces. They create, they have already created, a money monopoly. The evils inherent in them are not at first apparent: time is required for their unfolding, but human history has already repeated the lesson often enough for us to understand. And one of the duties of preparedness, most pressing for the American people, is constant watchfulness, constant protest against the formation and the encroachment in the field of popular government of these Crœsus-like foundations that are absolutely opposed to the first principles of our Republic.

ALL that indefinite longing after the spiritual and the infinite, natural to the human soul, is nowadays very loosely termed "mysticism." This use of the word is a perversion of the Catholic term which defines something very definite, very clear, very simple.

Catholics should certainly be able to think straight and to speak intelligently upon the subject. A sound knowledge of the first principles, the fundamental, dogmatic truths of our Faith will not only steer them safely through the maze of human opinions, but will guide them surely to the highest heights of perfection and wisdom to which it is possible for the human soul to mount. Such knowledge is the more necessary now because the number of books, magazine and even newspaper articles, lectures and parlor discussions on the subject of mysticism is constantly increasing.

* * * *

THE denial of dogmatic truth so common for the past five decades has borne its inevitable result. The road of man's salvation has been lost in the darkness of discussion and of doubt. We no longer,

in the speech of some, know truth, but at best an approach to it. A popular magazine declared lately, in large type, on its first page, that the glory of mankind is that it is fettered by no permanent truth. We no longer have knowledge; we have only opinions. Every question of conduct, great or small, may rightly be subject to individual decision; that personal conduct is freighted with eternal consequences, both here and hereafter, that through it we are directly responsible to a personal God Who has given His commandments and confirmed them through His Divine Son, are considerations which count but little if at all with many in the world of today.

* * * *

BETWEEN those who look at the definite revealed word of God and seek to make their lives conform to His Will, and those who give no consideration to His Word or Will, there is a number beyond count who would not knowingly deny His Will nor deliberately reject His Word did they know them to be such. Frequently these souls are possessed by a longing to know both; to see or believe in the Way that He has ordained for their regeneration and their salvation. One phase of such longing is in the present extensive cult of mysticism outside of the Catholic Church. Sometimes its votaries approach very close to the truth; sometimes they wander farther and farther off. It is to some a help; to others a hindrance. As an impetus to seek the spiritual more faithfully, to inquire seriously and perseveringly into the means and ways through which God has made Himself known to man, it bespeaks the necessity of the soul for God Who created it. But the first step that reason demands is that such a process be freed of its indefiniteness; its empty sentimentalism; its ofttimes scandalous reconciliation of good and evil, of faith and falsehood. An example of such reconciliation is given in an article on "Mysticism," in *The Poetry Review,* reprinted in Littell's *Living Age.* The writer is speaking of the opponents of mysticism who are opponents because they judge "the thing begins and ends with Plotinus and the Alexandrian gnostics." Such is the mysticism of Emerson's *Brahma.*

If the red slayer think he slays,
  Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
  I keep and pass and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
  Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
  And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly, I am the wings,
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods sigh for my abode,
And pine in vain the Sacred Seven;
But thou meek lover of the good
Find me and turn thy back on Heaven.

The problem which souls so influenced are facing is the problem of knowing the definite truth of God. All life is built upon definite, dogmatic truth; and all supernatural life is built upon supernatural truth, the truth which history and experience both prove are revealed to us only by a supernatural messenger, Jesus Christ, our Lord, or His Church which He has commissioned to speak in His name, and to which He has solemnly promised His divine protection from all error.

One Church through all the ages and today has spoken, and alone claims to speak, definite truth with regard to all of man's relations with God, and of God's relations to man. Like her Divine Master and Founder she is the Light that enlighteneth every man who comes into the world, the Light without which his feet will trod uncertain ways, and his hands reach out in vain for the fullness of spiritual life.

The Catholic Church has taught the ways of sound and sure mysticism since her earliest days; she has proved them to man by the lives of her saints and is so proving them today.

"True mysticism," says Theodore Maynard, in the article already quoted, "as practised in common by the Blessed was their experimental knowledge of God gained through love of Him.

"The normality of sanctity is a thing especially insisted on by the Church; that there is no man in the world who cannot become a saint if he but will, since the saint is not unique *in kind* (as a great musician, for instance, is unique), but only in *degree*. He is merely one who, exercising ordinary faculties and practising the virtues within the reach of any man, has succeeded to the point of heroism. He treads the path of simple and humble duties; and though his soul may be snatched up to the seventh heaven and the vision of things unlawful for man to utter, his feet are firmly rooted in quiet soil.

"Hence the saints' exquisite poise. They are not less human for having plumbed the deep sea of God, but have gained thereby a certainty and lightness of touch.

"The thought of this kind closeness of our God is at the centre of all mystical contemplation," concludes the writer; "for mystery is the exact opposite of mystification."

A LETTER.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

In your November number, Miss May Bateman has an article on *The Catholic Note in Modern Drama,* and on page 170 I find she says: "*The Upper Room* has never been acted."

Dr. McMahon, of New York, at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, has produced *The Upper Room* every year for a number of years. Last year it was presented in Pittsburgh. The Carnegie Institute of Technology, a committee of Catholic artists, architects, decorators. painters and musicians, all collaborated in the production here, and it was perhaps the finest thing of its kind ever seen in the United States. All the Catholic papers and many of the dailies carried favorable notices about the production.

Sincerely,

T. F. COAKLEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Painters of Florence. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). $1.50 net. *The History of the Fabian Society.* By E. R. Pease. $1.75 net. *The Cradle of Christianity.* By S. P. T. Prideaux, B.D. $1.50 net. *El Supremo.* By E. L. White. $1.90 net. *Belle Jones.* By A. Meacham. 50 cents net. *The Whirlpool.* By V. Morton. $1.50 net. *The Taming of Calinga.* By C. L. Carlsen. $1.35 net. *Omniana: The Autobiography of an Irish Octogenarian.* By J. F. Fuller, F.S.A. $3.00 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

An Introduction to Economics. By F. O'Hara, Ph.D. *Nationality in Modern History.* By J. H. Rose. $1.25. *True Stories of Great Americans—La Salle.* By T. S. Hasbrouck. 50 cents. *Distributive Justice.* By J. A. Ryan, D.D. *Fruit Gathering.* By R. Tagore. $1.25. *The Ideal Catholic Readers—Sixth Reader.* By a Sister of St. Joseph. 60 cents.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

The Mind and Its Education. By G. H. Betts, Ph.D. *A Student's Textbook in the History of Education.* By S. P. Duggan. $1.25 net. *Faith in a Future Life.* By A. W. Martin. $1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Half Lights. By G. Fleming. $1.10 *Some Experiences in Hungary, 1914-1915.* By Mina Macdonald. $1.25 net. *Maxims of the Viscountess de Bonnault d'Houet.*

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Refining Fires. By Alice Dease. 75 cents. *God and Man.* Vol. II.—Man. From the French of Rev. L. Labauche, S.S. *The Seminarian.* By Rev. A. Rung. 75 cents net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Our First War in Mexico. By F. Bishop. $1.25 net. *The Melancholy Tale of "Me."* By E. H. Sothern. $3.50 net. *Our Hispanic Southwest.* By E. Peixotto. $2.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Catholic Home Annual for 1917. 25 cents. *Heaven Open to Souls.* By Rev. H. C. Semple, S.J. $2.00 net. *Her Father's Share.* By Edith M. Power. $1.25 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:

Booker T. Washington, Builder of a Civilization. By E. J. Scott and L. B. Stowe. $2.00 net. *Penrod and Sam.* By B. Tarkington. $1.35 net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

The Irish Rebellion of 1916, and Its Martyrs. By P. Colum, and others. $2.00 net.

FREDERICK PUSTET & Co., New York:
The Facts About Luther. By Rt. Rev. Patrick F. O'Hare, LL.D. 25 cents.
Brief Discourses on the Gospel for All Sundays and Festivals of the Year. By Rev. P. Seeböck, O.F.M.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
The Old Blood. By Frederick Palmer. $1.40 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:
First Lessons in American History. By S. E. Forman. 65 cents.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:
The Wonderful Year. By Wm. J. Locke. $1.40 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
More Wanderings in London. By E. V. Lucas. $2.00 net. *The Woodcraft Girls in Camp.* By Lillian E. Roy. $1.25 net.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Book of the Popes. I. To the Pontificate of Gregory I. Translated by L. R. Loomis, Ph.D.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Wild Earth, and Other Poems. By P. Colum. $1.25 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Lovers' Knots. By Elizabeth Jordan. $1.25 net.

MT. CARMEL GUILD, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Catholic Calendar, 1917. 50 cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
A Volunteer Poilu. By H. Sheahan. $1.25 net. *Their Spirit.* By R. Grant. 50 cents net. *How to Read.* By J. B. Kerfoot. $1.25 net. *French Perspectives.* By Elizabeth S. Sergeant. $1.25 net. *The Life of John Marshall.* By A. J. Beveridge. Two volumes. $8.00 net. *The New Reservation of Time.* By William J. Tucker. $1.50 net. *A Brief History of Poland.* By Julia S. Orvis. $1.50 net. *Bird Friends.* By G. H. Trafton. $2.00 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
The Intelligence of Women. By W. L. George. $1.25 net. *The Whale and Grasshopper.* By S. O'Brien. $1.35 net. *Three Plays—The Fiddler's House, The Land, Thomas Muskerry.* By P. Colum. $1.25 net.

THOMAS J. FLYNN, Boston:
An Altar Wreath. By Rev. Jos. G. Daley. $1.25 net.

OLIVER DITSON Co., Boston:
Handbook for the Catholic Choir. Compiled by E. Marzo. $1.00.

GINN & Co., Boston:
The Carona Readers. Book I. By J. H. Fassett. 32 cents.

JOHN MURPHY, Baltimore:
From Convent to Conflict. By Sister M. Antonia. $1.00.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
A Story of Love. By Francis Cassilly, S.J.

A. C. MCCLURG & Co., Chicago:
Cicero: A Sketch of His Life and Works. By H. Taylor, LL.D. $3.50.

M. A. DONOHUE & Co., Chicago:
Uncle Frank's Mary. By "Clementia." $1.35.

MICHIGAN HISTORICAL COMMISSION, Lansing:
Two Early Missionaries to the Indians; Forgotten Heroes. By Rt. Rev. Monsignor F. A. O'Brien, LL.D. Pamphlets.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL Co., Indianapolis:
Manual of Natural Education. By W. S. Stoner. $1.00 net. *France: Her People and Her Spirit.* By L. Jerrold. $3.00 net.

THE JAMES H. BARRY Co., San Francisco, Cal.:
The Missions and Missionaries of California. By Fr. Z. Engelhardt, O.F.M. Index to Vols. II.-IV.

ANDREW MELROSE, LTD., London:
Hope in Suffering. Memories and Reflections of a French Army Chaplain. By Abbé Félix Klein. 4 *s.* 6 *d.*

IMP. DEL ASILO DE HUÉRFANOS DEL S. C. DE JESUS, Madrid:
Hacia una Españo genuina. Por el P. Graciano Martinez. 4 pesetas.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CIV. JANUARY, 1917. No. 622.

SOME COLLEGE PROBLEMS.

BY JAMES A. BURNS, C.S.C., PH.D.

College Life and Discipline.

LIFE in the Catholic boarding college today is a more complex thing than it used to be. One reason for this is that the college is larger, and consequently a greater number and variety of individuals are brought together in the same institution. Living conditions at college are more differentiated, too. Formerly, all sat at table in a common dining-room, all slept either in the same large room or in several large rooms that were absolutely alike as regards conveniences, and all studied in the big study hall. So, too, there were common wash-rooms and trunk-rooms, and a common "yard" for purposes of recreation. In a word, an almost monastic commonness of life characterized the Catholic college, and every student, big or little, fell under this *régime*. The result was extreme simplicity of life, both in the individual and in the college as a whole. There were no outside athletic contests, no disturbing influences from without, few points of contact with the world. Seldom, and then only for a good reason, did anybody go to town. The system had its advantages, and they were many and clear. There were also disadvantages, no doubt, as there are always bound to be in any system in which individual tastes and tendencies are repressed in the striving after a common end.

Copyright. 1916. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

But this old traditional Catholic college system, which goes back to the Middle Ages, and perhaps even much farther, is no more. The changes have come about quietly, naturally, almost inevitably. The pressure of forces from both without and within has finally broken down the age-standing barriers. The most important single agency that has made for this result has probably been the institution of the private room. There might have been found in colleges here and there, all along, a few of the older students occupying private rooms. But when, in the year 1888, Sorin Hall was erected at Notre Dame University, for the express purpose of providing private rooms for a large body of students, a break was made in the traditional system. Sorin Hall, in spite of temporary difficulties, proved to be a success, and other private-room dormitories followed in time at Notre Dame as well as at other institutions. The private room was fatal to both the theory and the practice of common discipline and life. It did away, for its occupant, with the common sleeping-room and study hall, the wash-room, and trunk-room, and the "yard." A special code of disciplinary regulations had to be formulated for the "roomers."

Many of the changes involved were feared, and fought against, by the more conservative; but the room system proved to be extremely popular, and it brought a steady increase in the college enrollment. Once it was given a trial, it became forever impossible to go back to the old system. A considerable body of students in each institution continued, naturally, to live and work in the common rooms and to follow the old common life, now become less strict, because the room life was more expensive. But the number of these has been relatively decreasing. The demand is ever for more rooms. It is evidently only a matter of time until all the larger boys at Catholic colleges will be living in private rooms. Even the smaller colleges have joined in this movement, and in some of these more than one-half of the student body is housed in private-room dormitories.

Another important agency that has helped to change Catholic college life and discipline is intercollegiate athletics. Formerly, only home athletics were known. There were games and contests enough, full of interest, and engaging a much larger proportion of the student body in actual athletic exercise than at present. At long intervals, a game might be allowed with some outside neighboring team. But, as a rule, everything was at home, and strictly for those at home. Intercollegiate contests helped to bring two new

influences into the college life—the influence of other colleges, generally Non-Catholic, and the influence of a closer contact with town and the outer world.

The influence of neighboring Non-Catholic institutions, brought to bear upon the Catholic college at first largely through its athletic contests, although subtle, has been very important. Previously, our colleges were living apart. They had their own curriculum, their own discipline, their own ideals. They had little to gain, it was felt, by contact with Non-Catholic colleges, and might have much to lose. But the contact was actually made on the athletic field, and, little as the result was anticipated, the casual relations thus inaugurated had much to do with the process by which the respective institutions were brought to know each other better, and to exert the reciprocal influence that such knowledge usually induces. It would be tedious to show the steps by which this better knowledge and relationship has been brought about. Suffice it to say that many a Catholic college found a better acquaintance with the larger Non-Catholic institutions to be useful to it in the process of its own development.

Closer contact with town and the outer world came also with intercollegiate athletics. Not only athletes went out to play, but large bodies of students went out at times to look on. Crowds from outside, consisting of the students and alumni of other colleges as well as civilian enthusiasts, came to the college campus. Money had to be raised from business men of the neighboring town or city, and this helped to bring town and college closer together. The doings of the college athletic "stars" became interesting matter for the press, both local and metropolitan, and the little college athletic circle thus became linked up with the greater circles of athleticism lying beyond. And there were many other minor points of contact.

Still another agency that has concurred in the movement of change has been the growing tendency towards luxury in American life. Things that were good enough for the college boys of fifty or even thirty years ago, would not do at all today. The college shoe shop and tailor shop are things of the past. The class or society banquet that occasionally graced the general dining-room, is now held in a city hotel. The old-fashioned soirée and stag dance in some college hall, have been replaced by up-to-date "proms," hops and balls in town. The furnishings of the room of even the moderately well-to-do student of today are a reflex, in a

small way, of the almost universal extravagance that has become one of the characteristics of American life. In a hundred little ways this tendency has filtered into the college atmosphere from the great world outside, and the instances just cited show how deeply it has stirred the currents of college life, and how far it has turned some of them from their traditional course.

It is not for the purpose of mere criticism that these changes in Catholic college life and discipline have been adverted to. As has been said, they were, to a certain extent, inevitable. Nevertheless, they involve some serious problems for the college, and these problems have not as yet been completely solved. How far are the changes to be allowed to go on? In the matter of intercollegiate athletics, some of our colleges have gone quite as far as those Non-Catholic institutions that are known to be most liberal in this respect. There is a widespread reaction in sentiment and practice against the excesses of college athleticism. Is there not a danger that the latitude allowed in things athletic may come to be regarded by the public as a defect in certain Catholic colleges, and a reproach to the entire Catholic college system? The absence of almost a score of students from books and study and normal college conditions, during a trip of a week or several days at a time, cannot be a wholesome thing for the absentees, whatever be the resulting effect upon the remaining body of students. It is easy to let down the bars; to raise them up again ever so little involves trouble, and may become a matter of difficulty. Our policy here ought to be based, not upon expediency, but upon sound Catholic educational tradition, with due, though subordinate, regard to changed modern conditions. The old stay-at-home policy cannot have been wholly wrong.

There is an even more serious danger in the letting down of the bars of general discipline. We may pass over the loss of the simple, common life of the older days, with its healthful, democratizing influence. The condition is gone, never to return. Nothing can take its place. It would be idle, therefore, to discuss it. But it is different with the general discipline that looks to the formation and preservation of moral character. The aim here, in the Catholic college at least, must ever remain the same. The Catholic college can never adopt as its own the theory of discipline that the president of a large Non-Catholic college in the East proclaimed, of requiring no more from his students, in the matter of conduct, than is required by the ordinary police jurisdiction.

A Catholic institution which would proceed upon such a theory, would necessarily cease to be Catholic, and it would soon cease to enjoy the esteem and patronage of the Catholic public. The inculcation of Christian morality is recognized as the inalienable religious duty of the Catholic parent. When the boy goes to college, the parent's responsibility is transferred to the president of the college, but only temporarily and conditionally. Should the college fail in its duty in this respect, the parent would be bound in conscience to make good the default, which could only mean, practically, to send the boy somewhere else. Such is the unquestioned teaching of Catholic theology.

Supervision there must be by the Catholic college over the morals and manners of the students. There will always, of course, be the question as to how much supervision there ought to be. Here again, however, the effort should be to adhere to the guiding principle for which the old discipline stood, whatever modifications may be allowed in its form and application. That principle meant the concentration of *all* the student's active interests at the college, in books and study and wholesome recreations. It may not be possible to accomplish this as fully and effectively today as was done formerly, but the principle itself is sound, and essentially bound up with the fundamental purpose of the college. It must, therefore, continue to be the norm in the regulation of discipline. A college president who sets himself to hold firmly to this view may have some serious, up-hill work in the matter of discipline. His enrollment list may not, perhaps, increase as rapidly as that of rival institutions. But he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is building upon the rock, and that in the long run his work will evidence the soundness of the foundation upon which it rests.

Religion.

The most effective agency that can be invoked, in the maintenance of sound, traditional Catholic discipline in the college, is religion. Religion has always been relied on to keep students in the path of duty; it will have to be relied on more exclusively in the future. The old disciplinary restraints have been largely removed, and the student is now thrown more upon his honor, which must mean, at least in the Catholic college, his conscience. Religion is the only possible influence that can replace the old disciplinary safeguards under the new conditions. Hence it became

imperative that, with the enlargement of individual liberty in the college discipline, there should be a corresponding enlargement or at least realignment of the existing religious influences, in the life of the individual student as well as in the college atmosphere as a whole. The new discipline offered for this both the opportunity and the need.

Have our colleges been prompt to realize this? Have religious influences been quickened, and brought into closer touch with the needs or aspirations of the individual student? Has religion even maintained her place of primacy among the educative forces at work to form mind and character? It is easier to ask such questions than to answer them. If they are raised here it is only for the purpose of bringing home to college men a realization of the imperativeness of their being able to frame an affirmative answer.

It is obvious that there have been certain changes in respect to religion at our colleges. There is not quite as much church-going as there used to be—outside, of course, of the Sunday and holyday services. The annual retreat is not taken as seriously as it formerly was, if one might judge from outward appearances. The religious societies, in some institutions, appear to elicit less interest than before, on the part of the great body of students. Yet, on the other hand, the appeal for frequent and daily Communion has nowhere had a more generous response than in the colleges. The students who throng the altar-rail daily in our college chapels—in some places they number several hundreds—show that religion has lost nothing of its power to lay vital hold upon the minds and hearts of our young men. The great question is, are we doing our utmost to increase the efficacy of its appeal? Are we planning and striving, in the earnest, anxious way we plan and strive for improved curriculum and class work, to bring every possible religious influence to bear upon the college life as a whole as well as upon each individual student?

The most important office in the college ought to be recognized as that of the prefect of religion. From him should radiate the zeal, energy, and enthusiasm necessary to inform and quicken the religious life of all and each. The prefect of religion ought to be a priest eminent above all things for piety, and at the same time possessing those qualities of sympathy that naturally attract the young and invite their confidence. It is not essential that he be a learned man. The best man in the order or congregation, the priest who combines in the highest degree these two indispensable

requisites, should be assigned for this work, for the real permanent success of the institution depends more upon him than upon anybody else. And he must devote his whole time to the work. To place this duty upon a hard-worked teacher, in the expectation that somehow his zeal will enable him in his scanty free hours to attend to the all-important interests of religion, is to go far towards relegating religion, in advance, to an inferior place. The prefect of religion should be known to be in his room or in the chapel *every* evening for spiritual ministrations or conferences. His days should be left free, both to enable him to keep in touch with the students, and also to give time sufficient for planning and supervising those religious movements and influences that aim to stir the hearts. The right man will soon create for himself as much work in these ways as he is able to do. The prefect of studies is usually left free to supervise the work of the college on the intellectual side; is it too much to expect that the man who is specially charged with the difficult and delicate task of caring for the spiritual interests of hundreds of young souls, should be allowed to give his whole time to this work?

One of the most important duties of the prefect of religion must be the fostering of priestly and religious vocations. It is to be feared that many such vocations are lost in our colleges, through lack of care and attention. How else explain the phenomenon, that from some institutions a comparatively large number of young men go to the seminary or the novitiate every year, while in others vocations are rather an exception than a rule? Student conditions have, of course, to be taken into account; but even where conditions appear to be substantially the same, this contrast is not seldom observable. Nay, even in the same institution, there may be an increase or a falling off of vocations, and the wisest observers are prone to attribute the difference to care or neglect, as the result may be. Here alone is almost sufficient opportunity or duty to engage the entire attention of a zealous prefect of religion. Certain it is that in every average body of young men entering college there are a certain number who have aspirations which, if rightly fostered, lead to the priestly or religious life. If these deepest heart-yearnings remain undiscovered and undeveloped, if the sanctuary fails to get its fair share of the fine fruitage of Catholic college training, it can only be because the college has failed to fulfill its full duty to God and the Church, as well as to the individual soul.

Here again, ancient Catholic college traditions ought not to be lost sight of. Was it not from our colleges and universities that many of the great priests and missionaries of former times came forth—to say nothing of the scholastic philosophers and theologians of the Middle Ages? Unlike students in the diocesan seminaries, the young men in our colleges who are looking toward the priesthood are generally free to devote themselves to work in any part of the world. Their college atmosphere and training is calculated to develop in them the broadest religious sympathies, the most generous and self-sacrificing resolutions. They offer magnificent material for the heroic apostolate of foreign missions, as well as the more difficult kinds of home-mission work, such as the conversion of Non-Catholics and parish work in sparsely settled districts of the West and South.

Many of our religious orders have indeed drawn their most fruitful vocations for work of this kind from their colleges. But the number of such vocations ought today to be much greater than it is. There are two patent reasons for this assertion. The number of students in our colleges is today several times greater than it was a quarter of a century ago; but no one will pretend that there has been anything like a corresponding increase of vocations. Again, the need is greater, and the appeal for such vocations is sounding ever louder and louder in our ears. It is not only men that are needed, but material means, and—what is essential to secure both sufficiently—organization. This is especially true of foreign missionary work. It is evident that a larger share of the burden of supporting the foreign missions is to fall to America in the future. The great war has impoverished the nations of Europe that have hitherto been the mainstays of this work. They will henceforth have little money to give, and their vocations will be needed at home to supply the gaps caused by the war and by the closing of so many of the seminaries. American Catholics are generous, and they have the material means. Experience has shown that they need only to be appealed to rightly, in order to enlist their sympathy and generosity in this great cause. The same is true of the young men who are looking towards the priesthood in our colleges. There are scores of them every year who would respond heartily to an appeal to devote themselves to the more difficult kinds of mission work, if their hearts could only be effectively reached.

Here, then, is a great religious object that ought to be brought

more definitely within the scope of the religious influences that are active in our colleges. It would be easy to establish a missionary society in every Catholic college. Yet, is there a single society of the kind anywhere? Its purpose would naturally be to develop interest in the missions, both home and foreign, to foster vocations, and collect material means for the work. The dues need be no more than trifling, but considerable money might be raised at times by indirect means. Certain college organizations, such as the glee club, might be appealed to, once in a while, to devote a benefit entertainment to the cause, for many students besides those looking towards the sacred ministry would be interested in a religious society of the kind. The French colleges have set us a noble example. Their students have long contributed regularly to the collections of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and they have much less pocket money than our college young men. But the matter of quantity is a consideration that is altogether secondary. The spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice that might so easily be thus engendered, would mean a very great deal. Local mission societies at our colleges might readily be affiliated to form a union organization. There would then be an annual convention, with papers and discussions on mission problems, and addresses by priests and bishops having experience of real missionary life. It is high time for our colleges to take up this work. We have before our eyes the example of what is being accomplished in this way in Non-Catholic American colleges.

There are other features of religious work in the college that call for development. I shall mention but one of these—the encouragement of total abstinence. The Catholic total abstinence society is by right a religious society. The form of pledge commonly employed involves a religious act, its formal motive being the sublime self-sacrifice of Christ. There ought to be a strong total abstinence society in every college—strong, not necessarily in numbers, but in its religious spirit, in the examples furnished of noble Christian self-restraint, and in the assured support and encouragement of the highest college authorities. There is no solid reason why this should not be. There are always, in every institution, students who are willing. There is need only of encouragement and efficient management. This work should belong to the duties of the prefect of religion.

The influence of such a society cannot but be most wholesome. A great moral movement, directed against liquor and the

liquor interests, is stirring the country. The agitation may run to excesses here and there; but it evidences, on the whole, the concern of vast numbers of thinking men and women about the undoubted dangers of drink, especially in the case of the young. Are these dangers ever greater than in the case of college students? Should not every possible influence be used, in order to set high and clear before the eyes of all the ideal of conduct in this respect that the college cherishes? That ideal is total abstinence. It is more than an ideal; it is a rule that obtains generally in Catholic colleges, as a matter of discipline. How much more effective the rule, especially under the present system of enlarged personal freedom, if the motive of religion or of religious self-sacrifice were brought into play in its observance This is what a religious total abstinence society does. The membership may be small or it may be great, but, in any case, it represents so much of clear gain in the supreme work of promoting high-minded Christian life.

The Teacher.

Some of the most vital problems connected with the development of the Catholic college or university of the present time, have to do with the teacher. As most of our institutions of higher education are conducted by religious orders, we will confine our attention here to teachers who are religious.

More teachers are relatively required in the colleges now than formerly. Not only is this true, but an entirely different system of preparing teachers appears now to be demanded. In former times, a teacher might divide his time between a number of subjects or branches of knowledge. He might teach Latin and Greek, English and mathematics—all the branches, in fact, that go to make up a year of the classical course; also to him might be given subjects as diverse as Greek and chemistry, or mathematics and history. This is still done in many places, especially in the preparatory course. There are certain advantages in this system of teaching, and if the teaching can be well done, there can be little objection to it. But the trend of thought and practice is against it. Whatever may be thought of it as applied in the preparatory years, its successful application in the collegiate years has become, with time, a matter of increasing difficulty.

It has never been questioned that, in college work at least, one must be thoroughly master of the subject he teaches, if he is

to do the best work. To know thoroughly any important branch of knowledge now-a-days, there is need of making a life study of it. This applies even to subjects like Latin and Greek. So great have become the accumulations of knowledge in every direction, that it is ordinarily impossible for one who spreads his attention over several fields of knowledge to become thoroughly acquainted with any one. Hence, to secure the best results in college work, the teacher must be a specialist. He must have devoted himself to a profound and comprehensive study of some one branch, as well as to some study of its cognate branches, in order to gain a complete mastery of his chosen field. Only thus can he bring to his class work the scholarship that can satisfy his students, and the enthusiastic devotion that may enkindle in them a living interest in the subject. It goes without saying that if this is true of college teaching today, it applies even more patently to university teaching. No one is competent to direct post-graduate work who is not himself a specialist, trained in the methods of research.

It is a function of the university to develop in its students this highest scholarship, this noble, passionate devotion to knowledge. Nowhere else, generally speaking, can this training be had. The university degree, it is true, does not always mark the attainment of real scholarship. Men go through the university, at times, as some boys go through college—just "to get through;" without any real love of learning, and with but a stock of gathered knowledge, destined to remain without much substantial addition afterwards. Yet, even such as these become the better teachers for their university experience. The university doctorate represents only the minimum requirement. It is a sign that the ideal proposed has been striven for, however far short of its full attainment the individual, owing to personal dispositions, may be content to stay. In speaking of the necessity of university training for the college teacher, we are, of course, admitting as the equivalent of this the special systems of post-graduate preparation for teaching that obtain in certain religious orders, in so far as the work conforms to accepted university methods and standards. The all-important point is, that the college professor today must be a specialist, and a thorough scholar in the specialty he is to teach.

Catholic colleges possess a most important advantage in this matter of scholarship and special training. Their professors who are religious represent the flower of our Catholic youth. The brightest and the best of the students in our schools and colleges

offer themselves to the religious orders, to devote their lives to college teaching, after being suitably prepared and trained. They consecrate their talents in advance, irrevocably, to the cause. Among them are minds capable of the highest possible scholarly development, and the vast majority are apt subjects for university work. They need only to be efficiently trained, in order to be the equal of the high-salaried professors in the great Non-Catholic institutions. Once they are trained, whatever be the expense of this, their scholarship is entirely at the service of the institution or order to which they belong, and this for the term of their lives. In Non-Catholic institutions, on the other hand, the most talented students may be picked out and trained for professorships in their *alma mater:* but how often it happens that their services are afterwards lost to it, through the attractions of a higher salary offered elsewhere!

The best investment that the college or religious order can make, to insure its academic future, is the money and sacrifice entailed in affording a university training to those who are destined to be professors. Every college teacher, without exception, should have a university education. The day is gone by when a man can rightly be allowed to teach a class who has never seen more of the subject than was derived from his taking the same class as a student; when a college degree can be considered as conferring competence to teach anything in the college course; when even Latin can safely be entrusted to anyone who has merely added the study of philosophy and theology *in* Latin to his college work in the classics. Such views were common enough formerly, and there was some excuse for them, in the pioneer condition of so many of our colleges. They are entirely untenable today. They could but bring the stigma of inferiority upon the work of any institution in which they might, even to a partial extent, be practically entertained. This is not less true of our colleges for women than of our colleges and universities for men.

The proposition that every college teacher should have university training, is not meant to imply that every college teacher should have a *full* university education or should have a university degree. This would be to demand the impossible, however desirable the ideal may appear to be. Various reasons may militate against the completion of university work, not the least frequent of these being the matter of health. But everyone destined to teach in a college should pass some time at a university—at least

a year or two; and he should acquire there, in addition to an advanced knowledge of his specialty, some insight into the methods of research work and critical study. With these requirements, he will have opened the gateway to fuller knowledge; and, with time and books, he may by himself go very far along the way to ripest scholarship. As many as possible, however, should be allowed opportunity for full university training and the doctorate degree.

But the work of the institution or religious order in preparing its teachers for highest efficiency, may not be regarded as ended with the completion of their work at the university. It is of the essence of the training of the modern university that the student should be taught to regard his work there as only an initiation into the realm of scholarship. He has simply been shown how to make a beginning. He will be untrue to the university ideal, if he is not spurred on by what he has already done, to further and more mature researches in his chosen field. For this, time is necessary. Many a young teacher, fresh from the university, and ardent to carry further the studies brilliantly begun, is intellectually crushed by a burden of class work that allows him scarcely time enough for the immediate preparation for his daily teaching. Administration work, of one kind or another, put upon young teachers, is another bar to intellectual growth. Prefecting is, perhaps, the duty that interferes, more than anything else, with the prosecution of advanced studies on the part of our college and university teachers.

It is undoubtedly most difficult at times for college authorities to avoid placing such duties upon teachers. Classes have to be taught, and if there are not teachers enough, extra classes must be put upon the most capable. Administration work, similarly, has to be assigned to those who are most competent to care for it. Prefecting is indispensable in the Catholic system, and no plan has yet been devised which will obviate the necessity of requisitioning teachers to do the work. There are problems here that urgently call for solution, at least in many institutions. But they are by no means to be regarded as insoluble. The increase of vocations to the ecclesiastical life, in our colleges, which was pointed out above as so needed, might help greatly to solve some of these problems. It would increase the number of teachers and supply more men with special capacity for administrative work. Some of the students destined for the ministry would make excellent pre-

fects, and, with a larger number of such students to select from, there might, perhaps, be developed in time a system of student prefects or proctors which would relieve teachers from this duty. This possibility shows how closely our college problems lie one to another, and how intimately bound up many of them are with the supreme problem of the fuller development of religious sentiment and practice.

The best means at present—and perhaps it will ever remain so—of inducing young teachers to continue their advanced studies, is to surround them with an atmosphere of scholarship. Let study be encouraged. Let research work and publication be recognized. Much can be done, even by men heavily burdened by classes, when there is a fixed purpose to do. There are always those whose intellectual ardor no amount of burdensome duties can entirely extinguish. A few teachers of this kind, if encouraged and allowed such opportunity as can be accorded them for their advancement, will form a nursery of the higher intellectual life and work within the institution. A few great scholars are enough to make the academic reputation of any college.

Our colleges and universities owe it to their own reputation, as well as to the honor of the Church, to develop, more than has been done in the past, men of the highest type of intellectual scholarship. Many of them have been hitherto prevented from doing this by preoccupations connected with indispensable material interests. Happily, the day of brick-and-mortar development is now fairly well over. Scholarship is, above all things, after the vital interests of religion, that which is now of most imperative need. No increase in enrollment, however great, no athletic achievements, however brilliant, can possibly supply for this. The elements that go to make up the best opportunity for development of distinguished scholarship are, as has been shown, clearly in our hands. It only remains for us to employ, without delay, this precious heritage of opportunity, in ways that will accord at once with Catholic educational traditions and the academic spirit and ideals of our time.

AMERICAN STATESMEN AND FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

BY CHARLES O'SULLIVAN.

IN his long fight for the rights of neutrals on the high seas, President Wilson followed closely in the footsteps of some of America's most illustrious statesmen. These great men of the past seemed to see clearly from the very beginning the danger to the United States that lurked in the confused condition of the maritime laws, and they did all in their power to persuade the European nations to agree to abolish, or, at the least, to amend them.

With that touch of idealism characteristic of American statesmenship at its best, they sought concessions beneficial to other countries as well as to their own, concessions that would put an end for all time to private war on the high seas. They reasoned that if the rules providing for the blockade of ports were strictly enforced, and the classification of goods as contraband of war altogether abolished, there would no longer exist any reason for exercising the right of search (the most dangerous of maritime annoyances) and then the freedom of the seas would be a reality indeed, for neutral ships could sail to and from all unblockaded ports in time of war as in time of peace, without fear of disturbance, save by the elements. Thus far these efforts have been but partially successful; the story, however, of the struggle made by American statesmen for the rights of neutrals forms a bright chapter in our history which has been too long neglected. Almost every step forward in the international laws governing the seas was due primarily to these men, and of that remarkable fact every American has a right to be proud.

The course to be pursued by the United States in international affairs was first indicated by what are now known as the Franklin treaties. It will be recalled that for almost eight years Benjamin Franklin represented the United States in France; first as Commissioner and later as Minister Plenipotentiary. Although the major part of his interesting life had been spent in small provincial cities he possessed all the arts of the accomplished diplomat. A certain slyness of manner, especially when dealing with people of im-

portance, led many to suppose him simple, whereas he was really profound. He knew well how to dissimulate and, when put to it, could preserve his composure under the most trying circumstances, as he showed to perfection at that memorable meeting of the Privy Council when Solicitor General Wedderburn denounced him so viciously for his use of the Hutchinson letters. His tact, urbanity, extreme cleverness and, more than all, those democratic ideas which he took care never to make too common, won for him a place in the regard of the French people which no envoy since has come anywhere near. Before the close of his mission it had actually come to such a point that the representatives from other countries sought to do business with this unique and extraordinary person whom they had come to look upon as one of the world's really great men; and the sagacious American lost no time in turning their desires to the advantage of his country. In his letters he tells how the Swedish Ambassador to France approached him in the spring of 1782 to arrange a treaty of commerce with the United States. "The Ambassador added," says Franklin, "that it was a pleasure to him to think, and he hoped it would be remembered, that Sweden was the first power in Europe which had voluntarily offered its friendship to the United States, without being solicited." While Franklin introduced in the treaty with Sweden many novel regulations for the protection of neutral commerce, he considered the treaty he negotiated with Frederick the Great of Prussia as the crowning achievement of his long diplomatic career. That important document which was ratified by the Continental Congress on May 17, 1786, provides (among other things) that if one of the nations engaged in war with another Power, the commerce of the one remaining neutral shall not be interrupted; that free vessels make free goods in so much that all things shall be adjudged free which shall be on board a neutral vessel with the exception of contraband; that property seized as contraband cannot be destroyed although it may be detained and if the master of a vessel stopped for carrying contraband, deliver up the goods, he must be allowed to proceed; prisoners of war are to be properly cared for; privateering is to be abolished and finally (as a damper on the enthusiasm of enthusiastic naval officers) Franklin provides that such persons must furnish a bond against injuring neutral property before obtaining commissions. Surely a quaint device, but if it were enforced today it might avert serious trouble!

Franklin gloried in this treaty; and when it finally came into

the hands of George Washington in his tranquil retreat at Mount Vernon, it stirred that great man to unwonted enthusiasm. On July 31, 1786, he wrote his impressions of it to his old comrade-in-arms, Count de Rochambeau:

> The treaty of amity, which has lately taken place between the King of Prussia and the United States, marks a new era in negotiation. It is the most liberal treaty which has ever been entered into between independent powers. It is perfectly original in many of its articles; and, should its principles be considered hereafter as the basis of connection between nations, it will operate more fully to produce a general pacification than any measure heretofore attempted amongst mankind.

The first attempt to abolish contraband of war and regulate the law of blockades was made in the second administration of President Washington. For some time the British had been treating our commerce in a way described by Alexander Hamilton as "atrocious," and Chief Justice Jay was finally sent to England to negotiate a treaty that would settle all existing differences. In the letter of instructions to Mr. Jay, dated May 6, 1794, Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, while purporting to discuss the commercial features of the treaty, expresses himself in the manner which has become characteristically American, in part, as follows:

> Let these be the general objects:.... 3d. Free ships to make free goods. 4th. Proper security for the safety of neutral commerce in other respects and particularly by declaring provisions never to be contraband except in the strongest possible case, as the blockade by a port; or, if attainable, by abolishing contraband altogether. By defining a blockade if contraband must continue in some degree, as it is defined in the armed neutrality; by restricting the opportunities of vexation in visiting vessels; by bringing under stricter management, privateers.

Jay was unable to wring any such concessions as these from the stiff-necked British Government of the day, and the treaty finally signed by him aroused such bitter opposition throughout his own country that it narrowly escaped rejection by the Senate.

The broad question of the abolition of contraband was, however, taken up by another and far greater Virginian than Edmund Randolph.

In the early days of Thomas Jefferson's administration, Europe enjoyed a few fleeting minutes of peace. Jefferson's knowledge of foreign affairs told him that this happy condition could not last with Napolean Bonaparte acting as First Consul of France, and in characteristic fashion he began to prepare for war. His ideas on international maritime law as set forth in a letter to his old friend Robert R. Livingston, the Minister to France, are significant of the continuity which was to characterize the American doctrine of freedom of the seas. Jefferson says:

> We believe the practice of seizing what is called contraband of war, is an abusive practice, not founded in natural right. War between two nations cannot diminish the rights of the rest of the world remaining at peace. The doctrine that the rights of nations remaining quietly in the exercise of moral and social duties, are to give way to the convenience of those who prefer plundering and murdering one another, is a monstrous doctrine; and ought to yield to the more rational law, that "the wrong which two nations wish to inflict on each other, must not infringe on the rights or conveniences of those remaining at peace." And what is contraband by the law of nature? Either everything which may aid or comfort an enemy, or nothing. Either all commerce which would accommodate him is unlawful, or none is. The difference between articles of one or another description, is a difference in degree only. No line between them can be drawn. Either all intercourse must cease between neutrals and belligerents, or all be permitted. Can the world hesitate to say which shall be the rule? Shall two nations turning tigers, break up in one instant the peaceable relations of the whole world? Reason and nature clearly pronounce that the neutral is to go on in the enjoyment of all its rights, that its commerce remains free, not subject to the jurisdiction of another, nor consequently its vessels to search, or to inquiries whether their contents are the property of an enemy, or are of those which have been called contraband of war. *Nor does this doctrine contravene the right of preventing vessels from entering a blockaded port.* This right stands on other ground. When the fleet of any nation actually beleaguers the port of its enemy, no other has the right to enter their line, any more than their line of battle in the open sea, or their lines of circumvallation, or of encampment, or of battle array on land. The space included within their lines in any of these cases, is either the property of their enemy, or it is common property assumed and possessed for the moment, which cannot be intruded upon ever

> by a neutral, without committing the very trespass we are now considering, that of intruding into the lawful possession of a friend. Although I consider the observance of these principles of great importance to the interest of peaceable nations, among whom I hope the United States will ever place themselves, yet in the present state of things they are not worth a war. Nor do I believe war the most certain way of enforcing them. Those peaceable coercions which are in the power of every nation, if undertaken in concert or in time of peace, are more likely to produce the desired effect.

Livingston was kept so busy from the moment he set foot in the French capital that he had no chance to take up the question of contraband with the French Government; and in less than two years Napoleon, having replenished his exchequer by the sale of Louisiana to the United States, violated the treaty of Amiens, and Europe was once more consumed by bloody flames. From that time until Jefferson retired from office in 1809, the United States suffered all the indignities that it is possible for powerful belligerents to heap on a neutral nation: her ministers were grossly insulted at the Courts of Spain, England and France, her seamen were impressed, her warships wantonly attacked and her commerce driven from the seas. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that some people clamored for war. But the President never lost his poise for a moment. He was prepared to sacrifice even his "darling popularity" rather than the principles on which he had founded a great national policy. What he said in his letter to Livingston he meant sincerely; and when at last he was driven to take measures of retaliation it was not to armies and navies he resorted, but to an embargo on commerce.

The true account of that interesting episode in our history has yet to be written; but Jefferson always insisted that had it not been for the group of New England secessionists (the hyphenates of those days) who played into the hands of England, he would have brought both France and Great Britain to their knees without spilling a drop of blood.

There was one New Englander, however, and not the least able of that brilliant band, who testified to his faith in the President by an act rare enough in those days, rarer still in our own. This was John Quincy Adams, who resigned as Senator from Massachusetts and turned his back on the Federalist party, when the leaders of that party wavered in loyalty to the Government during

the alarming crisis that followed the clash between the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake*. So impressed indeed was Adams by the injustice done neutral commerce during the administration of Jefferson that long afterward, when he was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Monroe, he undertook to form a plan to prevent the repetition of such outrages in future wars. There were several famous statemen living at that time—Canning in England, Chateaubriand in France, Nesselrode in Russia—but it is doubtful if any one of them was as well equipped for that particular task as John Quincy Adams. His diplomatic career had been long and splendid. While still a very young man he had been sent by Washington on a special mission to King George III.; he was successively Minister of the United States to Holland, Prussia, Russia and Great Britain; and as one of the five American Commissioners at Ghent, he did much to bring to a conclusion the glorious but unsuccessful War of 1812. Such experiences are not likely to be lost on a man of unusual native ability, and Adams came to possess in a marked degree that "international mind" of which a distinguished educator has spoken. In the Convention to which Adams invited the signatures of the chief maritime powers of the world, he proposed that contraband be confined to implements of warfare, that blockades, to be binding, must be effective, that the neutral flag covers enemy goods except contraband, that the enemy's flag covers neutral goods except contraband, and that the impressment of seamen should cease.

Through the American diplomatic agents in the various European capitals, Adams urged the adoption of this Convention with an eloquence persuasive and charming; and in writing of it in his diary, he showed that a scholarly Yankee statesman thought by the world proud, cynical, severe, and wedded to theories and doctrines, can be very human even in the seculsion of his closet, when under the inspiration of the problem of working out and enforcing upon the world an American theory of international affairs.

On July 28, 1823, he wrote in his diary:

> My plan involves nothing less than a revolution in the laws of war—a great amelioration in the condition of man. Is it the dream of a visionary or is it the great and practicable conception of a benefactor of mankind? I believe it is the latter, and I believe this to be precisely the time for proposing it to the world. Should it even fail it will be honorable to have proposed it.

> Founded on justice, humanity, and benevolence, it can in no event bear bitter fruits.

And on the last day of the same month he again confided to his diary his hopes and fears on the subject so near his heart:

> The important labor of the month has been the preparation of instructions to R. Rush and to H. Middleton upon the North-west Coast question, and upon the project of a convention for the regulation of neutral and belligerent rights. These are both important transactions, and the latter especially one which will warrant the special invocation of wisdom from above. When I think if it possibly could succeed what a real and solid blessing it would be to the human race, I can scarcely guard myself from a spirit of enthusiasm which it becomes me to distrust. I feel that I could die for it with joy, and that if my last moments could be cheered by the consciousness of having contributed to it, I could go before the throne of Omnipotence with a plea for mercy, and with a consciousness of not having lived in vain for the world of mankind. It has been for more than thirty years my prayer to God that this might be my lot upon earth, to render signal service to my country and to my species. For the specific object, the end, and the means, I have relied alike upon the goodness of God. What they were or would be I know not. For it "is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." I have rendered services to my country, but no such as could satisfy my own ambition. But this offers the specific object which I have desired. And why should not the hearts of the rulers of mankind be turned to approve and establish it? I have opened my heart to the hopes though with trembling.

Adams did not live to see his wishes fulfilled. In 1823, President Monroe made his message to the Congress ever memorable by announcing to the world for the first time a theory that originated in the active brain of his Secretary of State, and is now known as the Monroe Doctrine; and at the same time he said some strong words in regard to the overtures that had just been made by the United State to foreign powers in regard to the freedom of the seas. The negotiations then languished for a time as such things are liable to do if let alone. But when Adams himself became President, Henry Clay, his Secretary of State, gave them an effective shove forward, and in President Jackson's time, Edward Livingston, who had already given evidence of his intense love of

justice by reforming the criminal law, added fresh lustre to his fame by his noble advocacy of the rights of neutrals in time of war. All these efforts, however, had but the effect of pebbles cast against the walls of some huge fortress. The time was not yet ripe for the old world to accept with complacency advice from the new. The European ministers of 1823 cared little or nothing for the rights of neutrals on land and sea, and treated a trifle contemptuously the humane ideas of the American statesmen of the time. But the sobering effect produced upon Europe by the wanton carnage of the Crimean Wars caused the proposals of Americans to be regarded with more favor. Of the four enactments in the Declaration of Paris, which was signed by the principal European Powers in 1856, three were originally proposed by John Quincy Adams, and the world would have been saved both blood and treasure in the sixty years that have gone by since if his other suggestions had been adopted as well.

The astute European statesmen, however, who drew the document (taking a hint from Benjamin Franklin's treaty with Prussia), stopped short of doing this, but they did declare privateering abolished. Under these circumstances the United States, still remembering with gratitude the splendid services of the American privateers in the War of 1812, was left no alternative, having due regard to the safety of the young Nation, but to refuse to abandon privateering. The letter of Secretary William L. Marcy to the Comte de Sartiges explaining the refusal of this country to be a party to the Declaration of Paris, is as fine as any ever written by an American Secretary of State. For clearness of statement, logical thought and lofty patriotism, it will bear comparison with Daniel Webster's letter to Mr. Everett on the Right of Visit, or his more celebrated letter to the Chevalier Hülsemann. After a short account of the feeling of the people of the United States in regard to large armies and navies, Mr. Marcy suggested two amendments to the Declaration of Paris: (1) That private war on the sea should be ended by adding to the clause declaring privateering abolished the words "and that the private property of the subjects and citizens of a belligerent on the high seas, shall be exempt from seizure by the public armed vessels of the other belligerent, except it be contraband," and (2) the abolishment of contraband of war. His statement on the latter point was as follows:

As connected with the subject herein discussed, it is not in-

> appropriate to remark, that a due regard to the fair claims of neutrals would seem to require some modification, if not abandonment, of the doctrine in relation to contraband trade. Nations which preserve the relations of peace should not be injuriously affected in their commercial intercourse by those who choose to involve themselves in war, provided the nature of such peaceful actions do not compromise their character as neutrals by a direct interference with the military operations of the belligerents. The laws of siege and blockade, it is believed, afford all the remedies against neutrals that the parties to the war can justly claim. Those laws interdict all trade with the besieged and blockaded places. A further interference with the ordinary pursuits of neutrals, in nowise to blame for an existing state of hostilities, is contrary to the obvious dictates of justice. If these views of the subject could be adopted, and practically observed by all civilized nations, the right of search, which has been the source of much annoyance and so many injuries to neutral commerce, would be restricted to such cases only as justified a suspicion of an attempt to trade with places actually in a state of siege or blockade. Humanity and justice demand that the calamities incident to war shall be strictly limited to the belligerents themselves and those who voluntarily take part with them; but neutrals abstaining in good faith from such complicity ought to be left to pursue their ordinary trade with either belligerent without restrictions in respect to the articles entering into it.

Mr. Marcy's enlightened views were not appreciated in Europe, and to this day, although the opportunity has remained open, the United States has not become a party to the Declaration of Paris. In 1861 it seemed for a short time as if this policy was about to be changed. Hardly had the smoke of the guns at Fort Sumter cleared away than Confederate privateers began to slip out of British ports to strike at Union commerce which then covered the Seven Seas. So effectively did they do their work that William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, realized that measures must be taken at once to check them, and with this idea in view he suggested to the Governments of France and England that the United States be permitted to join in the Declaration of Paris, hoping that it would then be possible to treat the Confederate ships as pirates. But Lord John Russell, the British Foreign Minister, who regarded the United States with anything but a friendly eye, foiled this little plan by dragging out the negotiations until they finally fell to pieces.

It is worthy of note in passing that, in his interesting lectures on International Law, Sir Henry Sumner Maine, the eminent British jurist, quotes at length from Marcy's letter on the Declaration of Paris, and strongly endorses his recommendation in regard to the abolition of private war on the high seas.

The next American statesman to attempt to change the International Laws of the sea was Lewis Cass. While Minister to France in President Tyler's time, Cass had publicly criticized Daniel Webster for signing the Ashburton Treaty before England had abandoned her claim to impress seamen. But Webster, thinking the attack actuated by political motives, struck back with unusual vigor, and in a contest of wits it is doubtful if anyone then living in America stood any chance with that matchless "logic buffer" (as Carlyle called Webster) who easily carried off the palm. Cass had his revenge, however, when President Buchanan made him Secretary of State, and his knowledge of Europe and Europeans helped him to make the most of his opportunities. At the outbreak of the war between France and Austria in 1859, he issued the following circular to the American representatives in Europe:

> The blockade of a coast or of commercial positions along it, without any regard to ulterior military operations, and with the real design of carrying on a war against trade, and from its very nature against the trade of peaceable and friendly powers, instead of a war against armed men, is a proceeding which it is difficult to reconcile with reason or the opinions of modern times. To watch every creek and river and harbor upon an ocean frontier, in order to seize and confiscate every vessel with its cargo attempting to enter or go out, without any direct effect on the true objects of war, is a mode of conducting hostilities which would find few advocates if now first presented for consideration. Unfortunately, however, the right to do this has long been recognized by the law of nations, accompanied, indeed, with precautionary conditions, intended to prevent abuse, but which experience has shown to be lamentably inoperative.

These papers of Marcy and Cass made a lasting impression on two statesmen now long dead, but whose fame seems to increase as the years pass over their graves. In the early sixties, Charles Sumner in America and Richard Cobden in England had reached the zenith of their fame. Sumner was one of the most remarkable characters ever produced in this country. Deeply learned and with

some of the austerity of the early Puritan still clinging to him, he yet possessed that vivid imagination which ever marks the difference between the true statesman and the mere politician. Words had for him a perfect charm, and he was ready on a moment's notice to pour forth a flood of ideas on any subject that happened to catch his fancy. In this he resembled Henry Brougham, a man whom he met and admired when he visited England in his youth. But it was a resemblance with a vast difference after all: for Sumner was far more accurate in statement and thorough in preparation than Brougham ever was, and he had, besides, a moral fibre in his make up, a thing that some say the great Scotsman sadly lacked. For twenty years Sumner was a conspicuous and powerful figure in the Senate of the United States. In that august assembly the position most likely to expose a member's foibles or display his excellences is the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. For the greater part of his career in the Senate, Sumner filled this high place with exceptional ability, authority and distinction. In the years he had spent abroad, he had come to know not only the manners and customs of the Europeans, but what was far more essential, their mode of thinking on the important questions of the day; and there was hardly a prominent man in the public life of England, France, or Germany whom he had not met, and with many of them he carried on an interesting correspondence. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that in the excitement aroused in America and England over the *Trent* affair, President Lincoln and his advisers turned to Sumner to explain to the world the attitude assumed by the Government of the United States. They thought that his oratorical skill and the respect foreigners had for his learning and reputation would carry his words far and wide. Nor was their confidence misplaced. The Senate Chamber has seldom been crowded as it was on the morning of January 9, 1862, when Charles Sumner arose to speak on "The Trent." Prelates of various religious denominations, journalists from distant lands, officers from the mighty army being marshaled by General McClellan to destroy Richmond, and the envoys of every European country (with the exception of Lord Lyons, the British Minister) formed a picturesque background for an historic occasion. With innumerable citations from international law, with examples drawn from the history of his own and other countries, with literary allusion and oratorical artifice, Sumner drove home his point that by demanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell, Great

Britain had abandoned, once and for all, her right to ask the return of Englishmen serving on American ships. And then, just at the close, he thrilled the ardent and expectant audience by his proposals for the amendment of the unjust laws of the sea:

> To complete the efficacy of this reform, closing the gate against belligerent pretensions, contraband of war should be abolished, so that all ships may navigate the ocean freely, without peril or detention from the character of persons or things on board; and here I only follow the administration of Washington, enjoining upon John Jay, in his negotiations with England, to seek security for neutral commerce, particularly by abolishing contraband altogether. The right of search, which, on the outbreak of war, becomes an omnipresent tyranny, subjecting every neutral ship to the arbitrary invasion of every belligerent cruiser, would then disappear. It would drop as the chains from an emancipated slave; or rather, it would exist only as an occasional agent, under solemn treaties in the war waged by civilization against the slave trade; and there it would be proudly recognized as an honorable surrender to the best interests of humanity, glorifying the flag which made it. With the consummation of these reforms in maritime law, war will be despoiled of its most vexatious prerogatives, while innocent neutrals are exempt from its torments.

Charles Sumner and Richard Cobden often corresponded on the important questions of the day, and the far-sighted English statesman, who possessed a fund of interesting political ideas, sometimes presented a few of them to his American colleague in good causes. Cobden was a man of simple tastes, self-educated in a large measure, and, as he said himself, not given to "peroration." But his speeches and writings were "rich in saving common sense," and when people are puzzled to account for the extraordinary success of his reform measures, that is the explanatory key which they have to turn. Though he looked into the future further than any of his contemporaries, gifted as some of them were, yet he shrank from proposing any plan that might be criticized as far-fetched. When he undertook to reform the Corn laws, or to reduce armanents, or to prevent England from intervening in foreign wars, or to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the French Empire, he did so on the sole ground that these things were for the best interests, financial and moral, of the English people. And so it was when he

made his proposals for the reform of maritime law. "I will undertake to show," he said, "that England has most to gain by it." In the early thirties, Cobden visited this country, and when he returned home he was quite as well able to lay a sharp-nailed finger on our weak spots as either Dickens or Mrs. Oliphant; but, unlike the others, he did not act from motives of petty spite, but rather with the thoughtfulness of a de Tocqueville. For what are called the prizes of life, those things that are likely to make the noblest of men as unstable as water, "for wealth, for honors or for worldly state," Cobden cared not at all. What he did was done with an eye on mankind: not from love of prominence or party. Under the circumstances it is no wonder that Lord Palmerston, that most practical of politicians, should have asked him in amazement, "Why did you ever enter public life?" It was the appalling suffering caused in Lancashire and Yorkshire by the blockade of the cotton ports in the War of Secession that first turned Cobden's attention to the maritime laws; and, from that time until his death in 1865, he worked unceasingly to abolish what he aptly termed: "traps laid for neutral nations to fall into war." In a letter written by him to Charles Sumner in January, 1862, just after the settlement of the *Trent* affair he offered the following piece of advice:

> Propose to Europe a clean sweep of the old maritime law of Vattel, Puffendorf and Co.; abolish blockades of commercial ports on the ground laid down in Cass' dispatch which you sent. Get rid of the right of search in time of war as in time of peace, and make private property exempt from capture by armed vessels of every kind, whether government vessels or privateers. And, as an earnest of your policy, offer to apply the doctrine in your present war. You would instantly gain France and all the continent of Europe to your side. You would enlist a party in England that can always control our governing class when there is a sufficient motive for action; and you acquire such a moral position that no power would dream of laying hands on you. I think I told you that all our commercial and trading community have already pronounced in favor of the exempting private property from capture by government ships, as first proposed by Mr. Marcy. In the ensuing session of Parliament, I intend to make a speech on the subject of maritime law, in which I will undertake to prove that we, above all other countries, are interested in carrying out all the above propositions of reform. With the exception

> of the aristocratic classes, who have an instinctive leaning for any policy which furnishes excuses for large naval and military establishments, everybody will be favorable to the change.

The great Englishman was not content with writing letters on a subject that he thought of such vast importance to humanity. A resolution introduced in the House of Commons in March, 1862, led to an interesting debate in which some of England's ablest statesmen—men like Disraeli, Stafford-Northcote, and Thomas Baring—agreed with the leader of the "Manchester School" that the time had arrived to alter the maritime laws.

In one of the last public speeches he ever made, that at Rochdale, on October 29, 1862, Cobden again pleaded in touching words for the rights of neutrals in time of war. "What we should endeavor to do," he said, "as the result of this war, is to put an end to that system of warfare which brings this calamity home to our doors, by making such alterations in the maritime law of nations which affects the rights of belligerents and neutrals, as will render it impossible, in the future, for innocent non-combatants and neutrals here to be made to suffer, as they now do, as much as those who are carrying on the war there."

The seeds of political thought so plentifully scattered by the American statesmen were destined to flourish long after the industrious sowers had passed from the visible scene. Soon after Cobden had endorsed the theories of Adams, Marcy, and Cass, many of the wisest and best men in England did likewise. For instance, John Westlake, for many years Professor of International Law in Cambridge University and a recognized authority on the subject both in Europe and America, continually urged the abolishment of the laws relating to blockade and contraband of war. What he wrote in 1907 when the British proposal to abolish contraband of war was hanging in the balance at the Hague Conference, has a timely interest:

> The objection to search at a distance with which as belligerents we shall have to reckon in future, must equally tell against the British system of blockade, which allows an intending blockade runner to be captured as soon as she sets out on her voyage. It will be difficult on that account for blockade to be practised again in any manner very different from the French system already mentioned, only, if blockade is to be practised at all that system must undergo some modi-

> fication. A blockading squadron must be allowed sufficient mobility to avoid the necessity of lying in the dark within reach of torpedoes and submarines from the shore. What then if along with the abolition of contraband, reasonable rules for blockade should be adopted which, while leaving it possible, should exclude the extreme claim to make captures at any distance from the blockaded coast.....To neutrals it would be a great gain to be free from the arbitrary extensions which belligerents give to their lists of contraband, and against which recent experience shows that no previously declared policy of any power is a safeguard.

Perhaps the most prominent statesman of modern times who has indorsed the American views has been Viscount Grey, the British Foreign Secretary. The following are a few extracts from the instructions given by him to the British delegations at the Hague Conference of 1907:

> His Majesty's Government recognize to the full the advisability of freeing neutral commerce to the utmost extent possible from interference by belligerent powers, and they are ready and willing for their part, in lieu of endeavoring to frame new and more satisfactory rules for the prevention of contraband trade in the future, to abandon the principle of contraband of war altogether, thus allowing the oversea trade in neutral vessels between belligerents on the one hand and neutrals on the other, to continue during war without any restrictions, subject only to its exclusion by blockade from an enemy's port. They are convinced that not only the interest of Great Britain but the common interest of all nations will be found on an unbiassed examination of the subject, to be served by the adoption of the course suggested. The object which His Majesty's Government has in view, as you are aware, is to limit, as far as may be, the restriction that war entails upon legitimate neutral trade, and they feel that the extent to which this is possible, in connection with the "analogues of contraband" is a matter that must be worked out in detail at the Conference.

These instructions were repeated in substantially similar form to the Commissioners who attended the naval conference of 1908-1909 which finally promulgated the Declaration of London. And the pity is that on both occasions the Secretary's ideas fell on deaf ears. Even the delegates from the United States to the Hague

Conference of 1907, clung from first to last to the "Marcy Amendment" which provided for the exemption of private property from capture or seizure, and for reasons no doubt wise, but altogether mysterious, voted against Viscount Grey's proposition to abolish contraband of war.

Since the present Great War opened Grey has abandoned his former position. The stress of the fray is doubtless the best excuse he can offer, for adopting (as necessity arose) measures that in the calm days prior to August, 1914, he would not have considered thinkable. But it seems safe to prophesy that in the end the humane principles, championed by leading American statesmen will prevail; for all must appreciate the truth of those words of President Wilson: "Force will not accomplish anything that is permanent."

It is not on shell-swept fields drenched with human blood, but in the cool atmosphere of the Council Chamber, that a nation wins the enduring victory.

EPIPHANY SONG.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

Unto the Babe of Bethlehem
There came three ancient kings
Who laid before the manger-crib
Their rarest, precious things.

I heartily give unto Him
The frankincense and gold;
But this, the other gift of myrrh,
My clinging hands withhold.

MILTON: MAN AND POET.

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

ALL the mass of acute and valuable matter written or compiled about Milton leaves eternally an unanswered question; a difficulty felt by all, if expressed by few, of his readers. That difficulty is a contrast between the man and his poems. There exists in the world a group of persons who perpetually try to prove that Shakespeare was a clown and could not have written about princes, or that he was a drunkard and could not have written about virtue. I think there is a slight fallacy in the argument. But I wonder that they have not tried the much more tempting sport of separating the author of *L'Allegro* from the author of the *Defensus Populi Anglicani*. For the contrast between the man Milton and the poet Milton is very much greater than is commonly realized. I fear that the shortest and clearest way of stating it is that when all is said and done, he is a poet whom we cannot help liking, and a man whom we cannot like. I find it far easier to believe that an intoxicated Shakespeare wrote the marble parts of Shakespeare than that a marble Milton wrote the intoxicated, or, rather, intoxicating, parts of Milton. Milton's character was cold; he was one of those men who had every virtue except the one virtue needful. While other poets may have been polygamists from passion, he was polygamous on principle. While other artists were merely selfish, he was egoistic.

The public has a quick eye for portraits, a very keen nose for personality; and across two centuries the traditional picture of Milton dictating to his daughters till they were nearly dead has kept the truth about Milton; it has not taken the chill off. But though the mass of men feel the fact Milton after two hundred years, they seldom read the poetry of Milton at all. And so, because Milton the man was cold, they have got over the difficulty by saying that the poet Milton is cold too; cold, classical, marmoreal. But the poetry of Milton is not cold. He did in his later years, and in a fit of bad temper, write a classical drama, which is the only one of his works which is really difficult to read. But taken as a whole he is a particularly poetical poet, as fond

of symbols and witchery as Coleridge, as fond of colored pleasures as Keats. He is sometimes sufficiently amorous to be called tender; he is frequently sufficiently amorous to be called sensual. Even his religion is not always heathen in his poetry. If you heard for the first time the line,

> By the dear might of Him that walked the waves,

you would only fancy that some heart of true religious heat and humility, like Crashaw or George Herbert, had for a moment achieved a technical triumph and found a faultless line. If you read for the first time,

> But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
> In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,

you would think that the most irresponsible of the Elizabethans had uttered it as he went dancing down the street, believing himself in Arcady. If you read

> Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
> Appeared, with gay enamelled colors mixed,

or

> Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
> With living sapphires,

you would think that all the rich dyes of the Orient and the Middle Ages had met, as they do in some quite modern poet, such as Keats or even Swinburne. If you read the account of the ale and the elf and the Christmas sports in *L'Allegro,* you might think them written by the most rollicking of rustic poets; if you read some lines about Eve in *Paradise Lost,* you might think them written at once by the most passionate and the most chivalrous of lovers. *Paradise Lost* is not dull; it is not even frigid. Anyone who can remember reading the first few books as a boy will know what I mean; it is a romance, and even a fantastic romance. There is something in it of *Thalabe the Destroyer;* something wild and magical about the image of the empire in the abyss scaling the turrets of the magician who is king of the cosmos. There is something Oriental in its design and its strange colors. One cannot imagine Flaxman illustrating Milton as he illustrated Homer. Nor is it even true that the rich glimpse of tropical terrors are conveyed in a clear outline of language. No one took more liberties with English, with metre, and even with common sense than Milton; an instance, of course, is the well-known superlative about Adam and his children.

Milton was not a simple epic poet like Homer, nor was he even a specially clear epic poet like Virgil. If these two gentlemen had studied his verse, they would have certainly acknowledged its power; but they would have shrunk from its inversions, its abrupt ellipses, its sentences that sometimes come tail foremost. I might even say that Homer reading Milton might have much the same feelings as Milton reading Browning. He would have found

Or of the eternal coeternal beam

a trifle obscure, and

nor sometimes forget,
Those other two, equalled with me in fate, etc., etc.,

almost entirely unintelligible. In this sense it is absurd to set up Milton as a superlatively clear and classic poet. In the art of turning his sentences inside out he never had an equal; and the only answer is to say that the result is perfect; though it is inside out, yet somehow it is right side out.

Nevertheless, the tradition which puts Milton with Virgil and the large and lucid poets, must possess and does possess some poetic significance. It lies, I think, in this: the startling contrast between Milton and the century in which he lived. He was not supremely classical; but he was classical in a time when classicism was almost forgotten. He was not specially lucid; but he was moderately intelligible in an age when nearly all poets were proud of being unintelligible; an age of one hundred Brownings gone mad. The seventeenth century was a most extraordinary time, which still awaits its adequate explanation. It was something coming after the Renaissance which developed and yet darkened and confused it, just as a tree might be more tangled for growing. The puns that had been in Shakespeare few and bad became numberless and ingenious. The schisms of thought which under Wickliffe and Luther had at least the virtue of heartiness, and were yet full of a human hesitation, became harsh, incessant, exclusive; every morning one heard that a new mad sect had excommunicated humanity. The grammars of Greek and Latin, which the young princes of the Renaissance had read as if they were romances, were now being complicated by bald-headed pedants until no one on earth could read them. Theology, which could always in light moments be given the zest of an amusement, became a disease with the Puritans. War, which had been the sport of gentlemen, was now

rapidly becoming the ill-smelling science for engineers it still remains. The air was full of anger; and not a young sort of anger; exasperation on points of detail perpetually renewed. If the Renaissance was like a splendid wine, the seventeenth century might be compared to the second fermentation into vinegar. But whatever metaphor we use the main fact is certain; the age was horribly complex; it was learned, it was crabbed, and in nearly all its art and utterance, it was crooked.

Remember the wonderfully witty poets of Charles I.; those wonderfully witty poets who were incomprehensible at the first reading and dull even when one could comprehend them. Think of the scurrilous war of pamphlets, in which Milton himself engaged; pages full of elaborate logic which no one can follow, and elaborate scandals which everyone has forgotten. Think of the tortured legalities of Crown and Parliament, quoting against each other precedents of an utterly different age; think of the thick darkness of diplomacy that covers the meaning (if it had any) of the Thirty Years' War. The seventeenth century was a labyrinth; it was full of corners and crotchets. And against this sort of background Milton stands up as simple and splendid as Apollo. His style, which must always have been splendid, appeared more pure and translucent than it really was in contrast with all the mad mystification and darkness.

A riddle itself, that time is full of minor riddles; and one of the most inexplicable of them involves the whole position of Milton. How far was there really a connection between Calvinism and the idea of liberty, or the idea of popular government? There is much to be said on both sides; indeed there is no more perplexing question than whereabouts at the Reformation, or just after the Reformation, lay the real seed of modern self-government and freedom, or, to speak more strictly, of the modern belief in them; for we rather praise these things than possess them.

The first and fundamental fact is certainly against the liberalizing character of Puritanism. It did not profess to be merely a moral movement; its whole point was that it was strictly a theological movement; its chief objection to its enemies was that they tried to exalt (as the Scotch Puritans said) "the cauld banes of morality" above the sustaining and comfortable doctrine of predestination. To a Calvinist the most important thing was Calvinism; to a Puritan the most important thing was the Puritan creed; and this in itself certainly did not favor the vague senti-

ments either of emancipation or fraternity. Calvinism took away a man's liberty in the universe; why, then, should it favor his liberty in the State? Puritanism denied free will; why should it be likely to affirm free speech? Why should the Calvinist object to an aristocracy? The Calvinists *were* an aristocracy; they were the most arrogant and awful of aristocracies by the nature of their own belief: they were the elect. Why should the Puritans dislike a baby being born a nobleman? It was the whole philosophy of the Puritans that a baby is born a celestial nobleman; and he is at birth and before birth a member of the cosmic upper classes. It should have been a small matter to the Puritans to admit that one might be born a king, seeing that they maintained the much more paradoxical position that one might be born a saint. Nor is it easy to see upon their own ideal principles why the Puritans should have disliked despotism or arbitrary power; though it is certainly much more the fact that they did dislike despotism than that they did dislike oligarchy. The first conception of Calvinism is a fierce insistence on the utterly arbitrary nature of power. The King of the Cavaliers was certainly not so purely willful, so sublimely capricious a sultan, as the God of the Puritans.

But we can add something much more plain and practical. It is not merely that despotism or oligarchy might well have pleased the Puritans in theory: it is also true that they did please the Puritans in practice. Of the democratic element that did honestly exist in Puritanism I will speak in a moment; but the oligarchic and despotic elements were not merely things that logically ought to have appeared, but things that actually did appear. It is no longer denied, I think, by serious historians that the whole business of the Puritan revolt or triumph was anti-popular; that is to say, that at almost any given moment of the struggle, universal suffrage would have been a clear victory for the king. The really brilliant triumph of Cromwell was not his triumph over the monarchy, but his triumph over the democracy; the fact that he somehow kept the enormous crowd called England quiet. In short, his great glory was not in heading the Great Rebellion, but in avoiding the Great Rebellion. For the really Great Rebellion was the one that never happened. But, indeed, it is unnecessary even to urge so generally accepted a conjecture as this. Whatever may be true of the rebellion as a whole, no one will deny that at certain moments Puritanism appeared in politics as arrogant, fastidious and anti-popular; full of the pride of predestination and the scorn of

all flesh. Even the most enthusiastic upholder of the Whig or Republican theory of Puritanism will hardly pretend that when Colonel Pride drove out of Parliament at the point of the pike all the members that ventured to disagree with him, his soul was at that moment inflamed with an enthusiasm for free discussion or representative government. It was by no means democratic; but it was highly Calvinistic. It was a sort of public pantomime of the doctrine of election; of election in the theological, but by no means the political sense. It is still called "Pride's Purge;" and the phrase has quite a fine allegorical flavor, as if it came out of *Pilgrim's Progress*. In fact, one of the really happy coincidences of the historical epoch was that one distinguished officer at any rate had somehow got hold of the right surname. And upon larger grounds the alliance between oligarchy and Protestantism has become only too plain. For all we know the Reformation may have tried to make a democracy; all that we do know for certain is that it did make an aristocracy, the most powerful aristocracy of modern times. The great English landlords, who are the peers, arose after the destruction of the small English landlords, who were the abbots. The public schools, which were for the populace in the Middle Ages, became aristocratic after the Reformation. The universities, which were popular in the Middle Ages, became aristocratic after the Reformation. The tramp who went to a monastic inn in the Middle Ages, went to jail and the whipping-post after the Reformation. All this is scarcely denied.

Yet against all this must be put in fairness certain important facts; especially two facts illustrated in the figure and career of Milton. When we have clearly seen that Calvinism always favors aristocracy in theory and often favors it in practice, two great facts remain to be explained or to be explained away. First, that the Puritans did favor a deliberate or synodical method of church government, a government by debate; and, second, that most of the abstract republicans of the seventeenth century were either Puritans or upon the Puritan side. I am not, of course, discussing the synod as a mode of church government, nor a republic as a mode of national government. I only say that the clamor for these things must have corresponded to some kind of enthusiasm for liberty and equality alien to the more obvious lessons of Calvinism. But the republicanism was of a peculiar and frigid kind; there was very little human fraternity about it. Fletcher of Saltown was the author of some epigrams about the public good that read

like those of some great pagan; but he was also the author of a proposal to reduce the poorer inhabitants of Scotland to a condition of personal slavery. There was a flavor of Fletcher of Saltown about Milton. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of some character (generally a silly character) some contemptuous talk about the greasy rabble, talk which is common to all literary work, but especially common in work which—like Shakespeare's—was intended to please the greasy rabble. Whenever this happens critics point to it and say, "Look at the Tory prejudices of the Royalist Shakespeare! Observe the Jacobite servility of the follower of James I.!" But as a matter of fact Milton despised the populace much more than Shakespeare; and Milton put his contempt for common men not into the mouth of silly or stupid characters, but into that of the one wise character, the Chorus, who is supposed to express the moral of a play:

> Nor do I name of men the common rout.....
> But such as thou hast solemnly elected.

I cannot help thinking that Milton was successful with Satan, because he was rather like Satan himself. I mean his own Satan: I will not be so intemperate as to say that he resembled the genuine article. The kind of strength which supported Milton in blindness and outlawry was very like the kind of strength that supported Satan on the flaming marl; it is the same quality, and for merely literary purposes we need not quarrel about whether it should be called spiritual nobility or spiritual pride. It was almost wholly intellectual; it was unsmiling and it was empty of affection. And in justice to the genial, if somewhat vague, people who made up the bulk of the Royalist party and probably the bulk of the English people, we must remember that there was about the high republican type, the type of Vane, or Sydney, or Milton, something of this austerity which chilled and even alarmed. There was something in these republicans which was not brotherly; there was something in these republicans which was not democratic. The compound of the new Puritan and the old pagan citizen produced none of those hearty or homely drinkers, soldiers, or ruffians, men like Danton or Dumouriez, who lent laughter to the terrors of the French Revolution. The deepest dislike which the Cavaliers felt for the Puritans, and no unjust dislike either, had reference to this nameless feeling.

It is possible, I fancy, to frame a fair statement that shall admit this element of the pride of the elect while doing justice to the democratic germ in Puritanism. It was the misfortune of that age that the synodic or debating club idea was applied, not to the whole people as among the pagans, but to small groups or sections among the people. Equality appeared in the form of little separate chapels, not in the form of a great national temple. Thus the Puritan movement encouraged the sense of the equality of members without encouraging the sense of the equality of men. Each little sect was a democracy internally considered, but an oligarchy externally considered. For an aristocracy is none the less aristocratic because its members are all on a level; indeed this is rather a mark of aristocracy; in this sense most aristocracies have been levelers. Even the House of Lords is called the House of Equals: the House of Peers. Thus arose a spirit which had the plainness and much of the harshness of democracy without any of its sympathy or *abandon*. Thus arose the great race of the aristocratic republicans, half pagan and half Puritan, the greatest of whom was Milton.

The effect of this great type has been immense; but it has been largely a negative effect. If the English peoples have remained somewhat inaccessible to the more ideal aspect of the republican idea, and they certainly have; if, through failing to understand it, they have done gross injustice to the heroisms and even the crimes of the French Revolution, it is in no small degree due to this uncongenial element in the only great school of English republicans. The ultimate victory of Shakespeare over Milton has been very largely due to the primary victory of *Il Penseroso* over *L'Allegro*. The return of Charles II. was the return of a certain snobbish compromise which has never been shaken off, and which is certainly far less heroic than the dreadful patriotism of the great regicides; but the balance and excuse of that snobbishness was that it was the return of English humor and good nature. So we see it in Milton, in the one great Elizabethan who became a Puritan. His earlier poems are the dying cries of Merry England. England, like his own Samson, lost its strength when it lost its long hair. Milton was one of the slayers; but he was also of the slain. The mystery of his strange mind confronts us forever; we do not know of what god or demon or destiny he had really caught sight afar off; we do not know what he really saw with his sightless eyes. We only know that it turned him to stone.

THE ART OF PAUL CLAUDEL.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

WHOEVER begins to read Claudel, for the first time, finds himself in a strange land. One is in the presence of new forms which breathe a new spirit. Claudel has come crashing through our artistic conventionalities and surprised us. But, unlike so much that is new in art today, the work of Claudel does not repel us, but, on the contrary, as soon as we have recovered from our surprise, it attracts and eventually fascinates us.

This power to attract and fascinate suggests at once that he is not so wholly new after all. If his principles can be readily adjusted to our previous habits of thought, there must be something in them pertaining to the distant past. They are, as a matter of fact, as old as Aristotle, but Claudel has given them an application to the life of the twentieth century. He has taken full account of the unending rhythm of life, of the perennial flux of things, of the soul's subjective experiences in relation to the outward world of phenomena, but behind it all he has made us see the absolute. If all the world is movement and energy there is, nevertheless, an absolute unmoved activity, from which all phenomenal movement takes its initiation.

There are other reasons too why Claudel has not come into the light of an illustrious day before now, for it is quite possible to speak to one expert in French literature who will tell you that Claudel is the most important literary event in France today, and to speak to another who will confess that he has hardly heard the name. The circumstances of his profession of consul count somewhat in explaining his long obscurity. It is notorious that although a poet must be born, his reputation has to be made. Claudel's long residence in foreign countries has deprived him of the opportunities which a residence in Paris might have given him, of ready access to publishers and friends sympathetic with his work.

He was born in Picardy in 1868, though his family came from the Vosges. He spent a short period of his early life in Paris, during which he became a disciple of Mallarmé. At the age of twenty-four he left for the United States in order to take up a situ-

ation in the consular service. His residence here is believed to be largely responsible for his peculiar form of versification. Although it cannot be called free verse, yet it is sufficiently free to suggest a very strong influence of Walt Whitman. The strong man whom we meet as Pollexfen in *L'Echange* is undoubtedly a type of the man of business whom Claudel, as consul, would frequently meet among us. The fact, too, that the translations of his works so far have come from this country argues an influence here which has not yet asserted itself in England.

Claudel went from here to Tientsin. Much of his work is dated from China. His *Grandes Odes* were written in Foochow, Pekin, Tientsin, and Shanhaikwan. His *Connaissance de l'Est* is a delightful account of his Chinese memories. *Art Poétique* was written chiefly from Konliang and Foochow. In the French Foreign Office he is regarded as a specialist in Chinese affairs. Eight years ago he entered upon a European service as Consul at Prague, passing later to Frankfort. When the War broke out in 1914, it found him Consul-General at Hamburg. He returned to France equipped with his German experience, and joined that movement which is associated with the name of Monsignor Baudrillart, a movement of propaganda against German culture on religious grounds. His most trenchant piece of work in this respect is his *Christmas of 1914*.

In seeking to know something of the method of a new poet, we should naturally turn first to what he has said about himself. So with this expectation we take up his volume entitled *Art Poétique*. But we meet only with disappointment, for the book tells us very little of poetic construction. True, it is not altogether alien to the subject, but it does not deal with it directly. It consists of three chapters which treat respectively of our knowledge of time, our simultaneous knowledge of the universe and of self, and the development of church-building. The first two chapters would, therefore, appear to be philosophical treatises, the third one historical. But closer examination will not justify even this nomenclature. M. Claudel's philosophy abounds in new terms, the content of which is not defined. Hence very frequently we cannot tell what he is aiming at. If he were to confine himself either to mediæval or to modern phraseology, we might oblige him with some fair philosophical criticism. But his terms are neither mediæval nor modern, they are futurist. The following passage on the origin of motion will be a sufficient illustration of the character of his philosophy:

> The motion of a body is its evacuation of the place previously occupied. It is, therefore, as we have said, in itself and above all, an escaping, a recoil, a flight, a distancing imposed by some greater external force. It is the effect of an intolerable strain, the impossibility of remaining where one was before, of existing there. And this thought dissolves into soundless words which remain unspoken. It is like the conscious perception by which through body and soul I perceive that I am I. The origin of motion is the shudder which seizes hold of matter when it is in contact with a different reality, namely, spirit. It is the expansion of a cluster of stars in space. It is the source of time, namely, the fear of God, the essential repulsion registered by the mechanism of worlds.

The author sums up the passage in a synopsis as follows: "The origin of motion is the shivering of matter at the touch of another reality: Spirit: the fear (or fright) of God."

It will be more convenient then to regard these three treatises as examples of poetic art rather than as explanations of the same. Incidentally, however, there is one passage which does throw light on the whole of Claudel's work. It asserts a principle which I have already endeavored to explain elsewhere, the sacramentality of art. Claudel enunciates it thus:

> Once upon a time I was in Japan, going up from Nikko to Chuzenji. There I saw, at a great distance from each other, but brought together by my line of vision, the green of a maple tree completing the harmony suggested by a pine. These present pages are a commentary on this sylvan text, the tree-like enunciation by June of a new Poetic Art of the Universe, of a new logic. The old logic had the syllogism for its organ; this new one has the metaphor, the new word, the operation which results from merely putting two different things together. The former has for its starting point a general and absolute affirmation, the attribution, once for all, of a quality or character to the subject. Without determination of time or place we say that the sun shines, and that the sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. The old logic creates abstract individuals by defining them; it establishes between them unchangeable consequences. Its manner of procedure is a naming. All these terms being once settled and duly classified and indexed according to genus and species, it applies them to every subject which is proposed to it. I compare the old logic to the first part of grammar which treats of the nature and use of

> different words. The new logic is like syntax which teaches us how to group the words into sentences. This logic is put into practice before our very eyes by nature herself. Science deals only with the general, creation deals with the particular. Metaphor, the fundamental iambus, or relation of a strong and weak accent, not only disports itself in the leaves of books, but it is also the indigenous art employed by everything which springs into being.

It is a misuse of terms to call the method a new logic. Doubtless there is a certain likeness of the metaphorical and univocal methods to the processes of syntax and etymology. But there is nothing new in this. The metaphorical method existed long before Claudel discovered it. But it had become obscured. The modern cult of the ugly and the gross had led to a false mysticism which consisted merely in a confusion of ideas. But Claudel, by calling us back to the metaphorical method, has called us back to true mysticism. In all probability it is the return to the mysteries of the Catholic Faith which has created the need for the metaphorical method. Anyhow the plain fact stands out that the revival of Catholicism has brought with it a revival of the true principles of art.

Nor is the principle of the sacramentality of art to be confused with the modern problem picture. A mystery is not the same thing as a puzzle. Nor is it a simple picture with some moral lesson dragged in by the heels as it were. A truly sacramental picture is one in which the matter and form are so intimately fused as to make one undivided unity.

And this is exactly where Claudel succeeds as a mystical writer. His story is always the embodiment of some great spiritual principle, but the due balancing of the material and the spiritual is so perfect that the two make up one entity. That is why really high art appeals to all classes of people: whoever is able to understand the material aspect of the picture is able to understand also the spiritual. The material is the means by which the spiritual is conveyed.

The manipulation of his matter to this end obviously presupposes in the artist the highest degree of sincerity. Claudel has made the equipoise of the material and the spiritual so perfectly that we must credit him with a corresponding degree of sincerity. He has attained to a true conviction of the truth he wishes to present, it has become so intimately a part of his mental equip-

ment, that when he comes to express it he does so quite naturally. Of course his knowledge of technique must also have been so thoroughly assimilated as to become part of his personality. The work must have the mark of unity. Both matter and form must spring from the brain of the artist as one principle.

It is undoubtedly in deference to this need for keeping his art unified that Claudel has chosen his particular form of verse. It is neither the *vers libre* nor one of fixed metre. It adapts itself readily and freely to the particular temperament and passion of the poet. In so far as it is used for this purpose it is rightly called *vers libre*. But then if the poetic passion is under the complete control of reason or of an outward standard of revealed truth, then the term *vers libre* is improperly applied to it. The *vers libre* belongs rather to the modern tendency to express only subjective impulse. But that is just where the genius of Claudel, generally speaking, rises above the modern tendency. I say "generally speaking" because there are occasions when he moves in the modern orientation. If his philosophy were only as strong as his faith he might have saved himself from these regrettable accidents.

So completely, however, is his work an ordering of the intellect that his dramas are arranged to make up one whole scheme. This scheme he calls "The Tree." The title serves not only to show the unity of his work but also its vitality. Each drama grows out of his whole life and being, but each one branches out into a distinct line of thought.

Thus, for instance, in the *Tête d'Or* we have a play in which the hero appears as a great conqueror. He is driven forward by an inward desire or longing which carries him through to great deeds. Cebes symbolizes the people, the weak part of humanity. They give themselves to Tête d'Or who carries them on to his deeds of conquest. But one day he finds that he has undertaken too much, and having undertaken an exploit beyond his power, he meets with disaster. Losing his strength, he dies the death of Prometheus.

Or take *La Ville*. There we have a representation of modern society with its struggles and its spiritual needs. The chief characters are types of the three classes of men who differentiate society. Isidore de Besme, an engineer by profession, stands for the materialistic and mechanical view of life. He brings all his learning to the use of the townspeople, thinking thereby to give them happiness. But all the while he is ignoring the spiritual side of man. He is blind to that spirit world of which the material

world is but the organ and the sacrament. Consequently his science fails to make that adjustment of the material to the spiritual which is so needful for the enlargement of the higher life of man. And the result is that the mechanical forces, which the hero controls, issue only in death. Lambert is the type who makes the aim of life consist in natural love and intelligence. He is happy by reason of a woman's love and the contemplation of his favorite thoughts. Cœuvre is the type who seeks happiness in his own intuitions and love. He is a poet intent only upon himself. He has to discover that happiness is not to be found in himself alone, but that he has need of society and contact with men of the town.

Le Repos du Septième Jour is a mystic drama dealing with the foundations of the moral law. Here Claudel transfers his *milieu* to China. A Chinese Emperor goes down into hell, and there sees the primary principles upon which are built up the temples of good and evil.

L'Echange comes about half way in the evolution of the art of Claudel. It has already been performed in English at the Little Theatre in London, though as yet no English translation has been published. It contains a strong mystic element which comes out all the more strongly by reason of the materialistic background The scenes are placed in America, and have all the circumstances of American life faithfully portrayed.

The plot consists of a triangular duel, in which the powers of wealth, sex, and a sacrament are arrayed against one another. Pollexfen is the man of affairs who lives only for wealth. Louis Laine is the tall precious youth who has enjoyed all the pleasures which an admiring society has to offer him. Marthe is his young and gentle wife, with whom, when he tired of the pleasures of his own little clique in society, he escapes to America. Lechy is an actress who is the embodiment of all the faults of a woman given up to drink and loose living.

The complications of the play are brought about by Louis Laine's falling into the clutches of the profligate Lechy, and by an attempt of Pollexfen to buy Marthe for a handful of gold. Marthe, however, despite all the temptations with which she is surrounded, remains faithful to the marriage bond. She alone stands out serene. Like Kundry in *Parsifal,* she has the passion for serving: *Dienen, dienen.* So powerfully is the character of Marthe set out in the surroundings of both coarse and refined sensuality that some critics see in her a symbol of the Church. Claudel says that she

incarnates a state of his own soul. Indeed the play has that quality of true mysticism which makes it capable of giving any number of spiritual meanings. The one, however, which is the more obvious and which makes the play so valuable in these days, is Marthe's fidelity to the marriage tie.

We have likened the art of Claudel to that of Mestrovic. This is most evident in his deeply religious work: *The Tidings Brought to Mary.* He moves with such terrific force and always with the force of the spirit. The play may be described as a mediæval story born into the twentieth century. It is dated in mediæval times, but from beginning to end, there is that incisiveness and power which is nothing less than the best production of twentieth century development.

The stage directions at once create the religious atmosphere of the poem. It is a drama which assumes something of a religious service. There is a lofty barn with square pillars supporting a vaulted roof. On the door are painted images of St. Peter and St. Paul. The scene is lighted by a large yellow wax candle fixed to one of the pillars. The acting is to be seen conventionally, as mediæval poets might have imagined classic antiquity.

In these weird surroundings, at the weird hour when night merges into dawn, Violaine and Pierre recite their prologue. It tells how Pierre had once tried to lay violent hands on Violaine, and how he had been punished by being struck with leprosy. This terrific recitative is interspersed with gentle prayer. As the door opens a bell is heard high up in the heavens. Violaine clasps her hands, raises her eyes, and in clear sonorous tones speaks the opening sentence of the *Regina Cœli.* Pierre, in a hollow voice, responds. Solemnly, they finish the devotion.....*"per omnia sæcula sæculorum, Amen;"* and then they resume their prologue. They discuss the life-work of Pierre, his building of churches, and whilst they are talking, Violaine's sister Mara enters and watches them secretly. They are saying farewell. Violaine perceives the pain with which Pierre leaves her. Then she leans forward and kisses him on the face—the kiss upon which the plot of the story turns.

The first act opens with a conversation between the old peasant and his wife discussing how they will dispose of their daughters in marriage. At once the mystic element enters into the story. They have no son, and so the man who takes Violaine must take the place of a son, and inherit Monsanvierge together

with its privileges and duties. What these privileges and duties are is never made quite clear. Indeed, this is just one of the points where Claudel has the fault of modernity. Through absence of definition he creates a feeling of vagueness, which vagueness we are supposed to accept as mysticism. Now there is ample material in Claudel's work, and especially in the play under consideration, to produce a sense of mystery without having recourse to the confusion of ideas. So we must be content for the present to know that Monsanvierge is a sacred fief which the old man has inherited from long generations, and which he now bestows upon Jacques Hury.

But Mara has to be reckoned with, and she has made up her mind that Violaine shall not marry Jacques Hury. Unless Mara can have him she will hang herself. Nevertheless, the father gives Violaine to Jacques and with her most of the property.

The second act is given a liturgical setting by a short but remarkable introduction. The scene is a large orchard planted with rows of round trees all arranged in geometric order. Above the orchard stands the village of Combernon. Then, as crowning the whole picture, is this strange ecclesiastical building of Monsanvierge. It is a massive stone edifice with five towers like those of the cathedral at Laon. But it has neither door nor window. There is, however, an opening in its side, a great white scar recently made for the entrance of the Queen Mother of France. From the highest tower a woman's voice rings out with the *Salve Regina.* At the end of this there is a long pause. The stage remains empty during a dramatic silence preparatory to a conversation between Mara and her mother.

The process of intrigue goes on. Jacques Hury comes upon the scene. Having been told about the kiss with the leper, he refuses to believe. In his trustfulness he goes to the fountain of Adone to meet Violaine. She comes along a winding path to meet him, all golden in the dappled sunlight. They are living out life almost according to rubric, for she is clothed in a linen gown with a cloth-of-gold dalmatic embroidered with large red and blue flowers, whilst her head is crowned with a diadem of enamel and gold.

"O my betrothed among the flowery branches, hail! Violaine, how beautiful you are." It is the habit of the nuns at Monsanvierge that she is wearing, all except the maniple which is reserved for choir. The dalmatic signifies that they offer themselves as holy

sacrifices. The women of Combernon have the privilege of wearing it twice, at their betrothal and at their death. Thus then, robed in this wise, does Violaine come forth to meet her beloved. But she has a secret which he must know before he commits himself. She asks for his knife and she cuts open the linen of her gown. There, under the left breast, just where her heart beats, she shows him the spot where the leprosy has appeared. Now he believes the story of the kiss as told him by Mara. He turns his face away. They agree to part. And there is nothing left for Violaine but the lazar-house.

Mara marries Jacques; and eight years later she goes to seek Violaine in her retreat. She takes with her the corpse of her child to ask her to restore it to life. Violaine takes the dead child under her cloak. Then follows what is perhaps one of the most dramatic episodes of all literature. Violaine protests that she is no saint, nor can she bring the dead back to life again. Mara, however, only repeats her request, "Give me back my child."

At this point the liturgy, which at the beginning of the act was heard on the distant mount, is drawn into the actual play. The bells of the Midnight Mass are heard. Violaine and Mara celebrate Christmas together. Mara reads the prophecy of Isaias. Violaine hears the voices of angels. They are as those of heroic young men singing in solemn unison, with retarded movement and a very simple cadence at the end of each phrase. *Hodie nobis de cœlo pax vera descendit.* Then a voice like that of a child responds. *Hodie illuxit nobis dies redemptionis novæ.* Mara, however, does not hear and continues reading the prophecy. The voices of the child and the angels resume their antiphonal chanting. Meanwhile Mara reads the Gospel. The heavenly voices reach their climax with the words: *Et vidimus gloriam Ejus, gloriam quasi Unigeniti a Patre, plenum gratiæ et veritatis.* Then there is a long silence.

Suddenly Violaine cries out in a stifled voice: "Ah!" Mara asks, "What is it?" And the first flush of dawn is seen in the sky. Mara sees something moving under her sister's cloak. She questions Violaine again and again, but Violaine answers only with the liturgical sentences: "Behold I bring thee glad tidings." The bare foot of a baby, moving lazily, is seen through the opening of her cloak. Mara takes the child and looks at it wildly. "It lives." The Angelus is heard ringing at Monsanvierge. The child opens its eyes, looks at its mother, and begins to cry. She looks too and discovers that a change has taken place:

Violaine,
What does this mean? Its eyes were black,
And now they are blue like yours.
Ah!
And what is this drop of milk I see on its lips?

There the curtain falls on the third act. What the moral or artistic purport is of the last lines we are left to imagine. It is an artifice analagous to the making of a torso in sculpture. The body of the narrative is left minus a limb and the hiatus leaves us thinking without giving us a clue as to what is the completion of the story. Like the works of the great masters in sculpture, Rodin and Mestrovic, it is most artistically expressed and the beauty of the expression serves to distract the mind from the literary defect.

The last act is marked by an element of strong contrast. Pierre de Craon appears at the house of Jacques and Mara carrying with him the body of Violaine. He has found it half-buried in a sand pit. Mara owns that with her own hands she took Violaine and led her to destruction. Even though her leper sister had restored her child to life again, the love of her husband Jacques she knew was still kept for Violaine. She could not brook this, and she deemed that she could show her love for her husband in no better way than by leading Violaine to her death. The story closes with the repentance of Mara and a long speech by the old father, an epilogue, as it were, summarizing the spiritual values of the narration. The liturgy is again drawn upon to give a background to all this. The Angelus, ringing once more, brings to the listening heavens and earth the tidings once brought to Mary. Far away in the heights Communion bells are heard, and Claudel proves that he can imbue his work with a sense of true mystery.

The Christmas Eve of 1914 gathers up all the characteristics of Claudel, his modernity, his Catholicism, his mysticism, but above all his patriotism. Doubtless there will be many of his admirers who will dissent from his doctrine of how one should behave towards an enemy, and even from his appraisement of the Germans' intention. But none will deny that he faithfully reflects the mental attitude of the Frenchman towards the German and that the work in question is a splendid piece of high art in so far as it is an utterance of the whole soul of the artist. Precisely and only as such shall we consider it in the following pages.

The opening scene is a village behind Rheims which has been burnt by the Germans. The church is in ruins, but on the wall is

still to be seen the proclamation by the German governor. In front of the church are two graves surmounted by wooden crosses with soldiers' caps on them. In the background is a stable.

A general and a sergeant are discovered in conversation, and the story is being told how Jean and Jacques died. Jean had fallen in no man's land and Jacques had gone to fetch him. As the one was carrying the other, both were killed by the same bullet.

The scene changes leaving us exactly in the same place. But the two graves have disappeared, for we are in the spirit world. The German proclamation remains because that has a meaning in the kingdom of heaven. In this transfigured village Jean and Jacques meet each other. They have, however, become as little children of fourteen, since it is written that we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven unless we become as little children. As yet they are but in the ante-chamber of heaven. It is Christmas Eve and in a few hours Christ will be born.

Jean and Jacques embrace each other tenderly and fall into conversation concerning their last moments on earth. They notice that the dug-out, the well and the church are all up in heaven with them. Nothing is lost sight of there. So they can read the proclamation again but from their new point of view.

Then heaven begins to light up. Little white lights appear everywhere—they are the souls of dead children, white as drops of milk. The choir is chanting the office of the Holy Innocents. *Anima nostra sicut passer erepta est.* From all the cities and fields of France and Belgium the little souls are seen mounting up to God.

Whilst the artist speaks of the glories of Rheims he brings in the priest of St. Remy-in-the-Woods, who now welcomes his children to St. Remy-in-the-Sky. The priest and Jean and Jacques ask one another how they suffered, but the question provokes only a smile. There was just a great blaze of light and then Reality appeared all around them. That was good-bye to the evil dream called life.

They are still in the ante-chamber of the Divine Presence and so the priest must help them to make their preparation for the eternal Christmas. He preaches to them and then takes them to the well, and looking down through the well they see the whole line of battle and what is passing upon earth. They hear a clock strike half-past eleven. It will not, however, strike twelve. It is the clock of a burning village.

The stable doors open and the Crib is seen, the Holy Child in

the manger, Our Lady and St. Joseph in adoration, and the ox and the ass standing by. Voices of men and women are heard singing in the ruined church. Then a grand rhythmic finale is heard made up of the Latin of the liturgy, the prayers of priest and people in French, and the boom of the German guns:

Choir: Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.
Priest: O Living God!
Children: Save France.
The German gun: Boom.

Thus does this strange service continue until the German gun fires its twelfth shot: Boom. And the choir in the battered but glorified church sings: *Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris.* Three times does the priest supplicate: "Jesus Christ save France," and three times do the little souls repeat with him: "Jesus Christ save France." Then all voices together unite in the cadence: "Amen."

So far I have dealt only with the drama of Claudel, and his philosophy, such as it is, as throwing light upon the same. This is the work by which he has achieved his fame, and by which he will live. And the reason is that it was written for the theatre. This means that it was written with a feeling for the sympathies of the multitude. Such a preoccupation of mind was bound to keep the poet in touch with the centre of things, the things which belong to the essentials of life.

In his lyrical poems, however, he is preoccupied only or chiefly with his own soul. Consequently these poems are a clue to his own life. They evidence the struggle which he has had with his faith. Not that he was ever an agnostic, as some people seem to think. But at one time his faith burned dimly. It was faith seeking to understand. Not until after years of struggle did the light brighten so that he could cry out in all sincerity: "Qu'il est doux de se sentir sur." And this is the strength of his message to the youth of France today:

Blessed be Thou, my God, Who hast delivered me from death.
He who believes not in God, believes not in being, and he who hates being, hates his own existence.
Lord, I have found Thee.
Who finds Thee has no more tolerance of death.

His earlier poems are the *Cinq Grandes Odes* and the *Hymnes*. Recently there have appeared the *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei* and *Trois Poemes de Guerre*. As we have said they are the spontaneous outpourings of his own soul without sufficient regard for the people who should afterwards read his work.

This, then, is our summary of the art of Claudel. It is poetry. which has for its basis the broad truths of the Catholic Faith. In the expression of these truths it utilizes all the good that the futurist mind has been endeavoring to formulate, namely, volume of force, vividness of action, and intensity of atmosphere. It attains the highest flights of artistic expression by reason of its sacramentality combined with a due equipoise of matter and form and their complete unification. On the other hand it is fraught with defects which so far have remained inherent to futurist principles. Sometimes, nay frequently, mystical effects are attempted merely by the confusion of ideas. Sometimes feeling is the only justification of certain expressions; or if there is reason behind them such reason is known only to the initiate. We may hope, however, that with the poet living in France, in closer touch with Western civilization, in more frequent contact with his own people, these defects may disappear.

PAUL CLAUDEL, MYSTIC.

BY MAY BATEMAN.

THE Non-Catholic, defining a mystic, usually indicates some crank or fanatic; or, seeing one aspect only of the truth, limits the mystic to him who lives within a cloister, and leads a wholly sequestered life apart from human intercourse. Catholics know better. They know that the mystic may be found in the world and not be of it; they recognize him, in a crowd, by the fine savor of his soul, the quality of his work. For mysticism proper is initiation into the ways of God, and that initiation guides the soul, according to its temperament, on the one hand, to a life of contemplation behind the grille, on the other towards a life of active service in the world, sweetened by this secret knowledge and security and power of interior detachment. Souls which possess such power of retirement find all their work illuminated. And God, entering thus into His children's artistic or commercial work, enlarges its every section; gives it a range and scope which it could not possibly acquire by any merely natural means.

Such is the true

life of the living vision;[1]

revealed with such shining clearness in the writings of Paul Claudel; and work thus inspired does not make merely for ephemeral fame, but is for all time: an arrow shot straight from the heart of Truth.

Claudel, poet, dramatist, mystic, stands out amongst contemporary writers with his revelation of the intimate things of the spirit. He is fiercely zealous for the Faith; he has an extraordinarily sensitive perception of the near relation of the soul to God. He sings in his *Hymne au Sacré Cœur*—

Truly all is consummated: yet Thou hast not suffered enough!
Although, from the soles of Thy Feet to the crown of Thy Head,
The will of man has left no spot upon Thy Body sound, untouched,
There still remains to us Thine Heart to pierce.[2]

Writing, he takes as a vocation, the thing he has been called

[1] Processional. *Cinq Grandes Odes.* [2] *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei.*

upon to do for God. He is a channel through which passes a force far greater than he; it is his part to contain, to direct the crystal stream which springs from the Divine Fount. Man must give out this thing within him which is God's.

Every Christian, however unworthily, reflects the likeness of Christ.[3]

.....The Being which created us and keeps us
Knows us, and we contribute secretly to His glory.[4]

In my verses, never seek for the way, but look into the centre!

he pleads, and again:

Man must give back what he has had.....
Since all things come from you,
They return, in time, to the eternal.....

So with the voice—your voice!—with which I sound eternal notes!

I can only name eternal things.
.....Make me more wholly
Your voice; the word revealed to all the world.[5]

For—

Flesh creates flesh, and man the child that is not for him alone; and the mind,
The word directed to other minds.....[5]

> You have given me no poor to succor, no wounds to dress, no bread to break, but the word which is received more fully than bread or water.....Make me produce it with the best substance of my heart, like a harvest which spreads wherever there is soil.....[5]

Like a man newly-born; an invention, fresh and intact,
Any power I have has one object, every prayer in itself is an act.[6]

Each word he applies has its own function, and no other, and is deliberately chosen, not merely for its literary quality, but for its actual vitality and symbolism.

> We say, truly enough, that words are signs used by us to denote things; we call them up, in fact; we evoke them, bringing ourselves to a point of comprehension which accords with their actual presence.....Sounding a word, I become the

[3] *Le Chemin de la Croix.* [4] *La Ville.*
[5] *Cinq Grandes Odes.* [6] *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei.*

> actual master of the object which it stands for; I can take it where I will, with me; I can treat it as if it actually were there.....[7]

Here we have a theory partially resembling that advanced by Algernon Blackwood in *The Human Chord,* but dating back, obviously, far beyond the personal range of either author, in its recognition of the mystical properties, the occult significance of words. Claudel, living for years in the East, had studied the question deeply, and afterwards applied it. Even the sound of his sentences is intentional. Some of them are musical, some purposely not. This is what makes his work lose intolerably in translation, no matter from what selfless and humble a motive an interpreter sets out upon his task.

And Claudel on more than one occasion, acclaims responsibility of using the " right " phrase with almost passionate exaltation.

> Behold her here, she stands upon my threshold
> The word, like to a maiden young forevermore![8]

> The spirit sent from God goes back again to Him in the perfume in which it spent itself.....It is essential that words should be, before the phrase itself exists; *sound must go* out upon the world that sense may live.....[8]

Claudel has been quoted by a cult as though he were only for " high intellectuals; " for the chosen few with rare mental gifts rather than for the many who are called upon to be and to suffer. In the present writer's view, Claudel's wide grasp of the heights and depths of human nature brings him within the reach of nearly all. For he knows man as few know him. He is at once a pilgrim and a guide. If he has won to mountain heights from which he can discern the outline of the City of God, he has sunk, too, into an incomparable darkness of the soul compared to which black night offers no fears. Despair; spiritual dryness; shame; loneliness; he has been plunged into each of these in his hour.

> Scarlet of love; and that of utter shame
> Covers the face from which I have drawn my hands.....

> Shadow has struck me, my brief day dies out.
> The past is past; the future is no more.
> Good-bye to boyhood!—Good-bye to my youth!
> Bereft and poor I face my naked hour.

[7] *L'Art Poétique.* [8] *Cinq Grandes Odes.*

Now I will speak no more; lonely and bound,
Like a flock sold to hands which drive it hence,
I listen, merely; waiting, ready for what
The final hour with its sharp crisis brings.....

The coward unveiled, the very traitor proved,
The liar disclosed, the adulterer himself,
The proud man listening—bound to hold his tongue—
The prodigal selling his rights for dross;

The sick man mocked; the child his mother laughs at—
He who walks threadbare through his fellow-men,
Cannot have known, in the depths of heart or soul,
Abasement lower, more complete than mine.....[9]

Few passages equal the following for intensity:

At last I see myself! Desolation holds me and pain makes of me a sorrowing eye
Seeing only misery, nothingness, privation—these alone are mine!
Now I know myself; in bitter nakedness
Am I revealed, emptied of all
Save utter want of Thee.[10]

Of him who could write this it might well be said, "O death, thy sentence is welcome to the man that is in need and to him whose strength faileth."

But here, on the other hand, is the third stage in the great process of purgation, and "now is the very moment to which the preceding stages have led. Now is the very instant in which the beloved soul, having learnt her last lesson of the Purgative Way is fit 'to cast herself into the sea,' to come to Jesus..... conscious that it is exactly because she is nothing in herself, and *because she knows it,* that Christ can be her all.....Christ purges His friends of all that is not of Him."[11]

And at this point, too, Claudel, mystic, is to come into his own. Revelation dawns. Hereafter, the agony of loss, of apparently unnecessary pain and injustice, is made intelligible through the vision of God. Acceptance is the door to spiritual understanding. Pain which takes spiritual meaning must still rack tormented nerves, still

[9] *Vers d'Exil.* [10] *Cinq Grandes Odes.*
[11] *The Friendship of Christ.* By Robert Hugh Benson.

strain the tired brain, still, interiorly, be shrunk from. But it is no longer grudged nor regretted any more than a mother grudges or regrets the travail which brought her heir into the world. One wounded heart draws not only another nearer, but itself is nearer to the wounded Heart of Christ.

Seen from this standpoint, Claudel's dramas divide into two distinct sections, some showing what a man endures through willful ignorance of, through doing without, God; and others, what he attains when he is with, or trying to be with, Him. Proudly Catholic, he compels these views into all he does. And the more fiercely he challenges unfaith and compromise, the more his work strengthens and takes power. *Tête d'Or,* his earliest published play, is the story of the mental conflict of a man with the Promethean spirit who would dispute Olympus with the gods. Born with great instinct and aspirations, Tête d'Or fails because throughout he depends only on himself. The fire his vivid spirit lights is real fire, on a beacon, but imperially as it glows, nothing is left but ashes. Yet he has had his supreme wish. Never has he been afraid; never has he cringed, or fled from danger. His end is fine but it is the end of a pagan.

"Effort comes to its vain limits and undoes itself like a fold," says the Commandant of the Army which he led often to victory, looking upon his stricken figure, which in its day has glorified itself so high, boasting:

Know the right which has been given me!
Know the power which has been given me.....
How fine a thing it is that these lips of mine should say "I!".....

I ask for all.
I ask all so that you may give it me,
That supreme power may be mine to do all and to have all.....

My hours dawns!
My glory will spread over the world like a bow in heaven.....

When Tête d'Or's men leave him by his own wish, to die, as they believe, alone, upon the hilltops in a strange country, his Captain looking at the prostrate form sounds the knell of his master's futile hopes. "The future is like a landscape reflected in water—the past is worth less than a beech-nut—the present is nothing at all....."

The Princess whom he wronged, whose father he killed, whose kingdom he usurped, whom he has not permitted her people to help, ultimately escapes to the very spot to where, presently, his wounded body is carried. She has learned through pain and torture a lesson which he, the conqueror, has not learned. Food has been torn from her starving lips by a deserter; he has nailed her two hands to the branches of a tree.

> *The Princess:* I am nailed to a stake, but my Royal Heart is not broken, for these bonds are as honorable as a throne.

And later:

.....Poor hand!
I was nailed.....
Like a night-bird;
Like the tree which is crucified, that it may bring forth fruit.....

Taking the personality of Cœuvre, in *La Ville,* as a pendant picture to Tête d'Or's, we have, in exquisite contrast, the picture of the man who walks increasingly with God, as the action of *La Ville* unfolds. The valley of vision, to Cœuvre, is from the outset, open thoroughfare. His eyes are mystic; he is the natural celibate; his marriage with Lala is the result of a brief call of youth to youth in springtime and no more. She carries him away only when the depression, the pessimism of Isidore de Besme's outlook almost thrust him upon her. She materializes joy for him. He has been speaking of the things which cannot be held with mortal hands, and Besme has thrust his lance across the fabric of Cœuvre's dreams; Lala waves dazzlingly before him pleasure which he can grip and feel. Warm life, full life from the world's material view, she epitomizes in a phrase.

Yet even then he knows intuitively that

> The love I have conceived
> Rests not in rest which I can never know.

He gives the lie to Besme's black doctrine *"Rien n'est."* All is acrid and sour to Besme because he is the centre of the life he sees. Cœuvre, still vague, still undecided, yet knows that somewhere in apparent chaos there is reason and meaning; that the cruel problems of life have a divine answer; that for the man who

is noble there is a more splendid end than for the man who, like Besme, is heaped about with all of worldly honor that "the town can give him."

Eventually, returning to his birthplace, on his mission of conversion, Cœuvre shows how, passing through the torn fabric of dreams, he has won his way to the outskirts of the spiritual City which will stand forever. "Certainty"—through what dim corridors he had to travel to reach her! In the sweat of his brow how he has toiled to find her home!

But now—I have come to the end of the journey.....*I am here!*

The Face of the suffering Christ—once stamped upon the heart—will stay forever.

> How can we be content to break bread, my son, while *His* Sorrow is still here to assuage?

Nearly all Claudel's dramas are dramas of growth. His men and women never stand still; they move in leaps and bounds. And so poignant are they, so real, so vividly, intensely human, that you feel their pain, you shine with their reflected glory, as you do with the sorrow or the sanctity of your most intimate friend. Whatever they are not, they are real. Types, symbols, perhaps; but types and symbols warm with coursing blood.

And because, with his mystic vision, Claudel sees through the gaudy or worn trappings of a soul straight to its naked heart, he draws, with unusual justice and respect, his different characters. He makes a case even for those with whom he has least sympathy; his innate sense of the dignity of the human soul gives him a reverence too seldom found in writers when they portray characters for whom they have no admiration. Take for instance, his presentiment of Lala's view of life in *La Ville;* Thomas Pollok Nageoire's, and Louis Laine's in *L'Echange;* Toussaint de Turelure's in *L'Otage;* Mara's in *L'Annonce faite à Marie.* Compare them with Cœuvre's standpoint;[12] Marthe's;[13] Monsieur Badillon's and Sygne de Coûfontaine's;[14] and Violaine's[15] to cite a few only out of many instances which at once spring to the mind.

Lala, the symbol of elusive joy, the firefly which flickers before a man's eyes only to defy capture, says of herself:

[12] *La Ville.* [13] *L'Echange.* [14] *L'Otage.*
[15] *L'Annonce faite à Marie.*

> I am the promise which cannot be kept.....Don't think of death, O friend, but life! For the living build up amongst them a town, where laws do not exist. Like the bee in its cell, every man is himself his own law.....

Finally, in self-justification, she urges—

> Woman is nearer to the earth than you
> And she breathes more of its smoke!

" Everything has its price " is the philosophy of Thomas Pollok Nageoire. To find that fidelity and truth cannot be bought for gold, as in Marthe's case may well be a turning-point in his life after the curtain has fallen on the last act of *L'Echange*. We recognize him. There is scarcely one of us who has not met him in our day. He is practical, he has grip; he sees all life through the squint-hole he makes of his two hands, held like a telescope.

> I buy anything, I sell anything.
> Nothing can be had for nothing.....
> Never give anything away for nothing.
> Nothing lasts forever. When you are no longer hungry
> What is the good of going on eating?.....
>
> Money is everything. One must have money. It is like a woman's hands, with fingers.....

Marthe, standing for eternal womanhood, firmly clings to the foundations of love and honor and peace, as might a ship-wrecked passenger, cling to his little island of rock in the midst of raging seas. She sums up Thomas Pollok Nageoire impartially in a few words:

> There are several points which I admire in you.
> For example, seeing that a thing is good, you spare no effort to obtain it.
> Then, as you yourself say—you know the value of things, whether they are worth much or little.
> You pay nothing for dreams; you set no store by appearance; your business is with stern realities.....
> And yet—after all—I am richer than you!

Louis Laine, Marthe's husband, a modern Donatello whose god

is freedom, who longs for wings to fly with when he cannot even stand firmly on his feet, entangles himself, in his desire to escape any sort or kind of bondage, in a maze of unworthy ties which lures him to his own unworthy death. Of himself he says:

> My life is *mine!* I will not give it to another.....I must be free, throughout! I must do what pleases me!.....Today is enough for me.

Unmasked, he accuses life, temperament, reason, anything but his own weakness, for what he is. Sane and clear comes Marthe's answer:

Never blame the mind!—but rather, the animal-taint in you; cunning; your desire for escape; your ruthlessness.....
Neither accuse the body—as a woman might accuse her maidservant!
Accuse rather, the unclean spirit within!
The spirit of death and dissolution, luring us, made only to die.

"Truth!" mocks Lechy Elbernon, in the same play: "What is truth? Hasn't it got seventeen coats like an onion?" But Marthe says:

The eye is made to see with, and the ear to hear the truth.....

> Deep in the heart of man is will, and it has its own perfume, like scent which rises to the nostrils.....You dived into the sea this morning and would, if you could, have gone to the bottom.....Water like that will never wash you clean, but only the tears which flow from your eyes.....
>
> We do not see God, but man who is made in the image of God, and shall we not praise the sun which lets us see and gaze upon him?

The great mystery-play of *Le Repos du Septième Jour* is a drama essentially to be read, not acted. To read it even, is to shake the inmost heart. Claudel, with his experience of the East, has had exceptional opportunities of studying mysticism; how near he has been to its dark secrets is indicated by this Chinese play. To dabble with the occult is much less safe than to play with a bomb whose pin has been drawn; while the bomb merely destroys the body, the other threatens to destroy the soul. Eastern mysticism is an open door between both worlds, and malignant powers

wait on the threshold, burning to capture forever the wavering soul which strays too near.

Claudel has withstood the onslaught of these terrific forces with the superior powers of Catholic mysticism. But that he realizes to the full the danger of occult study for the defenceless, nobody who has even an elementary knowledge of what such study involves, can doubt when reading the solemn pages of this great drama, which ranks with the best examples of the classics.

A great and good Emperor returns from a period of contemplation and solitude to find his people panic-stricken. Their dead are tormenting them; their homes, their fields, their meals are not their own; the dead encroach upon their very firesides, felt rather than seen, yet everywhere divined, avid and grasping, ready to pluck from the hands of the living temporal joys, all that in which the body can find ease. The sacrifices, the offerings of the people are in vain; in their midst, the pale dead stray, phantoms of fear and warning.

And the Emperor for love of his people "goes voluntarily" into the bowels of the Earth to snatch from its womb the secret of this hideous onslaught, and learn how to quell it. He takes with him nothing but the imperial and ancient stick of which it is foretold that one day, after a period of peril and disaster, it will branch out in token of "real" prosperity and peace. Penetrating to purgatory, to hell itself, he learns the secret of the nation's failure and how he may repair it. His sacrifice is accepted; he is allowed to return to his country to give his message of hope.

But he comes back, bearing upon him the outward symbols of the horrors through which he has passed. The eyes are out; the nose is gone; the lips are multilated and disfigured. He returns as a mere voice to utter incomparable wisdom before he sets out again upon the last stage of the pilgrimage, leaving behind him the staff which has branched into the shape of a cross.

Here, as in Claudel's best known play, *L'Annonce faite à Marie,* the deepening tragedy leaves the reader with no real sense of gloom, although he walks with the Emperor as with Violaine in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. For these pictures of pain, washed upon the canvas by the incomparable sure touch of the true artist, show exquisitely clearly huge shafts of light divine. They are pictures of souls rising through purgatorial flames to heights of glory, and through the sombre smoke of the background a mystical light has flashed straight from the heart of God. They

are inspired and inspiring pictures, and the lesson of them, lofty and solemn, rings with incomparable dignity and power.

Pierre de Craon, great architect of churches, explains how he will place upon the summit of his work, the statue of "Violaine, the leper, in her glory. Violaine, blind, for all the world to see." Suffering shall be shown openly for what it is, one of the most precious gifts of God; paradoxically, to prove that he who gives all, shall produce the richer fruit; that it is of the humble at heart, that the higher citizens of the courts of heaven are made.

"I will depict her," says Pierre de Craon, "with her eyes bandaged," and Violaine's father, far-sighted as he is, asks "Why?" And Pierre de Craon replies: *"That she may hear better, because she does not see the whisper of town and field, and the voice of man with the voice of God at one and the same moment."*

"Happy is he who suffers *and who knows why,"* Violaine herself has said, earlier in the play....."Much is consumed in the fire of a heart which burns....."

His detractors have urged against Claudel the fact that his plays demand too much of their audience ever to be wholly successful; and in the case of certain dramas, much of their full meaning would be lost in representation. As well try to keep the kings of the wild, lions and tigers, within the limits of a few hundred yards of wire netting as try to keep a man of Claudel's power within the narrow boundaries of strict theatrical convention. Then again, turns of words, fine passages to which we return frequently, would not perhaps strike home to the quick ear as they do to the more retentive eye. There is undoubtedly a Claudel "atmosphere," into which he compels his admirers; when you have been with him, it is difficult to return to the companionship of others.

Realist, as well as mystic, he presents, often so crudely as almost to seem cruel, nothing but the truth; mystic as well as realist, he sees how every action, every thought, every intention draws a man nearer to God or drives him farther away.

A fine classic scholar, his plays have far more in common with the tragedies of the past, with their great issues, than with modern drama, laden as it is with artificial and extensive accessories. Claudel's dramas of conscience sweep towards their end resistlessly, almost relentlessly. "As the faces of them that look, shine in the water so the hearts of men are laid open to the wise." He is human throughout; what more piteous than Sygne de Coufon-

taine's[16] tragic attempts to evade taking the way which her director, Monsieur de Badillon, a figure drawn with the utmost tenderness, points out?—the way not only of crucifixion of self, but long drawn-out crucifixion, so that one by one, with pauses in between, the nails are inexorably hammered into the tortured flesh?—"I am not God," cries Sygne, "but only a woman!"

To know Claudel is to have lit a torch which, not today only, but tomorrow, will serve to guide us through dark places. To writers with the same faith he must act as inspiration or reproach; why are there not more of us joining our voices in his Magnificat? In the argument of *La Maison Fermée,* to be found in his *Cinq Grandes Odes,* he puts the duty of a writer, of a poet, clearly enough for all the world to read.

"My first duty is God, and the task which He has given me, which is to reunite all in Him." He discusses contemplation; how the poet, rightly to hold his gift, must be at times like a shut up house. (In an earlier poem he said: "He who would participate in the Will of God, must participate also in His silence"). And the guardian angel of the poet answers that God called him to be the poet's guardian angel, that he might guide him to give "*To God alone that which he has received alone from God—the spirit of prayer and speech.*"

The surrender of self; the giving back, humbly and thankfully, the well-worn gift which came through grace; the counting of pain borne for Christ as no pain at all, but joy and gain; these are some of the marks of Claudel's growth and inspiration. Who can wonder that with principles like these he has traveled so far along the road of applied mysticism? Perhaps, because he no longer asks for fame, fame is now increasingly his; he does actually seek only to be the sower of a seed which may germinate though "nobody remembers who has sown it."

Let me be amongst men as a man without a face and my
Speech amongst them noiseless, like some sower of silence.....
Make me as one who sows solitude and may he who hears my voice
Return home, troubled and sobered.

[16] *L'Otage.*

INDIANA'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

BY LOUIS P. HARL.

UT in Indiana a series of centennial celebrations which attracted nation-wide attention have just been completed. The occasion was the rounding out by the Hoosier commonwealth of one hundred years of statehood. Every town and city in the State celebrated the occasion in some way. The principal feature of the various celebrations was usually a pageant depicting the growth and development of the territory from the days of the Indians until the present time. These pageants in the larger cities were elaborately staged by popular effort and by popular subscription. The South Bend pageant, one of the best in the State, was participated in by nearly six thousand persons, and witnessed by a great many more. The magnificent State celebration in the capital city, Indianapolis, lasted for two weeks, drew hundreds of thousands of visitors to the city, and cost several hundred thousand dollars to produce. Being historically correct in most details these pageants had a great educational value and conveyed to the present generation, as hardly anything else could, an idea of the spirit of heroism and patriotism, and it might be added religion, which pervaded the lives of the pioneers of Indiana, as indeed of all the other States of our great Union. But not least among the good effects of the centennial celebrations was the fact that they educated the people to the important part played by Catholics and Catholicism in the State's history. With the possible exception of Maryland, California, New York and Florida, there is no State in the Union that has a more brilliant history of Catholic men and achievements than Indiana.

Indiana's history as a State dates back only a hundred years, but the history of Catholicism in Indiana is a glorious record of struggle, self-sacrifice, and achievement which covers a period of nearly two hundred and fifty years. The first white man to set foot within its territory was undoubtedly a French-Canadian, and a Catholic. The early Catholic missionaries and explorers were the first to bring the light of civilization and Christianity to the territory. The first settlement was by Catholics, and indeed, the

whole history of the territory until the time of its admission into the Union is largely the history of a Catholic people. Above all, it is to a Catholic priest, more perhaps than to any other man, that we owe the fact that the State, as well as the whole of the great Middle-West, holds its allegiance to the American rather than to the British flag.

Before the English had dared to lose sight of the sea in planting their colonies along the eastern coast of our country, the French in Canada had pushed their explorations thousands of miles inward to the very western extremity of the Great Lakes and had heard of the mighty "Messipi," "The Father of Waters."

In these explorations, venturing where the soldier or adventurer dare not go, the Catholic missionary blazed the way. In his zeal to spread the word of God he traversed the pathless forests, paddled his canoe along the great waterways as yet unknown to the white man, and penetrated into the most remote wilderness, preaching the Gospel everywhere to the savage tribes, and singing the praises of God and His Blessed Mother in the very names he gave the streams and lakes.

The first name that history associates with the territory that now comprises the State of Indiana is that of the most noted of these early missionaries, the saintly Father Jacques Marquette. It was after he had explored the Mississippi in 1673, and founded the mission of Kaskaskia, that he first entered the territory of the State. Sick and weary from hardships and suffering he bade his dear children, the Illinois, farewell, and having offered Mass for the last time in Kaskaskia, Easter morning, 1675, set out for his beloved mission of St. Ignace, in northern Michigan. In his anxiety to reach the mission before the hand of death closed upon him, he accepted the advice of his Indian guides, and took the shorter route, which was up the Kankakee, across northern Illinois, and into Indiana, thence by portage to the St. Joseph River, and down stream to Lake Michigan. But death overtook him on the way, and on the shore of the lake, not many miles from St. Ignace, his blessed soul took flight on the eighteenth day of May, 1675. That Father Marquette passed through Indiana on that last sad journey before his death, most authorities, including John Gilmary Shea and Justin Winsor, agree. The spot where he embarked upon the waters of the St. Joseph is only a mile from where the University of Notre Dame now stands, and the fact is treasured as one of the most sacred traditions of the great Catholic university. Following the

return of Joliet, Father Marquette's companion, on his trip of exploration to the Mississippi, the Mississippi country was for the next century and a half the fruitful field of missionary endeavor, and the El Dorado of the traders of New France.

First among the early explorers of the Mississippi country in importance, as well as time, was Sieur Robert Cavelier de La Salle, who explored the Mississippi to its mouth in 1682, and whose work played an important part in fixing the early history of Indiana. It seems certain that as early as 1669, La Salle had explored the Ohio to its falls, being in all probability the first European that ever looked upon its waters. But the discovery of the Ohio had at the time little influence upon the history of the adjoining territory. The next route to the West, discovered by La Salle, was the Maumee-Wabash River and portage route, over which he probably first journeyed for some distance about 1671. The discovery of this route opened the way for the series of French settlements which some years later lined the Wabash River, and which were the first permanent settlements in the confines of the present State. It was in 1679, on his epoch-making trip to the Mississippi, that La Salle crossed the third important route to the West, the St. Joseph-Kankakee River and portage routes. It is an interesting point of history, recorded by Father Lewis Hennepin, the Franciscan Recollet, who accompanied him, that in searching for the portage La Salle became separated from his party and wandered for two days in the beautiful valley of the St. Joseph before he again found his friends. The spot where La Salle landed on the St. Joseph is still known as La Salle's landing. It is near where Notre Dame University now stands, and only a few miles from the place where two years later on his return trip he signed the famous treaty with the Miamis, which secured peace for the French explorers and settlers for the next half century. A short distance down the river he erected, about 1882, Fort St. Joseph, which was, however, a few years later abandoned.

The St. Joseph-Kankakee portage route was now rapidly becoming the principal highway of travel to the West, and it was probably because of this that Father Claude Allouez, S.J., who had succeeded Father Marquette as head of the mission at Kaskaskia, decided about 1680 to plant a mission on the St. Joseph, and thus added to his many other distinctions the honor of being the pioneer priest of Indiana. That Father Allouez did establish a mission on the St. Joseph there is almost positive evidence, and that having

established this mission he labored among the Indians of what is now northern Indiana is certain. There is evidence to indicate that he penetrated as far into the country as the great Miami village, near the headwaters of the Maumee, where the city of Fort Wayne now stands.

Father Allouez's labors among the Illinois and Miamis continued for nine or ten years after he had founded the mission of St. Joseph, and he went to his reward in 1689. His remains still lie somewhere along the St. Joseph. Père Allouez was one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable men who went out from France in those early days to convert the savages of North America. Thirty-two years of his life of seventy-six he spent among the Indians. He preached to twenty different tribes, and baptized with his own hands ten thousand neophytes. He was the first Vicar-General of the United States, having been assigned to that office by the Bishop of Quebec, Monsignor Laval. John Gilmary Shea calls him, "the founder of Catholicism in the West," and it is a most fitting title.

Soon after Father Allouez established his mission on the St. Joseph, or the river of the Miamis, as it was called before he renamed it, the government of New France, realizing the importance of the position commanding, as it did, the great highway to the West, erected a fort at the point which is known in history as Fort St. Joseph. Fort St. Joseph and its mission continued to be the centre of French exploration and trade and Catholic missionary activity throughout the whole region until 1759, when it was captured by the British, and its garrison and settlers removed. Besides Father Allouez, we find laboring at the mission many other of the most distinguished of the early Jesuits, including Fathers Claude Aveneau, James Gravier, Peter F. X. Chardon, St. Pé, Du-Jaunay and Peter Potier, the last Jesuit of the West. The famous traveler and missionary, Father Charlevoix, also visited the mission about 1721, and wrote interestingly of the surrounding country. After the British occupancy the mission was never reorganized, but occasionally missionaries visited the country and strove to keep alive the fires of Christianity in the breasts of the savages. Fort St. Joseph's interesting history came to an end, when it was captured and burned by a Spanish force from Fort St. Louis in 1781. It is interesting to note, that as Judge Howard observes in his history of Notre Dame, the capture of Fort St. Joseph by the Spaniards marks the extreme northern limit of the power of Spain

in the New World. Its flag then floated from the Straits of Magellan to this little outpost in the wilds of southern Michigan. Meanwhile events of great moment were occurring in the southern part of the territory now comprising the State of Indiana, but the development of the northern section was much slower, and the frontier-Indian period in this part did not come to an end until sometime later.

Following the destruction of Fort St. Joseph, the Christian Pottawatomies and Miamis were left for many years without a spiritual adviser, and the way they kept the Faith in spite of the bad example set them by the wild and licentious adventurers and *coureurs des bois* is the best evidence of the wonderful influence for good which the early missionaries exercised over them. How the Indians yearned for the return of their "Black Robed Fathers" is best expressed in the beautiful words which the great Pottawatomie chief, Pokagon, addressed to Father Gabriel Richards, the Vicar-General of Detroit, when he went at the head of a band of braves to supplicate a priest for the tribe in 1828. "I implore you," he said, "to send us a black robe to instruct us in the word of God. If you have no care for us old men, at least have pity on our poor children who are growing up in ignorance and vice. We still preserve the manner of prayer as taught our ancestors by the black robe who formerly resided at St. Joseph. Morning and evening with my wife and children we pray together before the Crucifix in the chapel. Sunday we pray together oftener. On Fridays we fast until evening, men, women and children, according to the tradition handed down to us by our fathers, for we ourselves have never seen a black robe."

Father Richards, himself one of the most interesting figures in the history of the Church in the West, a pioneer in Catholic journalism in this country, one of the early priests of Indiana, and the first and only priest that ever sat in Congress, listened to the chief's plea, and through his efforts, Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, was persuaded to send to the northern Indiana missions Father Stephen Theodore Badin, "the proto-priest of North America," who had already labored for many years in the missions of Kentucky.

Father Badin reached northern Indiana in 1829 and established the mission of Ste. Marie du Lac where Notre Dame University now stands, purchasing from the Government the section of land that later came into the possession of Father Sorin, founder of the

University. His health becoming exhausted by his strenuous labors, Father Badin was forced to return to Kentucky after a few years, and was succeeded by Father Louis Deseilles, whose brief but fruitful career came to an end a few years later, when he expired at the altar of the mission of Ste. Marie du Lac, surrounded by only a few whites and his Indian children.

Father Deseilles' successor was Father Benjamin Mary Petit, the last of the Indian missionaries in Indiana. Father Petit's life, as recorded in his writings and letters, is typical of all the holy men who had gone before him, and as his character is one of the most beautiful of them all it will not perhaps be amiss to attempt to sketch briefly the man and his work.

Petit was a young lawyer of Rennes, France, in 1835, when at the age of twenty-four he felt himself called to the religious life. At that time Bishop Bruté, first bishop of the newly-created diocese of Vincennes, Indiana, was in Rennes seeking aid for his new see. Petit decided to return with him to the new world. Two years after his arrival in Indiana he was ordained by Bishop Bruté, and immediately afterwards started for his first pastorate, which was, as he had requested, the Indiana mission of St. Mary's, in the northern part of the State. In a letter, eloquent with love, which he wrote to his mother on the day of his ordination he says: "I am now a priest.....My hand is now consecrated to God .....How my lips trembled this morning at my first Mass..... Within two days I start hence all alone on a journey of three hundred miles, and yet not alone, for I shall journey in company with my God Whom I shall carry on my bosom day and night, and shall convey with me the instruments of the great Sacrifice, halting from time to time in the depth of the forest, and converting the hut of some poor Catholic into a palace of the King of Glory. I have always desired a mission among the savages: there is but one such in Indiana, and it is I, whom the Pottawatomies will call 'Father Black Robe.' "[1] Father Petit's arrival brought forth from the Indians shouts of joy: "We were as orphans and, as it were, in darkness, but you come among us and we live," they cried.

His labors were heavy, his hardships many. Frequently he had to ride fifty miles or more to answer a sick call. The room in which he lived was over the chapel, which was constructed of logs by the Indians without the use of hammer, nails or saw. His furniture consisted of a table, chair and bed. He shared with the

[1] Quoted from Judge Howard's *History of Notre Dame.*

Indians their corn and meat, with water as his drink. His work was, however, soon interrupted. That very year the Government ordered the removal of the Pattowatomies to the West, and with a sad heart Father Petit exclaims: "I shall have to level the altar and the church to the ground and bury the cross which overshadows their tombs to save it from profanation." The order for the removal of the Pattawatomies, a peaceful and God-fearing people, from their homes to the West, and the manner in which it was carried out by some of the agents of the Government, is one of the most shameful incidents of our history. The suffering among the women and children, and even among the men, was rendered unutterable by the oppressive heat and the unhealthy climate through which they passed. The fever claimed hundreds on the way, or as Father Petit, who had been permitted to accompany them, puts it, "At every stop we left graves under the shadow of the cross." The young priest himself fell a victim to the scourge which was destroying so many of his charges, and at St. Louis he was forced to abandon the party, and a few days later he died. With the departure of the Pottawatomies from Indiana, the frontier-Indian period of the State's history came to an end, and with the death of Father Petit passed away the last of the Indian missionaries to labor in that section.

We must now turn back more than a century and trace rapidly the progress and development of Christianity in the middle and southern parts of the State where the Church was now making rapid strides.

After its discovery by La Salle the Maumee-Wabash river-portage route from Lake Erie to the Mississippi was not long in becoming the principal thoroughfare of trade between New France and the West, and for the next century communication between Canada and New Orleans continued to be carried on over this route. Just when the first settlement along the Wabash, which was also the first settlement in Indiana, was made, is uncertain, but by 1705 the Government of New France, carrying out its policy of securing the country, had established the posts of Vincennes, of Ouiatenon, where the city of Lafayette now stands, and of Maumee, near the present city of Fort Wayne. As all these posts were garrisoned by French Catholics and were the headquarters of a large number of traders, it is quite certain that from the very first they were the centre of missions. For nearly a decade or so these posts grew rapidly, and the fur traders and settlers reaped rich

profits from their labors. Between 1720 and 1730 we find Fort Ouiatenon, which was situated at the point on the Wabash, where the large pirogues transferred their cargoes to the smaller craft, shipping annually to Canada twenty thousand furs and skins. About the latter date, however, troubles between the Miamis and the whites broke out, and after 1845 we lose trace of the posts of Ouiatenon and Maumee, which were evidently abandoned. It is interesting to note, however, that before its abandonment there was born at Fort Ouiatenon a child, Anthony Foucher, who was to be the first native of the territory now comprised in the present State to be ordained to the priesthood.

Vincennes further south and out of the Miami country, continued to prosper and the history of this isolated Gallic settlement for the next century is one of the most interesting and romantic chapters of American history. The people of the French posts were, with all their lack of industry and their pleasure-loving disposition, generally speaking, good and pious people who loved their pastors, and supported the Church as well as their scanty means would permit.

The first priest of whom we have any positive record as having labored at Vincennes was a Father Mermet, S.J., who was there as early as 1712. Just how long he remained at Vincennes is uncertain. Father Mermet's successor was Father Senat, another Jesuit, who lost his life in 1736, when he accompanied François Margane, Sieur de Vincennes, the founder of the post on an expedition against the Chickesaws on the lower Mississippi, and remaining on the field of battle in one engagement to administer to the wounded, was captured and put to death with much cruelty by the Indians. After Father Senat we find four other Jesuit pastors at Vincennes, Fathers Sebastian Louis Meurin, Louis Vivier, Julian Duvernay and Pierre Du Jaunay. Then the little flock was without a shepherd for some time until, with the coming of Very Reverend Pierre Gibault, priest and patriot, in 1770, a new era of history was opened up for the territory.

The cause of the long delay experienced by Vincennes in securing a priest is to be found in the decline of the Illinois missions, which began about the middle of the eighteenth century, and which was due to the mismanagement of the government of Louisiana, which now controlled affairs in the Northwest Territory, to the suppression of the centre of the missions in New Orleans in 1762, which shut off the supply of priests, and finally to the trouble which

arose between the Indians and the English, who lacking the conciliatory spirit of the French and the powerful influence which the early Jesuits exercised over the minds and hearts of the aborigines, found themselves from the very beginning involved in continual strife which was only ended when General Harrison crushed forever the power of the Indian in the territory in the famous battle of Tippecanoe in 1819.

Consequently when Father Gibault, the newly appointed Vicar-General of the Bishop of Quebec, arrived in 1770, he found himself the only priest in that whole territory, and his parish extended from Mackinac and Detroit to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. For nineteen years Father Gibault continued to labor in his vast parish. "His zeal was admirable and his labors almost surpassed belief." "He was a leading character in everything pertaining to the spiritual, social, educational and material prosperity of the ancient French villages." Is it any wonder, then, that the good priest early acquired such a tremendous influence over the people of the settlements, or that when the Revolution broke out he so warmly espoused the cause of American liberty, and worked so earnestly to bring the people to his way of thinking, that long before George Rogers Clark appeared upon the scene with his small army, the people of Vincennes and Kaskaskia were already won over to the American cause? In 1778, General Clark was able to take Kaskaskia without the shedding of a single drop of blood, largely through the efforts of Father Gibault. Immediately after this the patriotic priest hurried to Vincennes, assembled the people in the church and so fired them by his eloquent plea on behalf of the American cause, that he was actually able to administer the oath of allegiance. After the capture of Vincennes by Governor Hamilton, in 1789, Father Gibault again came to the rescue; and it was largely through his efforts in raising two companies of Catholic men in Kaskaskia that Clark was able to retake Vincennes and firmly establish the American possession of the territory of the Northwest. Without the support of the French Catholics of the settlements led by their patriotic priest, the small army of General Clark would in all probability have been annihilated by the much larger force of British and Indians. It is a curious fact of history that the three men to whom this country owes the possession of the Northwest Territory, General Clark, Father Gibault and Colonel Francis Vigo, a Catholic gentleman of Vincennes, were all left to die in poverty, their small requests for favors refused by

the Government, and their great services to the country almost entirely ignored. Father Gibault finally departed from Vincennes in 1789 and where he spent his remaining days and died is uncertain.

Vincennes was again without a priest until 1792, when Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, afterwards first Bishop of Bardstown, became the pastor. Father Flaget found the condition of the mission deplorable. The church had almost fallen down, and of the seven hundred souls of which the congregation was composed, only twelve could be induced to approach Holy Communion even at Christmas time. But Father Flaget set to work with a stout heart and established a school—the first of which we have record in the State—hoping to reach the hearts of the parents through their children. The method, backed by Father Flaget's zeal, proved so successful that before he completed his two years and a half of pastorship, practically all the people of the town were faithful attendants at church. More than thirty priests in all had labored at Vincennes, up till 1834, when the diocese was erected. Besides those mentioned before, the best known were: Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, Rev. Father Nerinck, Father Rosate, who later became Bishop of St. Louis, and Father Anthony Blanc, later Archbishop of New Orleans.

After the War of Independence the population of the territory north of the Ohio grew rapidly, but not at first from Catholic sources. On horseback, in two-wheeled carts, in the great Conestoga wagon or prairie schooner, down the Ohio on flatboats and rafts, and even afoot, the early settlers poured into the State from the East and Southeast in a continuous stream. Practically all of these early settlers were of English or Scotch-Irish descent, and were generally Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists. It was not until after the first quarter of the nineteenth century that the Catholic settlers began coming into the State in any considerable numbers.

For a short time after its conquest by George Rogers Clark, the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi remained a county of Virginia. Then it was turned over to the Government and called the Northwest Territory. Ohio was the first part to be made into a State. In 1800 the territory was re-christened Indiana, but shared the name with Michigan until 1805, and with Illinois until 1809. In 1816 the people residing within the present limits of the State, who then numbered about sixty-five thousand,

petitioned that the territory be admitted into the Union and the petition was granted.

After Indiana Territory became a State, Catholics began to come in more rapidly from the Catholic settlements of Kentucky and from the Eastern States. The arrival of a number of immigrants from Ireland and Germany also helped to swell the size of the Catholic element. The rapid growth of the West had already necessitated the division of the huge diocese of Bardstown, and the erection of the sees of Cincinnati in 1821 and of Detroit in 1832. In 1834, another diocese was erected in the West with Vincennes as its seat. Dr. Simon W. G. Bruté, at that time superior of the seminary at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburgh, Maryland, was appointed its first bishop. The diocese of Vincennes was the thirteenth to be created within the present limits of the United States.

The same brilliancy which had marked Bishop Bruté's scholarly pursuits showed itself when as an executive he took charge of his new diocese. He was consecrated in the Cathedral of St. Louis, October 28, 1834, by the venerable Bishop Flaget, and took possession of his see on November 8th. He found his diocese, which included the now great States of Indiana and Illinois, without schools, with only about a dozen churches and missions, and with but three priests to administer to the wants of the thousands of Catholic settlers. With but four hundred dollars in actual money, Bishop Bruté set himself to his herculean task. His labors could scarcely be exaggerated. So great were his zeal and organizing ability that at the time of his death in 1839, or only four years and a half after his consecration, there were in the diocese twenty-four priests, twenty-three churches, two religious communities, two free schools—the first of the State—a seminary, a college for boys, and an academy for girls.

The saintly Bruté was succeeded by his Vicar-General, Very Reverend Celestine R. L. G. de la Hailandière, who, like his predecessor and so many others of the great figures of the Church in the West, was a Breton, and a student at St. Sulpice. He was ordained priest in 1825 by the Abbé Dupanloup, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Orleans. When in 1836 Bishop Bruté arrived in Rennes looking for laborers for the fruitful vineyard of the newest diocese of the Western world, he asked the bishop to give him a priest whom he could designate as his Vicar-General and coadjutor. Father Celestine de la Hailandière was chosen, and he gladly accepted the burden, and accompanied by Bishop Bruté, Fathers

Corbe, Petit, Shawe, Julian Benoit, later to become Vicar-General of the diocese of Fort Wayne, and Father Maurice de St. Palais, afterwards Bishop of Vincennes, started the same year for the new world. For two years after his arrival in this country, Father de la Hailandière's activities were confined to caring for the French missions in and about Vincennes. Then he returned to Europe to seek help for the new diocese, and soon after his arrival there learned of the death of Bishop Bruté. He succeeded to the see, and was consecrated in the chapel of the Sacred Heart, Paris, by Monsignor de Forbin Janson, August 18, 1839.

Before he returned to America, Bishop de la Hailandière had secured in Europe much financial and material assistance, and a large number of young priests and religious for the diocese. To his work in this respect is due in no small measure the rapid progress which Catholicism made in Indiana during the next half a century. In Rennes the bishop secured a number of Eudist priests for a college in Vincennes; the newly established Society of the Holy Cross contributed a priest and several brothers to the work of educating the Catholic youth of the new diocese, and the Congregation of the Sisters of Providence, whose mother-house was at Ruille, sent six sisters to teach the daughters of the pioneers of the West. The Eudist college in Vincennes, overwhelmed by misfortunes, did not long survive, but the seeds planted by the Sisters of Providence and the members of the Holy Cross Congregation grew into the flourishing Academy and College of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, the equally prosperous St. Mary's College and Academy in the northern part of the State, and the great University of Notre Dame. The story of the founding of these great educational institutions—how the six courageous Sisters of Providence labored to build up their splendid institution at Terre Haute, how Father Sorin and the seven brothers of the Holy Cross Congregation went into the wilderness of Northern Indiana, and with only forty-six dollars in cash set to work to found a Catholic college, and how from these humble beginnings the present splendid colleges and universities grew into the great seats of learning that they now are, is one of the interesting chapters of the history of the Church in the West which cannot be given here.

During the next five years after his return to Vincennes, Bishop de la Hailandière labored with all the zeal of his predecessor to promote the spiritual welfare of his diocese. Churches sprang up on all sides, new schools were established, colleges were

erected, and many new priests, both regular and secular were brought into the diocese. But all was not well. The bishop's difficulties seemed to grow, bigotry hindered the work in many quarters, unexpected misfortunes came upon the diocese, and its debts increased rapidly; finally dissatisfaction was voiced by some of the clergy with the bishop's management of affairs. At last convinced that he was unsuited for the work that had been given him, and thoroughly discouraged, the bishop petitioned Rome to be allowed to resign. His request was finally granted in 1847. He returned to his native place, Cambourg, France, where he died in 1882. Bishop de la Hailandière was undoubtedly a brilliant and capable, as well as a holy man, but he was unsuited both by temperament and training for the work he was called upon to do in the new diocese of Vincennes, and his lack of acquaintance with the customs, conditions, language and manners of America added greatly to his difficulties.

Bishop de la Hailandière's successor, Right Reverend John Stephen Bazin, had been qualified by seventeen years of labor in the diocese of Mobile for his new work. He was consecrated in Vincennes on the twenty-fourth of October, 1847, by Bishop Portier, of Mobile. But his career as a bishop was cut short less than six months later by his sudden death, April 23, 1848. He was buried beside Bishop Bruté in the Cathedral of Vincennes.

Shortly before his death, Bishop Bazin had chosen Father Maurice de St. Palais as his Vicar-General and the head of his seminary in Vincennes. Father de St. Palais had labored in a number of the missions of the diocese since his arrival in 1836, and there was probably no one in the diocese better qualified to fill the sacred office left vacant by Bishop Bazin. He was accordingly appointed to the see and consecrated by Bishop Miles, of Nashville, in the Cathedral at Vincennes, January 14, 1849.

Within ten years after the death of Bishop Bruté, the Catholic population of the territory comprising the diocese of Vincennes had grown so rapidly that it had been found necessary in 1844 to separate Illinois from Indiana and create the new see of Chicago. Even with this loss, when Bishop de St. Palais took charge of the diocese of Vincennes it comprised thirty thousand souls, to care for whom there were only thirty-five priests. Quite different was the state of affairs when after forty-one years of fruitful labor, thirteen of which had been spent as a humble missionary priest and twenty-eight as the head of the see, Bishop de St. Palais died in

1877. At that time, despite the fact that the diocese had again been divided and the diocese of Fort Wayne established in the northern part of the State in 1857, there were in the diocese of Vincennes ninety thousand souls, one hundred and fifty-one churches and one hundred and seventeen priests, besides those included in the religious houses of the Franciscans, Benedictines, and the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

Rev. Francis Chatard, D.D., President of the American College, Rome, was chosen to succeed Bishop de St. Palais. Father Chatard was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1834, and was thus the first and only native-born bishop of Vincennes. He was consecrated May 12, 1878, in Rome, but did not reach Indianapolis, which, on account of its more central location and more rapid growth, he had chosen as the episcopal seat, until August 17, 1878.

Bishop Chatard's capable administration of the affairs of the diocese of Vincennes, or of Indianapolis, as it is now called, still continues, and the Catholic Faith continues to make rapid strides in the territory under his charge. In 1900, Right Rev. Denis O'Donoghue was appointed his auxiliary, but on the death of Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, some years later, Bishop O'Donoghue was assigned to that diocese. Despite his venerable age, Bishop Chatard continues actively to direct the affairs of his diocese.

A sketch of Catholicism in Indiana would be incomplete without a word in regard to the diocese of Fort Wayne, which divides with Indianapolis the spiritual domain of the Catholic State. When the diocese was erected in 1857, Rev. John Henry Luers, a German by birth, but since early boyhood a resident of Ohio, was appointed first bishop. When Bishop Luers arrived in Fort Wayne in 1858, to take charge of his diocese, he found it even poorer than he had expected. He had for a cathedral a small dilapidated frame church, and there were in the whole diocese only fourteen priests to administer to the spiritual needs of twenty-thousand or more scattered Catholics. But the progress of the Church in northern Indiana under the administration of Bishop Luers and his successors, Bishops Joseph Dwenger, Joseph Rademacher and Herman Alerding, the present incumbent, was marvelous, and more than kept pace with the rapid development of that part of the State. Today the diocese of Fort Wayne vies with that of Indianapolis in size and importance. It numbers approximately one hun-

dred thousand Catholics, more than two hundred priests, and nearly three hundred churches, chapels, stations and missions.

Interesting has been the history of the Church in Indiana and most promising is its outlook. Nurtured by the zeal of hundreds of priests and thousands of religious, whose number is steadily being augmented from the four seminaries and numerous convents and novitiates in the State; by the work of two hundred parochial schools, where nearly forty thousand children grow in faith and wisdom; by the achievements of its institutions of higher learning such as the thriving colleges of Jasper and St. Joseph, the girls' colleges and academies of St. Mary's at Notre Dame and St. Mary's-of-the-Woods at Terre Haute, the University of Notre Dame, which this year has more than twelve hundred students from all parts of the world, and the great Benedictine abbey, college and seminary of St. Meinrad, which educates for the priesthood hundreds of young men from three dioceses; by the power of its Catholic press, the Faith is kept strong and alive in Indiana, and the Catholic influences of the commonwealth reaches throughout the nation.

And the power of the Church in the State is only beginning. As the prosperity of the scores of rapidly growing cities in the State continues to attract to them thousands of people from other races and lands, but none the less loyal sons of the Church and good citizens of the State, as the barriers of the prejudice which still lingers among many of the natives of the State continues to be swept aside, the Church will continue to grow in power and importance. Indeed it is safe to predict that during the next century the Church in the great Hoosier commonwealth will have a growth almost unprecedented in the history of its marvelous progress in this country.

THE SENTINEL MOTHER.

(AN IDYL OF THE WAYSIDE.)

BY EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J.

"'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
Although a little colored with the three."
—"*Uncle Jo*," *by Alice Cary.*

I.

OF the four main passages over the Southern Alps there is one more renowned than the others both in history and story. Built by the ancient Romans—hence for all time—it leads you at dizzy heights through a never-to-be-forgotten panorama of mountain scenery, down deep gorges, over wildernesses of icy peaks and snow-capped domes, past glistening glaciers and majestic waterfalls, to Italy, there to set you down on the Plains of Lombardy, in another world bright with a mellower sunshine and sweet with the fragrance of vines and orange blossoms. It is the Brenner Pass—the *Appia Claudia* of the Romans—as important a highway of intercommunication between Northern and Southern Europe today as it was in the far-off times when Augustus and the later Cæsars poured their conquering legions through it to subjugate the Rhætians or strike the fear of the name of Rome into the untamed breasts of the marauding Alemanni.

About midway between Augsburg and Verona, just south of the Bavarian Alps, the route passes through the old Rhaeto-Roman halting-place of Veldidena, modern Wilten, and then slopes gently upwards again along the base of the historic mountain called Berg Isel, where the embattled mountaineers, under Hofer, defied the might of Napoleon in 1809. If you continue along the winding road for some three miles beyond the battle-hill, you will come upon a picturesque little valley known as Friedenthal, the Vale of Peace, which cuts into the Pass at a sharp angle. There in a secluded spot, at the confluence of two small mountain streams, stands the humble home where Kaspar Manzl, the woodcarver, and Maria, his wife, had dwelt in uninterrupted happiness for upwards of quarter of a century. Two fair-haired, clear-eyed children, with cheeks that rivaled the Alpen Glow, had romped away a blissful childhood

chiefly among the chips and shavings in the cosy workshop, where the father changed logs of pine and oak into wondrous shapes and curious figures, for he was prince of carvers in a region where every second man is an adept in wood.

"The boy shall be a woodcarver, too," the father had said from the beginning; hence as soon as the chubby hands could grasp a diminutive mallet and draw with safety a tiny blade through soft wood, little Konrad was given a minature bench beside his father's knee, there to undergo a long, arduous apprenticeship.

"The line should be so, son," the old man would sometimes say, correcting with a cut from a horny thumb-nail some false proportion blocked out on a half-finished piece of carving.

"But the wood is not long enough to prolong such a line properly," the boy would answer in dismay, fearing for his handiwork.

"The line shall be so or not at all," would come in unchanged tones over his shoulder, followed by a sweeping gash from knife or chisel that ruined irreparably the labor of weeks....."Fetch another log."

After fourteen years in this stern school, where parental love and love of art ruled as equal masters, the youth came at last to the rare perfection of craftsmanship when his work could meet the severest of all tests—his father's approval.

"Now thou art a *künsler,* lad, not a whittler," said the old man in his sixty-ninth year, ready then to sing the *"Nunc dimittis"* and hand over bench and tools, even as his own father had handed them to him half a century before.

The abdication was to be almost a religious rite. One last masterpiece he would carve—a Pietà, but jointly with the boy. Both would work upon it, he to carve the Christ, the boy the Sorrowful Mother. Accordingly a noble tree was felled on the topmost peak of Hafelekar, where the wood is best cut into twin lengths and brought down to Friedenthal to season. For two full years the old artist leisurely and lovingly wrought his last masterpiece, hovering over it day and night, smoothing, caressing, refining, amending, until it lay before him faultlessly perfect from the long sweep of the outstretched limbs and relaxed torso down to the most exquisite details of finger nail and eyelash!

Then, his life work consummated, and his course more nearly run than he imagined, in June, 1914, he hoisted the other unshaped block upon his own bench and ranged the well-worn tools in careful

order around the base. But before the boy had delivered his first stroke, the hand of Destiny intervened, arresting, as it were, his arm in mid-air! Like an avalanche upon their native mountain sides, which started by the slipping of one loose stone beneath some reckless climber's foot, leaps with a roar across the yawning chasms, gaining speed and volume with the downrush, sweeping clinging chalets into splinters and burying hapless men beneath the weight of a winter's snow—so there now descended upon Peaceful Vale—aye! and upon the whole continent, a sudden whirlwind of destruction unloosed at distant Sarajevo by the gunfire of a blood-crazed youth, obsessed with a false responsibility! Within an incredibly brief space of time, the boasted bulwarks of universal peace, frail because man-made, and unblest because of one fatal exclusion, were swept into nothingness as half a dozen of the mightiest nations of earth unsheathed the sword of fury and sprang madly at one another's throats.

Konrad, being of military age, was called to the colors and appointed bugler of the Fourteenth Mountain Infantry.

They saw him once during that first awful week when he managed to slip out during a momentary lull in the warlike preparations that were transforming the quaint, provincial capital into an armed camp, bristling with soldiery, ordnance and all martial appurtenances. He showed them his uniform, his weapons and the identification-tag glittering at his belt. With näive assurance meant to be kindness he explained the purpose of the metal disc, stamped with the name of his regiment, his number and the religion of the wearer, all unconscious that every syllable stabbed like a dagger. His eyes flashed and his voice was charged with suppressed enthusiasm as he recounted the gossip of the barracks:

"Some say we shall be the first to go. I have heard we must guard the bridge across the Danube.....Think of it, *Mütterchen,* I may be he who shall sound the first charge!"

Such was his talk, full too, of ultimatums, counter-ultimatums, mobilizations, army corps, ambassadors, of parliaments, of Paris and London, Belgrade, Vienna, Petrograd and Berlin. But his chatter fell on deaf ears. What cared they what kings and emperors said, or what smooth words emanated from warring chanceries where thrives "the peace-murdering trade, diplomacy?" This only did they know—that he, the idol of the home, was being snatched from their bosom to become a mere unit, a single bayonet in a mighty host where one man's life was as a blade of grass or

a leaf of the forest to the lords of human destiny sitting at ease in distant council-chambers! To be sure it was their own lips that first had taught his baby mind to link inseparably the household words, " God " and " Country." They gave bravely, but it was like tearing a bleeding limb from its place.

Again they saw him, marching proudly with his comrades as the regiment swept down the Pass, with flowers twined round the rifle barrels and in the horses' manes, advancing under sealed orders to some unknown battle front. As he passed, the boy turned and blew a ringing blast of farewell towards three figures standing on the little cliff overlooking the road beside the cottage. The woman and the girl, his sister, were standing close together, arms linked; the old man stood apart, stiff and straight, like a soldier.

The last serried rank had scarcely disappeared in a cloud of dust when a mysterious providence let the trip-hammer of adversity swiftly deal a second blow at this hitherto serene, unnoticed household.

Old Kaspar's heart, never over strong, had been fluttering faster and faster, striving manfully to meet the unusual strain. His cheeks flamed beneath the silvery beard, so that Minna and the mother half forget their own secret grief, which they had been bravely dissembling, long enough to lead him in nervous apprehension back to his easy-chair. But the tumult and excitement of the parting were too much for the overworked organ, long used to ways of peace. He spoke not a word the whole evening, but sat near the door, his favorite pipe, long, curved and double-bowled between his teeth, gazing now at the glittering stars as they broke, one after the other through the azure vault of heaven, and now at the towering, snow-capped mountains on whose fissured sides the nimble chamois found inaccessible retreat and on whose splintery crags the lordly eagles had nested for the night. So had they been nestling undisturbed for centuries.

Then the silence, the eternal silence that broods over high mountain peaks, seemed to deepen, widen and spread slowly downwards, creeping like a mist from crest to crest, from cliff to cliff, until it enveloped Peaceful Valley and enfolded the troubled spirit of the solitary watcher in the doorway. His hand went often to his side; and it was thus they found him when the cuckoo-clock in the kitchen cooed the hour for the night prayers with which these strong-faithed children of the hills closed their working day.

He was sunk low in the great-chair, one hand pressed to his

side and the chin pillowed on the tumbled beard; the pipe was cold but still clenched between his teeth and the outworn heart was stilled forever.

They buried the woodcarver of Peaceful Valley on the top of the hill overlooking the road, under the selfsame sods on which he had stood, all flushed and agitated, two days before. When the last spadeful had been cast, the mother went alone to the now desolate workshop and there carefully swathed in woolens and old linens the unfinished Pietà. Why, she knew not then.

II.

Bella, horrida bella.....
Bella matribus detestata.

As the long summer days were growing perceptibly shorter and while the early crops were being harvested by women and young boys, who moved in thoughtful silence through the rustling stalks, no longer flinging the joyous yodel across the teeming valley, the first snows were falling among the foothills of the Northeastern Range that forms the natural barrier between two warring empires. Through the main gap in this chain an invading host was pouring thickly down from the northern steppes; against it nine army corps were flung, among them the 14th Mountain Infantry. Each night, when merciful darkness lent some brief respite to the horrors of daytime, the chaplain of the 14th would seat himself to perform the last and saddest function of his healing ministry. By the light of a single candle, whose flickering flame, haloed in the icy atmosphere was carefully veiled and hooded that no tell-tale beam might stray through the crevices of his rude dug-out, he drew huge sheaves of letters from his military chest and proceeded to sort them into two piles. With infinite pity in his eye, and with many a lingering glance as some familiar name or address caught his attention, he slowly transferred from one pile to the other, from the living to the dead, even as the priest at the altar transfers beloved names from the first *Memento* to the second.

These were the hurried words of farewell scribbled on such scraps as camp life could provide and handed to the chaplain by his soldier penitents when they knelt before him for the last precious shriving on the eve of each engagement.

"If I come back, *Kaplan,* I will claim it. But if you see my identification-tag in the basket, forward it to her."

The addressees were chiefly mothers, wives and sweethearts.

Often too, the chaplain slipped some trinket or remembrance into the envelope, not unfrequently one of those very brass tags, taken surreptitiously from the bushel-baskets ranged in double rows before the Recorder's desk at Headquarters. It was not altogether regular, as these means of identification, cut from the bodies of the slain, were shipped back each week to the War Department; but then, the numbers had been duly recorded—the chaplain saw to that; and anyhow, tags were often lost.

Among the letters transferred on the night following a murderous charge of Cossack cavalry, whose mad riding had churned the virginal snow into a horrid crimson slush, was one addressed to Peaceful Valley, to a house just back from the Brenner Post Road, at the confluence of two small mountain streams. The addressee, during that same hour, was sitting before an open door, a young girl by her side. With hands interclasped and resting on the mother's knees, the two were conversing in low tones of their great expectation—the one hope irradiating their ever-present sorrow and tempering the sting of their recent loss.

The writer at that moment was lying far to the front, under an alien sky, from whose leaden borders the snow fell unceasingly on the rigid, upturned face. By his side, driven deep into the softened earth by the death-tide of iron hoofs and reeking steel that had engulfed them, lay a crumpled bugle.

It was a fortnight before the heavy news reached Friedenthal. Every second morning since the flower-bedecked troops had swept past beneath the cliff, Minna had hurried along the Pass to the town and joined the anxious women who scanned in breathless suspense the long lists with heavy black borders that were posted on the barrack walls, on the street of the University. It was exquisite torture—to be forever seeking, yet ever fearing to find the object of one's search. Many a peasant mother had come down from the hills for weeks and months, until at last she saw—and hope died forever. But Minna's heart had skipped as merrily as her feet as she hastened home with the same inspiriting reply, shouted to her mother from afar.

One morning, the fourteenth after the sanguinary conflict in the mountain defile, there was great rejoicing and huzzaing in the streets as the first news was being announced from the balcony over the entrance to the barracks. Minna paused a moment on the

edge of the crowd, from whence, thrilled and exalted out of herself by the swift contagion of vibrant nerves, she added her girlish voice to the roars of exultation that were shaking the packed square.

But further along, before the lists with the mourning-bands, she met only low murmurings and dull whispering—even these ceased abruptly as the girl approached her accustomed group. A woman, who seemed to be awaiting her arrival, detached herself from the others, and stopping the eager maiden with a tender kiss on the pure, upturned brow, led her gently to one side.

"Look not at the lists today, little mother."

"But I must," the girl protested.

The silent listeners moved closer around the placards, hiding them completely.

"Nay," replied the woman, crushing the now frightened Minna to her bosom in a passionate outburst of love and pity—"Run quickly back and tell the mother to send thee here no more..... We will come and pray with her tonight."

There was no joy in the home-coming that morning, but only floods of burning tears and a chalk-like face hid in a tiny apron. But the news, true to its kind, had been swifter than the girl. The mother, standing before the door, as was her wont, knew even before the daughter turned in from the road and sobbed forth her message; for she held in her hand a long, blue, official-looking envelope with the eagles of the Empire emblazoned on the outside. The postman had said not a word as he handed it in at the door an hour earlier, but the mother's heart, with unerring intuition, had instantly divined its secret. She had not broken the seal, for read she could not, but stood there fingering a small metal disc whose outline showed through from her rubbing. She knew what it was—she had seen it once before!

Looking straight before, with eyes that saw not, she handed the sealed envelope to the girl, and waited in patient, statuesque silence, until the sobbing ceased and Minna could slit the paper. A small, battered brass tag fell to the ground. This the mother quickly recovered and held tightly in her hand as the girl read:

> DEAREST OF MOTHERS:
>
> If by God's will thou shalt ever receive this letter so shall it be a token that He has called me to a better life. Be thou a strong mother, and please, on my account, let fall not so much as one tear. That would make the parting sadder. But stand before the thirteenth station of the Way of the Cross

where so often thou didst hold me in thine arms, when a child, and tell me of the sufferings of God's dear mother; speak to her, for she knows.

For thy sake, and for no other reason, death is hard. But I die happy because of duty. Still more it comforts me that it is the same loving God who gave me to thee Who now imposes on thee the pain of my loss.

And now, dearest little mother, I send thee, and father and Minna my true, heartfelt thanks for all you have done for me. Pray often for me; soon thou, too, shalt come and then we shall be united forever. I throw my arms around thee in spirit, and for the last time, here is a kiss and the parting good-bye from him who is thinking of thee to the moment of death—and beyond. Thy loving son,

KONRAD.

P. S.—Tell father he must finish the statue for me—and Minna must help in my stead.

III.

"Carry his body hence,
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves.
So this man's eyes are dim:
Throw the earth over him.

"Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died!—but no:—
Death will not have it so."

—*"Before Sedan," Anonymous.*

The days that followed were lived as in a dream. The loves of these two women had ever circled in a narrow orbit around two lives that were the sun and moon of their circumscribed system; in them all their earthly affections, hopes and aspirations met, finding there complete fulfilment. Then came the fearful cataclysm. The whole world was thrown out of joint and the universal ruin, ramifying down to the humblest fireside in Europe, dashed the lights from their little heaven, and sent them, like meteors adrift in the pathless skies, reeling through hitherto untrodden wastes of sorrow, pain and darkness. The suddenness stunned, the darkness terrified and the void pained. But the utter strangeness, the grim contrast with their former ideal happiness, made it all at first

unreal. Soon, however, the unreality settled into potent reality as day followed day without the postman ever again turning in from the road.

Then sorrow, the common heritage, showed how diversely it grips the human heart.

She who had lost father and brother grew visibly older and frailer from the outpouring of a grief that could not be restrained. When not actually weeping, Minna's eyes glistened in twin lakes of tears, some of which she would let fall unconsciously, on the articles she was handling. Her hands and lips were always aquiver, like the aspen leaf that trembles even when there is no wind.

But she who was first widowed, then made sonless, moved dry-eyed and silent through the vacant rooms, every corner of which held a heart stab. Now it was a carven pipe hanging on a nail, now an unused trundle-bed—or a hunter's cap perched on an Alpine stock. Stealthily, but surely, these dark currents of woe, finding no outlet, were changing into bitter waters, poisoning the spirit. When they beat against her heart in the stillness of both day and night, she did not let them out through the eyes, as a woman should. And pray, she would not. Instead, she went one day before the thirteenth station of the Way of the Cross, as indeed he had told her—and crushing the soiled letter in one hand and his identification-tag in the other, cried reproachfully:

> Look!.....Mother of the Seven Wounds;
> Look, and see if thy sorrow be like to mine!
> Thou at least received thy Divine One in thy arms,
> Thy hands robed Him for the burial!
> But I.....What have I?
> I have.....a bit of metal;
> A brass tag!
> Have I felt the dear dead on my knees?
> My man-child.....where does he lie?
> Who robed him when the vultures stripped him?

It was the unfinished Pietà, the Christ, the Son of Mary, wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in the workshop, with all its haunting memories of that other Calvary, now her own, that finally made answer to the wild outburst. For in it this unlettered peasant mother, scarcely able to trace the letters of her name, read a peace-giving message such as human wisdom, with all its volumes could never teach her. Her hungering eyes had often rested on the vacant space where the Sorrowful Mother should have sat carved

from mountain oak. Suddenly the latent symbolism leaped into fiery letters, clear as an open scroll before the inner vision which Faith supplied:

> If she was *sonless,*.....was not this Christ *motherless!*
>
> And where was that sweet Comforter if not upon red battle-fields, mothering the souls of men who died conformable, as far as may be, to the image of her Incomparable Son?
>
> And this innocent victim, this Only One Whose presence made heaven in the workshop of Galilee, had He not suffered a thousand death-pangs during those three hours of shame upon the skull-shaped hill?
>
> But her own first-born.....had been snatched into merciful oblivion in an instant—at the flashing of a gun!
>
> .....And if she turned away in bitterness from the mute appeal of the outstretched arms with all their sublime significations, where should she turn?.....And whither would such turning lead her?

Such were the saving thoughts that surged through the aching heart, forcing open the flood-gates of pent-up grief. In that moment a resolve was taken that bore instant fruit. Minna, in the house, was startled to hear her cry: "Child, bring the little truck on which he would help him drag logs from the ox-cart to the shop!"

Wondering, the girl obeyed. Her wonderment increased on finding her mother, the first moisture in her eyes, standing before the unfinished Pietà. She had unwound the cloths in which she herself had swathed the Christ after the grave had closed over its creator. Without a syllable of explanation she directed the girl to tilt the car backwards, which done, she slid the carven image upon the platform and took the iron handle herself, motioning the girl to the rear.

With new-born energy, scorning the rocks and tangled undergrowth that blocked the way, she dragged the heavy load to the top of the neighboring cliff where a mound of fresh-turned sods showed old Kaspar's burial place. Again the girl, still marveling, held the little car rigid while the mother with zestful, indefatigable patience, edged the figure along until it rested, first crosswise, then lengthwise upon the hillock formed by the woodcarver's grave. Then flat stones and bits of wood were fitted into the gaps where the undulating surface of the earth did not quite meet the level base of the statue. The chinks were next carefully sodded over,

until, at the end, the Christ, the masterpiece, reposed fairly, squarely and naturally over the folded hands that hewed it So the dead man supplied the pedestal, too.

It was dusk when the unwonted task was done. Dismissing Minna to her evening chores, the mother seated herself on the projecting beam, or saddle, behind the Christ, to which the second figure would have been fastened to complete the Pietà. Just at that moment a solitary traveler rounded a turn in the Pass and caught the first glimpse of this tragic compound of Art and Nature silhouetted against a saffron sky.

Her posture, as she leaned motionless on one bended arm, was one of unconscious grace and artistic repose. She never intended the effect, nor was she at any time cognizant of it. That was far too subtle for her guileless peasant mind. But the western horizon, all afire with the setting sun, the tall snow-streaked mountains in the background throwing long, mysterious shadows across the verdant fields, and the sudden bend in the road, giving just the distance required for the illusion, all combined to blend the two subjects into such a harmonious whole as an inspired sculptor might turn out once in a lifetime!

Although familiar with the best specimens of religious art prevalent in that land of ingenuous faith and woodland shrines, the traveler passed on his way lost in admiration of the wizardry that could imitate Nature so wonderfully—never dreaming that he had beheld that rarer marvel still, Nature imitating Art with such perfect technique as to deceive the human eye!

Yet like as not the next wayfarer would bring the news of an unfinished Pietà which he had passed a few miles back—an extraordinary Christ but no Mother. And still a third brought a strange report. He thought, though he was not certain, that one of the figures had stirred as he hurried past in the gathering dusk!

They are all correct. It *is* unfinished: yet, does not she complete it?

Every morning, duly as the sun and with the sun, she climbs the crooked path and, crouching over the Agonized Heart, mothers the motherless Christ, the while, too, holding communion with her own dead. For in her vision wonderful, the lorn Outcast was more than a symbol; the very wood, fresh from the touch of their hands was a tangible memorial, contact with which served as a sort of connecting link between them and her. At any rate, the

substitution, poor though it was, beguiled the pain and steadied the spirit. Rain, snow or mountain hail, she will be there, at least long enough to let the wooden beads which he had carved slip slowly through her calloused fingers once. Round and round the worn circle and round and back again those tireless fingers move, but ever returning to the starting-point, where, beside the cross of cherry-wood dangles a small, circular tag of battered brass. This relic she guards unceasingly, but whether as a sacred emblem or as a war trophy, a medal for mothers, who can tell? She has never said.

Those who love her know they are performing a bootless task when they lead her tenderly back to the changed fireside, tended by the silent, gentle Minna, now come to woman's estate more by tears than by years. For she will answer, with wistful, unaffected pathos:

"Suffer it now.....It will not be for long."

There is no hysteria in her voice, nor wildness in her eye, and her pulse beats as temperately as yours or mine. So no man has the heart to hinder her, though variously do men judge her.

Always she returns, and will continue to return until the Angel of Mercy comes winging up the Pass to bid the lonely vigil—"Cease."

TO A DEAD CHILD.

BY JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

Blest youth is his—immortal youth for aye,
With all the sweet-eyed cherubim that sing
Around the Throne, and bask in Beauty's ray.
At heaven's white gate they'll meet him, welcoming,
And lead him to their haunts of blissful play
Safe in the luminous gardens of the King!

THE CALL OF THE CHILD.

BY JOSEPH V. McKEE, A.M.

THE history of Law is the story of slow change as extensive as it has been gradual. A random glance shows how true this is. In Rome the rights and disabilities of the person depended upon the class to which he belonged. The emphasis, then, was upon Status. Today we are at the other extreme: we are attempting to reduce natural bonds to mere civil acts. The emphasis now is on Contract. In earlier times the law of retribution, *lex talionis,* allowed the individual himself to avenge a wrong done him or his kin; today he is a mere complainant or witness, while the prosecution and punishment is carried forward by the State. In the reign of Edward, the Confessor, there existed the purgation by fire and water. This gave way to the character avowal by twelve neighbors; today, as its direct evolution, we have judgment by jury. Before the time of Coke, the law was in many instances inadequate in its judgments and immutable in its findings. To remedy these defects, the court of equity was established. At present equity is one of the most important branches of our law.

But of all changes and developments which law has undergone, probably the most distinctive has been the division of law into Criminal and Civil procedure. Before 1201 the individual himself brought action for criminal offences, just as today he institutes suits in tort. It was realized, however, that while this initiative might be accorded the person in civil cases, it could not be given in all instances of wrong-doing. There were many cases where the wrong reached past the person or his property, touched vitally the whole social fabric and worked towards the violation of order and peace. For this reason the State took upon itself the duty of prosecuting and punishing such acts as were subversive of the public weal.

In the execution of this duty, the State was unusually severe. Capital punishment was meted out for trivial offences and mutilations and cruel ordeals were frequent penalties. Today we are at the other end of the pendulum's swing. The cry at present is raised

against all capital punishment. Prison life is made a frolic and penal servitude a pleasant vacation in environments made lightsome by concerts, movies, parades and receptions. The jail is now a clinic, and the prisoner a patient. No longer is the criminal looked upon as a person willfully bad, but as one who is temperamentally, spiritually, or physically ill, and no more to be blamed than the man with typhoid or pneumonia. Crime, in the eyes of the advanced reformer, is an ailment. At most it is a reflection of economic conditions, a result of class struggle.

This pernicious tendency to absolve the individual of responsibility of his willful acts is due to the fact that the advocates of these ideas proclaim half truths in terms of the absolute, and from narrow, limited premises deduce wide, unwarranted conclusions. The extension of this modern radical view of crime and criminals will prove serious, in consequences that cannot fail to be registered in increased crime statistics and the perversion of moral standards. Crime cannot be eradicated or reduced in extent or violence by sickly mawkishness or overflow of sentimentality. Crime is the outcome of malice and malice is the child of the will. The true corrective lies in that remedy which most adequately reaches the individual in his inclinations and will. Upon the volition there are many determinants at work, such as companionship and environment. These may be for good or evil, and, while the will must be aided positively by religion, it can also be assisted by the elimination of these external determinants, if they work for evil, and by their emphasis, if for good.

In former years sociological considerations were such that in criminal studies the emphasis was on "after" rather than on "before." Means were taken to care for the criminal only after he had committed his offence rather than to assist him combat the wrongful influences to which he was subjected. The process was a simple one: a crime has been committed; crime must be punished; ergo, the penitentiary or the reformatory, which seldom reformed. The logic was straight but hard, and on its face correct. But when the causes of crime were studied, many new conclusions were reached and old ones seen in new lights. The results of the intensive study of individual cases with their attending circumstances of physical condition, heredity, environment and companionship opened up new regions for extensive work in the prevention of crime.

The case of the Juke family, quoted by criminologists, is an

example. This family consisted of five sisters, mental defectives. An exhaustive examination of the seven hundred and nine descendants shows that only twenty became skilled workers; sixty-four died in the almshouse; one hundred and forty-two received outdoor relief; one hundred and eight were women of ill fame; eighteen were keepers of immoral resorts; seventy-six were arrested at various times charged with one hundred and seventeen criminal offences.

It was the knowledge gained in this and other like cases that has influenced society's attitude toward the criminal. Had there been a realization that the original Jukes were mentally deficient, and the proper steps taken in a sane, preventative way to counteract the influences at work, society might possibly not have been burdened with these dependents. This idea has led to stress on prevention in crime, just as prevention is emphasized in the combat against disease. Crime, in a great number of cases, may be the reflection of mental and physical defects, of improper guardianship and environment, and in so far as it is influenced by these factors, be restrained. Moral prophylaxis, therefore, has pushed aside the notion that the *only* way to keep down crime is to punish the individual, or to allay action until the crime is committed. The order, at present, is to help the individual or restrain him before he becomes a criminal rather than merely to incarcerate him after he has become one.

In the majority of cases where crime has been committed by adults, it is too late to accomplish any material results by this method. The tree is bent beyond correction. In such instances, there must be no sentimentality to make crime attractive, nor silly exploitation of the individual in the name of "advanced sociology." It is rather in the field of juvenile delinquency that the greatest opportunities lie for the application of preventative measures. It would seem, after reflection, that the results are limited in benefit and extent only by the amount of care and attention given. The understanding that crime may be the direct or indirect result of material causes easily reached and readily eradicated points the way to a wiser, kindlier, happier way of caring for erring children and incipient degenerates. It turns the light upon the boy and shows the fearful handicap of conditions at home and of the temptations that beset him. It makes evident the need of someone to help him, of some person to win his interest and place before him bigger and better ideals. It justifies the attempt to win the boy from a life

of uselessness or crime and to give him something real and vital to live for.

Such steps as these have actually been taken. The records show an inspiring percentage of success. During the years that it has been laboring to save children from crime by removing them from evil associations, the Children's Aid Society of New York has taken twenty-eight thousand children from dangerous environment and placed them in carefully selected homes. Of this large total, eighty-seven per cent have done well; eight per cent were returned to New York; two per cent died; one half of one per cent committed petty crimes and were arrested; and two and one quarter per cent left their new homes and disappeared. Of these boys one became a justice of the Supreme Court, another a governor of a state and one a governor of a territory. There were twenty-four clergymen, thirty-five lawyers, nineteen doctors, sixteen journalists, twenty-nine bankers and ninety-five teachers. This record is all the more noteworthy, when it is considered that at the time of their redemption, these boys were on the rapid highway to crime, idleness and dependency.

An important advancement in the handling of delinquent children has come in the separation of the child from the hardened criminal. Previously, the child charged with fighting in the street, or with breaking a pane of glass was huddled together with adult criminals of all degrees. The lessons he learned, the standards he took as worthy of imitation and the influences he was subjected to were detrimental in every way, giving him an impetus to crime and making him impervious to kind advice and direction.

To prevent this, the legislators established the Children's Court, and today there is no city where the youthful offender is tried with the adult criminal. In these new tribunals the sordid atmosphere of the old general court was cleared, and new, healthy surroundings replaced the old. In the new institution the judge comes in closer contact with the child and assumes the rôle of a kindly, interested person, whose work is not so much to punish as to correct. Wide jurisdiction is given these judges. In New York City, children charged with criminal acts of whatever degree, except murder, are tried in the Children's Court, even though the subject matter be felonious. If the case warrants, the judge uses drastic means to punish the delinquent. But in most cases where the offence is not serious or where it is a first lapse, the court calls in the assistance of the probation officer. He is the mediary between the boy and his

family on one hand and the law represented by the judge, on the other. According to the gravity of the case, the boy reports to the probation officer at various stated times. After a certain period the probation officer makes recommendations to the judge, who acts upon them, giving the boy complete freedom, or imposing more severe measures.

The institution of the Children's Court has been of advantage. But as yet it is merely an experiment that must be worked out on many new lines and with many of its present defects eliminated, before it can be accepted as a permanent good.

Even where the court works its greatest good, the preventative or prophylactic side is not adequately cared for. The probation officer, because of his arduous duties, cannot enter into the closest relations with the child. Then, too, he receives the boy after the wrong has been done. There is still some agent needed to supplement the work of the probation officer to prevent if possible the need of taking the child to court at all, and to keep a watchful guidance over him after his discharge from probation.

Long before the institution of the Children's Court or the introduction of any so-called modern methods, our Catholic priests and sisters were laboring long and late in the work of reclaiming the wayward and helping the weak. Many times has the parish priest, unknown to all, acted as probation officer, and won back the wanderer to righteousness. The records can never tell—for with us such things are too sacred for publication—the story in its fullness of nobility and true worth. Wonderful, far-reaching, and beneficial were the results obtained by these agencies. But the efforts were disorganized. Magnificent work was being done. Even greater work might be accomplished with stronger and more centralized organization. There was no clearing house, no central organization, no system.

In 1911, Cardinal Farley took up this matter and sent the following letter to Father Thomas J. Lynch:

> My Dear Father Lynch:
>
> You are hereby appointed to take charge of the work in connection with prisoners accused of crime in the courts, and to look after the parole and probation system bearing on our penal and reformatory institutions. Your appointment covers, in a word, all correction work relating to crime in the Archdiocese, and authorizes you to establish and incorporate a society for the furtherance of this object.

Wishing you every blessing in your new and most important field as a diocesan official in this line of work, I am,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) JOHN M. FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York.

February 21, 1911.

Father Lynch immediately began the work assigned him and formed the Catholic Protective Society. From the beginning he emphasized the need of helping the men who come up before the judges in the Courts of Special Sessions. He found here a neglected field that teemed with opportunities to do real good for the unfortunates who find it hard after prison terms to start anew in life. And his work has been so efficiently done that today, in New York, there is no organization that is accomplishing so much for the redemption of men.

But these efforts reached only the adult in crime. The children brought into court for many reasons—some serious, some frivolous—were not being systematically cared for. The agencies at work, were for the most part, Non-Catholic, or when Catholic, lacking in a strong central organization. There was a patent need of an active society to help the Catholic children brought before the court. Was it right that they should be left to the care of Non-Catholic associations? Father Lynch was aware of this crying need, and at the first opportunity organized the Catholic Big Brothers. Judge Cornelius F. Collins, of the Children's Court, became the president of the new society, and with Father Lynch actively directing the work, the task of helping our Catholic children was begun.

The method of the Catholic Big Brothers is to have a central organization composed of delegates from each parish, with a general secretary and a number of divisional secretaries. When cases come up, it is the work of the central body to notify the parish workers, who then perform the actual work of visiting the homes of the children, assisting the parents, and helping the child. At first the group of workers was small. Gradually the Society has increased in numbers and, by the use of thorough and efficient methods, is obtaining highly meritorious and extensive results.

But in the light of the vast work which must yet be done, the workers now laboring are altogether too few. Over ten thousand children are brought each year before the judges of the Children's Court in New York City. The records show that a great number of these children are listed as Catholics. Perhaps

the records are not fair in thus placing this odium upon Catholics. *But if there were only one Catholic child a year brought before the courts, the responsibility is ours and we cannot evade it.* We must assume the responsibility and do everything in our power to keep our children from contamination, and if they fall, to take steps to prevent further lapses.

On an examination of the records of the cases coming up in the Children's Court, it is seen that more than ninety per cent should never have been brought to the attention of the court. An analysis shows that the children are brought to court for any or all of three reasons: first, because of improper guardianship; second, because of poverty in the home; and third, because of moral delinquency.

If one study the first cause, that of improper guardianship, one will see the injustice done the child by bringing it to court. The fault is not the child's—it is wholly the fault of the parents. If a systematic survey of each parish could be made, and information gained of parents who are not fulfilling their duties towards their children, advice, friendly intervention, spiritual pressure and other preventative measures might be employed to keep the child from the police court. Prompt action might save many children from the evils that follow parental laxity and moral unfitness. This work need not be left to the parish priest—he has already much to attend to. The laymen, properly organized, could do this efficiently and easily. This task of helping the children is a golden opportunity to begin the social work which seems to have been neglected so long.

The second cause which leads the child before the court, that of poverty in the home, can easily be reached. At present, as soon as any Catholic child is brought before the court, the pastor of the child is notified by a member of the Catholic Big Brothers of the details of the case, with a request that home conditions be investigated. Besides, Father Lynch tells us "in family cases and cases remanded for examination, our own agents interest themselves in the home conditions and secure very often the sanction of the court so to remedy matters as to preserve the integrity of the home, keep the children out of institutions, and restore proper family life. Not more than ten per cent of our children have been sent to institutions since our work began."

The St. Vincent de Paul Society is now an important factor in this work of relieving conditions in the home of the poor.

During the past year The Particular Council of New York gave relief to ten thousand eight hundred and nineteen families consisting of forty-three thousand seven hundred and seventeen persons. The number of visits to the homes of the poor were sixty-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-four. Situations were secured for nine hundred and sixty-one people. Besides distributing clothing, the Society expended ninety-six thousand two hundred and five dollars. This is a record that cannot be praised too highly.

In the third division, that of moral delinquency, lies the greatest field for true Christian labor. Judge Forster, of Chicago, in analyzing the question of juvenile delinquency, divides children into four groups: first, those so strong as to resist all temptations; second, those susceptible of being influenced by evil association; third, those criminally inclined, who yet may be trained and influenced so as to live a fairly good life; fourth, those incorrigibly criminal, who seldom or never yield to better impulses. Of these four classes, the first and last are beyond the scope of the work of the Big Brothers—the first because the members of this division do not need moral assistance, and the last because something stronger than moral suasion is necessary to inhibit their criminal tendencies. But we can and should bend every effort to help those of the other two classes lead wholesome lives. This work is being done in a praiseworthy manner by the Ozanam Association. As an adjunct to the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, these zealous men set out to save the Catholic boys of the city. They have built up seven clubs for boys in the densely populated districts of the city. The records show that the aggregate attendance for the past year was one hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and ten. When the Ozanam Association is keeping such a large number of young men and boys actively engaged in healthful exercises and sports, its influence for good cannot be mistaken nor its powers rightly estimated.

The forces that are now at work are accomplishing worth while results in the face of great handicaps. But the number of workers, especially in this particular field must be increased. The need is clear and the duty well defined. Can Catholic laymen sit idly by and watch others gather in the fruits that should be theirs?

The other organizations laboring to save the child are active and well supported. The Protestant Big Brothers, founded by Mr. Ernest K. Coutler in 1904, are doing extensive work. Their

report for 1915 shows that there are two hundred and seventy-three men pledged to visit a Little Brother at least twice a month, and to report progress monthly. During the past year seven hundred and five new cases came up and were handled successfully. One hundred and seventy-seven boys were referred to other organizations better able to take care of them; twenty-three boys were removed from bad environment by placement in private homes and schools, one hundred and forty boys secured employment. Since the movement began, five thousand and eighty-nine have been helped to lead better lives.

In 1909, the Jewish Big Brothers Association was founded by Mr. Alexander H. Kaminsky. It began with five members and has now two hundred and fifty. In 1914, the Society had charge of four hundred and ninety-three individual Little Brothers. Of these three hundred and eighty-four were supervised by Big Brothers, and one hundred and nine were helped directly through the supervision of the executive officers of the association.

The principle that is actuating the Non-Catholic Big Brothers is most praiseworthy and commendable. But despite this, we must face the question, "How can a Catholic boy, who is wayward, because he has neglected his religious duties, be brought to a realization of those duties by those who do not know or are not in sympathy with the boy's religion." The dearth of religious instruction among children brought before the courts is appalling. Over fifteen per cent of the cases in the Children's Court show that all religious influence stopped with the Sacrament of Baptism. Who can supply the needed training, except those in sympathy? Morality can never find a secure foundation on pagan ethics, nor can perfection of life be accomplished by philanthropy. The only real preventative against moral disease is religion. The children, for the most part, who come up before the Children's Court are there because their parents have neglected their religious duties. Who can take the place of these parents? Can we find an adequate substitute in a Non-Catholic?

This work of child redemption is ours. Our Catholic laymen have come together in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and have perfected an organization that is quietly but efficiently helping the poor. There is no society of laymen that is accomplishing so much Christ-like good. But why should our Catholic laymen stop here? After all, is not the soul of a single child of greater value

in the eyes of God than the temporal welfare of the poor? Can we, who have our heritage of faith, let others show us the way in caring for the spiritual welfare of our children.

A great advance in criminology came with the realization of the wonderful good that can be accomplished by prevention. This is startlingly true of children. The records show that there is an urgent need of strong, persistent, organized efforts to save some of our Catholic children from waywardness, and lives of crime and sin. The most efficient vehicle offered at present to accomplish this work is the Catholic Big Brother Movement. The work that is now being done is magnificent, but limited because the workers are few. In the light of the great good that can be accomplished, and the urgent need of such work, persistent, widespread efforts should be made to coördinate all the forces working in the field of child welfare, and build up an organization adequate and efficient to cope with present and future situations. This work must be done. There is none who can do it so well as the Catholic layman.

In a land of many conflicts, he who listens can hear the crying of two voices. One is the cry of Christ and it comes ringing down the ages: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." And the other? It is the cry of the child itself. Will our Catholic laymen answer to the call?

QUIS DESIDERIO.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Dark and vast are Thine outer walls,
O King of Light!
Weary the desert; the parched wind crawls
Toward the pools of night.
Over Thy close there is music stealing.
Is it Thy revel, Lord, or the calls
Of my childhood's dreaming? Is it the pealing
Of angel spires, the fever's blight?

Some rose immortal there must bloom
By fountains clear,
That waves of such ineffable perfume
Should reach me here!
Cool on my brows I feel their sprinkle,
Here in the dust of my outer gloom
Where the stars themselves seem drops that twinkle
In truant spray o'er the sky wastes sheer.

Their hyssop melts through my soul. Perchance
She scatters there
Some old love-sign, some token—she whose glance
Makes consecrate and rare
Life's dawns and twilight—whose worn hands imploring
Are constant raised 'mid all Thy joys' expanse
For me remembered still in her adoring,
She of the silvered, even-parted hair!

New Books.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MARSHALL. Volumes I. and II. By Albert J. Beveridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $8.00 net.

Few books have had a better warrant than this life of our most famous jurist. All too little is generally known of a career that was aglow with human interest and vibrant with a force still felt in the national consciousness. For most Americans, John Marshall is one of our first great men, because he was one of our first Chief Justices. In the popular mind, he stands at the portals of our history as one of a prostyle of Doric columns, a noble shaft, truly, strong and unadorned, fit ornament for the entrance to a republic. Many of his countrymen may need to be told that he did more than merely grace the beginnings of the nation: that he was a mighty prop to the new and untried state; that for a time he alone stayed up the shaky government and saved it from impending collapse.

Marshall was, in point of fact, one of the men that founded the Union. The Supreme Court, over which Hamilton shook his head in despair as over a failure, he lifted from lowly impotency to its present high estate in the eyes of the country and of the world. The Constitution, which, like a loose hoop, held the States together in precarious conjunction, and which untoward and malignant influences had already begun to shake off, became under his interpretation a tight and durable bond of union. The Constitution as we have it now is the Constitution as Marshall understood it, expounded it, enforced it. Above all else he taught the people a national sentiment, with the Constitution for a text.

The man that worked these wonders of constructive genius was, furthermore, an able lawyer, a gallant soldier, a powerful orator, an enlightened statesman, a sharp-witted diplomat, and a lovable soul. That Mr. Beveridge's biography gives us what promises to be a complete and faithful portrait of this imposing figure is beyond all doubt.

The work is throughout a spirited narrative. There is even a frank touch of the dramatic in the recital of events. The first words of the text, "The British are beaten! The British are beaten!" set the scene of Braddock's defeat for the entrance of

the spirit of American self-dependence and of the hero of the story. Thereafter the interest is never allowed to flag. Particularly stirring is the account of the Virginia Convention of 1788, that historic tournament of eloquence in which Marshall, at his first entrance into the lists, broke a lance with the redoubtable Henry and found a rift in the shining armor of this champion of the opposition. Not less absorbing is the tale of how the artless American diplomat met the cunning play of Talleyrand's poisoned rapier with the dexterous sweeps of his strong, blunt sword.

Yet, for all its animation, the *Life* is an admirable specimen of scientific history. It exhibits a widely-gathered but well-winnowed mass of details. Every assertion of fact is scrupulously documented. So cautious and circumspect is the general tone, that it sometimes seems needlessly diffident. Once or twice, however, a mere opinion is permitted to masquerade as a fact. The character and motives of Jefferson, for instance, will likely always be a moot-point for historians. On these questions Mr. Beveridge appears to pronounce with excessive confidence and undue severity. But in the main his judgments of men and things are dispassionate and fair.

The chief excellence of the work, perhaps, lies in the careful record of the growth of Marshall's mind. We witness the evolution of his character, his powers, and his convictions. Without any elaborate psychological analysis, or any great show of exploring hidden causes, the biographer points out the influences and events that shaped his subject's future. We stand by the loom in the weaving of a great life. We observe how circumstances conspired to become a providential preparation for a momentous career.

As the two volumes conduct the narrative only as far as Marshall's elevation to the chief-justiceship, we must await impatiently the completion of what is clearly a labor of love. We look forward with pleasant expectation to Mr. Beveridge's picture of Marshall presiding, placid and masterful, over that august bench before which Webster was proud to plead.

OUR HISPANIC SOUTHWEST. By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Ernest Peixotto, the writer and artist, has already published several charming books of travel and illustrated them with his own sketches. In this latest work, Mr. Peixotto gives an account of his journeyings through our Southwest, particularly his visits to the

old Spanish Missions and settlements scattered throughout Arizona, New Mexico, and along the Texan border. The pioneers of the Southwest, such intrepid men as Fray Marcos, Coronado, Oñate and Father Kino have played a great part in American history; but "Anglo-Saxon historians" says Mr. Peixotto, "prejudiced no doubt by difference of race and religion, have devoted but scant space to them, and in the main have strangely belittled their work." Therefore, when in this new book he describes with the enthusiasm of a discoverer his visit to San Xavier del Bac, the great church of the desert, or the more remote settlement of Chimayo, or the landmarks of the old Texan capital, he lays due stress on their historical significance, and sketches the thrilling stories of their foundation.

Mr. Peixotto describes the Southwest from the point of view of the artist. In "The Charm of New Orleans," he gives a pleasant picture of the old French city with its Old World atmosphere. "The Historic Background" has an account of the discovery of Arizona by Father Marcos, who was sent out by the Spanish Viceroy on a fruitless search for the Seven Cities of Cibola, paved with turquoises and gold, and was the first white man to cross into what is now the United States by the land route.

Father Kino, the Jesuit, is to Arizona what Father Junipero Serra is to California, but little has been known concerning him until the recent light thrown on his work by research among the Mexican archives.

Mr. Peixotto pays earnest tribute to the Padres, and often notes with sympathy the Catholic atmosphere of many of the old towns, and the deep devotion of the Indians and Mexicans to their Faith.

The book is entertaining reading, and an interesting contribution to the very scanty literature of our Southwest.

SPANISH EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHWEST—(1542-1706). Edited by Herbert Bolton, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00 net.

A book that makes accessible a large body of material previously little used by scholars has just been published. This is *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest* which is volume seventeen in the *Original Narratives of Early American History,* and which has been edited by Dr. Herbert Bolton, professor of American History in the University of California. Dr. Bolton is recognized as the leading authority on the archives of Mexico, the history of the

Spanish Southwest, and the Indian tribes of Texas; in his new publication he has translated for the first time, seventeen of the original Spanish documents bearing on the history of the period.

The four divisions of the book deal with the exploration and plans for the settlement of California, 1542-1620; the exploration and settlement in New Mexico, 1581-1605; the exploration and settlement in Texas, 1675-1690; and the Jesuits in Pimeria Alta (Southern Arizona and Northern Pinota) 1687-1710. Each group of documents is prefaced by an introduction, which gives a sufficient background to make the materials intelligible, sums up the episodes, and furnishes a bibliography, a most valuable addition which discloses the vastness of the unworked documents and which reveals Professor Bolton's rare expert knowledge of his subject.

In his introduction to the New Mexican documents, the editor shows that the founding of New Mexico was not an isolated incident, but a natural development of the northern frontier of New Spain. In the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries these frontiers expanded northeastward as well as north and northwest. Great interest was felt by the Spaniards in Texas, which was looked upon as a possible route to Florida and as a valuable mining country.

Perhaps the last division of the book is the most interesting; it shows that the most notable factor in pushing northward the frontier on the Pacific Slope was the work of the Jesuit missionaries. Father Kino, the most celebrated of all, established his mission near Tuscon, in 1687, and this he made his headquarters during twenty-four years of exploration, missionary work and writing. One of Father Kino's manuscripts is printed in Dr. Bolton's book under the title of "Report and Relation of the New Conversions," written in 1710.

It is interesting to hear that Dr. Bolton intends shortly to publish the eleventh and most important of Father Kino's manuscripts, which is his own account of his entire work and that of his companions in Pimeria Alta between 1687-1710, with considerable attention to California affairs. This document was discovered by Dr. Bolton in Mexico. It was used by the early Jesuit historians, and is the principal source of all they wrote about Kino and his companions, but it has been unknown to modern scholars and its existence actually denied.

Dr. Bolton's book closes with a general summary of Kino's work, with documents selected to illustrate the founding of the

Arizona Missions. Thus are contained in this volume the great events in the history of the Spanish borderland from Texas to the Gulf of California, illustrated by rare and original papers. No work has appeared for many years which has so advanced our knowledge of the Southwest.

EL SUPREMO. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.90 net.

This is a romance of Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, from 1813 to 1840, of whom the author says that he was "without exception the most wonderful man ever born in either North or South America." Certainly, Mr. White makes him an exceedingly interesting figure with whom we feel a singularly close acquaintance. Seldom does an historical novel appear in which the author, to all appearances, has actually lived in the scenes he presents; and it is equally rare that an elaborate character study is combined with so complete a picture of environment. His researches—for he states that the legends of Francia and the period of his first dictatorship are a "treasury of material"—have so imbued him with atmosphere that it is hard to realize he was not an eyewitness to what he describes.

The book, a notable achievement at any time, is especially opportune just now when interest in South America is unwontedly active. It is well worthy the attention even of those people who are too busy to do much reading.

DAMARIS. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.

The description of this book given on its "jacket" states that it is the story of the upbringing of a girl first in India, then in England, where she grows up "an unusual girl, who learns in time much about life in a most unusual way." As a matter of fact, the action closes in India when Damaris has but lately passed her sixth birthday. This discrepancy seems to point to an unfulfilled intention on the author's part, and coincides with the impression left upon the reader, who will not find in this volume sufficient justification for the elaborate and prolonged advance to its climax.

Damaris is the motherless daughter of Charles Verity, an officer distinguished in the Indian Mutiny; his nature unites capacity for fine and brave things with an extreme sensuality. The revelation of Damaris' intense love for Henrietta Pereira, a married

woman who is about to abandon her husband for Verity, shocks him into full realization of his sin, and he vows final renunciation of all similar self-indulgence.

Nothing that Mrs. Harrison writes can be entirely without evidences of her ability, but this novel does not come up to her usual tone. Anglo-Indian society has been a favorite field of fiction since the mid-Victorian era in which she has laid her story, and she has brought nothing new from the ground so thoroughly traversed. The general effect is unconvincing and laborious, the characters, especially Damaris herself, lack *vraisemblance;* moreover, it is not agreeable reading; there is a preponderance of something approaching morbidity that becomes oppressive at times. The sequel, which, it seems, the publisher's notice justifies one in expecting, may conform to the high standard Mrs. Harrison has set for herself and her readers.

THE WHIRLPOOL. By Victoria Morton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

The main intention of this novel is an attack upon the social system which places in the hands of a small section of erring humanity the disposition of those of their fellow-creatures who have been overtaken by offended law. The theme is not new, but there is always room for a thoughtful disquisition upon it. The present work, however, though not without merit, is too uneven in quality to be effective; a more restrained manner and a more reasonable story would have had better results. As it is, the straining for effect alienates us from the characters, and we realize little beyond the author's purpose.

REFINING FIRES. By Alice Dease. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents net.

It is something of a relief to find that this title, easy to misunderstand, does not apply to another war novel; and it is pleasant to be able to say that the tale wins one's interest. Indeed, it is appreciably above the average of books of its kind, written to supply the needs of young readers. The action takes place chiefly in Paris, the characters are French, and the development of the story is shaped by the traditions and prejudices of Parisian society. The plot is well constructed and dramatic. The characters are more lifelike than usual; Lucienne, the young wife whose lot is hard and perplexing, has spirit and initiative. A new touch is

given in the introduction of Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille, the devout old aristocrat, who uses her social position and prestige as a means of counteracting the evil influences that are leading astray Raoul, Lucienne's husband. The book is entitled to commendation beyond that of mere suitability for adolescent reading; it is capable of holding the attention of readers of maturer years.

THE WHALE AND THE GRASSHOPPER. By Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.

Those who enjoy the writings of James Stephens will derive something of the same pleasure from reading these fables, told in dialogues between Micus Pat and his friend, Padna Dan. They are deliberately and sometimes delightfully inconsequent, and many subjects are touched upon in their irresponsible discursiveness. Much of what is said by the two philosophers is clever; it is frequently funny, and at times the fantasies have considerable poetic force and charm.

NATURE, MIRACLE AND SIN. By T. A. Lacey, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

These lectures were delivered in the schools at Oxford during the summer term of 1914 under the terms of the Pringle Stuart Trust. The lecturer throws no new light on the themes he discusses, and is most unfair to St. Augustine, whose mind he professes to interpret. He criticizes unjustly the Saint's notion of evil, and sees quips and paradoxes in the veriest commonplaces of Catholic philosophy. For example, he cannot understand the simple statement that "supreme liberty is *non posse peccare,*" for he seems ignorant of the Catholic doctrine of the sinlessness of Christ and of the Blessed.

Again in discussing nature and miracle, Mr. Lacey frames his own definition of nature, and then fathers it on St. Augustine, thereby utterly destroying the evidential character of miracles, and the true concept of the supernatural.

A LECTURE ENTITLED: THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH. By William McAfee Goodwin, District National Bank Building, Washington, D. C. $1.50 net.

Mr. Goodwin styles this lengthy lecture of one hundred and fifty pages "a timely, impersonal, dispassionate, analytical, unanswerable discussion of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of the

Christian Science Church Organization." While theoretically accepting the teachings of Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health,* he withdrew from the Christian Science Church Organization because he considered its by-laws un-Christian, unjust and inconsistent, and because the Church's Board of Directors held "that the Church Manual can and shall never be amended or changed."

The lecturer tells us that the Church Manual deliberately contradicts Mrs. Eddy's book; that the Church's by-laws are by no means carried out in practice; that the Massachusetts Metaphysical College has only one teacher and can never have more, while its course consists of but one week's lectures every three years; that the total number of professional practitioners throughout the world is five thousand six hundred and sixteen, four thousand nine hundred and eighty-six of whom are women; and that Christian Science dishonestly claims to be a revival of primitive Christianity.

FRIENDS OF FRANCE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00 net.

At the outbreak of the European war a band of intrepid young Americans left the United States to become ambulance drivers in France. With ten Ford ambulances, whose bodies were made of packing boxes, they began the unselfish and heroic work of caring for the wounded. Magnificent work at Saint Pol, Abbeville, Meville and Hesdin won for them higher honors and more dangerous work. Upon receipt of more adequate equipment, they extended their sections along the whole front, and performed efficient service on the Aisne, in Lorraine and at Verdun.

After two years of active participation on the battlefront these young men thought their experiences worth giving to the world. In short respites from service they wrote and edited the thrilling story of the two years of war and their part in it. The subject matter of the volume is epic in scope and soul-stirring in detail.

DOING THEIR BIT. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

Mr. Cable had spent a year at the British front during the most crucial period of the war—at the time when the Allies were attempting to hold their positions in the face of severe odds. With the other troops he had experienced the disappointment which swept over the armies in France at the shortage of ammunition and other evidence of British incompetence. He returned to England later, and his first work was to see how the people at home were "doing

their bit" to cope with the problem of providing adequate war supplies. He was so pleased with the whole-hearted and efficient work being accomplished that he felt he should tell this message to the front. *Doing Their Bit,* therefore, is a summary of what the English at home are doing to coöperate with the soldiers in the trenches; how factories, where formerly were manufactured clocks, pianos, gramophones, and bottles, are now transformed into munition works; how thousands of women are taking the places of the absent men at the lathes and testing machines.

POTENTIAL RUSSIA. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Soon Russia, the land of one hundred and seventy millions, who are experiencing a great national and economic awakening, will lay aside its wooden bowl and spoon, and replace them with ones of silver. At the close of the present war, which has brought about a rejuvenation of the best of the Russian characteristics and an elimination of many national blights, the people will turn their energies to the development of their land. Mr. Child, in his well-written book, points the way that America must take if she is to succeed in helping develop this land of unlimited mineral and agricultural wealth.

Mr. Child states that this war is transforming the Russia that was narrow and suspicious into a nation of new ideals. The sacrifice of her sons has emphasized the peasant's love of country. The movement of the armies is educating the village-bred youth to larger prospectives. The abolition of vodka has paved the way to greater thrift and better living. The migration of ten million refugees has evoked wider sympathies and greater concentration of action.

Potential Russia is well done—both in presentation and interpretation.

"THE GATE OF ASIA." By William Warfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The region that marks the boundary between Asia and Europe, the land whose plains and mountains have been the battleground of the struggle between the civilizations of the East and the West, Mr. Warfield calls "The Gate of Asia." He tells a very interesting story of a journey through it from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea. He traveled up the Tigris to Bagdad, thence to Babylon and Kurdistan, through Bitlis, the gate of Armenia, and finally to Urmi

and Tobriz, the chief cities of Azerbaijan, the Persian province. The subject matter of the volume is vastly interesting, dealing, as it does, with the region whose history carves the names of Daniel, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus the Great, Genghis Kahn, Nadir Shah, Alexander the Great, Xenophon and Emperor Julian. The author adds to this inherent interest by giving the story of his travels in a clear narrative that never drags. His knowledge of the history of the places visited is extensive, and does much to interpret the present positions of these countries.

Mr. Warfield has given us a scholarly work. It is well edited and profusely illustrated.

DEAD YESTERDAY. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

This novel has exceptional merit and distinction of character. It is a poised and deliberate study of reactions of the war upon a section of English society effected with a high degree of literary ability, and taken from an angle that places in an unusual perspective the subject of pacifism. This cause, damaged as it has been by zealots who base their pleas upon an undignified, irrational sentimentality, or the yet more ignoble ground of utilitarianism, is now presented in a manner that commands respect.

The action begins a year before the war. We are introduced to a large group of people of the upper classes, some wholly of the social world, some following professions; all, with a few exceptions, more or less tinged with the modern "disease of death," as it is called by Hugh Infield, the keen-eyed onlooker: tired of life, they have in seeking sensations played with their emotions until these are unconsciously half-atrophied. The chief personage of this set is Nigel Strode, editor of a popular journal, under forty, clever, attractive and volatile. At the end of a year he has become engaged to Daphne, daughter of Mrs. Leonard, an author of considerable reputation and a pacifist.

Then comes the war. It is through individuals that the author discloses and establishes her position, but she makes one deviation of unforgettable quality. There has not yet appeared anything more vividly impressive than her picture of London during the early days of August, 1914: the unrest, the vague dread, the streets thronged with people waiting, for they knew not what decree from the controlling powers, their faces "blank, puzzled, apprehensive." That they were "incapable of initiation, infinitely capable of sug-

gestion or response" accounts for their transformation into a mob of howling enthusiasts at the bidding of the government and the press. Skillfully, without haste or violence, Miss Hamilton transfers to the war-votaries the reproach of sentimentality and limited perceptions. Her pacifists, through whom she states her case almost exclusively, are Mrs. Leonard, Daphne and Hugh Infield. To them the war is an ever-present horror, a daily personal grief. To Nigel and his set it is terrible but exalting, entailing no personal unhappiness. So fired with its glory is Nigel that Daphne laments her inferiority in that she cannot shake off her mother's teachings, but is every day more confirmed in them. Nigel pays scant respect to such uncongenial reflections as are given by the taciturn soldier, Captain Toller, who returns from the front. He is irritatingly sober and definite, and does not "see any sense in sentimentalizing." However he goes back to France and is killed in action. This is the fate Daphne has dreaded for Nigel; such will be the price he will pay for fidelity to his convictions. The bitter truth gradually dawns upon her that he has no intention of doing so; he will stay at home and inspire recruiting by glowing words, written and spoken. Her disillusionment is fatal, and she dismisses him. Against his kind the author prefers a still graver charge, epitomized by Infield's words, on his return from France, where he has been working with a Red Cross unit. He says to Mrs. Leonard: "You say London's a Calvary? I dare say it is, to you, but I assure you there are thousands of so-called civilized people to whom it's a Colosseum. I've met a handful of men who were fascinated by shell fire—men who'd been in it, and go back because they can't keep away....They're exceptional. But London is full of such people. I can understand men who seize the chance of death because they find life intolerable, but to do it vicariously as Nigel and his crowd do—no. London seems to me more hideous than France."

The book is austere and sombre and is deficient in charm; but it does not lack power nor interest, which is unflagging through all of its closely packed pages. It can hardly attain popular success, and was probably not so designed. Its rightful place, however, is permanent among the important writings of the day. Circumstance has not laid aside its habit of irony in dealing with the author; the war manifestly so abhorrent to her has inspired her to produce something incomparably finer than anything she has done hitherto.

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE: THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF OUR PRESENT DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. By John A. Ryan, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Not merely the layman, but even more acutely, the student of Ethics and Moral Theology has long desired a competent treatise on the Catholic doctrine of property, applying the traditional principles of our authorities to present day problems and conditions. Even an intelligent student may have mastered the teachings of St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus, yet be quite at sea when required to apply them to, let us say, solving the morality of taxing the unearned increment, or stock-watering. Hence this volume is a very valuable contribution to our Ethics library.

The author discusses the present system of the distribution of wealth comprehensively, and his attitude towards it is that while not inherently unjust, there exist in it many abuses. For most of these he suggests remedies.

He refutes ethical arguments of Single Taxers, but admits that the present land system is far from perfect and proposes a considerable number of reforms (pages 47, 93, 133).

He rejects Socialism as impracticable, but declares that the capitalist's claim to interest is not clearly justified by any of the usually accepted arguments (pages 177-186), and contends that the only moral justification of interest on capital is a presumptive one, based mainly upon the fact that the capitalist is in possession and that no one else can show a better title (pages 204-209).

The business man who operates in conditions of actual competition has a right to all the profits that he can get, but if he has a monopoly he has a right, generally speaking, only to the prevailing rate of interest on his capital, and to a fair return for his labor of management.

The laborer has a right to a living wage and to more than this if he can get it without the use of monopolistic methods. And the laborer's right to a living wage is stronger than the capitalist's right to interest when the two conflict.

It is impossible even to summarize in this brief notice all the important, living questions treated in Dr. Ryan's volume. They are questions which should be the object of study on the part of every educated Catholic for on their right solution depend the peace, security and progress of modern society. The value of Dr. Ryan's book is not alone that it throws thoughtful light upon these problems for Catholics, but that to the whole Non-Catholic world as well,

which is without definite economic principles, it will be an authoritative and welcome guide.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMICS. By Frank O'Hara, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

As its title indicates, this book is intended as a textbook for beginners; and it possesses the chief requisites of a textbook. It is brief, clear, and to the point, without any useless verbiage or amplification. While intended primarily for students of the subject, it will be found very suitable to the general reader who will, in all probability, be ready to concur in the definition of Economics as "The Dismal Science," if he addresses himself first to the bulky tomes which profess to treat the matter *in extenso*. Here even the cursory reader may obtain a good grasp of the elements of such problems as exchange, distribution, socialism, and the Single Tax. The questions of value, money, insurance, workmen's compensation, and interest, are exposed, though briefly, in a way which brings out clearly the principles upon which they are to be treated and decided.

Confining himself strictly to the economic treatment of his subject, Professor O'Hara is relieved from touching upon the ethical element which underlies the entire economic aspect of the social problem. He reasonably assumes that his readers already possess, or will acquire, a knowledge of the indispensable ethical foundation neccessary to economic speculation.

THE NEW RESERVATION OF TIME, AND OTHER ARTICLES. By William Jewett Tucker, President Emeritus of Dartmouth College. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

In the first of the series of magazine articles, gathered together in the present book, the author philosophizes upon the new reservation of time, the time when the worker is no longer able to keep step with his fellows and is compelled to retire in favor of some one more efficient than himself. One of the conclusions of this article (the author explains that these are articles, and not essays) is that we have been training too much for the time when we are efficient parts of the machine and not enough for the years that will remain after our retirement from active duty.

President Tucker is at his best in the second article, entitled *Undergraduate Scholarship*. The problems of examinations, the

arrangement of the curriculum, the relation of teacher to student, college environment and college sentiment receive masterly treatment. In explaining the reason for the lack of undergraduate enthusiasm for scholarship, the author points out two facts bearing upon the question. These facts are, first, that in the college world, which he knows, the undergraduate has learned to dissociate leadership and scholarship.

> Leadership grows out of the combination of personality and attainment. The proportion of personality to attainment varies greatly, but neither one is sufficient of itself to make a leader. The loafer cannot become a leader, however agreeable he may be personally. The athlete cannot become a leader, if he is not essentially a gentleman, with some recognizable intellectual force. When the scholar fails to reach leadership, the lack is somewhere in those qualities which make up effective personality—authority, virility, sympathy, sincerity, manners. Probably the majority of real college leaders are to be found in the second grade of scholarship.

Secondly, that undergraduate sentiment regarding scholarship is the reflection, in large degree, of the sentiment of the outside world regarding it.

Other chapters are entitled *The Goal of Equality, The Progress of the Social Conscience, The Ethical Challenge of the War, The Crux of the Peace Problem,* and *On the Control of Modern Civilition.* In the last named article it is of interest to note the complaint that "agnosticism is the chief cause of the present spiritual provincialism. The greatest possible loss which can come to us in our inheritances is the loss of connection with the great ages of faith, a loss of which we are at times apprised through our sense of spiritual provincialism."

THE CASE OF AMERICAN DRAMA. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The chapters of Mr. Dickinson's volume deal with "The New Theatre," "The Social Sanction of Dramatic Art," "The Present Situation of the Stage in America," "The Theatre in the Open," "Festivals and Pageantry," and "The Promise of American Drama." Readers who anticipate finding any detailed history of our national drama either past or present, will be disappointed. It is rather Mr. Dickinson's intention to discuss the general problems which face author, actor and audience today. His comments

upon commercialism in the theatre and upon the motion-picture industry are distinctly thought-provoking; but perhaps most helpful of all is the excellent chapter dealing with modern pageantry. Altogether the book is an interesting contribution to American dramatic literature, and a useful introduction to more detailed criticism on the subject.

A STUDENT'S TEXTBOOK IN THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By Stephen Pierce Duggan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.

Dr. Duggan, Professor of Education in the College of the City of New York, has written a brief history of Education, which, as he himself informs us, is intended to be of practical assistance to the teacher in giving him a better understanding of present problems in education. A series of questions and of topics of study has been put at the end of each chapter "to suggest further study in the relation of the content to the problems that confront us today, and to make clear the manner in which past experience may help to clarify present theories and practices."

There is little new in the volume, as every student acquainted with the works of Monroe, Graves and Parker will see at a glance, but the writer has a gift for condensation that is most helpful to the student. The account of early Christian education and mediæval education is most meagre, and there is very little grasp of the great work done by the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers and the other teaching orders of men and women. Indeed, the writer rejoices that the schools are becoming more and more securalized and freed from the traditions of the past and all Church control. He is an advocate of that impossible independent morality, which in our times is bringing forth an abundant harvest of unbelievers. We do not think the writer consciously unfair, but he is weak in his historical perspective, and prejudiced in his extravagant plea for complete secular control of education.

NATIONALITY IN MODERN HISTORY. By J. Holland Rose, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Concomitant with the outbreak of the war, there was much talk for a time of Pan-Americanism and Pan-Germanism, of the possible future opposition of the Pan-Angles to the Pan-Slavs, of nationalism strictly interpreted according to its etymology, a common stock, demanding that peoples who speak the same language

and have a common culture should be organized as independent states, with national boundaries and with a national consciousness. Dr. Rose's interesting and thought-provoking volume considers the birth and growth of national feeling and spirit among the European states. We may regret, with him, that this country, with its peculiar problems, was by force of circumstance excluded from similar treatment. The book is a reprint of a series of lectures, eight having been delivered at the University of Cambridge, the others before English Historical Associations. Since by far the larger portion thus form a course for specializing students, the method is historical, the line of argument inductive. The manifestations of national awakenings, under various unifying forces, in France, Germany, Spain, Russia and the Balkan States, are explained at some length; then "nationality," as a conscious, definite movement, is analyzed and commented upon. The term "nationalism," which seems to come easier to the American tongue, is anathema to Dr. Rose, who confines it to "the intolerant and agressive instinct which has of late developed in Germany and the Balkan States." In turning these pages, one is impressed with the author's wide reading, with the array of significant facts he has marshaled, still more with the penetration with which he sees the cause, the reason behind the event; one is charmed by the smooth easy flow, the graceful touch, the instinctive feeling for the finely-turned phrase so characteristic of the English scholar. Lecture VI, on the awakening of the Slavs, is especially good. The theories here developed have been handled before by Dr. Rose, notably in his *Development of European Nations,* and in certain chapters of the *Cambridge Modern History.*

But, with all due respect to his scholarship, it must be said that the temptation which besets all lecturers, and, *salva reverentia,* university professors, to strain a point to make a point, proves occasionally too strong for his power of resistance. For instance, in spite of Mazzini and the "Young Italy" movement, the unification of Italy was wrought designedly in the interest of Piedmontese supremacy; why else should Cavour have said that, Italy once created, it remained to create Italians. Dr. Rose admits, or declares, at the close of Lecture V. that the Italian monarchy of today is "largely the outcome of Cavour's masterly statecraft." Yet the tone of the whole lecture certainly gives the impression that unified Italy was achieved by a spontaneous outburst of national spirit which would not be denied. Again, the preface expresses the hope that the

treatment of questions arising out of the present conflict is as impartial and objective as "conditions" permit. The last clause perhaps is the saving one; certainly, it is highly improbable that Dr. Rose would have written in 1910, as he has written in 1916, at least in his selection of adjectives and adverbs. Lastly, in the concluding lecture on "Internationalism," the redistribution of Europe might not unjustly be called dogmatic, the unqualified future tenses rather premature; while, considering that it was addressed to an audience in Bristol, the exhortation to every Briton to do his duty that the "ghastly fiasco of a stale-mate" may be averted, arouses the suspicion that perhaps the entrance to the recruiting office was not far distant from the exit of the lecture-hall.

MORE WANDERINGS IN LONDON. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00 net.

This book is a companion volume to *A Wanderer in London* which we read some ten years ago with a great deal of pleasure. Like its predecessor it is a guide-book of the better sort, written by a man of taste, who knows every corner and nook of London. This volume deals with the pictures of the Guildhall Gallery, typical churches such as St. Lawrence, St. Magnus, St. Giles, St. Ethelreda and St. Albans.

FAITH IN A FUTURE LIFE. By Alfred W. Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

After falsely defining dogmatism as affirmation without valid evidence, and asserting his utter freedom from all authority natural or supernatural, Mr. Martin proceeds to dogmatize in the crudest fashion upon matters of which he is profoundly ignorant. With a wave of the hand he denies the Divinity of Jesus Christ and His Resurrection, and sets aside every argument for immortality that Christians have ever used. He falsely holds "that the sole basis for faith in a future life is to be found in the moral nature of man, in a moral experience which every human being may have." Of course as an Ethical Culturist he rejects the Christian conception of heaven and hell, looks upon theosophy as an improvement upon orthodox Christianity, considers St. Paul's teaching on immortality demoralizing, rejects our Saviour's Gospel about future rewards and punishments as immoral, and favors his readers with the usual tirade against Catholicism, which he terms a "trading upon the hopes and fears of its subjects."

THE SYRIAN CHRIST. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The purpose of this volume, as the author tells us, is to give the Oriental background of certain Scriptural passages, whose correct understanding depends upon knowledge of their original environment. As a Syrian born, Mr. Rihbany tries to throw light upon many strange Eastern customs and modes of speech. He has many interesting chapters on speaking in parables, swearing, imprecations, family feasts, the treatment of guests, the market place, the housetop, the vineyard and the shepherds. The writer came to this country a penniless immigrant, and lost his faith in Protestant surroundings. He is a champion of "undogmatic" Christianity, and gives forth some undigested statements about the simple faith of Christ being changed into an authoritative creed by ambitious ecclesiastics and politicians.

BRIEF DISCOURSES ON THE GOSPEL. By Rev. Philibert Seebock, O.F.M. Translated by E. Leahy. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. $1.25.

We recommend to our readers these brief sermons of the well-known German Franciscan, Father Seebock, for all Sundays and Festivals of the year. They are simple, practical and devout talks, affording good spiritual reading for the people, and offering suggestions to priests for new sermon material.

THE MANUAL OF NATURAL EDUCATION. By Winifred Sackville Stoner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.00 net.

In this volume Mrs. Stoner sets forth the principles and methods of Natural Education, which obtained considerable vogue through the publication of her work on this subject a few years ago. The author makes some valuable suggestions regarding the teaching of reading, spelling, geography, history, and other branches; and describes the use of natural educational tools. One chapter deals with character building, but the one thing essential, religion, is absolutely ignored. Her ten commandments reveal something of her methods: "Never give corporal punishment; never scold; never say don't; never say must; never allow a child to say 'I can't;' never refuse to answer a child's question; never frighten a child; never ridicule or tease a child; never allow a child to lose self-respect or respect for its parents; never banish fairies from home."

THE FAIRY BRIDE. A Play in Three Acts. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. New York: John Lane & Co. $1.00 net.

This is a drama, preferably for juvenile actors, built around the ancient Celtic legends of a king blemished by witchcraft and the visit of a mortal pilgrim to the World of Fairy. It treats much the same theme as the author's earlier poem, *Beside the Blackwater,* and the present work—composed partly in prose and partly in verse —would be an interesting novelty for performance by High Schools or amateur stage societies. The cast, while preferably mixed, could be interpreted by girls alone; and the volume is well provided with incidental music and suggestions for costuming and staging.

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00 net.

This memorial of the lives of the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran is neither a necessary nor a welcome product, written as it is for the purpose of exploiting and sentimentalizing over a connection maintained for years in defiance of both religious and civil law. In resuscitating this material no new light is thrown upon the history of the period; the interest is wholly personal; and although the author has handled her theme with delicacy her treatment does not make it worthy, nor save the book from a pernicious quality already too plentiful.

THE THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.40 net.

"Thou shalt not spend all thou earnest," is Mr. Hughes' Thirteenth Commandment—"a most unlucky one to break." Demonstrated in action, an impressive fictional sermon might undoubtedly be preached from this text, and the early part of the book offers the hope that we are to find it here; but the author has expressed himself too impulsively and diffusively. He has virtually written two novels, and in making them one he has deprived each of its full effectiveness: and his quick, observant brain has led him off upon many bypaths. There is no central point of interest, though the material is not lacking. A highly dramatic incident is introduced when Leila, the heartlessly extravagant wife, fearing a return to comparative poverty, cajoles her husband into establishing, for financial advantage, friendly relations with a man to whom he has forbidden the house. This situation is strong and significant enough to have borne the whole burden of the author's intention,

but he dismisses it with the remark that many similar scenes are being enacted all over the world, and proceeds to overcrowd his work with incidents only mechanically connected and with reflections and comments upon a multitude of subjects. It is all worth saying and said well: points are driven home with disconcerting sharpness, as for instance: "All America, indeed, was in a curious mood of horror at the slaughter and dread of its cessation." Such cleverness makes it matter of regret that Mr. Hughes' lavishness should result in so confusing and leveling the values that a definite, lingering impression is rendered impossible.

FROM CONVENT TO CONFLICT. By Sister M. Antonia. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. $1.00.

This account of the invasion of Belgium, by one of the nuns of the Convent of the Filles de Marie, Willebroeck, is written with a purpose best explained in the author's words: "Any profits derived from its favorable reception by the reading public or the charitably inclined are to be devoted to the reconstruction and repair of our school and convent, damaged during the engagement at the Fortress of Willebroeck, or for the establishment of a sewing school, with a lace-making department, for young women in America or England, as our Reverend Superiors may decide." The piteous story is told with attractive simplicity and directness, and the Sister maintains a tone of charitableness during even the most harrowing parts of her tale. Those who buy the book with a view to aid its purpose will find themselves rewarded by its interest.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1915. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

This volume contains twenty "best short stories" selected by Mr. O'Brien from forty-six American periodicals. In a brief Introduction he gives a good estimate of the year's achievement in the short story, and maintains rightly that American writers easily excel in this literary form. In an Appendix we find an Index of Short Stories for 1914 and 1915, marked by one, two or three asterisks according to the editor's estimate of their value. No two critics would agree about the relative worth of the twenty-two hundred stories judged by Mr. O'Brien, but everyone will admit that he is an expert in selecting stories distinctive for both substance and form. We look forward with pleasure to his Best Short Stories of 1916.

ARLO. By Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. Brookline, Mass.: The Riverdale Press. $1.00 net.

Every boy will enjoy this thrilling story of Arlo's wanderings in the beautiful valley of the Ker. A strolling fiddler adopts this runaway child of nine, and initiates him into all the mysteries of the woods and mountains. The boy soon learns how to handle a rod and a gun, masters the secrets of reading and writing, and above all, becomes a remarkable composer and violinist. Of course he turns out to be the long-lost son of the exiled Duke, who comes finally to his own. The novel is well written, and holds the interest of the reader, be he young or old, from the first page to the last.

CUPID OF CAMPION. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.

Cupid of Campion is to our mind the best of Father Finn's boy stories. It has a delightfully clean cut boy for hero, and a lovable, winsome girl for heroine. Both have been kidnapped by gypsies, and the story unfolds their adventures in the gypsy camp, and their rescue. Courtesy, chivalry, zeal, love of truth, purity, manliness, true devotion—all these virtues are taught the youthful reader in the most entertaining fashion. The Father Rector of Campion College is a man well calculated to win the hearts of the boys of the twentieth century.

THE TAMING OF CALINGA. By C. L. Carlsen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35 net.

Calinga is a head-hunter of the Philippines, who is captured by the Spaniards while out on a head-hunting raid. He is civilized by brute force, becomes to all appearances a devout Catholic, and marries a girl of the village. After a few years of civilization, which the writer identifies with brutality, lust, thievery and superstition, Calinga relapses into savagery, and returns to his tribe. We found the story rather tiresome, its style involved, and its setting forced and unnatural.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS. Their Nature and Nurture. By Edwin Leavitt Clarke, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

This monograph by the Professor of Economics and Sociology at Hamilton College summarizes a study of the nature and nurture of American men of letters. It was suggested by Professor Alfred

Odin's work, *Genèse des Grands Hommes, Gens de Lettres Français Modernes.* It deals with one thousand American men of letters, all of whom were born prior to 1851, and classifies them according to their social, geographic and local environment, their education, economic condition of parents, occupation of father, occupation of the literati themselves, early religious training, and birth-rank in the family of brothers and sisters. After endless labor in compiling statistics under these various headings, the author concludes: "It appears that there have been three especially important factors in the development of American men of letters, a good heredity, furnishing stock capable of being developed, an education adequate to develop latent ability, and a social environment furnishing incentive to the naturally endowed and amply educated to turn their attention to literature."

A COMPANION FOR DAILY COMMUNION. By a Sister of St. Joseph, Toronto, Canada. 50 cents.

Not only should encouragement be given to the faithful to receive Holy Communion frequently, and even daily, but also means should be offered that will safeguard them from routine and fruitless familiarity. It is of the utmost importance that we strive to bring home to ourselves the graces of the Sacrament as often as we receive It. With a view to furnish such a means the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Toronto, have published a small handy volume, entitled *A Companion for Daily Communion.* The volume is one that may be easily carried and is inconspicuous. It gives short readings, that may readily be extended into meditations, on the Life of our Lord, with acts of thanksgiving and of reparation; and other readings that are particularly adapted to special needs and trials of the soul.

We recommend it as a practical and useful help to all and particularly to Catholic schools and academies. Copies may be obtained from St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

FRENCH POLICY AND THE AMERICAN ALLIANCE OF 1778. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00 net.

This scholarly work is based chiefly on the five large quarto volumes of Henri Doniol's *Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Etablissement des Etats-Unis d'Amerique.* It discusses in detail the reasons that prompted the French Alliance of February 6,

1778, which made possible the independence of the United States. He shows by the correspondence of France's Prime Minister, Vergennes, that the motive prompting French aid was not the addition of territory, nor commercial interests, but the enfeeblement of England, France's hereditary enemy, and the hope of bringing about a balance of power favorable to France.

The author describes in detail the attitude of Spain as we learn it from the letters of the Spanish Ambassadors, Aranda and Florida Blanca, the stay of Jay at the Spanish Court, the mission of the French Ambassadors, Gérard and La Luzerne, to the Continental Congress, the work of Adams and Franklin in France, and the problems of the open Mississippi, the Western lands and the Northern fisheries. It is a volume that should be read by every American.

BELLE JONES. By Allan Meacham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents net.

The dominant note of this pathetic little tale is that an ideal may not only exist but flourish and bear fruit under the most unpromising, sordid conditions. Belle Jones, the ungainly, unattractive little heroine was one of those rare beings "whose outer and inner life"—to quote Du Maurier—"were as the very poles, asunder." She was the one flower on a stunted family tree whose branches consisted of a worthless father, an overworked, high-tempered mother, an epileptic sister, and the direst poverty withal. But these things were softened and made bearable to Belle when she heard a sermon in which a poetic young minister declared: "We are His poems," and told how each one could become a beautiful, immortal poem under the hand of God.

The idea that she, too, could become something beautiful in spite of her surroundings so filled the girl that her whole life was changed. The story of her struggle after her mother's death and the years of incessant labor to support the family, is one of superhuman fidelity to an ideal—an ideal which shrank before no sacrifice and which in the end found its perfect fulfillment.

PENROD AND SAM. By Booth Tarkington. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

The adventures of Penrod Schofield and his familiar Sam Williams are here published in book form just as they appeared from time to time in the current magazines. For the truthful delineation of human nature—particularly the inexhaustible re-

sourcefulness of the small boy's human nature—these tales have scarcely been equaled. There is hardly a temptation that comes to a boy, hardly a longing, hardly a misunderstanding on the part of his elders that is not faithfully set forth in the daily round of Penrod's and Sam's life.

What normal boy has not pined for a real "revolaver" and had his full line of action mapped out should he meet a "crook"? Or who can sound the depths of yearning in his heart when he hears the big horn in the brass band and knows the one thing on earth he really wants to do is to play a big horn? And the description of the restless Penrod under the surveillance of his father and mother at church is so reminiscent one can almost feel the strain of it after a lapse of many years. In fact, the whole book is so very true to life the reader is inclined to doubt that it is fiction at all, and that Mr. Tarkington is but giving some unedited accounts of his own boyhood.

Altogether the book is most entertaining reading for anyone who knows children, and particularly for the man who has not forgotten the outlook of a boy of twelve.

VOICES OF THE VALLEY. By F. McKay. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

This little anthology of the virtues is compiled from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, the Saints, and modern writers on spiritual doctrine. It is a book suitable for spiritual reading, and of meditations on the virtues of faith, hope, charity, patience, purity, obedience and meekness.

THE MELANCHOLY TALE OF ME. By Edwin H. Sothern. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Joseph Jefferson. Henry Irving, Dion Boucicault, Charles Flocton, William Florence, Laura Keene, Kate Claxton, Mrs. Vincent and many other famous players live again in these vivid and interesting remembrances of Mr. Sothern. The stage with all its hardships, allurements, pathos, humor, joys, sorrows and kindly charity is sketched here with a most sympathetic hand.

The elder Sothern stands before us as a most lovable personality. His son tells anecdote after ancedote revealing his tenderness, his audacity, his elfin spirit of mischief, his pity for the poor and unfortunate, his love for children. He could be determined at

times, as we learn from the rebuke he gave a group of drunken English soldiers at a banquet in London. Uncle Hugh is also portrayed as a veritable Don Quixote—" a child at heart, gentle, brave, true, kind, generous, simple, romantic. His romantic life and his quaint modes of speech were enough to win him the heart of any child."

Mr. Sothern sketches his own career with its failures and its successes in simple, unaffected language. His last chapter on the art of acting with his earnest plea for a national theatre is one of the best in the entire volume.

HER FATHER'S SHARE. By E. M. Power. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

We do not often meet with a story whose scene is laid in Portugal; indeed it seems an unknown land, or is supposed by many to be one with Spain and, therefore, not to be distinguished from it.

This attractive tale is of Portugal and the Portuguese. It is the story of an ancient family with its tragedy and its conservatism, a family whose living faith triumphs over the vindictiveness of a fiery race. We meet its members in their daily life—their festas and their marriage customs—and note how their religion penetrates and sustains all. The story is replete with action and well executed.

STUDENT'S MASS BOOK AND HYMNAL. Compiled by Rev. W. B. Sommerhauser, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 35 cents net.

This is an excellent manual of devotions for the use of students in our Catholic colleges and academies. It contains in compact form all the prayers for Mass and private devotions that appeal to young people. The hymns are arranged and selected by Rev. Victor Winter of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, Ohio.

FIRST LESSONS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By S. E. Forman. New York: The Century Co. 65 cents.

This little history is intended for beginners; the author having already published more than one volume concerning the story and government of the United States. The features which distinguish the little book under consideration are: the graphic manner in which it places before the children the growth of the country, from

the Atlantic to the Pacific; the social details which picture the life of the colonies; the industrial progress of the world to which Americans have not failed to make a large contribution, thus enabling the children to see that our history does not consist merely of a few wars and a dull succession of Presidents.

THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS AT CAMP. By Lillian Elizabeth Roy. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

This is a good jolly story for girls, telling about the summer in camp of five schoolgirls, under the care of an experienced "woodcrafter." How they tramped through the woods learning the secrets of the living things that dwell there, how they were trained in the art of cooking without pots or pans, how they quarreled and made up again, and how they came home finally with very definite ideas upon the proper method of conserving health and of cultivating character—these are some of the things Miss Roy tells us of. Ernest Thompson Seton thinks the book an admirable illustration of the effect of the woodcraft activities under good leadership; and that alone would be sufficient to class the volume among those well worth reading.

BIRD FRIENDS. By Gilbert H. Trafton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.00 net.

As the title suggests, Mr. Trafton's volume is intended for the general reader rather than for the specialist. Nevertheless, it is a careful, painstaking and thorough piece of work, quite well adapted to the purpose of teachers wishing to impart knowledge of birds to their pupils. In fact, one chapter is entirely devoted to practical suggestions for the teaching of bird-study in the schools. The value of birds to the community, the chief enemies of birds, the best way of protecting and also of attracting birds, are the general subjects of the author's interesting discussion. The book is plentifully illustrated, entertainingly written and deserves hearty commendation.

THE BOOK OF THE JUNIOR SODALISTS OF OUR LADY. Compiled and Arranged by Rev. Elder Mullan, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents.

Father Mullan has compiled this manual of prayers for the Junior Sodalities of our schools and churches. Besides the ordinary

prayers for Mass, Confession and Communion, this little volume contains a brief historical sketch of the first primary sodality of the Roman College, the rules of junior sodalists, and the ceremonial of reception.

LA SALLE. By Louise Seymour Hasbrouck. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

This new volume of the series *True Stories of Great Americans* gives a brief but satisfactory account of the wonderful adventures and heroic achievements of the great pioneer, René Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle. The tale is a fascinating one, and cannot but hold the interest of the young American reader for whom it is mainly destined. The author tells her story well, but she would have been better qualified for the treatment of her subject, had she possessed just a little more instinctive sympathy for things Catholic and ecclesiastical, and a little less readiness to quote—with apparent endorsement—the statements of prejudiced parties.

THE MIND AND ITS EDUCATION. By George Herbert Betts, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

The Mind and Its Education is the revised edition of a work that has already enjoyed popularity. It discusses the practical bearing of the more recent findings of psychology, and makes pointed application of academic truth to the field of actual teaching and even of business. A simple style and the ready use of illustration, combined with the reasonable conservatism of the author's philosophy, will recommend the book to educators. Dr. Betts does not intrude very often or very far into provinces foreign to his subject; and so the greater part of the book can be sincerely praised. We regret, however, that he has not a clearer idea of the nature of the will; and we regret again that on page three hundred he allows himself to insert an inane paragraph on the subject of religion.

THE RISING TIDE. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

Mrs. Deland gives us here a story of applied feminism. Her young heroine, Frederica Payton, is on the crest of the rising tide of thought among women that would sweep away as absurd shackles the conventions and traditions of past generations, asserting strenu-

ously the right, nay, the duty, of every woman to develop her individuality. Independence of thought and of occupation Frederica feels necessary to her, and she adopts a business career, despite the distress and disapproval of her mother and the relatives of mature years. The author's view is wide and tolerant, and she presents her modern example impartially; at all events, if any objection is to be filed, it is not from the "advanced" ranks that it should proceed, but from those who may well feel that the older women introduced do not fairly represent their generation. Frederica's abilities and achievements, her real warmth of heart and resourcefulness are set forth more sympathetically. It is a faithful transcript of life, and if the interest with which we follow Frederica's adventures is more of the brain than of the heart, the fault is with the type, not the author. In her final surrender to the power of love, complete as that of any mid-Victorian maiden, there is a subtle hint of the impermanency of this phase; and it is probably not without full consideration that Mrs. Deland selected her title that bears with it a responding suggestion of an inevitable ebb.

THE Ideal Catholic Reader Series has reached the Sixth Number. There is no indication that this will close the list, although usually a series of readers does not go further. The selections are well within the powers of children of ordinary Sixth Grade age, and wisely chosen. We think, however, that the story of the Passion might have been made a little longer, so as to include the Seven Words on the Cross.

The binding is plain and durable; the books are the publication of the Macmillan Company and sell for sixty cents each.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from James H. Barry Co., of San Francisco, the Index to Volumes II.-IV. of Father Englehardt's *The Missions and Missionaries of California.*

The Michigan Historical Commission of Lansing sends us two pamphlets by Right Rev. Monsignor Frank O'Brien: *Forgotten Heroines,* which tells of the service rendered by the Michigan Sisters of the Holy Cross in the Civil War, and *Two Early Missionaries to the Indians,* which gives a brief sketch of Lady Antoinette von Hoeffern and Father Frank Pierz who labored among the Indians of Michigan and Wisconsin some eighty years ago.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Leçons de Morale (Deuxième Edition), pp. 144; *Leçons de Psychologie et de Théodicée,* pp. 142; *Leçons de Logique* (Deuxième Edition), pp. 114. Par l'Abbé Arthur Robert, Professor de Philosophie à l'Université Laval, Quebec. (Quebec: Imp. de l'Action Sociale Limitée.) Of these three excellent little textbooks two carry the approval implied in a second edition. The first editions have found favor widely with the teaching communities of Canada. Uniform in character, each volume is a neat, well arranged, succinct presentation of the scholastic philosophy in its special subject. Obviously, as we may judge from their size, the treatment is elementary and condensed, providing for the professor of the classes that may use them a generous margin for development. When, for example, "the false systems on the fundamental distinction between good and evil" are disposed of in about three hundred or three hundred and fifty words, evidently condensation is carried to its extreme limit. With so little space to dispose of, the author might, with advantage, have omitted for the purpose of dwelling upon questions of more actual importance, certain topics which, practically speaking, are at present obsolete. Nobody, for example, defends today the practice of duelling. In the treatment of this topic space could have been economized that might have been profitably devoted to other subjects that are too briefly dismissed, for example, Socialism, or lying, or perjury, which are not treated at all. The volume treating of two such extensive subjects as Theodicy and Psychology is necessarily a mere skeleton outline; but as such it is methodical and clear. The best of the three is, we judge, the *Leçons de Logique,* and its excellence lies in the section devoted to Formal Logic; it is admirably clear, well arranged, and comprehensive.

Recent Events.

The Editor of The Catholic World *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

Great Britain.

The most noteworthy feature during the past weeks is the changes that have taken place in the political and military *personnel* of many of the warring powers. That, in Great Britain, is the most important of all, both in itself and because that Power is, by the service which she is rendering to the Allies by means of her navy and of the financial aid which she has given to them, an essential element in the resistance which is being made to Germany's effort to conquer. Mr. Asquith's resignation was not the result of any sudden movement. For many months it was becoming ever more and more evident that the Cabinet, of which he was the head, was not suitable to the circumstances of the time. The Ministry which preceded the Coalition was, by its traditions and sentiments, devoted to the maintenance of peace almost at any price, as is proved by the course which it took during the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis, the two Balkan Wars, and the readiness with which it fell in with Mr. Bryan's arbitration efforts, to say nothing of its persistent endeavors to avert the present War. So clearly is this the case that no efforts to obscure it can ever be successful. The attempt made by that Ministry to secure the ratification of the Declaration of London, which crippled Great Britain in the exercise of her sea-power, is another evidence of the extent to which it was swayed by pacific tendencies. Of this Ministry, as of the Coalition Ministry which succeeded it, Mr. Asquith was the animating spirit, and set as he was upon peace lines, he found it hard to adapt himself to conditions which required a diametrically opposite line of conduct, quick decision and willingness to run risks. The consequence was that he had to be driven into the adoption of the necessary measures, and driven, in several cases, when it was too late. It is said in Germany that they were able after the War broke out to import

supplies sufficient for two or three years because of Great Britain's dilatoriness in enforcing the blockade. Cotton was not made contraband until more than a year had elapsed.

By the very nature of the case a Cabinet of twenty-three members could not reach prompt decisions. Every important question has to be debated and a practically unanimous settlement arrived at. This involved, of course, great delays, which were at times fatal. It is true, indeed, that the conduct of the War had been intrusted to a smaller Council, but this was not independent of the Cabinet, and might be interfered with. The longer the War went on the more evident became the evils of procrastination and indecision. Many questions were calling for settlement, such as the way of raising more men for the continuance of the War, the reorganization of the admiralty, the new German submarine campaign, increasing the production of food at home, food control and prevention of waste. The Government's proceedings were rapidly becoming a laughing stock. To remedy these evils Mr. Lloyd George insisted, under threat of resignation, that the conduct of the War should be intrusted to a small Council which should have full powers to do everything necessary to win. From this Council Mr. Asquith was to be excluded. To this the Premier would not consent, and gave in his resignation. This was accepted by the King. Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the Unionists, was, according to precedent, intrusted with the task of forming a Ministry. This task he declined; whereupon Mr. Lloyd George being summoned, accepted the office and has formed a new Government on lines never attempted before. A War Council has been created, made up of five members, the sole work of each of whom, with one exception, that, namely, of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to devote himself to the conduct of the War, sitting daily for this purpose and having no departmental duties to divert his attention. The Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, naturally presides over this Council, but has not the power of a Dictator, such as the papers have endowed him with. On the other hand, the Council is not responsible to the Cabinet, and will without intervention make use of all the powers of the Government, and will seek directly from Parliament any further powers which it may require for the more energetic conduct of the War. One of the five members of this select body is the Leader of the Labor Party, a thing which indicates the influence now exerted by the workingman in the Councils of the nation. The presence of Lord Milner in the Council of Five shows

the unifying effect which the War has produced; for no two men were more opposed to each other than were Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Milner. It was the excellence of the latter's administration in South Africa which has been the ground of his being called upon in the present emergency.

Viscount Grey, who has been Foreign Minister through all the changes which have taken place since the first Liberal Cabinet was formed in 1905—the only Minister who, in fact, has held the same office during that whole period—has no place in the new Ministry. The loyalty to Mr. Asquith, which made so many other Ministers resign, doubtless induced him to take the same step. Another reason, however, existed. Dissatisfaction with the course of events in the Balkans is keen and widespread and the disasters which have followed upon the mistakes in the negotiations are laid at his door. His successor at the Foreign Office is Mr. Balfour, and this is the one appointment which is most severely criticized in the new Ministry, and for the same reasons. His administration of the Admiralty, of which he was the First Lord, has of late not been characterized by the requisite energy. He had let the German submarines get out of hand in the new campaign which they are now waging, although in the first they had been completely vanquished. The Channel raid had also a great effect, so that little surprise was felt when the First Sea Lord was superseded by Sir John Jellicoe, hitherto Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. Mr. Balfour has now himself been superseded, or perhaps it would be better to say transferred, and to an equally important office. Doubts about his capacity, although felt, are mitigated by the fact that he was for many years associated with his uncle, Lord Salisbury, in the conduct of foreign affairs and that it is in consequence a subject with which he is familiar. Mr. Balfour is succeeded at the Admiralty by Sir Edward Carson, a man whose energy no one will question. With Sir John Jellicoe as First Sea Lord, Sir Edward Carson as First Lord, and Sir David Beatty in command of the Grand Fleet events of importance may be anticipated.

The pressure of the War has brought about some changes which in calmer days it would have taken many years to effect and others which never would have happened. Of the former is the institution of a Minister of Labor, to which one of the Labor members is appointed. The exact scope of his activity has not yet been ascertained by the writer of these notes, but it forms yet one more evidence of the power of the workingman. The relations between

capital and labor are, of course, a cause of great anxiety not merely at the present time but even to a greater degree for the time which is to follow. The whole of the future depends upon the establishment and maintenance of peace between these two contending factions. To pay the interest on the immense debt which Great Britain is now incurring will involve vast extension of commercial activity, an activity which has been crippled and limited by the conflicts which have hitherto been so frequent. Doubtless it is in view of this that it has been thought fit to admit into the Cabinet a representative of the claims of the workingman.

A Food Controller and a Shipping Controller are each members of the new Ministry. These appointments testify to the straits to which the dwellers in Great Britain have been reduced. A great increase has taken place in the cost of living due to the restriction of imports. This, in turn, is due to the loss of ships, owing to nearly fifty per cent having been commandeered by the Government and in a minor degree to the submarine campaign. Among workingmen the feeling is strong that the high cost is due to what is known as "profiteering," that is, the enhancement of the price by speculators and cornerers of the market. The new Controller of Food will, by the powers conferred by a recent Act, be able to regulate prices and inflict upon such offenders, if such there be, suitable punishment.

The future of education has been provided for not by the institution of a new Ministry, but by the unheard-of appointment of a Minister who has never been in Parliament, nor taken any part in political affairs. The experience of the past two years has convinced the English people of the necessity of a radical reform in the national system of education. Too little attention has been given to the practical sciences, too much to classical studies. For the commercial conflict which is to come the necessity of a change of methods is seen to be necessary. For some time Government Commissioners have been studying this subject; the putting into practical effect of their recommendations by an expert is the reason for the new appointment.

Efficiency, in short, is the end and aim of the new Cabinet: first in the conduct of the War, and then in the almost equally difficult time which will follow upon the conclusion of peace. For this end party lines have been set aside. Most of its members indeed are Unionists but the Prime Minister is a Radical of Radicals, while in the new War Council there are three Unionists to two

Radicals. Mr. Asquith and his Liberal supporters will give to the new Ministry a whole-hearted support, reserving, however, the right of a criticism. This, when it is done in no factious spirit, is more of a help than a hindrance, and prevents many mistakes from being made. There are those who think that the Coalition would have been more successful if it had to satisfy a reasonable opposition.

France.

In France changes similar to those made in England have taken place. General Joffre, who seemed a fixture, has not been replaced, for he still remains Generalissimo of the Armies but has been made the technical adviser of the Cabinet, while General Nivelle has been made the Commander of active operations. The campaigns against the German army have been conducted with consummate ability by "Papa" Joffre, as he is affectionately called by his soldiers, but it would seem not with the energy which the country is now calling for. "Nibbling at the enemy" was the characteristic of his policy. France now wants something more. This, at least, seems to be the secret of the recent changes: but as these changes were preceded by a secret session of the French Parliament which lasted for six days, the world is left more or less in the dark as to the real nature of the situation. It is to be hoped that the factious spirit which has been so deleterious to the country is not in process of reviving, nor that jealousy of the Executive which is so powerful and which tends towards the crippling of the experienced generals who are in charge of the operations.

An even more far-reaching change has been the creation of a Council of Five, similar to that which has been formed in England, for the more energetic conduct of the War. Powers greater than those possessed by the English Council are said to have been claimed by it. The necessity of having recourse to the Legislature in order to give to the decrees of the Council the validity of laws is denied by this newly created body. To this claim M. Clemenceau, with a considerable body of supporters, is offering a fierce opposition. Signs of division of this kind fill France's friends with some degree of apprehension.

Of the Council of Five, M. Briand is the President, and within its ranks remain two members of the former Cabinet, M. Ribot, the Minister of Finance, and M. Albert Thomas, Minister of *Fabrication Nationale,* including his former office of Minister of Muni-

tions to which is added Minister of Transportation. General Lyantey, who has become distinguished for his efficient administration of Morocco, is the new Minister. General Nivelle's assumption of the command has been signalized by a renewed offensive at Verdun, which has resulted in the Crown Prince's army being driven back a distance of two miles with the loss of many prisoners.

The recently issued loan has proved a great success not merely in the sum voluntarily subscribed (eleven milliard and three hundred and sixty million of francs), but also in the character of the subscriptions. While the banks, acting patriotically, took a certain portion of the loan without any special call from the Government, the bulk of the sum came from the nation at large, rich and poor. There were no fewer than three million subscribers, a fact which makes clear both the determination of the people to continue the war and their confidence in its result. A few madmen, as they were called by the Minister of Finance, had endeavored to discourage subscriptions on the ground that in this way the War would be shortened. Their efforts signally failed; all that they were able to accomplish was to bring down upon themselves the indignation of the country. The fact that the foreign trade of France during the first eight months of the year has increased by thirteen millions of dollars for imports, and four hundred and fifty millions for exports, shows that the military operations have not engrossed all the energies of the country, while the religious spirit which is so clearly manifested by the French people is making a marked impression upon their Allies—the British soldiers.

Germany.

Many changes of officials have taken place in Germany. Following upon the substitution of von Hindenburg for von Falkenhayn, Lieutenant-General von Stein has superseded Lieutenant-General von Hohenborn as Minister of War. Greater experience of the wants of the armies in the field is assigned as a reason for this change, the new War Minister having been the head of an Army Corps since December, 1914. The necessity for even further organization has led to the formation of "a new department," or rather the combination into one of two already existing departments. This has been placed in charge of Major-General Groner, hitherto director of field railways. Its function is to provide for the supply of men and munitions, and the distribution and maintenance of labor for war industries.

A more striking change has been caused by the retirement of Herr von Jagow from the Foreign Office, for reasons of health, it is alleged. It is not of much importance in itself, for he was not a man of weight in the councils of Germany. Any importance which may be attached to it is due to the fact that he has made way for a man of quite a different stamp. Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, who has been appointed as the new Foreign Minister, is declared by those who claim to know to be one of the most liberal-minded of the German officials. He is said to be a supporter of the movement for genuine parliamentary government which has for its object to make the Imperial Cabinet responsible to the Reichstag and not to the Kaiser alone as at present. A recent visitor to Germany has alleged that the new Foreign Secretary declared that this would be done soon after the war was over. Should this prove true, it would be one good result of the fearful sacrifices that have been made, for it would go far to render it impossible for a few men ever again to have it in their power to bring upon the world such dire calamities.

Among the changes that have not taken place is that of the Chancellorship. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg still retains the degree of power attached to that office. For a long time, however, he has been bitterly and virulently assailed by many who take exception to his policy.

Austria-Hungary.

The death of the Emperor Francis Joseph would have called forth the sympathy of the world if it had taken place before the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. He had, up to that time, proved a faithful defender of European peace, and even during the two Balkan Wars he had resisted the efforts of those who would have involved the Dual Monarchy in the conflict. But as years passed on he became weaker, and finally gave way to the aggressive faction among his own people, which was supported by the German Emperor. The old saying that a weak man often does more harm than a wicked one has been once more verified. It is not to be expected that his young and inexperienced successor will be able to emancipate his dominions from that subordination to Germany, which is now almost complete, although it is causing grievous heart-burnings. The Cabinet recently formed after the death of Count Stürgh has been forced to resign as not being satisfactory in Berlin.

Russia.

The Prime Minister, Stürmer, has been succeeded by M. Trepof. The public utterances of the former Premier indicate the fullest determination to continue the War to a decisive end. It is now said, however, that he was working for a peace in the interests of Germany. The fact is the situation in Russia has been very obscure, although it is now becoming more clear. The ruling class in Russia is permeated with German influences, and for a second time, it would seem as if a near approach had been made to the conclusion of a separate peace. The attempt has, however, been frustrated by overwhelming popular feeling. The relinquishment of German efforts was marked by the attempt to form a new kingdom of Poland. Not the old kingdom, by any means. Germany retains what she took at the last partition, and so does Austria. All that has been given as a new kingdom is what belongs to Russia, which is now in the occupation of the German armies.

Whatever wavering there may have been through German influence is now, it seems clear, a thing of the past. As General Brusiloff said in a recent interview, ninety-nine out of one hundred of the people are even more determined than ever to persevere until the end. The *moral* of the people has been rising for the last two years. The new levies which come in every year are equal to the best troops. The only difficulty is to find sufficient arms and munitions, but of this the General is so confident that he declares that the War is already won. Some doubt may be felt about this when the fate of Rumania is borne in mind. Why more efficient help was not given to her by the Russian armies which are so near seems hard to explain. Rumania is said to have set at naught the advice of Russia by sending her troops into Transylvania instead of attacking Bulgaria with a view, by conquering that country, of clearing the way to Constantinople. It cannot be believed that Russia was so small-minded as to refuse help on that account. If that were the case she now runs the risk of not getting possession of the city which has been for so long a time the object of her ambition even though, according to M. Trepof's declaration, the Entente Powers have publicly recognized her attainment of it as one of the results of the War.

With Our Readers.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD extends a hearty greeting to the new monthly magazine of the new year—*The Catholic Charities Review.*

The Catholic agencies devoting themselves to charity work in this country are almost innumerable. If statistics were made of the number of religious Orders of devoted sisters: priests and brothers: of zealous laymen and women: of the monies spent for even one twelvemonth in the cause of serving others, they would furnish an amazing and almost incredible story. It is not the tradition of Catholic charity nor of any of its agents to seek publicity: that tradition is thoroughly Christian and may it long abide. But while personal publicity may well be avoided, there is no reason why, for the information not only of our own people, but for those outside the Church, such extensive sacrifice, generosity and unselfishness should not be made known. The story of how the Church cares for and instructs the orphan; how she nurses the sick; fathers the homeless; provides for the destitute; lifts up the fallen; preserves the family; visits the imprisoned; sends relief and help into every channel where they are needed by humankind, is a story that carries with it its own lesson and its own inspiration.

* * * *

A READER of the *Catholic Charities Review,* while he may see within its pages no set story of the magnitude of Catholic charities, will become conscious of their vast extent. To the young men and women grown earnest in the cause of serving others, in the cause of social betterment and social reform, and seeking a field for their talents and their time, the data therein given, and the papers presented will furnish the greatest of inspirations and the most fruitful of fields.

* * * *

CHARITY work in this complex age has grown to be a complex problem. It cannot be handled by the amateur. It requires the trained and skilled worker who can manage and distribute funds wisely, and who knows how to find the real need, and give the most beneficial relief. For those in want, or apparently in want, are not always truthful and some of them may draw support from more agencies than one.

* * * *

THE *Charities Review* will not alone discuss the problems and the methods of their solution, but will also be a guide, both to the schools and to the literature, helpful to the prospective charity worker.

He will find, moreover, within its pages that life-giving and

sustaining Catholic philosophy of charity which has given birth to the word, which alone gives joy to the work, and which saves the laborer himself from discouragement and disgust for humankind. Never was there greater need than now of sounding that note both of warning and of inspiration. True it is that it has often been sounded by Catholic book and magazine and weekly journal, but it is needful that we have an organ of charity that upholds the truth underlying all charity.

The denial of that truth is begetting a social chaos and an individual moral lawlessness greater than any of us cares to admit. Birth control, for example, is publicly defended and championed in reputable journals and by leading medical authorities and sociologists. The matter affects not simply the one question of birth control, but the institution of marriage, the dignity of parents, the preservation of the home and the welfare of the nation.

To take another matter that closely affects charity work—criminology and penology—we might say that the new definition of crime knows no accent of morality or personal responsibility. Or with regard to another matter—that of the religious education of the young—the danger is growing greater that children dependent on public charity will be educated without religion. We have touched upon these things very briefly: but the mere statement of them is sufficient to show the grave need of a *Catholic Charities Review.*

* * * *

AND we have stated but few of the urgent reasons. We, ourselves, as Catholics, need to know what one another are doing. We need to rehearse the problems that face us and gain wisdom from our varied experiences and our mutual discussions. We should extract every drop of wisdom from our labors and our sacrifices. Sharing the inheritance and carrying it on to others we have the burden of showing not only that it is truest in principle, but also most efficient in method, in purpose, in results. The voice of Catholic charity work should have its unified, living expression in the printed word, and the organ of that voice will be the *Catholic Charities Review.*

* * * *

THERE are thousands of our Catholic workers who have their stories to tell; hundreds among us who have for years studied these insistent problems, and who are gifted with the art of expression. We have the writers, capable, experienced, keen-sighted as any in this entire field. This new *Review* will give them a platform from which they may address the American public both Catholic and Non-Catholic.

The questions upon which they will write are questions asked of Catholics in all walks of life. Not only to the professional charity worker, or to the men directly interested in such work, but also to

every Catholic will the forthcoming magazine be of timely interest and value.

The name of its editor—the Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D. is sufficient guarantee that the *Catholic Charities Review* will be most capably edited.

A USEFUL publication that will answer many inquiries that we receive asking for suitable plays for Catholic schools and Catholic amateur performances, is the Juvenile Play Catalogue, issued by the Philadelphia Centre of the Catholic Theatre Movement, 21 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The earnest hope of those who labored upon it was not only to give information about the many plays they review, the number of characters, what ages they are fitted for, etc., but also to encourage the presentation of worthy plays, even those of Shakespeare himself. Too often has it happened that for want of knowledge of a reliable play or a good text, welcome has been given by those who could and ought to do better, to a minstrel show, a cheap farce or low vaudeville. The performance of a worthy play, worthy both in the dramatic and moral sense, will add not only to the strength of any Dramatic Society, but also to the interest of its members and its success with the public.

We hope, therefore, that the editors of this Juvenile Catalogue will meet with the success which their effort surely deserves.

THE defence constantly put forth for the presentation in spoken play and moving picture of scenes of vice and sin and lawlessness, is that acquaintance with such acts—a knowledge of how they are done—will save others from committing them.

This statement summarizes the entire case for those who have brought the stage and the moving picture to the very low estate which they occupy today.

An entire book might be written to show the wretchedly false philosophy underlying such a defence, and the unspeakably disastrous consequences, particularly on our children, of its adoption. But in this paragraph we wish to bring out one significant fact that shows how such a philosophy "lies to itself"—as Scripture says of iniquity.

* * * *

LOOK upon the "movie" screen. Imagine one of these unbecoming and vicious movies thrown thereon. What does it preach and teach? At least this, that human beings are seriously affected, and influenced in their conduct by the conduct of others. The "free and easy" young man persuades the girl to be free and easy also; and another young man follows his example; and another young girl imitates her predecessor; the thief influences another by his teachings to become a thief, both win others until the gang is made.

Acquaintance with vice hardens one in vice, as we saw in a picture not long since where the innocent girl was taught to become a thief; thrived on her theft and was finally killed because of her wealth.

* * * *

NOW the audience witnessing the "movie" is made up of human beings of the same race as those depicted in the "movie." If those in the picture are influenced viciously by vice, will not the same hold true of the audience for all are made of the same human nature; influenced in the same way; potentially capable of the same passions and the same crimes.

The vicious "movie," therefore, plainly "lies against itself." It will either have to change its defence: or change itself.

THE fascination of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall,* to which Newman paid such frank tribute, still not only holds sway over many historical writers, but leads them to accept this conjurer as a reliable and authoritative guide. It is impossible to estimate the extent to which Gibbon still influences college professors and in turn college students; amateur philosophers of history, and makers of books on history.

Since his sinister influence still endures, it is well to call attention to a searching article, entitled, *A Page of Gibbon,* by Hiliare Belloc, in the October, 1916, *Dublin Review.*

* * * *

GIBBON'S history is not only a literary masterpiece, but it is based upon accurately noted reading. Gibbon, therefore, not only occupies his own peculiar high place in English literature, but he has also profoundly affected English historical philosophy. "Indeed, one may say that, through Gibbon, English-speaking readers are introduced (without their knowing it) to the influence of Gibbon's great master, Voltaire."

Mr. Belloc then proceeds to state and to prove that this great work of Gibbon "is profoundly unhistorical." Its subject is the vast revolution which turned pagan into Christian Europe; its presentation is not only warped, but its every page is open to strict historical criticism which wrecks its historical authority. That Gibbon is unhistorical is demonstrable on purely historical arguments even to a third party— that is, one who is external to the quarrel between the Catholic Church and her opponents.

* * * *

GIBBON'S motive in the whole of his work was an attack upon the Catholic Church, and that motive led to a distorting of all the values of his narrative. "He took it for granted that to any man of instruction and sane judgment the Catholic thesis could only repose upon ignorance, and that once certain ascertainable facts were put into court no one could pretend to defend it. He thought the

Church a vanity, and he thought it a moribund vanity. On this account he ridicules and half dismisses upon *every page* (for every page deals directly or indirectly with Catholicism in the whole vast work) the reality and the intensity of Catholic conviction. He does not present you with the true picture of Europe in its relation to the Catholic Church—that of two weighty forces in conflict—but with a picture which so belittles the one force as to belittle at the same time the other, and to leave the tremendous issue a sort of farce."

* * * *

GIBBON'S narrative will furnish brilliant descriptions of great events, but give no clue to the real *why* and *how* of them. It is much the same as if a writer were to describe most entertainingly an electric power station and all its machinery without ever once mentioning the force known as electricity.

Gibbon's animus leads him "upon every page and in every statement" to omit some essential factor in a situation, or to emphasize some unessential one; and occasionally this perpetual distortion leads him to downright mis-statement of fact. Mr. Belloc selects one passage as an example of his thesis. It is that which describes the trial and death of Priscillian, and is found in the middle of the twenty-seventh chapter of Gibbon.

* * * *

MR. BELLOC shows by quoting the very authorities which Gibbon himself quoted that the latter is absolutely wrong on two very important counts, first in the cause he assigns for the death of Priscillian, and secondly, in the motives he ascribes to the protests of Saint Martin and Saint Ambrose.

The whole passage betrays two other characteristics of Gibbon, which mark his whole work. "The whole story, though falsely told, is told in a few lines with every fact mentioned which his authorities give him and which *he chooses to give*. All the qualifying language deliberately conveys the impression of Catholic falsehood, Catholic cruelty, Catholic weakness and inconsistency—but anti-Catholic excellence." For example, Gibbon selects sentences from Sulpicius Severus that speak of Priscillian, but quotes only what is favorable to Priscillian. Gibbon terms Sulpicius "a correct writer." Yet he not only does not tell accurately what this "correct" authority said, but deliberately seeks to make a false impression and to hold reponsible for this falsity the very authority whose words he knew he had garbled.

Mr Belloc's paper ought to go a long way in discrediting, wherever it still endures in the world of scholarship, Gibbon's worth as an historian.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church. By Right Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. $1.75 net. *Catholic Policemen's and Firemen's Companions. Catholic Soldiers' and Sailors' Companions.* By Rev. T. S. McGrath.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. $2.00 net. *The Fullback.* By Lawrence Perry. $1.25 net. *The Boy Scout Movement.* By N. E. Richardson, S.T.B., Ph.D., and Ormond E. Loomis. $1.50 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Children's Post Card Painting Book of Sacred Art. 20 cents.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Of Water and the Spirit. By Margaret P. Montague. 50 cents net.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Record of Civilization——Sources and Studies. History of the Franks. By Gregory, Bishop of Tours. Translated by Ernest Brebant, Ph.D.

LAURENCE J. GOMME, New York:
The Circus and Other Essays. By Joyce Kilmer. $1.00. *Verses.* By Hilaire Belloc. $1.25 net.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:
The Sulpicians in the United States. By C. G. Hebermann, L.L.D.

ASSOCIATION PRESS, New York:
The Meaning of Prayer. By Harry E. Fosdick. 50 cents.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Agenics. Shaw's Apologetics. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf. By John Muir. $2.50 net.

MATTHEW F. SHEEHAN Co., Boston:
Stranger Than Fiction. By the Rev. John J. Bent. $1.10.

JOHN JOSEPH MCVEY, Philadelphia:
Development of Personality. By Brother Chrysostom, F.S.C. $1.25 net.

DAVID MCKAY, Philadelphia:
Songs of Wedlock. By T. A. Daly. $1.00 net.

J. P. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Practical Book of Architecture. By C. M. Price. $6.00 net.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, N. J.:
The Prosecution of Jesus—Its Date, History and Legality. By R. W. Husband. $1.50 net.

JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore:
The Fall of Man. By Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cents net.

THE ARTHUR H. CLASK Co., Cleveland:
The Mississippi Valley in British Politics. By Charles W. Alvord. Two vols. $10.00 net.

THE SEEMORE Co., South Bend, Ind:
A War Bride's Adventure. By F. M. Gloria. 75 cents.

JONES & KROEGER Co., Winoma, Minn.:
Minnesota and Other Verses. By Ambrose Leo McGreevy.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Divine Master's Portrait. By Rev. J. Degan. 50 cents. *The Divinity of Jesus Christ.* By Rev. G. R. Roche, S.J. 25 cents. *A Brief Commentary on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* By Rev. C. Coppens, S.J. 50 cents.

ANDREW MELROSE, LTD., London:
Hope in Suffering. By Abbé F. Klein. 4 *s.* 6 *d.*

ERSKINE MACDONALD, Malory House, Featherstone Buildings, London, W. C.:
Poems of a Mother. Pamphlet. 6 *d.* net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Dublin:
Our Duties to Our Dead and How We Discharge Them. By Right Rev. Monsignor Hallinan, D.D., P.P., V.G. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne, Australia:
Are Catholics Intolerant? By Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J. Pamphlet. 5 Cents.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
La Guerre. (Telle que l'entendent les Americains et Telle que l'entendent les Allemands.) Par Morton Prince, M.D. *Pro Patria.* Par Victor Giraud. *La Défense de L'Esprit Français.* Par René Doumic. *Du Subjectivisme Allemand à la Philosophie Catholique.* Par S. J. Mgr. du Vauroux.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Introduction a l'Étude et du Miracle. By J. de Tonquedec. 5 *fr.*

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:
Saint Thomas d'Aquin et la Guerre. By R. P. Thomas Pègues, O.P. Pamphlet.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CIV. FEBRUARY, 1917. No. 623.

SCIENCE IN "BONDAGE."

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., K.S.G.,

President of University College, Cork.

AMONGST the numerous taunts which are cast at the Catholic Church there is none more frequently employed, nor, it may be added, more generally believed, nor more injurious to her reputation amongst outsiders—even with her own less-instructed children themselves at times—than the allegation which declares that where the Church has full sway, science cannot flourish, can scarcely in fact exist, and that the Church will only permit men of science to study and to teach as and while she permits.

To give but one example of this attitude towards the Church, readers may be reminded that Huxley[1] called the Catholic Church "the vigorous enemy of the highest life of mankind" and rejoiced that evolution "in addition to its truth has the great merit of being in a position of irreconcilable antagonism to it." An utterly incorrect statement, by the way—but let that pass. The same writer in a number of places, in season and out of season, as we may fairly say,[2] proclaims his wholly erroneous view that there is "a necessary antagonism between science and Roman Catholic doctrine." We need not labor this point. It is sufficiently obvious, nor does it need

[1] *Darwiniana*, p. 147.
[2] See, for example, his *Life and Letters*, i., 307.

Copyright. 1917. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

any catena of authorities to establish the fact, that outside the Church and even, as we have hinted above, to the less instructed within it, there is a prevalent idea that the allegation with which this paper proposes to deal is a true bill.

Those who give credit to the allegation must of course ignore certain very patent facts which are, it will be allowed, a little difficult to get over. They must commence by ignoring the historical fact that the greater number—almost all indeed—of the older Universities, places specially intended to foster and increase knowledge and research, owe their origin to Papal bulls. They must ignore the fact that vast numbers of scientific researches, often of fundamental importance, especially perhaps in the subjects of anatomy and physiology, emanated from learned men attached to seats of learning in Rome and this during the Middle Ages, and that the learned men who were their authors, quite frequently held official positions in the Papal Court. They must finally ignore the fact that a large number of the most distinguished scientific workers and discoverers in the past were also devout children of the Catholic Church. Stenson, "the Father of Geology" and a great anatomical discoverer as well, was a bishop; Mendel, whose name is so often heard nowadays in biological controversies, was an abbot. And what about Galvani, Volta, Pasteur, Schwann (the originator of the Cell Theory), van Beneden, Johannes Müller, admitted by Huxley to be "the greatest anatomist and physiologist among my contemporaries?"[3] What about Kircher, Spallanzani, Secchi, de Lapparent to take the names of persons of different historical periods, and connected with different subjects, yet all united in the bond of the Faith? To point to these men—and a host of other names might be cited—is to overthrow at once and finally the edifice of falsehood reared by enemies of the Church who, before erecting it, might reasonably have been asked to look to the security of their foundations.

Still there is the edifice, and as every edifice must rest on some kind of foundation or another, even if that foundation be nothing but sand, it may be useful and even interesting to inquire, as I now propose to do, what foundation there is—if in fact there is any—for this particular allegation.

We might commence by interrogating the persons who make it. The probability is that the reply which would at once be drawn from most of them would amount to this: "Everybody knows it

[3] *Hume, English Men of Letters Series,* p. 135.

to be true." If the interrogated person were amongst those less imperfectly informed we should probably be referred to Huxley or to some other writer. Or we may even find ourselves confronted with that greater knowledge—or less inspissated ignorance—which babbles about Galileo, the Inquisition, the *Index* and the *imprimatur*.

Galileo and his case we shall consider later on for he and it are really germane to the question with which we are dealing. The Inquisition has really nothing to do with the case. The *Index* we also reserve for a later part of this essay. With the *imprimatur* we may now deal, since there is no doubt that there is a genuine misunderstanding on this subject on the part of some people who are misled perhaps through ignorance of Latin and quite certainly through ignorance of what the whole matter amounts to. Let us begin by reminding ourselves that, though the unchanging Church is now, so far as I am aware, the only body which issues an *imprimatur*, there were other instances of the exercise of such a privilege even in recent or comparatively recent days. There were Royal licenses to print with which we need not concern ourselves. But, what is important, there was a time when the scientific authority of the day assumed the right of issuing an *imprimatur*. I take the first book which occurs to me, Tyson's *Anatomie of a Pygmie*, and for the sake of those who are not acquainted with it, I may add that this book is not only the foundation stone of Comparative Anatomy, but also, through its appendix *A Philological Essay Concerning the Pygmies, the Cynocephali, the Satyrs, and Sphinges of the Ancients*,[4] the foundation-stone of all folk-lore study. On the page fronting the title of this work the following appears:

17 Die Maij, 1699.
Imprimatur Liber cui Titulus, Orang-Outang sive Homo Sylvestris, etc. Authore Edvardo Tyson, M.D., R.S.S.
John Hoskins, V.P.R.S.

What does this mean? In the first place it shows, what all instructed persons know, that the Royal Society did then exercise the privilege of giving an *imprimatur* at any rate to books written by its own Fellows. It cannot be supposed that such *imprimatur* guaranteed the accuracy of all the statements made by Tyson, for we may feel sure that John Hoskins was quite unable to give any

[4] This was published by the present writer, with an introduction on *Pigmy Races and Fairy Tales*, in the *Bibliothèque de Carabas*, 1894.

such assurance. We must assume that it meant that there was nothing in the book which would reflect discredit upon the Society of which Tyson was a Fellow and from which the *imprimatur* was obtained.

However this may be, the sway over its Fellows' publications was exercised, and indeed very excellent arguments might be adduced for the reassumption of such a sway even today.

Though the *imprimatur* has disappeared, it is, as we all know, the commonest of things for the introductions to works of science to occupy some often considerable part of their space with acknowledgments of assistance given by learned friends who have read the manuscript or the proofs and made suggestions with the object of improving the book or adding to its accuracy. Any person who has written a book can feel nothing but gratitude towards those who have helped him to avoid the errors and slips to which even the most careful are subject.

So that such acknowledgments of assistance have come to be almost what the lawyers call "common form." What they really amount to is a proclamation on the part of the author that he has done his best to insure that his book is free from mistakes. Now the *imprimatur* really amounts to the same thing, for it is, of course, confined to books or parts of books where theology or philosophy trenching upon theology, is concerned. Thus a book may deal largely, perhaps mainly, with scientific points, yet necessarily include allusions to theological dogmas. The *imprimatur* to such a book would relate solely and entirely to the theological parts, just as the advice of an architectural authority on a point connected with that subject in a work in which it was mentioned only in an incidental manner, would refer to that point, and to nothing else. Perhaps it should be added, that no author is obliged to obtain an *imprimatur* any more than he is compelled to seek advice on any other point in connection with his book. *"Nihil Obstat,"* says the skilled referee: "I see no reason to suppose that there is anything in all this which contravenes theological principles." To which the authority appealed to adds *"imprimatur:"* "Then by all means let it be printed." The procedure is no doubt somewhat more stately and formal than the modern system of acknowledgments, yet in actual practice there is but little to differentiate the two methods of ensuring, so far as is possible, that the work is free from mistakes. That neither the assistance of friends nor the *imprimatur* of authorities is infallible is proved by the facts that mis-

takes do creep into works of science, however carefully examined and that more than one book with an *imprimatur* has, none the less, found its way on to the *Index*. Before leaving this branch of the subject one cannot refrain from calling attention to another point. How often in advertisements of books do we not see quotations from reviews in authoritative journals—a medical work from the *Lancet*, a physical or chemical from *Nature?* Frequently too we see "Mr. So-and-So, the well-known authority on the subject, says of this book, etc., etc." What are all these authoritative commendations but an *imprimatur* up to date?

Passing from the *imprimatur* to a closer consideration of our subject, it is above all things necessary to take the advice of Samuel Johnson and clear our minds of cant. Every person in this world, save perhaps a Robinson Crusoe on an otherwise uninhabited island and he only because of his solitary condition, is in bondage more or less; that is to say, has his freedom more or less interfered with. That this interference is in the interests of the community and so, in the last analysis, in the interests of the person interfered with himself, in no way weakens the argument; it is rather a potent adjuvant to it. However much I may dislike him and however anxious I may be to injure him, I may not go out and set fire to my neighbor's house nor to his rick-yard, unless I am prepared to risk the serious legal penalties which will be my lot if I am detected in the act. I may not, if I am a small and active boy, make a slide in the public street in frosty weather, unless I am prepared—as the small boy usually is—to run the gantlet of the police. In a thousand ways my freedom, or what I call my freedom, is interfered with: it is the price which I pay for being one item of a social organism and for being in turn protected against others, who, in virtue of that protection, are in their turn deprived of what they might call their liberty.

No one can have failed to observe that this interference with personal liberty becomes greater day by day. It is a tendency of modern governments, based presumably upon increased experience, to increase these protective regulations. Thus we have laws against adulteration of food, against the placing of buildings concerned with obnoxious trades in positions where people will be inconvenienced by them. We make persons suffering from infectious diseases isolate themselves, and if they cannot do this at home, we make them go to the fever hospital. Further we insist upon the doctor, whose position resembles that of a confessor, breaking his

secrecy and informing the authorities as to the illness of his patient. We interfere with the liberty of men and women to work as long as they like or to make their children labor for excessive hours. We insist upon dangerous machinery being fenced in. In a thousand ways we—the State—interfere with the liberty of our fellows. Finally, when the needs of the community are most pressing we interfere most with the freedom of the subject. Thus, in these islands, we are living under a Defence of the Realm Act—with which no reasonable person quarrels. Yet it forbids many things not only harmless in themselves but habitually permitted in times of peace. We are subject to penalties if we show lighted windows: they must be shuttered or provided with heavy curtains. We may not travel in railway carriages at night with the blinds undrawn. The papers must not publish, nor we say in public, things which in time of peace would go unnoticed. There are a host of other matters to which allusion need not be made. Enough has been said to show that the State has and exerts the right to control the actions of those who belong to it and that in time of stress it can and does very greatly intensify that control and does so without arousing any real or widespread discontent. Of course we all grumble, but then everybody, except its own members, always does more or less grumble at anything done by any government: that is the ordinary state of affairs. But at any rate we submit ourselves, more or less gracefully, to this restraint because we persuade ourselves or are persuaded that it is for the good of the State and thus for the good of ourselves, both as private individuals and as members of the State.

And many of us, at any rate, comfort ourselves with the thought that a great many of the regulations which appear to be most tyrannical and most to interfere with the natural liberty of mankind are devised not with that end in view but with the righteous intention of protecting those weaker members of the body who are unable to protect themselves. If the State does not stand by such members and offer itself as their shield and support it has no claim to our obedience, no real right to exist, and so we put up with the inconvenience, should such arise, on account of the protection given to the weaker members and often extended to those who would by no means feel pleased if they heard themselves thus described.

Let us substitute the Church for the State and let us remember that there are times when she is at closer grips with the powers

of evil than may be the case at other times. The parallel is surely sufficiently close.

So far as earthly laws can control one, no one is obliged to be a member of the Catholic Church nor a citizen of the British Empire. I can, if I choose, emigrate to America, in process of time naturalize myself there and join the Christian Science organization or any other body to which I find myself attracted. But as long as I remain a Catholic and a British citizen I must submit myself to the restrictions imposed by the bodies with which I have elected to connect myself. We arrive at the conclusion then that the ordinary citizen, even if he never adverts to the fact, is in reality controlled and his liberty limited in all sorts of directions.

Now the scientific man, in his own work, is subject to all sorts of limitations also, apart altogether from the limitations which, as an ordinary member of the State, he has to submit himself to.

He is restricted by science: he is not completely free but is bound by knowledge—the knowledge which he or others have acquired.

To say he is limited by it is not to say that he is imprisoned by it or in bondage to it. "One does not lose one's intellectual liberty when one learns mathematics," says the late Monsignor Benson in one of his letters, "though one certainly loses the liberty of doing sums wrong or doing them by laborious methods!"

Before setting out upon any research, the careful man of science sets himself to study "the literature of the subject" as he calls it. He delves into all sorts of out-of-the-way periodicals to ascertain what such a man has written upon such a point. All this he does in order that he may avoid doing a piece of work over again unnecessarily: *unnecessarily,* for it may be actually necessary to repeat it, if it is of very great importance and if it has not been repeated and verified by other observers. Further he delves into this literature because it is thus that he hopes to avoid the many blind alleys which branch off from every path of research, delude their explorer with vain hopes and finally bring him face to face with a blank wall. In a word the inquirer consults his authorities and when he finds them worthy of reliance, he limits his freedom by paying attention to them. He does not say: "How am I held in bondage by this assertion that the earth goes round the sun," but accepting that fact, he rejects such of his conclusions as are obviously irreconcilable with it. Surely this is plain common sense and the man who acted otherwise would be setting himself a quite

impossible task. It is the weakness of the "heuristic method" that it sets its pupils to find out things which many abler men have spent years in investigating. The man who sets out to make a research, without first ascertaining what others have done in that direction, proposes to accumulate in himself the abilities and the life-work of all previous generations of laborers in that corner of the scientific vineyard.

There is a somewhat amusing and certainly interesting instance of this which will bear quotation. The late Mr. Grant Allen, who knew something of quite a number of subjects though perhaps not very much about any of them, devoted most of his time and energies (outside his stories, many of which are excellent) to not always very accurate essays in natural history. One day, however, his evil genius prompted him to write a book entitled *Force and Energy: A Theory of Dynamics,* in which he purported to deal with a matter of which he knew far less even than he did about animated nature. Mark the inevitable result! A copy of the book was forwarded to the journal *Nature,* and sent by its editor to be dealt with by the competent hands of Sir Oliver (then Professor) Lodge.[5]

This is how that eminent authority dealt with it. "There exists a certain class of mind," he commences, "allied perhaps to the Greek sophist variety, to which ignorance of a subject offers no sufficient obstacle to the composition of a treatise upon it." It may be rash to suggest that this type of mind is well developed in philosophers of the Spencerian school, though it would be possible to adduce some evidence in support of such a suggestion. "In the volume before us," he continues, "Mr. Grant Allen sets to work to reconstruct the fundamental science of dynamics, an edifice which, since the time of Galileo and Newton, has been standing on what has seemed a fairly secure and substantial basis, but which he seems to think it is now time to demolish in order to make room for a newly excogitated theory. The attempt is audacious and the result—what might have been expected. The performance lends itself indeed to the most scathing criticism; blunders and misstatements abound on nearly every page, and the whole thing is simply an emanation of mental fog." It would occupy too much space to reproduce this criticism with any fullness, but one or two points exceedingly germane to our subject,

[5] The review from which the following quotations are made appeared in *Nature* on January 24, 1889.

can hardly go without notice. Alluding to a certain question, which seems to have bothered greatly Mr. Allen and likewise Mr. Clodd, who was associated with him in this performance, so it would appear, the reviewer says: "The puzzle was solved completely long ago, in the clearest possible manner, and the '*Principia*' is the witness to it; but it is still felt to be a difficulty by beginners, and I suppose there is no offence in applying this harmless epithet to both Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Clodd, so far as the truths of dynamics and physics are concerned." One last quotation: "The thing which strikes one most forcibly about the physics of these paper philosophers is the extraordinary contempt which, if they are consistent, they must or ought to feel for men of science. If Newton, Lagrange, Gauss and Thompson, to say nothing of smaller men, have muddled away their brains in concocting a scheme of dynamics wherein the very definitions are all wrong; if they have arrived at a law of conservation of energy without knowing what the word energy means, or how to define it; if they have to be set right by an amateur who has devoted a few weeks or months to the subject and acquired a rude smattering of some of its terms, "what intolerable fools they must all be!" Such is the result of asserting one's freedom by escaping the limitations of knowledge! We see what happens when a person sets out to deal with science untrammeled by any considerations as to what others have thought and established. The necessary result is that he plunges headforemost into all or most of the errors which were pitfalls to the first laborers in the field. Or, again, he painfully and uselessly pursues the blind alleys which they had wandered in, and from which a perusal of their works would have warned off later comers.

Of course, though it is not quite so obvious to writers in general, the same thing is equally possible in non-scientific fields of knowledge. I once asked one versed in theology what he thought of the religious articles of a distinguished man, unfamiliar himself with theology, yet, none the less, then splashing freely and to the great admiration of the ignorant, in the theological pool. His reply was that in so far as they were at all constructive, they consisted mostly of exploded heresies of the first century. Is not this precisely what one would *a priori* have expected? A man commencing to write on science or religion, who neglects the work of earlier writers places himself in the position of the first students of the subject and very naturally will make the same mistakes as they made. He refuses to be hampered and biassed by knowledge and the re-

sult follows quite inevitably. "A scientist," says Monsignor Benson, "is hampered and biassed by knowing the earth goes round the sun." The fact of the matter is that the man of science is not a solitary figure, a *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*. In whatever direction he looks he is faced by the figures of other workers and he is limited and hampered by their work. Nor are these workers all of them in his own area of country, for the biologist, for example, cannot afford to neglect the doings of the chemist; if he does he is bound to find himself led into mistakes. No doubt the scientific man is at times needlessly hampered by theories which he and others at the time take to be fairly well established facts, but which after all turn out to be nothing of the kind. This in no way weakens the argument, but rather by giving an additional reason for caution, strengthens it.

If we carefully consider the matter we shall be unable to come to any other conclusion than that every writer, even of the wildest form of fiction, is in some way and to some extent hampered and limited by knowledge, by facts, by things as they are or as they appear to be. That will be admitted; but it will be urged that the hampering and limiting with which we have been dealing are not merely legitimate but inevitable, whereas the hampering and limiting—should such there be—on the part of the Church is wholly illegitimate and indefensible.

"All that you say is no doubt true," our antagonist will urge, "but you have still to show that your Church has any right or title to interfere in these matters. And even if you can make some sort of case for her interference, you have still to disprove what so many people believe, namely, that the right, real or assumed, has not been arbitrarily used to the damage or at least to the delay of scientific progress. Chemistry," we may suppose our antagonist continuing, "no doubt has a legitimate right to have its say, even to interfere and that imperatively, where chemical considerations invade the field of biology, for example. But what similar right does religion possess? For instance," he might proceed, "some few years ago a distinguished physiologist, then occupying the Chair of the British Association, invoked the behavior of certain chemical substances known as colloids in favor of his anti-vitalistic conclusions. At once he was answered by a number of equally eminent chemists that the attitude he had adopted was quite incompatible with facts as known to them; in a word that chemistry disagreed with his ideas as to colloids. Everybody admitted that the chemists must have the final word on

this subject: are you now claiming that religion or theology or whatever you choose to call it, is also entitled to a say in a matter of that kind?" This supposititious conversation illustrates the confusion which exists in many minds as to the point at issue. One science is entitled to contradict another just as one scientific man is entitled to contradict another on a question of fact. But on a question of fact a theologian is not entitled—*quâ* theologian—nor would he be expected to claim to be entitled, to contradict a man of science.

It ought to be widely known, though it is not, that the idea that theologians can or wish to intrude—again *quâ* theologians—in scientific disputes as to chemical, biological or other facts, is a fantastic idea without real foundation save that of the one mistake of the kind made in the case of Galileo and never repeated—a mistake, let us hasten to add, made by a disciplinary authority and—as all parties admit—in no way involving questions of infallibility. To this case we will revert shortly. Meanwhile it may be briefly stated that the claim made by the Church is in connection with some few—some very few—of the theories which men of science build up upon the facts which they have brought to light. Some of these theories do appear to contradict theological dogmas or at least may seem to simple people to be incompatible with such dogmas, just as the people of his time—Protestants by the way, no less than Catholics—did really think that Galileo's theory conflicted with Holy Writ. In such cases, and in such cases alone, the Church holds that she has at least the right to say that such a theory should not be proclaimed to be true until there is sufficient proof for it to satisfy the scientific world that the point has been demonstrated. This is really what is meant by the tyranny of the Church; and it may now be useful to consider briefly what can be said for her position. We must begin by looking at the matter from the Church's standpoint. It is a good rule to endeavor to understand your opponent's position before you try to confute him; an excellent rule seldom complied with by anti-Catholic controversialists. Now the Church starts with the proposition that man has an immortal soul destined to eternal happiness or eternal misery, and she proceeds to claim that she has been divinely constituted to help man to enjoy a future of happiness. Of course these are opinions which all do not share, and with the arguments for and against which we cannot here deal. If a man is quite sure that he has no soul and that there is no hereafter there is nothing more to be said than: "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die." Nothing very

much matters in this world except that we should make ourselves as comfortable as we can during the few years we have to spend in it.

Again there are others who whilst believing the first doctrine set down above, will have none of the other. With them we enter into no argument here, and only say that to have a guide is better than to have no guide. Catholics, who accept gratefully her guidance, do believe that the Church can help a man to save his soul and that she is intrusted, to that end, with certain powers. Her duty is to preserve and guard the Christian Revelation—the scheme of doctrine regarding belief and conduct by which Jesus Christ taught that souls were to be saved. She is not an arbitrary ruler. Her office is primarily that of Judge and Interpreter of the deposit of doctrine intrusted to her.

In this she claims to be safeguarded against error, though her infallible utterances would seem incredibly few, if summed up and presented to the more ignorant of her critics. She also derives from her Founder legislative power by which she can make decrees, unmake them or modify and vary them to suit different times and circumstances. She rightfully claims the obedience of her children to this exercise of her authority, but such disciplinary enactments, by their very nature variable and modifiable, do not and cannot come within the province of her infallibility, and admittedly they need not be always perfectly wise or judicious. Such disciplinary utterances, it may be added, at least in the field of which we are treating, indeed in any field, are also incredibly few when due regard is had to the enormous number of cases passing under the Church's observation.

We saw just now that the State exercised a very large jurisdiction for the purpose of protecting the weak who were unable or little able to protect themselves. It is really important to remember, when we are considering the powers of the Church and her exercise of them, that these disciplinary powers are put in operation, not from mere arrogance or an arbitrary love of domination—as too many suppose—but with the primary intention of protecting and helping the weaker members of the flock. If the Church consisted entirely of theological experts a good deal of this exercise of disciplinary power might very likely be regarded as wholly unnecessary. Thus the Church freely concedes not only to priests and theologians, but to other persons adequately instructed in her teaching, full permission to read books which she has placed on her black list or *Index*

—from which, in other words, she has warned off the weaker members of the flock.

The net of Peter, however, as all very well know, contains a very great variety of fish and—to vary the metaphor—to the fisherman was given charge not only of the sheep, foolish enough heaven knows!—but also of the still more helpless lambs. Thus it becomes the duty and the privilege of the successors of the fisherman to protect the sheep and the lambs, and not merely to protect them from wild beasts who may try to do harm from without, but quite as much from the wild rams of the flock who are capable of doing a great deal of injury from within. In one of his letters, from which quotation has already been made, the late Monsignor Benson sums up, in homely, but vivid language, the point with which we have just been dealing. "Here are the lambs of Christ's flock," he writes: "Is a stout old ram to upset and confuse them when he needn't..... even though he is right? The flock must be led gently and turned in a great curve. We can't all whip round in an instant. We are tired and discouraged and some of us are exceedingly stupid and obstinate. Very well; then the rams can't be allowed to make brilliant excursions in all directions and upset us all. We shall get there some day, if we are treated patiently. We are Christ's lambs after all."

The protection of the weak: surely, if it be deemed both just and wise on the part of the civil government to protect its subjects by legislation in regard to adulterated goods, contagious diseases, unhealthy workshops and dangerous machinery, why may not the Church safeguard her children, especially her weaker children, the special object of her care and solicitude, from noxious intellectual foods?

It is just here that the question of the *Index* arises. Put briefly, this is a list of books which are not to be read by Catholics unless they have permission to read them—a permission which, as we have just seen, is never refused when any good reason can be given for the request. I can understand the kind of person who says: "Exactly, locking up the truth; why not let everybody read just what they like?" To which I would reply that every careful parent has an *Index Prohibitorius* for his household; or ought to have one if he has not. I once knew a woman who allowed her daughter to plunge into *Nana* and other works of that character as soon as she could summon up enough knowledge of French to fathom their meaning.

The daughter grew up and the result has not been encouraging to educationalists thinking of proceeding on similar lines. The State also has its *Index Prohibitorius* and will not permit indecent books nor indecent pictures to be sold. Enough: let us again clear our minds of cant. There is a limit with regard to publications in every decent State and every decent house: it is only a question where the line is drawn. It is obvious that the Church must be permitted at least as much privilege in this matter as is claimed by every respectable father of a family. We need not pursue the question of the *Index* any further.

Let us turn to apply the considerations with which we have been concerned to one or two cases; and naturally we must commence with that of Galileo to which generally misunderstood affair we must very briefly allude since it is the stand-by of anti-Catholic controversialists. Monsignor Benson, in connection with the quotation recently cited, proclaimed himself "a violent defender of the Cardinals against Galileo." Perhaps no one will be surprised at his attitude, but those who are not familiar with his *Life and Letters* will certainly be surprised to learn that Huxley, after examining into the question, "arrived at the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it."[6]

None the less it is the stock argument. Father Hull, S.J., whose admirable, outspoken and impartial study of the case[7] should be on everybody's bookshelves, freely admits that the Roman Congregations made a mistake in this matter and thus takes up a less favorable position towards them than even the violently anti-Catholic Huxley.

No one will deny that the action of the Congregation was due to a desire to prevent simple persons from having their faith upset by a theory which seemed at the time to contradict the teaching of the Bible. Remember that it was only a theory and that, when it was put forward, and indeed for many years afterwards, it was not only a theory, but one supported by no sufficient evidence. It was not in fact until many years after Galileo's death that final and convincing evidence as to the accuracy of his views was laid before the scientific world. There can be but little doubt that if Galileo had been content to discuss his theory with other men of science, and not to lay it down as a matter of proved fact—which as we have seen it was not—he would never have been condemned.

[6] Vol. ii., p. 113.

[7] *Galileo and His Condemnation,* Catholic Truth Society of England.

Whilst we may admit, with Father Hull, that a mistake was made in this case, we may urge, with Cardinal Newman, that it is the only case in which such a thing has happened—surely a remarkable fact. It is not for want of opportunities. Father Hull very properly cites various cases where a like difficulty might possibly have arisen, but where as a matter of fact it has not. For example the geographical universality of the Deluge was at one time, and that not so very long ago, believed to be asserted by the Bible; while, on the other hand, geologists seemed to be able to show, and in the event did show, that such a view was scientifically untenable. The attention of theologians having been called to this matter, and a further study made of passages which until then had probably attracted but little notice and quite certainly had never been considered from the new point of view, it became obvious that the meaning which had been attached to the passages in question was not the necessary meaning, but on the contrary, a strained interpretation of the words. No public fuss having arisen about this particular difficulty, the whole matter was gradually and quietly disposed of. As Father Hull says, "the new view gradually filtered down from learned circles to the man in the street, so that nowadays the partiality of the Deluge is a matter of commonplace knowledge among all educated Christians, and is even taught to the rising generation in elementary schools In accordance with the wise provisions of the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus,* with which all educated Catholics should make themselves familiar, conflicts have been avoided on this, and on other points such as the general theory of evolution and the various problems connected with it; the antiquity of man upon the earth and other matters as to which science is still uncertain. Some of these points might seem to conflict with the Bible and the teachings of the Church. As Catholics we can rest assured that the true explanation, whenever it emerges, cannot be opposed to the considered teaching of the Church. What the Church does—and surely it must be clear that from her standpoint she could not do less—is to instruct Catholic men of science not to proclaim as proved facts such modern theories—and there are many of them—as still remain wholly unproved, when these theories are such as might seem to conflict with the teaching of the Church. This is very far from saying that Catholics are forbidden to study such theories.

On the contrary, they are encouraged to do so and that, need it be said, with the one idea of ascertaining the truth? Men of science, Catholic and otherwise, have as a mere matter of fact

been time and again encouraged by Popes and other ecclesiastical authorities to go on searching for the truth, never, however, neglecting the wise maxim that all things must be proved. So long as a theory is unproved, it must be candidly admitted that it is a crime against science to proclaim it to be incontrovertible truth, yet this crime is being committed every day. It is really against it that the *magisterium* of the Church is exercised. The wholesome discipline which she exercises might also be exercised to the great benefit of the ordinary reading public by some central scientific authority, can such be imagined, endowed with the right to say (and in any way likely to be listened to): "Such and such a statement is interesting—even extremely interesting—but so far one must admit that no sufficient proof is forthcoming to establish it as a fact: it ought not, therefore, to be spoken of as other than a theory, nor proclaimed as fact."

Such constraint when rightly regarded is not or would not be a shackling of the human intellect, but a kindly and intelligent guidance of those unable to form a proper conclusion themselves. Such is the idea of the Church in the matter with which we have been dealing.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(1751–1816.)

BY BROTHER LEO.

ONE rainy day in August, 1816, a funeral cortege trailed its black length from Saville Row to Westminster Abbey. The Bishop of London was one of the pallbearers, the Duke of Bedford was another; other dukes were there and earls and lords of the realm, and the victor of Waterloo had sent a letter of condolence and regret. Scores of personal friends were in attendance, too, and the streets were lined with men and women whose cheeks were wet with cordial tears. In the Poets' Corner, close to the bust of Shakespeare, the coffin was laid—the coffin of a man who had stood on this very spot at the interment of David Garrick, thirty-seven years before; a man who had died in veritable destitution, the bailiffs actually in the house; a man who, in the space of half a century, had trailed his garments in the mire and brushed the star paths with his brow. That public funeral, so fertile in contrasts, was of a piece with the life that it commemorated; for this man—a knight errant in his teens, a master dramatist in his twenties, a political power in his thirties, a social lion in his forties, and in his fifties a bit of a roisterer, a bit of a rambler and a bit of a shabby genteel—was Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

"The tragic-comedy of his life and the living force of his plays," observes his most satisfactory biographer, Walter Sichel, "attract many who know little of the inner circumstances that attended them. A sprite Sheridan remains, hovering above the puppet-show of existence. He belongs not to the white-robed immortals who sit radiant and aloft, but to the elfin band who have never faded from the atmosphere. His province is not history but wonderland." There hangs over his life story, now as on the day of his funeral, a cloud of witchery and romance, agleam with the magic and the mystery of his native Irish skies. After the lapse of a century he bedazzles and fascinates. The glamor that surrounds him is the glamor of the footlights and a superbly mounted play—a play not without sordid episodes and pathetic scenes—wherein the unexpected transpires with suddenness and

charm, wherein the protagonist, an infectious laugh on his lips, casts dice against fortune and circumstances and recks not of the cost.

The epilogue to that life drama was the impressive burial in the Abbey. The prologue took place at Bath when, little more than a boy in years and discretion, young Sheridan eloped to the continent with his future wife. In the first act he is a dramatist bursting into unparalleled prominence at the age of twenty-four. In the second act he is a Parliamentary orator, the recognized peer of Fox and Burke and at the trial of Warren Hastings the bright particular star. In the third act he is "Old Sherry," the wit and the man about town, equally adept in a conversational fencing bout with Madame de Staël and a convivial drinking bout with Lord Byron. And through it all he is essentially the actor. He never has been regarded, he never can be regarded, in any other way. Posterity insists on viewing him in the glare of the calcium and the glow of colored lights; and his contemporaries, great and small, daubed his features with grease paints.

I.

The boy, born in Dublin, in September, 1751, heredity dowered with wit and histrionism. His grandfather—clergyman, schoolmaster and scholar—was described by Lord Orrery as a punster, a quibbler, a fiddler and a wit, in all which capacities he was tolerated and almost admired by the finical Dean Swift. The boy's father, Thomas Sheridan, was an "ineffectual genius" with a system of elocution, some repute as an actor and an ambition to rival Dr. Johnson as a lexicographer; his mother, Frances Chamberlaine, was a writer of sentimental novels and abortive plays. Both the father and the grandfather seem to have possessed the lordly indifference to mere financial matters which made of their illustrious descendant a Harold Skimpole without guile.

Ten years at Harrow, preceded by a few months' private tuition in Dublin, made up all the formal education Sheridan received. As a student he was good-natured and jovial, never taking any prizes, managing to keep out of serious difficulties, and cultivating literature to the extent of collaborating in a translation of Aristænetus. At Bath he met his fate in the dainty person of Elizabeth Linley, the lady whom, years later, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted as St. Cecilia. What followed was *Romeo and Juliet* with

comedy variations. A certain Captain Matthews was the Count Paris of the plot—an ardent, melancholy and unwelcome wooer, who threatened to commit suicide if his suit were refused. Juliet, much perturbed, not wanting the gallant captain either dead or alive, confided her perplexities to Romeo. There was no Friar Laurence to counsel prudence, so the hero and the heroine fled across the channel, Romeo very much in love but enacting the rôle of chivalrous protector. They returned, ultimately, and were married in England after having already gone through some sort of marriage ceremony in France; and, that the Shakespearean atmosphere might not be lacking, Romeo crossed swords with Paris and then proceeded to live happy ever after. And thus endeth the prologue to Sheridan's life drama.

The curtain rose on the first act of the same delectable play at Covent Garden, early in 1775, when *The Rivals,* written in six weeks with the need of ready money staring the young husband in the face, began its long career of popularity. In its first form the drama was a dubious success, but Sheridan hastily revised his work and achieved fame and fortune at a stroke. His next venture was the farce, *St. Patrick's Day,* written the following spring for the actor Clinch, who had won distinction in the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. After *The Duenna,* presented that same year, Sheridan rested on his laurels until the production of *A Trip to Scarborough,* in February, 1777. The play was an adaptation of Vanbrugh's *Relapse,* minus Vanbrugh's obscenity. In the following May came the premier of *The School for Scandal,* the drama of social satire which marks the height of Sheridan's achievement as a playwright, and which has been translated into nearly every European language and even into Hindustani. *The Critic* was produced in 1799; and, twenty years afterward, the fruits of Sheridan's declining powers, *Pizarro,* a bombastic tragedy adapted from an English version of Kotzebue's *Spaniards in Peru.*

Even before he had written *The School for Scandal* Sheridan found himself a distinguished man. Something in the personality of the dashing young playwright, in the brilliancy of his dialogue and the aptness of his characterizations strongly appealed to the theatre-going public; and men difficult to please with mere wit and technical efficiency recognized in Sheridan some of the talents which they held to be sterling. In March, 1777, he was honored with membership in the famous literary club frequented by such men as Gibbon, Goldsmith, Burke and Reynolds, and presided over

by the burly Dr. Johnson. "He who has written the two best comedies of the age," declared the Dictator, "is surely a considerable man."

In 1776, Sheridan entered upon his diversified career as director of the Drury Lane Theatre. In his first fervor he attended to business and seemed destined for unbroken success. But his irregular habits, his lack of financial tact and his undeniably bad judgment in selecting and casting plays, wrought inevitable havoc. To make matters worse, he appointed his father, with whom he had become reconciled after the long estrangement consequent on the Bath romance, as stage manager; and for four years the old man was the storm centre of dissensions. He was crabbed and dictatorial, as elocutionists frequently are; he dilated inordinately on his own interpretation of *Brutus and King John;* he insulted the great David Garrick. Sometimes the younger Sheridan sought to pour oil upon the troubled waters, but more frequently he reconciled his notion of parental respect with his native disposition to avoid trouble, and waited until the storm blew over. A singularly diverting story is the record of Drury Lane under Sheridan's management, a record which we pass over with regret. Typical was the production of *Vortigern,* a ridiculous concoction of tawdry, tinsel and bombast, passed off by William Ireland as an early play of Shakespeare's. The audience was restless and incredulous; but when Kemble sonorously declaimed the line,

And when this solemn mockery is o'er,

the house broke into shouts of laughter and the curtain was ignominiously rung down.

Sheridan's Parliamentary career, the second act in the drama of his life, began in 1780 and ended in 1812. It was a play within a play. Sheridan floated in on the crest of the opposition wave that swept Lord North out of power and in good time to dispute the stellar rôles with Burke and Fox and the rising Pitt. In his very first speech, which turned on the legality of his own election, he captured the attention of the house, and in subsequent years he achieved the reputation of being the foremost orator of that singularly spectacular epoch. Events seemed to shape themselves for a fitting display of his considerable oratorical gifts. The war with America was proving costly, humiliating and unpopular, and Sheridan vigorously denounced its continuance. He fought shoulder to

shoulder with O'Connell for Catholic Emancipation; the cry of "no popery" he termed the "watchword of folly and faction," "an act of political profligacy;" and to those who masked their attack on Catholic education with the pretence of love for progress, he retorted that he did not "wish the Catholics to rise to degradation."

But the climax of Sheridan's Parliamentary career was furnished in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His four days' speech on Hastings' conduct toward the begums of Oude constituted, in its matter and its manner and in the circumstances under which it was delivered, one of the master moments of English oratory. Westminster Hall was filled to overflowing with distinguished auditors, many of whom were moved to tears and some of whom, including Mrs. Siddons, the actress, fainted under the stress of emotion which the brilliant and impassioned orator evoked. Horace Walpole, ever hard to please, saw in Sheridan's speech a sign that national decadence was still far in the future when "history and eloquence threw out such shoots." Pitt, by no means prejudiced in Sheridan's favor, declared that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind." And the great Edmund Burke chararcterized it as "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united of which there was any record or tradition."

However much the absence of perspective and the enthusiasm of the moment may have led Sheridan's contemporaries to exaggerate his undeniably distinguished oratorical prowess, his reputation and his personality made him the man of the hour. As such he was courted, petted, flattered, lionized. For years at dinners and house parties he had been regarded as an acquisition, but now he became a fad, a sensation, a craze. And so "our incomparable friend, Brinsley," as Charles Lamb called him, proceeded to act out his rôle, in this third act of his life drama, of wit and gentleman and conversationalist supreme. To him the most exclusive London doors stood ever open. Lord Lynedoch's, Holland House, Lady Westmoreland's and Lady Cork's. He hobnobbed, much to his hurt, with the Prince of Wales. He reveled, not always to his honor, in the light that lies in women's eyes. His fondness for port wine grew with the years. And the coruscations of it all blinded his eyes to his falling off of inventive power, to his utter lack of acumen in business affairs, to the spectre of poverty, which

stood menacingly nigh with grinning teeth and warning finger. The footlights were bright, the scenery gorgeous, the orchestra in tune; why should the actor disturb himself about the prompter's bell?

Mrs. Sheridan, the "little linnet" of the Bath prologue, and the devoted and often sorely tried wife of all the intervening years, had died in 1792. Trained by her father as a professional singer, after her marriage she abandoned whatever aspirations she may have had towards a career, and gave herself to whole-hearted partnership in all her husband's undertakings. She was his secretary and bookkeeper and confidential clerk; a materially contributing factor to his early social successes; and his consolation and inspiration when other sources failed. According to Moore, "it was impossible to see her without admiration, or know her without love." In 1795, Sheridan married Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester; and to this lady were accorded the anxieties and the heavy trials of his declining fortune and prestige.

Sad and uninspiring, for all his jauntiness and unquenchable wit, is the fleeting picture of Sheridan, out of Parliament and pursued by creditors and bailiffs, alternately waxing despondent over his ill-health and dismal prospects and growing jubilant and optimistic over his two bottles of wine at dinner. Misunderstandings came, and illness, and the cooling of friendships, and the salt savor of the bread of others. And presently we are at the epilogue of that varied and eventful life. The church bells were ringing midday as the last breath was drawn; and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, like Shakespeare's sweet and bitter fool, had gone to bed at noon.

"A clever fellow and an Irishman." Such was Lord Byron's estimate of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and it is so apt and inclusive that we may well pardon the tautology. His life was a "warm lay of love," a "light note of gladness;" and "the deep sigh of sadness" was not wanting. Even as a boy he was subject to deep fits of melancholy. When he wrote he demanded a profusion of lights, and he sought to banish the blues with society and good cheer. "If the thought," he would say, "is slow to come, a good glass of wine encourages it; and when it does come, a glass of good wine rewards it." Perhaps it was his lavish use of such incitements and guerdons that kept much of the melancholy out of his writings; certainly a bit of it—despite the contagious fun of the characterization—crept into Dr. Rosy and prompts the surmise that Sheridan had a remote kinship to Robert Herrick, whose

dainty verses to Julia, Electra, Corinna and other imaginary ladies are freighted with whimsical preachments on the brevity of human life and the nearness of its close.

But Sheridan's melancholy was not salutary; it could never win him to thought for the morrow. And, of course, where most men would find occasion for chagrin and anxiety, Sheridan would be nonchalant and debonair. According to the legend, when the Drury Lane Theatre burnt down on the night of February 24, 1809, and his financial prospects went up in smoke, Sheridan, after deliberately leaving the House of Commons, seated himself at a table in a hostelry, sipped his favorite port and calmly surveyed the blaze. To an expostulating friend he remarked, "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." If this did not happen, it should have happened; it is truth, if not fact.

Easy-going, courteous, loath to give offence, Sheridan—an exaggerated model of Cardinal Newman's gentleman who never inflicts pain—made promises to please people, knowing all the while his own inability to fulfill them. Like his countrymen, Steele and Goldsmith, he dismissed importunate creditors with complimentary speeches and with soft answers turned away wrath. Face to face, it was impossible to be angry with him. Children loved him, and stray dogs; apple women blessed him as he passed their corners; and in the days of his lionizing, "his four-horsed coach had only to clatter through Chichester and the whole town was huzzaing." "During the five and twenty years through which I enjoyed his friendship and society," says Kelly, of Drury Lane, "I never heard him say a word that would wound the feelings of a human being." Many a man with more pretensions and with higher gifts might fail to win so high an eulogy.

II.

In at least one respect, Sheridan resembles the Great Cham of English letters—the man is more interesting than the writer. We read *Rasselas* and *The Lives of the Poets* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes,* and we find the process enjoyable and fruitful; but our delight would be less acute and our fruition less perceptible were it not for our never-failing realization that Dr. Johnson looms behind the printed page. And, thanks to James Boswell, many a man knows Dr. Johnson, who has not read him at all, knows him as he grunts over learned tomes in his study, as he indulges in

elephantine humor with Beauclerk and Goldsmith, as he vents his opinions on topics ranging all the way from the immortality of the soul to the climate of Scotland. And so it is that Sheridan, the man, eclipses Sheridan, the verse-maker, Sheridan, the M. P., Sheridan, the dramatist—the fact being all the more remarkable since, despite the commendable labors of such perspicacious biographers as Tom Moore, Mrs. Oliphant, Fraser Rae, Lloyd Sanders, Percy Fitzgerald, and Walter Sichel, "Old Sherry" has never found an adequate Boswell.

Due allowance, therefore, must be made for the fascination of Sheridan's personality; but the spell of his character and of the legend which has grown up around him must not be suffered to dim his importance as a contributor to the English drama. He wrote relatively few plays, and not all of those few possess permanent worth; but it was no mean accomplishment to have achieved three such distinguished dramas as *The Rivals, The School for Scandal* and *The Critic*. Like Shakespeare, he had little formal learning; but, both as man and as dramatist, he made that little go a long way: And like Shakespeare, though to a measurably less extent, he possessed a keen observation, a disquieting power of analysis and a sense of incongruity which made his comments on manners pointed and palpable, and his men and women actual and convincing.

A genuine dramatist, and not a poet, a novelist or a philosopher in disguise, Sheridan wrote plays for the theatre and not for the closet. His dramas are acting dramas, and it is impossible to evaluate them justly if we neglect to keep this in mind. They do not always read well; but they are invariably effective when competently acted. *The Rivals,* for example, in the bare reading is by turns farcical and sentimental, but both defects fall from it in the actual stage presentation. Bob Acres is slight and humdrum enough between the covers of a book, but he is vital and energizing upon the boards. The great screen scene in *The School for Scandal* and the burlesque rehearsal in *The Critic* are incomprehensible to the scholar sitting in slippered ease before an open fire; to appreciate them as they deserve, he must doff his dressing gown and study them in the playhouse. Sheridan is nothing if not theatrical. His life and his works are at unison here. The theatricality of his dramas is at once the secret of their strength and of their weakness.

A distinction is advisedly drawn between the theatrical and

the dramatic. Both are based upon the fundamental principle of contrast manifesting itself in volitional conflict or incongruity or emotional intensity or diversity of viewpoint or some other form of presentation through which the underlying antithesis in character or plot is developed or explained; and both carry conviction to the audience. But after that they break away from each other; for while the dramatic continues to impress when, in Wordsworth's fine phrase, it is recollected in tranquility, the theatrical, on subsequent analysis, proves to be thrilling rather than emotional, laugh-provoking rather than profoundly humorous, clever rather than great. The curse scene in *King Lear* is dramatic, the curse scene in *Richelieu* is theatrical; the comedy of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is dramatic, the comedy of *Come Out of the Kitchen* is theatrical. Pizarro, Claude Melnotte, in *The Lady of Lyons* and the chocolate soldier in *Arms and the Man* are theatrical characters; Antigone, Tartuffe and Malvolio are dramatic characters.

A good acting play must be either theatrical or dramatic; a "literary" play or closet drama, like Tennyson's *Becket,* is neither. The first rate dramatist, though he may be at times merely theatrical, as Shakespeare is in *King Richard III.,* is prevailingly dramatic. The second rate dramatist is prevailingly theatrical: Such is Marlowe, despite his titantic force; such is Bulwer Lytton, despite his resourcefulness; and such is Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

There is some justification for dubbing Sheridan the English —or the Irish—Molière. He is quite as clever as the Frenchman; but he is appreciably less profound. Both are convincing in the theatre; but Molière continues to be convincing after the theatre. Molière is a satirist of life; Sheridan is a satirist of manners. Sheridan's comedy sparkles and titillates; Molière's comedy creates warmth and evokes emotion. Sheridan appeals to the head, Molière to the heart. Sheridan's theatricality makes his success on the stage and mars his success in the study. It was in its relation to human life rather than in its relation to the theatre that Horace Walpole was considering *The School for Scandal* when he found it "lacking in nature and truth of character." And yet *The School for Scandal* is the nearest to the dramatic that Sheridan ever realized.

One of our earliest American critics, Edwin Percy Whipple, complained gently of Sheridan's "elaborate diction," and certainly not without partial justification. A dramatist of today would hardly make young Captain Absolute say:

> Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

And no modern audience would listen patiently to Julia's final speech:

> Then let us study to preserve it so: and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colors which are too bright to be lasting. When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropped!

People don't say such things—except in college valedictories and after-dinner oratory—in our giddy-paced times; but ornateness of speech was more in vogue in the eighteenth century; it smacks of *The Spectator* and *The Rambler* and pseudo-classicism. Sheridan was a child of his times—and an Irishman. Even in the twentieth century the Celt relishes the savor of words upon the tongue. Elaborate diction? Why, Lady Gregory and John Sygne and William Butler Yeats couldn't exist without it. Sheridan, by birth and breeding, temperament and environment, was absolutely committed to elaborate diction. He reveled in the color of words as Goldsmith in plum-colored suitings. The surprising thing is that we do not find more "fine writing" in *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal.* Diction is largely a matter of taste, and taste is largely a matter of transitory fashion. Just now we are intent on plays "with a punch" and on words short and often undeniably ugly. Who can tell? Fifty years hence Sheridan may be praised for the very thing that Whipple set down as a fault.

But however our times may regard Sheridan's ornate diction, there is no question of the appeal of his wit. His dialogue is mainly a thing of piquancy, bubble and tang, a maximum of sparkle with a minimum of froth. His wit is irresistible and it never cloys, for it is more than the wit of words. We speedily weary of the Oscar Wilde type of epigram, like: "Life is too important a thing ever to talk seriously about it," because it is merely clever and superficial and even four-fifths meaningless. And, once we catch the trick of the thing, we yawn good-naturedly over Mr. Chesterton's

mode of giving a new and startling twist to a proverb or a platitude, like his commentary on the phrase, "mad as a hatter," which explains that a hatter is the norm of madness because he spends so much of his time measuring other men's heads. The wit that runs to paradox rarely stands analysis, for, as W. E. Henley has said, "A paradox is at best a half truth that looks like a whole one."

Sheridan's wit has something of the deliciously blundering perception of basic truth which inheres in his obscure compatriot's illuminating statement that when he went to Venice, the first land he put his foot on was water. So, in *The Rivals,* Fag remarks: "Though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out." And Sir Lucius O'Trigger professes himself unable to explain his failure to keep an appointment, "for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the window on purpose that I might not miss you." It is the same valorous champion who, interrupted in a passage of arms, complains that in England "a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness." And characteristic, too, the objection voiced by Mrs. Credulous, in *St. Patrick's Day,* who does not want her child to wed a soldier.

> Oh, barbarous! To want a husband that may wed you today, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New York, and the other at Chelsea Hospital. No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them.

The wit in Sheridan's plays frequently takes a satiric turn, as in Lady Teazle's estimate of Lady Stucco: "She's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb." His satire cuts and burns of course, as satire must; but only the galled jade need wince. It never sears the undeserving; and it never so much as borders on the obscene. The *double entendre,* in a lascivious sense, to Sheridan is taboo—in his day as in ours a merit and a distinction. In harmony with the best and all but uniform tradition of Anglo-Irish literature, Sheridan, with all his faults a chivalrous Irish gentleman, deserves to share the tribute Pope paid to Wentworth Dillon:

> .....In all Charles' days
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays.

Sheridan is even more Irish in his humorous conceptions, characters and conversations. He is a little exaggerated, a little farcical, even a little absurd; but he is not a little infectious. Dr. Rosy is among the drollest figures in the English drama with his delicious blending of professional patter and private grief and his melancholy meditations on his "poor dear Dolly." Charles Surface is Irish enough to be Sheridan himself with his carefree semblance and essential decency; the scene of the sale of the family portraits is an odd and artistic mingling of humor and pathos worthy in some respects of comparison with Shakespeare's picture of Henry V's farewell to Falstaff. And then there is Mrs. Malaprop. Sheridan was not the first English writer to utilize the verbal impropriety as a producer of mirth; but no one has equalled him in giving a gargoylish, outlandish turn to "select words so ingeniously misapplied." Who can "illiterate" from memory Mrs. Malaprop's mention of "contagious" countries, woman's "ineffectual" qualities and "the very pine-apple of politeness?" In her perverse use of the right word in the wrong place she does not "anticipate" the past; but she is verily "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

Mrs. Malaprop inevitably suggests Shakespeare's Dogberry, and to fretful critics the collocation suggests plagiarism; and once we search a writer for purloined jewels we easily persuade ourselves that he has no Golconda of his own. Impartial and discriminating investigation has, I think, found Sheridan not guilty of literary theft. While the device of a rehearsal within a play is not original with him—witness notably *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* Buckingham's *Rehearsal* and Fielding's *Midas*—his application of the idea is brilliantly distinctive. He employs many stage artifices used before and since, such as eavesdropping and mistaken identity; but these things are common property. Mrs. Malaprop and some episodes in *The School for Scandal* he elaborated from an unpublished play written by his mother; but such "plagiarism" was all in the family.

All in all, this "*brilliant mauvais sujet,*" as Taine smilingly called him, occupies a unique niche among the English dramatists, and the first place among the Irish writers of English plays; Denham, O'Keefe, Farquhar, Macklin, Steele, Tate, Mrs. Cenlivre, Kane O'Hara, Southerne, Goldsmith—he excels them all. In the epilogue to *The Rivals* he consummated the best dramatic valedictory in the language. In *The Critic* he laughed bombastic tragedy away—in-

cluding his own perverse *Pizarro,* then twenty years in the future. In *The School for Scandal* he completed the task of killing sentimental comedy. In Joseph Surface he invented a character not unworthy to stand beside Molière's Tartuffe, and in Lady Teazle a character that stands alone. "Malapropism" is not the only word which Sheridan bequeathed to English idioms. "As easy as saying Jack Robinson," "I own the soft impeachment," "defence, not defiance," "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth" and "easy writing's vile hard reading," are Sheridanisms that have become proverbs.

III.

> "It was some spirit, Sheridan, that breathed
> O'er thy young mind such wildly various powers."

Coleridge proved himself a searching and appreciating critic in those two lines. Sheridan's powers, as man and orator, dramatist and wit, were indeed various, and wildly so. His mind was ever young; he was the Peck's Bad Boy of Parliament, the Peter Pan of Drury Lane. And the spirit that breathed upon him was really a sprite—a gnomish Irish leprachaun with the roguishness of an Irish fairy and the occasional wail of an Irish banshee.

Upon the slab that marks his resting place in Westminster Abbey—a tribute from his friend, Peter Moore—no record stands of Sheridan's checkered life, of Sheridan's bizarre achievements. His best epitaph—best because in half a dozen words it says everything needful to say—was penned by Bulwer Lytton:

> The broken wand, the fallen Prospero!

THE PRAYER OF THE POPE FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY AND THE EASTERN CHURCHES.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A.

"O Lord, Who hast united the different nations in the confession of Thy Name, We pray Thee for the Christian peoples of the East. Mindful of the noble place which they have held in Thy Church, We beseech Thee to inspire in them the desire to take it again, in order to form one fold under the rule of one Shepherd. Cause that they, together with Us, may be filled with the teaching of their holy Doctors, who are also Our Fathers in the Faith. Keep them far from every defect which might take them away from Us. May the spirit of concord and love, which witnesses to Thy presence among the faithful, hasten the day when Our prayers and theirs shall be united, in order that every people and every tongue may recognize and glorify Our Lord, Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen."

BY a Pontifical brief, dated April 15, 1916, His Holiness Benedict XV. grants special indulgences to the faithful who recite the above prayer, and receive Holy Communion with the special intention for the return of the Eastern Orthodox Churches to the centre of Christian unity. Benedict XV., like Leo XIII., and many other great Popes who championed the reunion of Christendom, devotes his care and his thought to the great ideal which has been rightly called: "The truce of God throughout Christendom."

From a Catholic point of view it is indeed but touching and fitting that the Supreme Ruler of the Church reëchoes these oft-repeated appeals to the scattered flock of Christ to reënter the one Fold. And it is particularly consoling, that this prayer, crying for peace, is to be uttered at a sad turning-point of history, at a time of sorrow and tears, when a terrible war is destroying in Europe, the best fruits and flowers of Christian civilization.

Since the great schism between the East and the West, the Church of Rome, "the Mother of all the Churches," as St. Cyprian called her, by incessant prayers, and reiterated appeals, has striven to heal the wounds inflicted upon Christian unity, and to hold firmly to her bosom the beloved Churches of the East. At times she rejoiced in having reached her goal. In the same Church, as in Lyons and in Florence, Greek and Latin harmoniously blended their separate voices in the same hymn of

praise to God. But, alas! pride, prejudice, an inveterate hatred, and above all, the clamors of a blind nationalism, withered the ripe harvest of Christian reconciliation and perpetuated the evils of a divided Christendom.

If I mistake not, the day of the reunion of the Eastern Churches to the Roman Catholic Church will mark the preliminary step towards Christian Unity. Such a result is not outside the range of historic probability. It is doubted only by those who gaze at the divergencies of the Christian Churches and denominations without taking heed of the points on which they agree. If we compare the formularies of faith of the East and of the West, and the theological beliefs, the liturgical prayers and the practices of piety of both, we will find many connecting links, many riches of the treasury of Christian truth possessed in common. The sameness of fundamental dogmas and sacraments, and the validity of their priesthood create between the Eastern and the Catholic Churches such an intimate kinship that it looks like a paradox to say that they are in a state of war against each other. The Oriental schism, however numerous and well-based one might suppose the divergencies between the two Churches, owes its origin rather to quarrels of jurisdiction than to antinomies of belief. The *non serviam* of the rebellious angels laid down the foundations of the secular conflict between Rome and Byzantium.

Will the Eastern Churches some day accept the olive branch of reconciliation held out by the Catholic Church? The answer to that question is a secret of God. Yet we may hope! The dreadful scythe of war mows down the finest flower of European manhood, and the streams of blood springing up from countless victims are cleansing the vitiated atmosphere of Western Christianity. A new Europe will arise upon the smoking ruins of the war, a new breath of Christian life will breathe through the souls of the millions who have lost sight of the God of peace. And then peace from above, that peace which dispels the mists of dissensions, will begin a new era of Church history.

At first view, it seems that the obstacles to reunion will become greater after the war. Catholicism is threatened with losing its grasp on Eastern countries. The East is doomed to be the land of the *religio depopulata*. The entrance of Turkey into the European war has been followed by a great loss to Catholic influence on that country. Catholic missionaries, for the most part French and Italian, have been forced to desert the field of their

apostolic labors. Jerusalem, Beyrouth, Constantinople, Smyrna, the flourishing centres of Catholic propaganda and scholarship, have lost their legions of zealous teachers who won to the Catholic Church the moral supremacy among rival Churches. The loss is considerable. In Constantinople alone, the Catholic schools of boys and girls numbered twenty thousand scholars. Catholicism had already won there intellectual leadership. Little by little the Sisters of Charity, whom the Turks themselves venerate as the living embodiment of the highest heroism, exerted a leading influence on beneficent institutions. Biblical, archæological and historical researches had their pioneers in the ranks of the Catholic clergy. No Protestant or Orthodox establishment could vie with the Catholic University of Beyrouth in the field of Semitic languages and literature, or with the *École Biblique* of Jerusalem in the domain of Biblical archæology, or with the *Ecole d'Études Byzantines* at Kadikeui. The war has abruptly stopped the literary movement of Catholic missions in the East, and many years will be needed to revive their activity. If the Central Powers should gain the final victory, German Protestantism will take the place of Catholicism in Constantinople; if they should be defeated, it seems likely that Constantinople will fall under Russian rule, and Russia will close its frontiers to Catholic influence. A Russified Constantinople means the revival of the traditions of Byzantine pride, and the institution of an Eastern Papacy to hold in check the primacy of Rome.

The fate also of Catholicism in the Balkan States is far from hopeful. Here the religious horizon is thickly clouded. Greece perseveres in its constant and steadily growing hostility to Latin Christianity. That hostility, which is deeply rooted in the political antagonism between the Latin and the Greek world, and in the never-fading recollection of the evils perpetrated at Byzantium by the Crusaders of the West, underlies as an historical substratum the Hellenic soul. During the nineteenth century Catholicism has been losing ground in Greece. The thousands of Latin Catholics, which Venetian and Genoese ships transplanted to the Greek islands, especially Cyprus, Chios, and Crete, have almost disappeared and the last remnants of them are daily submerged by the mounting tide of Orthodox Hellenism. It seems likely that the partial realization of the great Hellenic idea; the extension of the present boundaries of the Hellenic kingdom, the political antinomies between Greek and Italian aspirations towards the hegemony of

the Adriatic Sea, will accentuate the hostile feelings and inveterate prejudices of Greek Orthodoxy against Western Christianity. As a fecund writer of the eighteenth century, Cæsarius Dapontes, wrote in one of his poems, "Greeks have nothing good to learn or to expect from the West."

Like Greece, Serbia is not well-disposed towards the Catholic Church. In the Middle Ages its code of laws sanctioned the sentence of death upon anyone converted from the Orthodox to the Latin Faith. Rumania, in spite of its purely Roman name, and its Latin traditions, history, language, and culture, is among the bitterest foes of Papal Rome. The United Rumanians, who before the war went from Transylvania to Bucharest, are required in a short time to renounce their allegiance to the Catholic Church, and in case Rumanian provinces incorporated in the kingdom of Hungary are added to the Rumanian power, the conditions of the United Rumanian Church would be unfavorable for Catholicism. Finally, Bosnia-Herzegovina, which counts six hundred thousand Orthodox Serbs, if separated from Austria, would become a stronghold of Serbian Orthodoxy against the advance of Catholic Croatians and Slovenes, who in these last years have made considerable progress.

Notwithstanding these gloomy forebodings, the Pope blesses and recommends a touching prayer for the settlement of the Oriental schism, and the union of Churches. In the earliest period of Christianity, during the brilliant stage of Byzantine power and the lamentable years of its decay, amongst the sorrows and woes of the Christian East tortured by Islamic rulers, the See of Rome never ceased caring for the welfare of the Eastern Churches, for their return to the loving breast of the common Mother of the world-wide Christian family. It may be objected that its appeals do not find an echo in the utilitarian hearts of peoples that, after the school of Byzantium, look upon religion and religious problems from the standpoint of politics and human advantages. Yet Rome cannot renounce its spiritual mission in the Christian world. It is the centre of Christian unity. Even its foes acknowledge that the longed-for reëstablishment of Christian brotherhood, the abolition of the controversial era, and the end of jurisdictional and doctrinal struggles within the pale of divided Christendom, will be but an empty dream so long as attempts for union are made outside of Rome. The chief reason of this is that Rome embodies the universal spirit of Christ, the

overnationalism of the Church truly worthy of the Catholic name. The spirit of the Churches separated from Rome is essentially national, and nationalism is the solvent of the ecumenical cohesion of the Church of Christ. The organic reconstruction of the broken ties of fraternity among Christians must necessarily rest on the basis of the Catholic notion of the Church, that is, of an institution embracing the whole world, and finding its centre of unity in a visible head. The Roman Catholic Church, therefore, not only claims for herself the right to call the scattered Christian forces to the unity of which it is the divinely given embodiment, but the right also to declare that union without Rome contains the germs of future divisions, and of sorrowful disappointments.

I believe that the prayer of the Pope comes at the right time. A Protestant writer lately said that the problem of reunion is in the air, that an unconscious movement towards unity is working out its mysterious ways in all the strata of the Christian world. Christianity craves for union. If the Catholic Church prays for the realization of the prayer of Christ, that all may be one, Protestants instinctively feel that their process of disintegration must be stopped, and the Orthodox are becoming aware that the enslavement of the Church to political interests enervates the vigor of Christian life, and the energies of the Christian ministry. We are at the dawn of a religious evolution which will bring the followers of the various Christian creeds nearer to the ideal Church of Christ, and that Church is the Catholic Church.

We know full well that the days to come of Catholicism in the East are gloomy and tempestuous. Yet in the history of the Church we see that, at times, through the thickest of clouds, came a beam from above which dissipated the darkness. For instance, we cannot now foresee the role of Russia in the religious reëstablishment of Europe. The stagnation of the Russian Orthodox masses is rather apparent than real. We see already the first symptoms of a great religious renewal of Russian Christianity. The religious forces of Russia are exceedingly intense and active, although they are compressed in their expansion. And the day is near when the Russian Church will break her fetters, and search new horizons to quench her thirst for freedom and light.

The religious condition of Russia is a complex one. We have, first, the educated classes, which, to borrow a phrase of Sergius, Archbishop of Finland, have divorced themselves from the Orthodox Church. The so-called Russian *intelligentzia* seems irremedi-

ably lost for the official Church of Russia. We will not stop to investigate the causes of this phenomenon. We do not exaggerate, however, when we say that the Orthodox Church, in spite of the prominent role played by it in the elaboration of the Russian national consciousness, is unable to answer the religious needs and aspirations of the Russian cultivated mind. To the Russian higher classes Orthodox formalism does not embody the fullness of Christian life, the nobility of a society which depends entirely on God, and which does not fear to throw herself into the whirlwind of battles for the defence of the rights of God against the encroachments of the powers of earth. The Church of Russia, which possesses the vital treasures of Christian truth, which rightly boasts of inexhaustible reserves of deeply-felt piety, which participates to a large extent in the sacramental life springing from the heart of Christ, is crippled in her apostolic work by being enslaved to a national standard, and to a political bureaucracy. Here is the chief reason why Russian Orthodoxy has lost its hold on the Russian *intelligentzia.* It no longer represents the living edifice whose walls, cemented with the blood of Christ, stand up in every corner of the world; it has become a tool of a caste which hinders the powerful expansion of the moral and intellectual energies of Russia. The paralysis of the Russian Church can be healed only by Catholicism. Russian Orthodoxy will revive as soon as the breath of freedom from earthly powers breathes in its huge, though motionless, organism. This organic disease of the Russian Church explains why some of their best leaders, as Vladimir Solovev, when thoroughly acquainted with Catholic aims and principles, adhere to the Catholic Church. The history of Catholicism in Russia numbers already a large host of converts from the ranks of the Russian *intelligentzia,* and perhaps the saying of Alexis Khomiakov, that freedom of conscience in Russia would send into the Roman Catholic fold the Russian cultivated classes, is not devoid of truth. The fascination exerted by the universal spirit of the Roman Catholic Church is greatly due to her independence from any political authority. And no doubt, when Russia lives in a closer contact with Western Christianity, when the gates of its frontiers are open to the victorious Catholic influences, the approach of the high-minded spirits of Russian Orthodoxy towards the Catholic Church will assume far-reaching proportions.

Even now the liberal school of religious thought in Russia does justice to the grandeur and spiritual magnificence of Roman Catho-

licism. Philosophers of great value, who are preserving the noble traditions of Solovev's mind, emphasize the urgency of a *rapprochement* between Eastern and Western Christianity, and with a sincere warmth of sympathy extol the countless benefits lavished upon the religious, artistic and scientific genius of the Latin world by Roman Catholicism.

I am convinced that a deeper knowledge of the spirit, aims and history of the Papacy by fair-minded Russian Orthodox, and a truer acquaintance with the ill-fated past of Russian Orthodoxy by Catholic writers will promote the cause of reunion. Slavic peoples, and particularly Russians, have sucked with the milk of their Byzantine nurses the prejudice that the Roman Catholic Church is invincibly averse to the free development of the Slavic soul. A more intimate acquaintance with Rome will make plain the groundlessness of that false imputation. Roman Catholics do not ignore the brilliant powers of Slavic races, and the brilliant part which Divine Providence reserves to them in the forthcoming history of Christianity and mankind. Yet such a conviction does not close their eyes to the deficiencies and constitutional imperfections of the Russian Church. A Christianity gagged by the harshness of the civil power, a Christianity reduced to the debasing office of fostering and furthering the human ideals of political rulers, renounces the free exercises of its spiritual energies. And such is the condition of Russian Christianity. The best gifted sons of the Russian Church admit that Russian Orthodoxy is doomed to an inglorious fate, if she will not dare to throw off the yoke of State despotism. It is not long since that a Metropolitan of Petrograd was accustomed to say that the Russian Church had ceased being and living, and that the synodal bureaucracy had buried her under the gorgeous gildings of bureaucratic uniforms. Some Russian writers who have personal reasons for wishing the survival of the synodal regime boldly deny the moral decadence of their own Church produced by the religious reformation, or, to speak more correctly, deformation, of Peter the Great. But, as far as I know, no one of them has succeeded in showing the fallacy of the historical facts and documents gathered up in a recent book of Alexandre Blagovidov about the High Procurators of the Holy Synod, or in invalidating the severe criticisms with which Russian bishops, even those most averse to Catholicism, such as Antoni, Archbishop of Kharkov, brand the anticanonical constitution of the Russian Church of today.

The Russian Church, I doubt not, possesses a vast amount of spiritual energies which will be put into action as soon as her servile submission to the political regime is abandoned. It must be remembered that the Russian Church, even in the darkest periods of her history, did not fail to nurture in her bosom the martyrs and confessors of her independence from civil powers, as Philip, Metropolitan of Moscow, Patriarch Nicon, and the Metropolitan Arseni Matsievich. The slow evolution of Russia towards a higher civilization, the awakening of the spirit of reforms in every branch of social, intellectual and religious life, have made known the fact that the majority of the Russian clergy, though firmly clinging to the doctrinal traditions of the national Church, are eager that she shall be relieved from the onerous tutelage of the State. The struggle for religious freedom enlists the best elements of the Russian Church, and a Church independent of the State and altogether in possession of the Catholic inheritance of dogmatic truths and sacramental means cannot but feel, so to speak, homesickness for Rome. When the Pope prays for the "kiss of peace" between the East and the West he prays implicitly for an uplifting of the Eastern Churches to a higher standard of life, to a loftier conception of their own mission in the Christian world. The history of the past tells us that every movement which carries on a revival of the free spirit of Christ in the bosom of a Church separated from Rome, sooner or later, bends that Church towards the Papacy, the stronghold of the holiest liberties of the Gospel. William Palmer, one of the best students of the life and spirit of Russian Orthodoxy, holds that it is by dint of a free regeneration that Russia will come to bear obedience and allegiance to the Church of Rome.

> Russian Orthodox will become conscious of Christian nobleness; they will rebuild their ecclesiastical administration; they will revive their religious life; their Church will replace her abstract unity by a real and spiritual force; she will blend activity and passivity; a positive doctrine will supersede her ceaseless negations. If the Russian clergy would deserve the respect of their flock by worthily representing the Church; if they would oppose their enemies by their moral strength and their intellectual preëminence rather than with the support and the repressive policy of the civil power, no doubt they would enter in the way of hierarchical union with Rome. Probably, in rising up from her sad ruins, the Russian Church would wage war against the Papacy. No matter! the Oxford

> movement is an object lesson. As in England, Rome has no reason to apprehend in Russia a loyal hostility, when dictated by the love for truth and the religious ideal. Still more, a spontaneous reaction, analogous to the Puseyite movement in England, will be the best token of the coming Catholicism of Russia.[1]

The true, the great, obstacle to reunion, it may be granted, is the Papacy. But it is a recognized fact that Churches yearning for emancipation from the laity or from the civil power cannot help instinctively feeling the necessity of a supreme head of the Universal Church. The moral necessity of the Papacy is a corollary of the composite nature of the Church, which diffuses the supernatural life of her invisible Head, Jesus Christ, through the members of a visible human society. Anti-Roman polemics will never be able to deny that a visible body needs a visible head. Protestants sincerely longing and working for union admit the logical connection between a visible Church and its visible headship.

> Beliefs which are supposed to be incompatible with the reunion of Churches are really complementary. Take the most difficult of all, the Papacy, and its implications. To this extent at least the way to reconciliation might be open: it is not inherently unreasonable that any society of human beings should have a president. If the universal Church should be thought of as reunited, the office of universal president might not be beyond the bounds of possibility.[2]

And Russian Orthodoxy which, better than other Churches, preserves the true notion of the Church of Christ, can, only by fighting its own theological principles, reject the necessity of a visible head in the mystical Body of Our Lord.

Moreover a Church which firmly maintains that tradition is on an equal footing with Holy Scripture as a source of revealed truth is bound to hear the voice of the witnesses to the Faith during the earliest centuries of Christianity. And the earliest traditions of the Church both in the East and in the West speak openly in favor of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to rule the Christian world.

The Russian Church confirms our statement by the authority

[1] Stanislas Tyszkiewicz, *Un épisode du mouvement d'Oxford: la mission de William Palmer*, Etudes, 5 août 1913, p. 344.

[2] George Zabriskie, in *The Christian Union Quarterly*, 1915, vol. V., p. 8.

of the most famous of her ecclesiastical historians, Alexis Petrovich Lebedev, a distinguished member of the Ecclesiastical Academy and of the University of Moscow. Let us quote a striking passage of one of his latest works:

> Always, and beyond all doubts, the jurisdiction of Roman bishops extended farther than that of the other patriarchs. So it was from the beginning of Christian history. There was no bishop like the Bishop of Rome, and it could not be otherwise. Even in the times of the Apostles, the Faith of the Church of Rome was exalted. The first letter of St. Clement of Rome is a remarkable historical fact, which proves that the Roman Church extended her maternal cares to other churches throughout the world, and spoke to them the language of love and authority. It vindicates to her bishops the rights of a universal jurisdiction, rights which the other bishops never dared to claim for their own sees. And what is stranger, all Christian bishops recognize the validity of those claims: they do not raise any voice of protest against the pretensions of the Church of Rome: they submit themselves to her authority, to her decisions: they are full of respect and veneration towards Roman bishops: the primacy of Rome is a practical and real manifestation of the earliest life of Christianity.[3]

No wonder, then, that Pope Gelasius could declare that the primacy of Rome does not rest on any synodal decrees, but on the words in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.[4]

In a letter to the Secretary of "The World Conference on Faith and Order" (December 18, 1914), Cardinal Gasparri, in the name of the Pope, wrote the following beautiful words:

> The plans of the Roman Pontiffs, their cares and their labors have always been specially directed to the end that the sole and unique Church which Jesus Christ ordained and sanctified with His divine Blood should be most zealously guarded and maintained, whole, pure and ever abounding in love, and that it should both let its light shine and open wide its door for all who rejoice in the name of man and who desire to gain holiness upon earth and eternal happiness in heaven.

[3] Lebedev, *Dukhovenstvo drevnei vselenskoi tzerkvi (The Clergy of the Ancient Universal Church)*, Moscow, 1915, pp. 228, 233.

[4] *Sancta tamen Romana Ecclesia nullis synodicis constitutis ceteris Ecclesiis prælata est, sed evangelica voce Domini et Salvatoris primatum obtinuit.* A. Thiel, *Epistolæ Romanorum Pontificum genuinæ*, I., Brunsbergæ, 1868, p. 455.

The prayer recently blessed and commended by Benedict XV., is really the voice of a paternal love which cares for the welfare of the whole Christian family. The Pope begins by calling into the ecumenical fold of the Roman Catholic Church the flock that stands nearest its walls, that is, those members of the Christian family who preserve the largest part of the complete inheritance of the Catholic Faith, who, by preserving their valid priesthood, have not entirely broken their ties with the mystical Body of Christ. But, in a broader sense, his prayer reaches all the scattered Christian denominations, all the peoples who look upon Christ as the shining emblem of their civilization, as the divine legislator of their ethical and social life.

He prays for their return to that one true centre of unity, that one sole and unique Church which Jesus Christ ordained and sanctified with His Precious Blood.

MATER DESOLATA.

(To Margaret Pearse.)

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

To you the dreary night's long agony,
The anguish, and the laden heart that broke
Its vase of burning tears, the voiceless cry—
And then the horror of that blinding stroke!
To you all this, and yet to you much more.
God pressed into the chalice of your pain
A starry triumph, when the sons you bore
Were written on the roll of Ireland's slain.

Let no man touch your glorious heritage,
Or pluck one pang of sorrow from your heart.
Or stain with any pity the bright page
Emblazoning the holy martyrs' part;
Ride as a queen your splendid destiny—
Since death is swallowed up in victory.

PAUL THE JEW.

BY L. E. BELLANTI, S.J.

ONE of William Hunt's most attractive paintings depicts a village scene at Nazareth in the beginning of the Christian era. In the middle distance stands a gracefully arched fountain, backed by garden slopes. At the well-side some women are filling their earthenware jars or resting for a while. In the foreground, walking straight out of the picture, is a gracious young mother. A heavy jar of water, pressing on a wadded towel is delicately balanced on her head, while her eyes rest lovingly on the barefoot Boy in front of her, Who, with neck and chest slightly bared, His red tunic clasped round His waist with a striped yellow sash, is all intent on the successful prosecution of His rôle of water-carrier. A scene this, for the contemplation of loving souls throughout the ages, though we can find for it no authority of chapter and verse. Only we know it must have been so sometime while "the Child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom: and the grace of God was in Him."

Turning our gaze from this remote village of Galilee to the crowded capital of Cilicia, some hundreds of miles away, we see a Jewish lad, of about the same age, standing by the busy wharves of the river Cydnus. Typically Jewish in dress and features, bright-eyed and intelligent, he is eagerly taking in the animated scene, as the lateen-sailed, two-masted ships move up and down the river, unloading the merchandise of the West, or bearing away the riches of the East from the huge warehouses of his native Tarsus to Alexandria and Corinth and distant Rome. Men of all nations and trades rub shoulders here and jostle against one another, Greeks chaffering, Jews deprecating, indignant Syrians driving hard bargains, Romans calmly looking on. Timber stacks from Mount Taurus fill the storing yards, side by side with the harvest products of the plains and the silken bales and kegs of spices, deposited by caravans that have threaded their toilsome way through the historic pass of the Cilician Gates. We note, too, how in the medley of race and color one language is used by all—the common Greek, that has gained in universality what it has lost of its classical purity—the Greek

of Attica cheapened to the daily use of conquered Asiatic, Macedonian, Syrian and Egyptian, and conquering Roman too. Through this Græco-Asiatic city, within human memory, Julius Cæsar had marched with his victorious army on his way from Egypt to Pontus. Here, too, still more recently the pleasure-loving Mark Antony had for a space held his court, and entertained Cleopatra, when she had sailed up the Cydnus with all the magnificence of the Orient, to captivate her Roman lover and lure him to his doom. Tarsus, indeed, had been a great city from time immemorial, but now in Paul's childhood she stood at the zenith of her prosperity, renowned as the metropolis of the richest province of the East, a free city with a free harbor, mistress of a large and fertile territory, enjoying the prestige of a world-famed university and the blessings of self-government. A place this to stir in an impressionable lad thoughts and dreams of the wide world, and to impart an instinctive aptitude for mixing with all sorts of men; differing in every respect from the lowly village of Galilee and yet eminently suited to be the home of the great Apostle who was to convert the Gentiles and to bring the heterogeneous Roman empire under the sweet yoke of Christ.

Paul was the son of well-to-do parents, themselves probably descended from ancestors who had settled in Tarsus nearly two centuries before this time, and had won for themselves the coveted citizenship with all its privileges of state and rank. Yet their commerce with pagan civilization throughout these years had not made them abate one whit of their loyalty to the pure religion of Judea. Nor were temptations wanting. Tarsus, like most Asiatic cities, was a hotbed of corruption, and the Tarsians wallowed in the filthiest of pagan cults. Sardanapalus, the city's tutelary god, represented as a debauched youth in female clothing, summed up his divine message to his devotees in the inscription still to be read beneath his feet: "Drink, eat and lust; all else is vain." But the Jewish colony, while making its way in the commercial life of the town, succeeded in preserving its own remarkable individuality—a fact which led Roman historians, piqued by their exclusiveness, to speak of them as "the nation of Jews in that city." This spiritual aloofness must have been specially marked in the case of a family, which, like Paul's, belonged to the Pharisaic party. The Pharisees were the "Separatists" among the Jews; they fattened on the rich cream of exclusiveness; they were the sticklers for the Law; not one jot or tittle of it would they evade; they would hedge round religion with all observances and minutely fulfil its every

precept, keeping a weather-eye open the while, to see if their neighbors did the same. They had much in common with our own Puritans; probably they carried an even thicker coating of hypocrisy. Yet, like Puritanism, Pharisaism had its genuinely good side. From his parents Paul would have learned to cherish the highest and purest beliefs in the Unity of God, in His divine and overruling Providence, in His Creation, in the promised Redemption of His people, in the existence of angels and evil spirits, in the resurrection of the dead and in a future life of happiness or misery. No wonder Paul burst forth into a torrent of indignant protest, when, in later days, he discovered that some busybodies had been under-mining the faith of his converts, with boastful and exaggerated estimates of their own perverse Judaism. "If any man deemeth that he can trust in the flesh, better can I—circumcised when eight days old, of the race of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew born of Hebrews, in observance of the Law a Pharisee, in zeal a persecutor of the Church, in the justness to be found in the Law, proved without blame."[1]

Paul's education began in his native city with the gradual acquisition of the two languages that were to serve him throughout his life. Greek was spoken all about him by slaves, domestics, companions and by all the townsfolk; Hebrew was the language of the sacred books—and to the boy it would all sound very remote and archaic if not unintelligible—but Aramaic was in all likelihood the language of the Synagogue, and of the inner family life, not to speak of the Jewish preparatory school. It was here that Paul first puzzled his curly head over the square and detached consonants of the Jewish script; that he learned to read and write from right to left, tremulously supplying the vowel sounds for himself, before he made the astounding discovery that the rest of the world read and wrote from left to right! Note, too, one curious anticipation of modern methods. However much the over-estimated science of pedagogics may nowadays exalt the value of such manual arts as carpentry or clay-modeling in a general scheme of education, the discovery itself is as old as the hills. Every Jewish boy was apprenticed to a craft, whatever his material prospects might be; and if the latter day motives of utility and coördination of hand and brain and physical adaptability came up for consideration at all, they were regarded as trivial and unconvincing beside the inspiring ideal of the dignity of physical labor. So, while

[1] Phil. iii. 4-6.

but a child, Paul began his first essays in the common Cilician industry of tent-making, little dreaming that in future years this would be his sole means of eking out a slender income, and so securing his independence of the charity of others in his sacred ministry. The lad was supplied with goat's wool sheared from the flocks of Mount Taurus. This wool was first washed and dried, then combed and braided: finally it was plaited into the coarse fabrics of which shoes, mats and coverings of all kinds were made.

The rapid development of Paul's talents early marked him out in his father's eyes, for the distinguished career of a teacher or rabbi. And so—once more noting the probability that the Child Jesus and His last Apostle were born about the same time, and were now of equal age—we may contemplate the pilgrimage of two boys, both twelve years old, both "sons of the Law," to Jerusalem. One will sit at the feet of the doctors "hearing them and asking them questions" and all will be astonished "at His wisdom and His answers;" but three days mark the term of His visit. The other will be definitely attached for many years to the school of Rabban Gamaliel. "Rabban," that is to say, "our master," was a superlative title of honor among the Doctors of the Law, and Gamaliel seems to have well deserved it by the purity of his teachings and the generous liberality of his views.

It was this sympathetic outlook on life that led him to mitigate the rigors of Pharisaism, to value the spirit more than the letter and perhaps even to look forward for the salvation of Israel to that same Child Whom his father Simeon had held in his arms when he chanted his *nunc dimittis*. Indeed Gamaliel is one of whom we would fain know more. Briefly, we gather about him that he was the son of the prophet Simeon[2] and grandson of the great Hillel, and that although one of the most distinguished Scribes in the Holy City, he had boldly separated himself from the conventional and hide-bound rigorism of the Doctors, and lived in a sphere apart. Yet to the end of his days he seems to have remained an honored Scribe, and should any sad soul feel inclined to lend ear to gloomy tradition they are at liberty to believe that with his death "the honor of the Torah ceased and purity and piety became extinct."[3] He only appears once again in the history of the early Church, after an interval of twenty years, as a deeply revered personality and as the defender of the Apostles. "My advice to you

[2] This identification seems quite probable.
[3] *Cf. Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.v. Gamaliel I.

is this:" he said to the infuriated members of the Sanhedrin who were all for putting the Apostles to death, "do not concern yourselves with these men; let them alone. For if their designs and their work be of men, they will come to nought; but if they are of God you cannot thwart them—or else you may find yourselves fighting against God."[4]

Under the guidance of this high-minded master Paul set to work at his rabbinical studies. He had come up to Jerusalem with some conversational knowledge of Greek and Aramaic. He now necessarily familiarized himself still more with the common language of the Jews and with the old Hebrew of the Scriptures. A Pharisee's son and a Pharisee himself, Paul's supreme ambition was to identify himself with all that the strictest Judaism connoted. Speaking of this period in later life, he tells us that he made greater progress than all his companions and gave signs of an unmeasured zeal "for our traditions."[5] These "traditions" were held to illustrate the meaning of the Scriptures and the application of the Mosaic Law, and comprised that mass of burdensome decisions and unwarrantable interpretations, which was to be so terribly condemned by Our Lord. Weak analogies and ridiculous precedents had, in process of time, been invested with an authority hardly second to that of the Law itself. The letter counted for more than the spirit. From his own confessions, then, Paul seems to have devoted himself wholeheartedly to the study of these additions to the Mosaic Law—called the Mishna or Second Law—and in so far as they existed, to the voluminous writings of the Talmudists, which interpreted the Scriptures through a welter of accumulated commentary.[6] According to the custom of Jewish schools, the lad would come and sit on the ground beside the platform of Gamaliel, and so during many a long year "stationed in the dust at the feet of the wise man he drank eagerly of his word." It has been conjectured, that, as years went on, and Paul grew to manhood, his work was not confined to Jerusalem. To the more gifted and zealous young rabbis was often intrusted the task of making converts, and of strengthening and confirming the scattered Jewish congregations, in the strict observance of the Law. We have Our Lord's reproach to the Pharisees that they scoured land and sea to make a single proselyte, instead of looking to themselves, and setting their own house in order.[7] Some such work may have

[4] Acts v. 38, 9. [5] Gal. i. 14. [6] Pirke Aboth, I., 4.
[7] Matt. xxiii. 15.

been given to Paul. He certainly was not in Jerusalem during the two and a half years of Our Lord's public ministry, nor is his presence ever hinted at for a nearly similar period after Our Lord's Ascension. From his own account (Acts 26, 4) it may be not unfairly surmised that he was far away in Cilicia during these years, removed from all sight or rumor of the most stirring events in the world's history. Indeed, it was, very probably, not until his return to the Holy City in 31 or 32 A. D., after a prolonged absence, that Paul first heard the story of the deluded Prophet of Nazareth. He was a full-grown man now, entering on his prime, impetuous in his zeal for the Law, eager above all to distinguish himself in the holy cause to which his heart and soul were bound by every tie. The account of Our Lord's life, of His sermons and miracles and outspoken claims, coming as it naturally did, from the most prejudiced quarter, would appear to him a horrible and outrageous blasphemy; the Resurrection, the Ascension, the descent of the Holy Ghost and the Apostolic miracles were obviously nothing but pieces of shameful imposture, deliberately staged to catch the public eye and to deceive the simple and the unwary. The whole movement ought to have been crushed out of existence at least two years ago, and seemingly would have been, but for the senile indecision of the Council and the mistaken kindness of his old master Gamaliel. Now the contagion had spread—of course it had; the wonder to him was that things had not gone further. But this was neither the day nor the hour for indulging in futile speculations about the past. So far, at any rate, as he was concerned, the way was clear. The handful of Galileans, who were prime leaders and instigators of this movement, and even now blocked up the Temple Courts with their discussions, and turned private houses into conventicles, must be speedily and summarily dealt with. He would see to it himself.

It does not seem unfair to assume that Paul's dominating personality and tireless energy had much to do in stirring up the Pharisees to action. They hitherto lacked a coöperator with a courage and a vitality equal to all the fatigues and difficulties of an anti-Christian campaign among the populace. Lo and behold! Paul drops into their midst like a bolt from the blue, requiring nothing but their sanction. Truly the hand of God has not been shortened. We first see Paul's influence at work, in the action taken by "some members of the Synagogue of the Libertines, Cyrenians, Alexandrians, and visitors from Cilicia and Roman

Asia.[8] These men began to dispute with Stephen—one of the most eloquent Greek disciples recently ordained by the Apostles—in the hope of leading him on to incriminate himself. Failing this, they had no hesitation in suborning some false witnesses, (a picturesque device of which Oriental litigants have never wearied), and in the same court of Caiaphas, barely three years after the Master's trial there, a similar, mock trial was held over the disciple. Stephen, strong in his foretaste of heaven, made his splendid confession: "Behold," he said, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."[9] Garments were rent in stage-struck horror; the young deacon was borne out of the city walls on the crest of a wave of popular fury; in a few minutes a heap of stones covered the mangled relics of the first Christian martyr! Saul, the stern-eyed fanatic, saw justice done, and then restored their "jibáb," or sleeveless mantles, to the perspiring instruments of divine vengeance. The Sanhedrin kept discreetly out of the way, hiding their elation behind closed doors.

Persecution now became the order of the day, and Saul was the man of the hour. He did nothing by halves. Armed with the full authority of High Priest and Council he burst into house after house, and, with the ruthlessness of a Topcliffe, bore off all who had not fled at the first alarm to prison and torture, regardless of age or sex. His own words show how deeply the iron had entered into his soul. "I myself threw many of the people of Christ into prison, and when it was proposed to put them to death I gave my vote for it. Time after time, in every Synagogue I tried by punishments to force them to blaspheme. So frantic was I against them that I pursued them even to foreign cities."[10] Indeed it was while traveling to Damascus on what was destined to be the last of his persecuting missions that the stupendous miracle of his conversion took place. He and his escort had now been traveling for the greater part of a week, breaking the journey according to custom, for a midday rest, and camping in the evenings at the regular halting places in Samaria, Galilee, by the Jordan's banks, and in the highlands of Iturea. This evening would see them safe at their destination; and so they pressed on through the midday heat along the miles of fruit groves which marked the last stage of their journey. Then, as now, Damascus nestled in the heart of this great oasis,

[8] Acts vi. 9. [9] Acts vii. 55. [10] Acts. xxvi. 11.

glistening, to the Arab poet's fancy, like "a cluster of seed-pearls on an emerald carpet." A forced march through a sultry region is calculated to soothe neither body nor spirit; the conversation became monosyllabic; the perspiration profuse. Suddenly, full in the eyes of that band, inured to the glare of the tropical sun, there blazed a light so fierce that all fell to the earth, and these Aramaic words rang in their terrified ears: *"Sḥäúl, Shäúl, lemá redaphtáni"* (Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?) The rabbi quivering in the dust could hardly stammer: "Who art Thou, Lord?" "I am Jesus of Nazareth Whom thou persecutest." Sheer horror would have bereft an ordinary man of speech, but Saul was tempered steel. "Lord," he cried out, "what wilt Thou have me to do?" And the Lord said to him: "Arise, go into the city and there it shall be told thee what thou must do." The dazzling glory and divine Presence were withdrawn; on the high road once more, there beat the light of common day. Sadly shaken, Saul's followers picked themselves up and went to the assistance of their broken leader. There he stood in the middle of the road, groping about with his hands, trembling in every limb, his once imperiously flashing eyes now sightless orbs, in which the tears welled up to chase one another silently down his sallow cheeks. For by a divine paradox, Saul the persecutor had been struck blind, that Paul the Apostle might see. This is no singular phenomenon. God's surgical treatment is to be seen in the story of every conversion. His operating Hand is unerring in Its sureness, but It discards anæsthetics with the strong. And the soul will cry out at the seeming wantonness of the pain:

> Ah! must—
> Designer Infinite!—
> Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?[11]

Nothing was left but to proceed with the journey; so his followers took Saul by the hand and leading him slowly into Damascus, found a quiet lodging for him up a narrow street in the house of Judas. There he was left to work out his salvation. The anguish of a strong man transcends any trick of the pen. Like his Master, Saul must undergo his agony, in the dark, alone. "And he was three days without sight, and he did neither eat

[11] Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, a lyric truly Pauline in its passionate intensity and spiritual insight.

nor drink." At the end of that time an angel of comfort appeared to him in the person of Ananias. Coming by the direct command of God, Ananias laid his hands upon him and said: "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus hath sent me, He that appeared to thee in the way as thou camest; that thou mayest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." And immediately there fell from his eyes as it were scales, and he received his sight; and rising up he was baptized.[12]

In so brief and tentative a sketch as this, place cannot be found for every recorded detail in the Apostle's career; frequently the events of years must be summed up in a few lines. It is delightfully characteristic of the man, that, as soon as he had made his peace with God, he fortified himself with a hearty meal, and at once proceeded to publish his new found Faith with all the vehemence of his nature. The miraculous transformation of the Jewish persecutor into the Christian preacher was a nine-day's wonder in Damascus. Then other feelings began to supervene; and here as elsewhere his fearless outspokenness soon brought him into the greatest danger. Infuriated Jews swore to take away his life. Day and night his would-be murderers crouched in the deep shadow of the city gates, and the disciples only saved him, by pushing the little man into a basket and letting him down over the walls. Thence he fled into the country of the Nabatæan Arabs, and lived among them until he thought the hue and cry were over. We next find him in Jerusalem where after disarming the suspicions of the timid disciples, and being introduced to Peter and James, he at once set about supplementing their carefully regulated ministry, by something more public and vigorous. It was his nature to be up and doing, to make firm friends or bitter enemies, but in him at any rate the word of God would not be gagged. His enemies found that there was no withstanding him; his friends found that there was no holding him back. He had scarcely been in Jerusalem a fortnight, yet already his life was in danger. The only hope of peace for the infant Church and safety for Paul lay in getting him away at once. So, some of the brethren, gently but firmly took him down with them to Cæsarea, and bluntly shipped him off to Tarsus.

The distinct indignity of this sudden and compulsory withdrawal from all active work in Jerusalem, seems to have finally convinced Paul that his time had not yet come. The next

[12] Acts ix.

ten years of his life—an obscure period—were devoted to preparation for the apostolate to the Gentiles, and possibly, to quiet missionary work in and about Tarsus and Antioch. He makes a passing reference to this stage of his career in the letter to the Galatians: "Afterwards, I came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia; and I continued to be unknown by face to the Churches of Judea; but they only heard say: 'He who persecuted us in times past, doth now preach the Faith.' And they glorified God in me."[13] It may seem strange to some, that this long period of hidden and humble effort should coincide with what might—humanly speaking—have been the most active decade of the Apostle's ministry, but the same holds good in the lives of so many saints, and is manifested so clearly in the Hidden Life of their great Exemplar, that we are led to see in these externally unfruitful years, the designs of God's providence following their normal course. Nor can we here omit all mention of what must have been a sore trial to one of Paul's affectionate disposition. It is almost certain that to a family in which Pharisaism was so deeply-ingrained, to parents especially who had spared no pains in the effort to make of their son, a learned rabbi and a pillar of orthodox Judaism, it must have been a fearful shock, when he not merely became a Christian, but actually taught the inefficacy of the Mosaic Law! Their pride would be outraged; they would naturally regard Paul as an apostate, a foe to God and the chosen race, and a disgrace to the family; " his own relatives" as Ramsay well says,[14] might be expected to be his most bitter enemies. Looking at these probabilities we see a special force in his words to the Philippians,[15] that he had given up all for Christ, " for Whom I suffered the loss of all things and do count them but refuse." These emphatic words suit the mouth of one who had been disowned by his family, and reduced, from a position of wealth and influence in his nation, to poverty and contempt.

The names Paul and Saul have been freely interchanged throughout this chapter. Saul, however, was the name by which he went—throughout almost the whole of the period we have described—in Judea and amongst his kinsfolk. Indeed the name Paul, is first mentioned by Saint Luke on the occasion when—by a curious coincidence—he won over Sergius Paulus, the Governor of Cyprus, to the Faith. This has given rise to the vener-

[13] Gal. i. 21-24.

[14] Ramsay, *St Paul the Traveler*, etc., p. 26.

[15] Phil. iii. 8.

able theory, that Paul took the name of his distinguished convert. But it seems truer to say that with the dissemination of Greek culture, it had become the fashion throughout the East, for everyone who prided himself on his Greek education, cosmopolitan propensities, or social status, to bear a Greek name. He, at the same time, kept his other name in his native language, by which he would be generally known among his countrymen. On this view,[16] the names Paul and Saul were the alternative and not the complement of each other. And the distinction of these two names has been generally accepted in this sense by the untutored majority of Christians, in whose minds Saul not unnaturally recalls the persecutor of the Church, while Paul is the Apostle of the Gentiles.

It may not be amiss to set down here some further details, which may help to fill in our picture of the Apostle, about the time of his entry upon that stupendously active missionary career, to which he devoted the remaining twenty years or so of his life.

Clement of Alexandria, undoubtedly an early authority, tells us that Paul was married and that he was the only Apostle who went about unaccompanied by his wife! But Clement's definite statement seems to be based on the misinterpretation of some words in the epistle to the Philippians.[17] Moreover, Clement wrote at a time when apocryphal fabrications were being widely circulated and as widely credited, and his works, bristling as they do with the singular views of the day, offer but a thorny path to the student in search of facts. In any case the fact of Paul's celibacy cannot be doubted in the face of his own explicit testimony in the same first Epistle to the Corinthians to which Clement alludes. "Then to the unmarried and to widows I say, it is good for them if they remain even as I."[18] Further evidence, were it necessary, is supplied by the Apostle's references to the stern labor he enjoined upon himself, that he might not be a burden to others. For it is clear, that after his conversion and during his missionary life, Paul supported himself by his earnings as a "tentmaker." In those days—possibly even more than in our own—a new religion was so intimately associated in the popular mind, with the handing-round of the plate, that Paul made it his rule never to accept or solicit alms for himself. He would shepperd his flock without fleecing them. And he impressed this upon

[16] See Ramsay, *St. Paul the Traveler*, etc., p. 81. [17] Phil. iv. 3.
[18] 1 Cor. vii. 8.

his converts in no uncertain voice when the occasion seemed to call for it. True, he allowed his beloved Philippians to send him some gifts, but where such affection and confidence reigned misunderstandings were impossible. "You remember, brethren," he says to the Thessalonians, "our toil and trouble—how, working day and night, so as not to burden any of you, we preached to you, the Gospel of God,"[19] and again: "neither did we, whilst with you, take food unearned, at any man's hand, but we worked night and day that we might not burden any of you."[20] He insists still more strongly on this point with the unsentimental and money-grubbing Corinthians. Most of all he feared lest his Gospel should be confounded with the novel doctrines of ubiquitous Sophists who literally lived on their wits. "I shall refuse to be a burden to you. I want not your money, but yourselves."[21] Even in his farewell address to the Ephesians the same note is struck. "I have never coveted any man's gold or silver or clothing. You yourselves know that *these hands* of mine provided not only for my own wants, but for my companions as well."[22] And, no doubt, *these hands,* as Paul held them out, rough and black with stitching at the coarse canvas, told their own tale of stern independencies and self-denial. The bruising and tension of fingers, and the loss of flexibility which would ensue from his unremitting industry at his craft, may be the true explanation of the difficulty Paul seems to have found, in later years, in putting pen to paper. All his extant letters were dictated to a secretary; the Apostle, as a rule, adding his signature and one or two brief messages in his own hand. The longest of his efforts forms the concluding paragraph of his letter to the Galatians—a matter of twenty lines at most—and yet it is as serious an undertaking to Paul at the age of fifty, as the shortest note was to Cardinal Newman in his eighty-sixth year. He even prefaces it with the playful apology: "see what sprawling letters I am writing with my own hand."[23] The postscript of his second Epistle to the Thessalonians is very short. "I, Paul, send you this greeting with my own hand. That is my mark in every letter. So I write. The grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."[24] A few halting sentences conclude his first Epistle to the Corinthians, while the last recorded instance of his putting pen to paper in his letter to the Colossians, sent from his prison

[19] 1 Thess. ii. 9. [20] 2 Thess. iii. 8. [21] 2 Cor. xii. 14.
[22] Acts xx. 34. [23] Gal. vi. 11. [24] 2 Thess. iii. 17, 18.

in Rome, is pathetic in its simple brevity: "I, Paul, greet you with my own hand. Remember my chains. God bless you."[25] The Abbé Fouard following other Christian writers, has adduced these passages in confirmation of the view that Paul was afflicted by ophthalmia and was permanently short-sighted. He even goes so far as to say, that this is the explanation of the Apostle's undisguised apprehensions, lest he should be left alone at Corinth without any companions to assist him.[26] But it is practically impossible to reconcile such a theory with the Saint's own assertions that he was toiling night and day at his trade. And again, though a negative argument is admittedly weak, this view finds no support in any of the graphic and unconventional descriptions of the Apostle, handed down to us from the earliest times.

Paul's success was by no means due to any grace of form or feature. In fact his outward appearance seems rather to have detracted from the fruitfulness of his labors. With a frankness that charms while it pains the reader he quotes the gibe of his Corinthian opponents: "his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible." The Acts of Paul and Thecla,[27] which probably convey a first-century tradition thus describe the Apostle's appearance at his first approach to Iconium. "Bald-headed, bow-legged, thickly-built, a man small in size, with meeting eye-brows and a rather large nose, full of grace, for at times he looked like a man and at times he had the face of an angel." The most striking features of this portrait are distinctly recognizable in the second-century medallion, recently discovered in the cemetery of St. Callixtus in Rome. His low stature is emphasized by St. John Chrysostom in the fourth century, and may, as some suggest, have been a family trait, recalling the name of "Paulus" to Roman acquaintances. A sixth-century writer[28] adds some further details to our portrait. "He was a man with stooping shoulders and his hair and beard were shot with grey; he had an aquiline nose, blue eyes, eyebrows almost meeting, a blotchy complexion and a heavy beard." Added to this uncomely exterior was the drawback of a stunted and sickly constitution, which, though supported by an unquenchable vitality, rendered Paul sub-

[25] Coloss. iv. 18.
[26] Fouard, *St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity*, p. 126.
[27] *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha.* Tischendorf, p. 41.
[28] John Malala, *Chronographia*, p. 257.

ject to the onsets of some indefinable malady as repulsive and painfully humiliating in its nature as it was prostrating in its effects.[29]

The Apostle had a lively appreciation of the disadvantages of his person. More than once he begs his hearers not to judge him by appearances, but to gauge his worth by the grandeur of his message, and the measure of his charity for them. "And indeed" as the Abbé Fouard well says:[30] "It was by his great heart that he went forth to conquer the world. No man ever loved and none was ever loved like this man. By one of those contrasts we so often see in ardent natures, Saul with his unruly, irascible temper, prone even to bloodshed when mastered by passion, this same Saul had a compassionate soul, was easily moved to tenderness, and ready with his tears. He gave his love without reserve, but he demanded a response to his love. No saint has put affection on a higher plane, or shown himself more sensitive and grateful to kindness; but coldness and ingratitude cut him to the quick. Full of solicitude for the needs of others, and adapting himself to their customs, he looked to find in them the feelings which animated him; he loved mankind as much as he loved the truth, and he won men to it by making himself so dear to them."

[29] Gal. iv. 14 and 2 Cor. xii. 7.
[30] Fouard, *St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity*, p, 128.

ONE WHO FEARED MUCH.

BY ROSE MARTIN.

FATHER ARMAND had listened in silence while his sister recounted the happenings of the countryside during his long absence; now he glanced keenly at Lady Ann.

"You have not mentioned our neighbor, Lord Dacre," he remarked gravely, "formerly he was a good friend of ours—do you see anything of him at present?"

"No," the girl returned quietly, "he is a favorite of the Queen."

"You mean he has given up his Faith?" and when Lady Ann assented, the deepest concern showed on the priest's face. Generally it was a serene face, with the broad brow and thoughtful eyes of a student; though the grave lips had a way of smiling suddenly, and so changing his look of a meditative saint to that of a fun-loving boy. Opposite him sat his sister, Lady Ann, a golden-haired patrician, and with that serene self-confidence about her every movement which often goes with great beauty, while a very resolute tilt to her little chin continually reminded the world in general that she was Lady Ann Armand of Armand Hall.

In the library of the stately old house, the brother and sister were having their first confidential talk since the arrival of the former, a few days before, and it being in the time of "good" Queen Bess, the priest was in the dress of a layman. Indeed, at peril of his life was John Armand, now visiting his father's home that he might minister to the poor souls of the surrounding district, many of whom, through persecution and lack of opportunity for practising it, had given up their Faith. To hear of Lord Dacre's desertion (whom he had known in boyhood) was a great sorrow to Father Armand.

"Have you never tried to win him back?" he asked gently. "Surely you have reminded him of the worthlessness of earthly honor!"

"I?"—questioned Lady Ann in surprised and haughty disdain. "I would not speak to the traitor—I have absolutely nothing to do with him!"

At that instant there was a hurried step in the hall, and in a moment Lady Ann was at the door of the room. A frightened servant stood there with the information that the place was surrounded by men demanding to search the house; their leader was Lord Dacre and he desired to speak with her.

"I suppose I must see him," Lady Ann said reluctantly, and, as her brother nodded, she stepped into the hall, drawing a curtain across the doorway of the room she had just left. She walked to the further end of the hall, and presently Lord Dacre, followed by several rough-looking men, was shown into it.

"You wished to see me?" Lady Ann asked coldly, as he bowed respectfully before her, and there was no sign of recognition in her grave blue eyes.

"Yes, in the absence of your father," Lord Dacre replied, and he looked at the girl wistfully. Within his soul raged a battle she did not dream of—conscience urging him to throw over this quest, and ambition reminding him that to do so would be to forfeit the Queen's favor forever.

"I have orders," he said at last with dogged resolution, "to search the house for a concealed priest."

The scorn in Lady Ann's eyes made him drop his own in shame. "Would you believe me if I said he was not here?" she questioned.

"He has been seen in the neighborhood; my orders are to search," he answered firmly.

"Then—search," she said, "and you will not need me to show you through the house."

The words stung him, reminding him of other days when he had been a guest at Armand Hall, and of the old Faith. But he had not counted on such an occurrence as this: the Queen, knowing him to be a neighbor to Armand Hall, had ordered him to bring to justice the priest reported hidden there. He turned away from the girl, and, followed by his men, mounted the wide oaken stairway. Soon, from the topmost portion of the castle, the search began. Slowly, carefully it was conducted, until without result they came again to the great hall. Lord Dacre ranged his men along the stairway to examine the walls there, in search of secret hiding places, while he himself paced restlessly below; at length, through a curtained doorway, he caught a glimpse of Lady Ann. He paused irresolutely, then said to his men: "I search this room myself," and passed in.

She did not look up from the book she seemed to be perusing, even when he stood beside her.

"Lady Ann," he said pleadingly, "surely you understand, it is through no wish of mine that I am here."

"Heaven knows," she returned with a shrug of her shoulders, "it is through no wish of mine."

"At least I have spared you something," he told her reproachfully. "I have not summoned your household to be interviewed, as is customary."

But Lady Ann was not listening; her glance had passed beyond him, and in her eyes Lord Dacre read something almost like fear; turning, he discovered the cause. The room was so situated as to give, through the open door, a side view of a portion of the stairway. There, one of the searchers had paused to gaze into the room with frank curiosity. "Madame," said Lord Dacre, (then entirely for the benefit of that searcher), "will you move your chair, please? I must examine the wall back of you." He proceeded to do so, scanning it narrowly, tapping it carefully. He then passed to the other side of the room, and, by some strange misfortune, an accident occurred: he touched a concealed spring, and a panel slid noiselessly aside, revealing an aperture large enough for a man's form to pass through. The girl glanced towards the stairs, and breathed a sigh of relief: the man who had been there was now further down, and, therefore, out of sight; but could she trust Lord Dacre not to reveal what he had discovered? Astonished, he peered into the place and then he stepped inside. At the same instant Lady Ann heard footsteps coming down the hall; there was no time for explanation, with a swift movement she closed the panel on Lord Dacre.

The next moment two men stood in the doorway. "Is not Lord Dacre here?" one asked.

"He left the room a short while ago," Lady Ann answered.

"We have seen nothing of him," the other said uneasily, and glanced toward the further end of the room. On one side of it an open door led to a piazza; on the other was an alcove. The men made for this at once. It showed nothing but ladder mounted upon ladder, reaching high above their heads, to where the great bell of the castle hung above a narrow platform. Lady Ann had followed the men at some distance, and now a faint cry for help came to her ears. The men did not hear it, but should they

turn back and reënter the room, they could not fail to hear the cry of Lord Dacre for deliverance.

Lady Ann passed the men swiftly; in an instant her hand was on the dangling rope of the bell, and suddenly above their heads it rang out wildly, irregularly, but thunderously echoing and reëchoing through the castle; no other sound could be heard while it lasted. At length there came a pause in that awful din, and Lady Ann, after listening intently for a moment, returned to the outer room and resumed her book and chair. The men stared at her in wonder, and presently one mustered sufficient courage to speak.

"Why did you ring the bell, lady?" he asked.

The girl lifted her proud head and looked at him in cold surprise: "It is my bell," she said, "I ring it when I please," and the men left her.

Rejoining their companions, they talked of Lord Dacre's disappearance; one was of the opinion that Lady Ann had persuaded him to give up the search; others that he had simply gone home (by way of the piazza), as he had complained of illness that day. The town constable zealously took up the search, but without result, and at last the men withdrew. As soon as they had done so, Lady Ann hastened to the secret panel in the wall, but when it slid aside at her touch, Lord Dacre was not there. Anxious and fearful, holding a light in her hand, she ventured inside, closing the panel after her. The light revealed the narrow proportions of the place which was simply a gently slanting shaft, running sideways between the inner and outer walls of the castle. The shaft ended in a trap-door, which was usually closed, but now it hung open, and only darkness met her view as she peered into the void beneath.

"John!" she called anxiously. At once her brother's voice answered, while her light, flashing down, disclosed him some twenty feet beneath. "Is Lord Dacre there?" she questioned.

"Yes, but he seems ill," was the response, "come down if the searchers have gone."

"You should not have taken him down there," she said severely. "He will betray us when he has the opportunity."

"I think not; at any rate he is ill and helpless now," the priest returned gently. "When I heard him up there, calling out that he was caught in a trap, I hurried up not knowing what had happened."

"You should have stayed where you were," Ann informed

him, the severity of her tone somewhat modified by the fact that he was steadying the ladder as she came down.

"Well, I went up anyway and explained to him that, possibly, after a while, you would let him out; but just then he began staggering and complained of feeling ill; it seems he has been out of a sick bed only for a few days. He seemed suffering from want of air—you know very little comes through the chinks in the outer wall—so I helped him down the ladder very slowly and laid him on my couch. He is there at present, asleep, I think."

The brother and sister now stood in a small underground room hewn in the rock foundations of the castle. On a rude couch in one corner Lord Dacre lay, flushed and feverish.

"Give him more air," Ann said, as she knelt to examine the patient. The priest touched a tiny spot on the wall, and instantly that wall rolled back, disclosing a dark passage whence a gust of fresh air swept in, laden with the breath of the sea. This passage ended in a cavern opening on a cliff that hung above the ocean. Crevices in this side of the wall admitted sufficient air to the room ordinarily for breathing purposes, when the rock door was closed. Lady Ann had finished her examination.

"I think it is just a passing weakness," she said, "but I will get some restoratives." She flung Father Armand's cloak over Lord Dacre, and left the room.

A moment later, the man's eyes opened. "Where am I?" he questioned faintly. Then seeing Father Armand bending over him, the flush on his face deepened, and he clutched convulsively at the priest's sleeve. "Tell me," he said imploringly, "that you understand it was loyalty to the Queen that sent me here and that loyalty to you, my friend, would have saved you from capture?"

It was with grave gentleness that Father Armand answered: "It is good to be loyal to a Queen—to a friend—but it is best to be loyal to the King."

"I know little of the King," Edmund answered wearily, "save that His friends fare poorly in these days. He gives nothing for His service!"

"He gives faith and hope and love," Father Armand said gently, "does the Queen give more?"

"Much less," Edmund answered moodily, and at that moment Lady Ann returned. Lord Dacre gazed at her wistfully; would she continue to be unkind? When she knelt beside him, and he felt the cool touch of her hand, as she bathed his head, an expres-

sion of perfect happiness settled on his face, and oddly enough seemed reflected on that of Lady Ann. In some haste, Father Armand withdrew.

"It is love," he mused, well pleased as he paced to and fro in the library, "and it will do great things for Ann and Edmund," for he believed love had conquered pride in his sister, and he trusted that in Lord Dacre it would overcome ambition. He had himself experienced the power of love, but with him it had been Divine Love, and it had battled with fear. Father Armand flushed now in shame at the thought, that from earliest childhood he had been subject to fear. Through boyhood it had influenced him and lead him, to all outward appearance an exemplary child, to many sins of cowardice. Even in his novitiate it had not deserted him, conquered sometimes, often conquering. Only when he was ordained priest did the real struggle begin. The flame of Divine Love sprang upward with such fierce heat as to inspire him with longing to do great things in the Master's service, but fear still lived. Often he had faltered and hesitated before the simplest duty that needed courage, but at such times the fervor of his love had come to aid him, and he *could* not fail. His zeal fell under the notice of his superiors, and when it became advisable to send missionaries to England, his name was one of the first proposed.

Father Armand, quietly pacing the library, lived again that moment when, with outward serenity, he had heard that he was to go. First, wild fear at his heart—and he would not, could not go; he would plead ill-health, inability—his distaste for such work; he was not fitted for it, others were more worthy; it might be he would fail in some important duty, and bring dishonor on the priesthood. Then he had fled to the chapel, and prayed there, a prayer of cowardice—that God would not give this work to him; it was a splendid, a glorious work, and should be given to one who would perform it nobly, bravely, not to one so lacking in courage as himself.

Out from the hushed, sweet stillness about him came suddenly the answer to his prayer. In a flash he saw his miserable cowardice in its true light; he had no need to fear; the strength of God was his to trust in, Eternal Love encompassed him, upholding him were the everlasting Arms. Father Armand prayed now, as he had prayed then, the soldier-prayer of St. Ignatius: "Teach me, O Sacred Heart of my Jesus, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give, and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds,

to toil and not to ask for rest; to labor and to seek for no reward, save to feel that I do Thy will, O my God."

Lady Ann broke in upon his musings. Her face was very grave and sweet. "Edmund wishes to speak with you," she said, "I have been talking to him, and he is willing to return to the Faith."

Father Armand went down at once, while Lady Ann dispatched a messenger to Lord Dacre's home saying he was somewhat indisposed, and would spend the night at the castle.

That evening the master of Armand Hall returned from London, whither he had gone to make final arrangements for the sale of his house and lands, as it was no longer safe for a Catholic nobleman to reside in England. When Father Armand should have completed his week's visit (after which his orders were to proceed to another part of the country), it was the purpose of Lady Ann and her father to remove to France. The details of the day were told him and he looked grave.

"They will continue searching for you even without Lord Dacre," he said uneasily, to his son, "you must not stir outside this room."

They were all in the little underground apartment, and it was now that Lord Dacre ventured his plea, that he might have Lady Ann for his bride. Sternly the father refused. To be his wife the girl must peril her life and faith at court, unless, indeed, Lord Dacre would give up his career and go with them to France. The young man, in talking things over with Father Armand, had already decided to make that sacrifice, and now, as he promised to do so, there sounded through the little room a low knock and call. Father Armand went to the rock that opened at his touch. Behind it a man stood, whom all recognized as the son of the landlady at the town inn; and one of a trusted few who knew of this cavern passage.

"Can you come with me, Father?" he asked, "there's a man dying at the inn."

"Certainly!" the priest responded. "Ann, a sick call."

The messenger here interrupted to say that the priest must bring nothing with him that could possibly betray them, if they were searched. The dying man was a stranger, merely an outcast whom his mother had befriended and allowed to work about the place. Now he had fallen desperately ill, and from his ravings they had discovered he had formerly been a Catholic, so the landlady was asking Father Armand to come.

Lord Dacre rose to a sitting posture on his couch, "I had best go with you," he said anxiously, "we do not know who may be at the inn."

"There is room for only one other in the boat beside the priest," the messenger objected, "if you care to take my place you may."

"You forget how weak and ill you are, Edmund," Father Armand assured him gently, "we can more than trust John here. We will have need of a steady hand to row through the sea to-night."

He had stepped into the damp corridor now, and they called good-night after him with apparent carelessness, though all knew this was an errand from which he might never return. Lady Ann remembered suddenly that he had not taken his cloak, so snatching one up from the couch she ran after him and flung it about him.

"Come back as soon as you can," she pleaded; and in the darkness their hands touched. His were icy cold.

"Indeed I will," he responded, "but you must not expect me before morning."

Then he was gone, and Lady Ann turned back to the room. "He is so brave," she said, "so brave."

When Father Armand and his guide reached the end of the passage, there was the perilous path over the cliff to be followed; at its foot waited the cockle-shell of a boat, next came the ride over the rough sea, and at length, approaching the landing, they were swept high and dry on the sandy beach, and before them gleamed the lights of the inn.

"I must leave you here," the man said, "my home is further down the coast and I must hasten back, as my wife supposes I have only stayed late at the inn; she is not a Catholic. In the morning I can return for you."

"It is not necessary," Father Armand replied, "I shall go back by way of the land."

Throughout all this his face had been serene, his manner fearless; now, left alone, an indescribable change came over him. He walked slowly towards the inn and paused on the porch, where a light shone from an unshuttered window. Looking in, the public room of the place was disclosed to view. Three men were seated at a table, their eyes fixed upon the door; waiting, unmistakably waiting! Father Armand drew back and softly descended the

steps: of course it was a trap set for him: no one was actually ill there: he would not go in. He walked down the path towards the sea. It was a wild night: overhead clouds were driven swiftly by the wind. At his feet the waves were dashing furiously; but he paid no heed to it all. A wilder storm beat upon his soul. Should he go back? Was it his duty to return? He would consider the matter calmly, dispassionately, judging it according to reason. Reason must be his guide. If he went back it would probably mean imprisonment—perhaps death—and he would accomplish nothing, even if anyone were ill there. It would not be right, so to imperil his life, the life of a priest of God which should be guarded as a thing most precious.

This was the reasonable view of the case, he told himself. But against it, imperious in opposition, rose that other view—if a soul's life was in question, he must peril all to reach it! But, of course, a soul's life was not in question. Yea, the messenger was trustworthy; no, he had doubtless been used as a tool. He would not go back.

He paced the sandy beach up and down, up and down, and judged the matter again according to the dictates of reason, and again according to the instinct of the priest. He paused at last. Below him the mad sea surged upward in fierce upheaval, and shuddering, he turned his glance heavenward. Out of the blackness of the clouds suddenly shone one star.

"Star of the Sea," he whispered, "pray for me!" He bent his head in shame and horror. Had he been about to fail utterly? In the whole history of the world had the cold dictates of reason ever inspired the brave to noble or heroic deeds?

The soldier prayer of St. Ignatius was on his lips when with serene face, he turned back and entered the inn. To his surprise the three men in the public room made no attempt to seize him on his entrance; they saluted him respectfully.

"I wish to see the landlady," he said calmly enough, and one of the men hastening to the door at the further end of the room knocked. Presently the landlady opened it, and seeing Father Armand beckoned him inside. He had known her many years ago, but she looked at him somewhat doubtfully now.

"It is—the—"

"The priest," he finished for her.

"But this?" she questioned, her hand upon his shoulder. He looked down, and then for the first time became aware that

he wore about his shoulders a cloak embroidered with the arms of the Queen's household. He remembered that Lady Ann had thrown it about him in the cavern passage; and it also explained the salutes of the men in the public room.

"It was a mistake," he said indifferently; "but is it true that there is someone ill here?"

"Yes, the man became unconscious a few moments ago," the woman replied. "Did the men out there try to stop you? No? Yet one of them is the town constable. I would not have sent for you, if I had known they were coming," she ended uneasily.

They stood in a long room, used ordinarily for both cooking and eating; smaller rooms opened on it that served as sleeping apartments, but when he asked again for the dying man, she did not lead him to any of these. She showed him the way to a ladder leading to the loft, that was at the further end of the one-story inn.

"He is a mere outcast," she explained in apology, "and he's out of his head most of the time. I told him when he was conscious that a priest was coming, but he said there wasn't any use; there couldn't be any hope for him."

They had reached the loft and the woman pointed to a corner of it. "He is there," she said curtly, and left him.

Father Armand approached the heap of straw partially covered with blankets, where lay the outcast. In health he must have been of splendid physique for even now when disease, and perhaps dissipation, had done their work, he was good to look upon. His hands were white and tapering, while his face gave evidence of refinement. Father Armand's efforts to rouse him proved fruitless, and at length he heard the landlady ascending the ladder. Terror was in her face.

"You had best go now," she said, "there is danger for me if you stay. The men in the outer room are of a party that was looking for you this morning. Already they are wondering what business another Court gentleman beside Lord Dacre has in the neighborhood. Go, I beg, while there is time."

Father Armand rose from his kneeling posture and looked at the woman compassionately, understanding perfectly the wild fear at her heart because of the wilder one within his own.

"I must stay," he said gently, "but for you there need be no danger. I will go out by way of the front door now, and a little later return by way of the back."

She shook her head. "There are the dogs," she told him, "they have been loosed for the night."

Father Armand considered a moment. Obviously the woman's one thought was her own danger: "I am just a traveler here for a night's lodging," he assured her gravely, "if I am discovered no one shall hold you responsible. I am going down now to the men in the outer room. I shall try to allay suspicion, also to discover why they are waiting here. In the meantime stay with this man. When you notice the least change in his condition, come and say to me: 'Your resting place is ready, you may retire if you wish.' Even if there is no change, you had best give me that message, as it will explain the reason of my waiting in the public-room."

The woman was trembling visibly, but she assented meekly to his proposition, and followed him down the rickety ladder.

"I must see what they are doing," she said, going to the door of the outer room, and stooping to look through a crack. "They have found something, a paper, I believe," she announced, "they seem much puzzled over it."

She stepped aside, for Father Armand stood waiting to enter. Just for a moment he hesitated; and at once a hundred haunting devils roused up a hundred haunting fears, but he opened the door and passed in. Conversation ceased abruptly as he entered. When he had seated himself at a table, one of the men after whispering to his companions, approached, bearing in his hand, a paper.

"Sir," he said, holding it out for acceptance, "we happened to notice this a short time ago, and suppose you dropped it when you passed through here, the first time."

Mechanically Father Armand took the paper, and seeing engraved thereon the royal arms of the Queen, he knew it to be Lord Dacre's and would simply have thrust it into the flap of his cloak, whence it had probably fallen; but the man pointed to it meaningly.

"I infer that Lord Dacre has been displaced," he remarked affably; "it seems you are engaged on the same business as ourselves. I am, by the way, the town constable."

Father Armand expressed pleasure in the acquaintance, and glanced at the unfolded paper to discover of what business he was being accused. In spite of his danger a smile touched his lips; for the bearer was granted right of way into houses and places both public and private, that he might search for a traitor and Jesuit, one John Armand.

"Now I wish to explain," the constable said, seating himself beside Father Armand, "that it is quite unnecessary for you to bother yourself in this affair. By morning, at the latest, the Jesuit will be in our custody."

Father Armand calmly folded the paper, and answered: "I have reliable information to the contrary. I can lay my hand upon him at any moment."

"As to that," the man replied carelessly, "we know that he is somewhere in Armand Hall. We are going there tonight with a servant of the house who knows every hiding-place it contains, and can identify the priest. We are waiting for that servant now."

Father Armand quickly said: "the Jesuit is not at Armand Hall."

The constable scowled at the answer. "His sister is," he retorted. "Lord Dacre not being with us tonight, we can compel her to tell where her brother is; at least we can take her prisoner as having aided him to escape."

The priest did not answer. He was thinking of his loved ones and especially of Lady Ann, whose will he knew no power or torture could bend or break. Lady Ann must be saved. He could guard Armand Hall from a visit by these men, by giving himself up now, or allowing himself to be identified, as soon as the servant arrived; but a soul was in need of him at present, and until that soul had been aided he must guard against capture. At that moment the landlady opened the door at the further end of the room, and approached him.

"Your resting place is now ready," she faltered, "you can retire if you so wish."

The priest rose and followed her. At the door he paused and looked back.

"You will have your journey to Armand Hall for nothing," he remarked meaningly, "the Jesuit is already my prisoner."

Three oaths sounded almost simultaneously. Then one man said respectfully enough: "Sir, we have only your word for it; show us your prisoner."

"Sir," retorted the priest, with something of the swift mockery of Lady Ann, "I have not even your word for it, that you are honest men—for the present I keep to myself where my prisoner is," and he closed the door behind him.

The landlady accompanied him and he asked her at once if

there was any way of sending a message to Armand Hall, but she answered there was not.

Taking the lantern from her trembling fingers, he bade her listen at the door, and if she overheard any plans of the men, to inform him. Mounting the ladder, he made his way to the corner of the loft where the outcast lay. Kneeling beside the man, the priest told him who he was, and for what purpose he had come. He was answered with a shake of the head and a muttered curse. More earnest grew the face of the priest, forgotten was his own and Lady Ann's danger.

He spoke of the fear of God; the hideousness of sin; its bitterness in this life, and the eternal punishment which would be its portion; but the face of the outcast showed only indifference and a touch of scorn.

"I know all that," he said wearily, "I knew it all, even when I chose sin for my portion. Now I cannot care for your heaven and its angels. Earth and sin, for all their bitterness, are still most dear to me."

Father Armand was silenced. How could he speak of high things, of the All-Holy, to one so low in the dust? He paced to and fro for a few moments while before him seemed to pass, as in a vision, heart aflame and thorn-crowned, the face and figure of the Master. Then he stood at the bedside, the light of the lantern upon his form, the light of his soul's love shining in his eyes, and he spoke of the love of God for this outcast here upon the straw. His words were very earnest, and touched with that winning sweetness which of all his characteristics had served him best in drawing souls to God. With added fervor he pleaded now. This might be his last service for his Master. Would the Master's mercy bless it and pronounce it good?

When he ended, the tears were coursing down the outcast's cheeks, and he was willing, anxious to be reconciled to his God. A little later the words of absolution were pronounced. Then the outcast, who for many years had not said a prayer, whispered, after Father Armand, acts of faith, and hope, and love. But at length his accents faltered, his eyelids dropped, and the priest was unable to judge whether he was in a stupor or a natural sleep.

He hastily descended the ladder in search of the landlady. When he reached its foot he found her crouched against the door of the outer room, listening. He told her the condition of the man above. She only shrugged her shoulders.

"The doctor said there was nothing to be done when he was in those stupors," she explained, "and if he is asleep, it does not matter." Then in a whisper she told him all that had occurred in the public room during his absence. Shortly after he had left it, the servant from Armand Hall had arrived and angrily announced that he feared his intended prey had escaped, for when he went through the passage in the wall (which his cunning had long ago discovered) to look down to the little underground room, the priest was not there; but he had barely escaped collision with Lady Ann and her father who were bidding good-night to Lord Dacre.

When the priest had first arrived at Armand Hall the servant had intended betraying him, but had waited to make terms. The constable had then told the traitor of the arrival at the inn of an elegant gentleman of the Court with a royal paper in his possession, who had announced that the Jesuit was his prisoner.

"Perhaps," the landlady explained here, "the traitor would have been suspicious of the said gentleman if it had not been for the vanity of the constable. You see he has been to London on several occasions, and he tries to persuade us that when there he associates with all the fine people, and he now gave the others to understand that he had often seen you at Court, but as you had not announced your identity, he would keep it secret."

The traitor seemed much put out by this information, but it was the constable who proposed that they go at once and arrest Lady Ann and her father as Papists.

"I will go and warn them," Father Armand said hopefully. "I am free now."

"They would get there long before you," the woman answered, "because they have horses, and there is no boat to take you by water. Besides it is too late. They are ready to go."

In the outer room chairs were being pushed back, and voices were calling for the landlady.

"At all costs they must stay here," Father Armand said firmly. "Go, please, and tell the constable I wish to speak to him on the subject of my prisoner."

The woman hesitated; but hurried steps were nearing the door, so she nodded hastily and passed in. A short time elapsed before the constable entered, obviously flattered by the attentions of this elegant gentleman of the Court.

"Do you wish to give up your prisoner to me?" he inquired.

Courteously the priest motioned him to a seat, and took one himself.

"Not exactly," he answered, "but I would like to give my man into your care for the night, as I have a little affair on my hands, and cannot well take him with me. You will no doubt remain here anyway till morning; and I will pay you well for the service."

"I am sorry, sir," the constable returned, "but we are very very busy tonight. We expect to make prisoners of the master of Armand Hall and his daughter. We expect a large reward."

"Is it gold you want?" questioned the priest off guard for a moment. "Look"—he caught up a drinking flagon beside him—"I will bring this overflowing with gold and precious jewels if the Hall shall go unmolested tonight."

The eyes of the constable gleamed cunningly. "You are anxious for the Hall," he said wisely, "possibly the little lady has bewitched you even as she has Lord Dacre. Listen, if you care for the girl, give me your prisoner for my personal property, give me your gold for my men; and the Hall shall be unmolested tonight."

The priest was silent for a while. Even if he gave himself up the Hall must be warned. Now that it was under suspicion, the question was only one of time until its inmates should be imprisoned. "If I accept your proposition, I make my own terms," he said at last. "You must promise to stay here with your men till morning. In the meantime I shall go on the journey I spoke of but I shall leave with you my hostage. In the morning I shall return and deliver to you the jewels and the Jesuit."

"You mean you will leave the Jesuit with us. Is he in the house now?" inquired the constable.

"Certainly he is in the house," Father Armand returned calmly.

"I trust he is securely chained," said the constable meaningly.

"Not tonight," the priest returned gravely, and the shadow that was fear crossed for a moment the serenity of his face. Mechanically, he lifted his hands, half-expectant of a galling weight upon them. Tomorrow they might be in shackles, but tonight, thank God, there were no chains!

"If you do not return at dawn," the constable was saying, "of course we take possession of your hostage unconditionally?"

"Certainly," responded the priest, "but I shall return perhaps before that, if I may borrow one of your horses."

"You may do that," the other answered graciously, "but there is one thing more. We have with us a servant from the Hall—you must allow him to identify your man as the Jesuit."

Father Armand hesitated. Here was a difficult matter to be arranged. But it was the constable who unwittingly came to his assistance.

"Is the Jesuit asleep?" he questioned.

"Not yet," the other answered cautiously.

"Well, you see, the man from the Hall does not like the idea of the Jesuit seeing him; that was why we were going to capture him at night. He thought the priest would be asleep, and he could just show him to us and then go. Of course the Court might ask him to identify the priest afterward, but he need not know who his betrayer was. If you could manage now to let the servant have a look at the Jesuit while he is asleep, it would oblige us greatly. It means of course a delay in your journey, but it is not nine o'clock yet, so I suppose you can afford it."

"O yes," the priest said, and yawned wearily. "I may as well go up and rest myself during the interval." He rose and went towards the ladder. "Do you and your men also wish to look at the Jesuit?"

"We would like to."

"You may on certain conditions. At ten o'clock let the servant alone come from the outer room. Probably by that time my man will be asleep. At any rate, if the servant hears nothing when he reaches the foot of the ladder, he will know it is safe for him to come up. I will leave the light burning, and he can have his look. Then he must go down and reënter the outer room, before the next man comes up. You must understand this point perfectly; every man is to come in here, alone, and when he has had his look at the Jesuit, must return to the outer room. I have no wish to meet a possible rush of the four of you when I come down. If you will, let your visit be the last, as I have some parting instructions for you alone. You understand everything?"

"Everything," the constable answered. He then hastened toward the outer room while Father Armand ascended the ladder. Reaching the loft, the latter took from a corner where litter had been stored some sacks, and threw them over a heap of straw near the outcast. Next from his shoulders he took the brocaded

cloak, and flung it over the dying man and placed his sword close by. The man was still in a deep stupor; but the motionless figure with the royal cloak about it gave an impression of splendid strength in repose.

Now had come a time of quiet to Father Armand. For a while he knelt in fervent prayer; then he lay down on his rude couch and waited. He heard the landlady go to the door of the outer room and inquire if the men wanted beds for the night. The answer was: "No, they would rest on the benches." The landlady then informed them that she slept in the basement, "to be called if they needed her." The door closed again, the hum of voices grew fainter, the waiting almost intolerable.

At last Father Armand heard the door below open, and a man's footsteps. They paused at the foot of the ladder. Very slowly, the traitor ascended it, and the feet that crossed the floor of the loft were faltering and stealthy. Father Armand realized that the man was in deadly fear that he would waken and recognize him. He was close by now, looking down at the two forms. That of the outcast was further from him. He but glanced, half-curiously, half-carelessly at it. On the face of Father Armand, beautiful, tranquil, apparently sleeping, he gazed long and silently. The priest grew a trifle uneasy; moved a little and sighed heavily. Then hastily the man drew back into the shadow and descended the ladder. As he disappeared from sight, Father Armand rose noiselessly, and swiftly took possession of cloak and sword. There was no need now to feign sleep. When the next man came up the priest nodded to him from his couch. The man took his look at the outcast, supposedly the Jesuit, and then withdrew. So was it with the others. When the constable had viewed the outcast, Father Armand rose and followed the former down the ladder.

"You will see that the traitor-servant stays in the outer room, and does not leave the inn until my return," he commanded when they stood in the room below. "Remember, I hold you responsible for the man in the loft. It is not necessary to chain him, as by taking away the ladder you may hold him prisoner. But it might be best that you yourself remain in this room. Now I must go. I am going out by the rear entrance as I must get the horse. He opened a door leading to the rear of the house and went out. A little later came the sound of dogs barking, and then of galloping hoof-beats up the road.

In the public room, the men were talking of the Jesuit. "He

is a fierce-looking fellow," one said, thinking of the outcast; "it may be he will make a fight for his freedom."

"A fight?" repeated the traitor half-angrily, "never yet has he raised his hand against any man. He will not do it now." He was thinking of a face, beautiful and peaceful.

The slow night hours dragged on, and on. At last a faint gray light stole into the room: the dawn had come. Presently from the inner room the constable emerged and flung open the outside door, letting in a breath of fresh air. He gazed up the road.

"Though it is morning, the Court gentleman has not come," he said. "I shall go up and take possession of the prisoner. Will you come with me?"

The traitor shrank as if from a blow. "No, take the others," he said, "I will wait here for the Court gentleman. He has probably been delayed."

The constable roused the others, and they followed him from the room, while the traitor stood at the door and waited. Far down the road he saw a figure approaching, but on foot, and he understood the Court gentleman's delay—something had happened to the horse. This was, indeed, the case. Father Armand had reached the Hall shortly before midnight; had roused his father, sister and Lord Dacre, and recounted to them his adventures as a gentleman of the Court; how in that capacity he had discovered the plan of making prisoners the owners of Armand Hall, but had bought off the constable for the night by a promise of gold and the family jewels.

"So make up a package of those you can spare, Ann," he ended gaily.

Two things he had left out of the narrative; the traitor, and that he must give himself up in the morning. He had told them it would be best that they be gone from the place by morning, as it was only until then the constable had promised to leave the Hall unmolested. They decided to flee to France.

He married Lord Dacre and Lady Ann before he left the Hall, and offered there what he believed would be his last Mass. There had followed a little while together; then the good-byes and the partings, and they had gone their different ways. Returning to the inn, Father Armand's horse had stumbled in the darkness and injured its foot, so he had been obliged to walk the remainder of the distance.

As the traitor waited at the door of the inn, there sounded suddenly behind him a hurried footstep, and one of the constable's men stood beside him.

"The Jesuit is dead," he shouted. "Come up at once."

"Dead?" repeated the traitor hoarsely, "surely it is a mistake!" He followed the man up the ladder. At its top stood the constable, consternation on his face.

"You knew this Jesuit before," he said, "did he look ill to you last night?"

"He seemed in perfect health," came the puzzled answer.

"Well, look at him now," the constable said indignantly, and stood aside that the traitor might look on the dead figure of the outcast. His eyes passed swiftly to an empty couch close to his feet. "The Jesuit is—" ("gone" was the word he would have said, but light flashed into his mind) "the Jesuit is dead," he said.

"We know that," the constable returned irritably, "what I wish of you all now is to bear witness that we have done nothing to cause his death should that Court gentleman hold us responsible."

Silence fell upon them all as they heard quick steps ascending the ladder, and a moment later Father Armand stood in the loft.

"I come," he said quietly, "to deliver the Jesuit and the jewels."

The constable seized the jewels hastily. "I trust you will not hold us responsible, sir," he explained, "there has been no violence done, but the Jesuit is dead."

Then Father Armand saw the still figure of the outcast, and over the dead body the eyes of the priest encountered those of the traitor.

"Keep still," the servant whispered under cover of the constable's next words.

"I know not," the latter was saying uneasily, "whether we can get any reward for the corpse."

A fear came to the traitor that even now the priest might deliver himself up to save the body of the outcast from the desecration that might befall it.

"I will not deal in a dead man's bones," he said scornfully, "be content, constable. You have your jewels."

The constable scowled, but dared not propose that the Court gentleman who seemed oblivious of their presence, and was looking down, almost sorrowfully at the outcast, should do the identifying.

"Will you see to the man's burial?" inquired the official sullenly.

"O yes," the traitor returned, perhaps too eagerly.

But his over-eagerness was not observed by the constable who was now making his way to the ladder. He kept a tight hold upon the jewels and quickly descended to the floor below, followed by his two assistants. All three departed from the inn at once; and the priest and the traitor were left to care for the body of the dead outcast.

FATHER LACOMBE, O.M.I.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

I saw him in his armor all complete,
Cassocked and girdled, soldier of his Lord;
His crucifix he carried as a sword;
His helmet a biretta, as was meet.
And strength and swiftness shod his willing feet;
Such strength and swiftness as with zeal accord
For souls that he would see to life restored,
And with rich Christian virtues all replete.
Some mocked his cassocked figure; he just smiled
With all the sweetness of a little child,
And prayed their ignorance might be forgiven.
The light of Truth, he knew, in darkness shone,
And was by that dense darkness all unknown,
This knight of God, this valiant son of heaven.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

THE chapter of Irish history, which is known as "The Flight of the Earls," may claim in its own right the earnest regard of any historical reader: it is one of the high lights upon the horizons of the past. If it is invested with the nimbus of romance, it wears as well a philosophy, and the sober facts of history—causes forcefully leading to it through many years, and consequences and effects which prolong their bitter issues on one side and heroic endurance on the other even to our own day. The poetical aspect of the grand incident and its actors (it is another Odyssey, if ever a theme was) is not as engaging as the prosaic realities which make the story and its *dénouement.*

Yet besides its own right to arrest historical attention at any time, this chapter of Irish history finds in some present circumstances an added reason to compel interest. A tercentenary is prompt to rehearse old dramas and the *dramatis personæ:* witness the fêted memories of Shakespeare and Cervantes by reason of their relationship with 1616. And the year which has just closed was the three hundredth anniversary of the death of the last of the great "Earls," Hugh O'Neill, the Earl of Tyrone.[1] Secondly, if there is a portion of the world today which is an anomaly in the whole realm of government (or misgovernment) it is the Province of Ulster in Ireland. It is a hornet's nest even to the official hands which protect and foster it: it is, though in no beautiful sense, the cynosure of all eyes, at a pass in the world's drama when eyes ought to be turned elsewhere: and the British Empire, with its heart full of other cares, must and does most unintelligibly jeopardize many of its interests because of the tantrums of its spoiled child of Ulster. Though far from being by nature the most fruitful section of Ireland, either in commercial opportunities, in climatic conditions or agricultural and mineral products, Ulster has acquired a place high up on the list of industrial centres; while in the mat-

[1] Hugh O'Neill died in Rome on July 20, 1616. A very happy event in this tercentennial year is the publication of the Irish text, by Tadhg O'Cianáin, with English translation, by Rev. Paul Walsh, M.A., of *The Flight of the Earls.*

ter of legislative privileges it has been not merely favored, but pampered.

Now an antecedent, if not a cause which explains this prodigious *status* of Ulster—this out-Britishing Britain in a hostile attitude towards Ireland—is the flight of the Earls, the withdrawal of the Irish Chiefs of the North from the stubborn conflict at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Other parts of Ireland were "planted" by English favorites of the Crown; glorious estates to individuals and extensive counties to colonies were told out in what seems reckless abandon. Statutes of Parliament had endeavored to Anglicize Ireland; and though the "Pale" labored to propagate the transplanted culture, the invaders in time became more Irish than the Irish, ardent for the old Gaelic ideals and culture—as who is not who has tasted the magic waters of that true Pierian spring? Lionel Johnson is but one voice of a thousand modern converts to that magic influence.

But the history of the Plantation of Ulster is a far different record. By the flight of the Earls vast tracts of land were at the King's disposal, and great were the expectations of those greedy adventurers in Ireland who had coveted these lands so long. In the case of the Munster plantation, the English undertakers had obtained tracts of land too large for them to occupy and till; they found it impossible to procure a sufficient number of English and Protestant dependents and had to employ Irish; some of them learned to adopt and love the Irish thought and customs, and those who did not were overwhelmed in the disturbances that followed.[2] Such mistakes as these, Davies and his fellow Commissioners were determined should not occur in the colonization of Ulster. The land was to be divided between undertakers, partly English, partly Scotch: servitors, that is, those who had served the Government in Ireland in a civil military capacity, all, or nearly all of whom were natives of England; and, lastly, the natives of Ulster. No undertaker (to use D'Alton's summary statement of rules which governed the new allotments) was to get more than two thousand acres of land; all were to be Protestants and to frequent the Protestant churches, and they were to employ no Irish in any capacity. The servitors were placed in the most dangerous places. Their experience in native warfare qualified them to watch the Irish and to defend the posts of danger. Like the undertakers,

[2] See *History of Ireland*, by D'Alton, vol. 3, p. 219, and his deference to the *Carew Papers* and *Russel's Calendar*.

they had to build and sow in the English fashion, rigidly eschew Irish customs and employ no Irish except in menial occupations; nor were they to intermarry with them. Liberal provision for the Protestant Church was made by the King and his advisers. The extensive and ancient termon lands of Ulster were given to the Protestant bishops. Chichester got all Inishowen; to the city of London was granted the whole of Coleraine, changing its name to Londonderry; the Clothworkers obtained lands on the eastern shore of Lough Foyle; farther south were the haberdashers, and grocers and goldsmiths; the western shore of Lough Neagh went to the salters and drapers; and further inland were the ironmongers and skinners. These corporations, like the bishops, were bound to have their lands peopled by English or Scotch who would be good Protestants and avoid and abhor the Irish. For this wholesale confiscation of hereditary lands, Davies and the Commissioners had glib speeches to show that the King was free to dispose of these lands in law, in conscience and in honor.[3] To their assertion that Ulster was settled and Ireland at peace, a sentence recorded by Tacitus leaps to the lips: "They make a solitude and call it peace." Ireland was peaceable because it was helpless. "Powerless to resist, the natives resigned themselves to the inevitable; the Plantation of Ulster became an accomplished fact; English and Scotch were put in possession of their new estates; and the Irish sullenly abandoned the fields that they loved, in whose earth the bones of their fathers were laid, and in whose bosom they hoped to rest, when the joys and sorrows of life were over."[4]

With this little rehearsal of the Protestantizing of Ulster, let us review in a very brief manner the story of the flight. It is difficult to resist the temptation to "go back" and review the bitter pathways which led to the evacuation of Tyrone and Tyrconnell by their rightful owners; but the compressed limits of this little paper will permit only a hasty survey of the long, heroic years of conflict. Poland, Serbia, Belgium and any other portion of our present-day world that has been signalized by suffering must continue their lamentations for a century before they can be set by the side of Ireland in the martyrology of national afflictions, and even if a rigid censorship shall limit the story of their distress, science has made the wireless reaches of the air convey to distant ends of the earth the full account of their ordeals. This allusion

[3] *Russel's Calendar*, pp. 497-501.

[4] D'Alton, *ibid.*, p. 220.

to the afflicted nations of our time might fall under the reproach of sentimentality, were it not imperative for a reader of Irish history to bear in mind, that to Ireland, during the centuries of unjust oppression, was denied a voice in her statement of the case, and even yet she has but poorly succeeded in getting the ear of the world. It was not enough for the English agents to try to justify, before their own courts, the incessant injustices of their transactions: they were alert to use every trickery of speech to corrupt the courts of France and Spain, and even to preclude the Irish from getting a sympathetic hearing before the Holy Father in Rome. Pelham and Gray, Carew and Mountjoy in their unparalleled atrocities (which were approved by the Queen) are not more to be despised than Chichester, Davies and Edmund Spenser, among the falsifiers in that century, and James Anthony Froude and Mr. T. Dunbar Ingram, who have continued the falsehoods to our day.

It will not be surprising, then, to come upon severe accusations against the Northern Chiefs and their distinguished ancestors, as one reviews the history of the clans of O'Neill and O'Donnell before scanning the narrative of "the flight." In their desperate struggle against the terrorizing encroachments of English power and intrigue, they can be pardoned for much of the mailed-fist policy which they had to adopt. We may read that in 1543, Conn O'Neill (Hugh's grandfather, who was the first to bear the title of Earl of Tyrone), was with Manus O'Donnell in apparent submission to Henry VIII; yet we are not surprised to learn that eight years later there were disputes and insurrections which resulted in the devastation of their districts. Later bearers of the family names, Shane O'Neill, for instance, and Calvagh O'Donnell, may not claim to have exhibited that gentleness which makes for canonization; they did not always turn the other cheek; but the deeds of insubordination and lawlessness which are ascribed to them will find a voice to plead pardon, if one looks thoroughly at the wily deceits and flagrant injustice which surrounded them. They and their descendants, who had to leave tracks of blood where they passed, were determined to safeguard a few primal rights—those respecting their homes and their religion. *Pro aris et focis* is the legend upon any true warrior's banner. Shake off the gross calumnies that official reporters dared to affix to the standard of the Irish Chiefs, and you will find the inspiring legend true upon the banner of the O'Neill.

But despite the military valor of these great warriors, they had to give ground. England's resources against them were almost limitless. Yet what magnificent achievements attended them before they left the ground or died fighting with their backs to the wall! "Never before," said Sussex,[5] "durst Scot or Irishman look an Englishman in the face in plain or wood and now Shane O'Neill, in a plain three miles away from any wood, hath with one hundred and twenty horse and a few Scots and gallowglasses, scarce half in numbers, charged our whole army, and by the cowardice of one wretch (Wingfield) was like, in one hour, to have left not one man of that army alive, and after to have taken me and the rest to Armagh." No citation from friend or foe is needed to enhance the glory of a later field, when Hugh O'Neill, at the Battle of Yellow Ford (August 12, 1598), made a name memorable for all time.

Wearied by interminable and unavailing disputes the Earl of Tyrone had to despair of getting any redress from the English. Since making his submission to the King in 1603, his character as a loyal subject was above reproach.[6] All that O'Neill now desired was to be allowed to live in peace. He had fought a great fight, he had been eventually worsted in the struggle: he had accepted his defeat, and he was satisfied to live as a subject of England, though still in authority over his own territory. But he was driven from pillar to post: his lands were repeatedly invaded and seized in pretence of being church lands; and he constantly complained to Cecil and the King that the terms made with him were flagrantly violated. The Earl of Tyrconnell and Maguire of Fermanagh had similar complaints to make in their own defence; and when these two Chiefs at last determined to leave Ireland, O'Neill, being informed that if he went to London he would be made prisoner, resolved to accompany his friends.

In May, 1607, Maguire left Ulster secretly and proceeded to Brussels. Through the influence of Father Conry and of O'Neill's son, Hugh, at that time a Colonel in the service of the Archdukes, Maguire received a donation of seven thousand crowns, with which he purchased a ship of eighty tons at Rouen, loaded it with a cargo of salt, manned it with sixteen guns, and placed it in command of one Bath, a merchant of Drogheda. Early in September, the ship with Maguire on board and with the French flag flying at the masthead sailed up Lough Swilly, and cast anchor opposite the old

[5] Rickey, p. 291, cited by D'Alton, *ibid.*, p. 41.

[6] D'Alton. *ibid.*, p. 206.

Carmelite Priory at Rathmullan.[7] Immediately English espionage sharpened its eyes and raised the cry of conspiracy and treason. A disreputable character, Sir Christopher St. Laurence (Lord Howth)[8] started the calumnies; and secret emissaries of the King continued to malign the Irish exiles even when they were far-off on the continent. The purpose of the warlike ship, St. Laurence said, was to start the Irish in a general revolt, to have them shake off the yoke of England and to bring in the Spaniards; and James I., wishing to stand well with France and Spain, "proclaimed that the Irish Chiefs had fled the kingdom from inward terror and guilt; that they had never been persecuted for their religion; that indeed it would be impossible to do so, seeing they had no religion at all, their condition being to think murder no fault, marriage of no use and no man valiant that did not glory in rapine and oppression." The best contradictions of these clumsy calumnies is contained in the dispatches of the King's ministers, and can be found in the State Papers of the times.[9]

On the thirteenth of September, O'Neill reached Lough Swilly. The following morning Maguire's ship turned to the open sea. "In the name of God," says Tadhg O'Cianáin, the scribe who accompanied the Earls, as he begins the narrative of "the flight"—an expression that failed not the heart and lips of the valiant exiles as they looked in grief towards foreign lands.

Besides O'Neill of Tyrone and his wife and children, and others of that notable company[10] were O'Donnell of Tyrconnell and Maguire of Fermanagh with many of their relatives. "This was a distinguished crew for one ship; for it is certain that the sea had not supported, and the winds had not wafted from Ireland in modern times, a party of one ship who would be more illustrious or noble, in point of genealogy, or more renowned for deeds, valor, prowess or high achievements than they, if God had permitted them to remain in their patrimonies until their children should have reached the age of manhood. Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that de-

[7] Meehan, *The Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell*, p. 114.

[8] Of this Lord Howth, even the Lord Deputy said: "I like not his look and gesture when he talks with me of this business:" and the Privy Council in England thought that: "he rather prepared the propositions he speaks of than that the persons he names did originally propound them to him." (Preface of *The Flight of the Earls*, p. xii.).

[9] D'Alton, *ibid.*, p. 209.

[10] D'Alton says that the company numbered between thirty and forty persons; but O'Cianáin, who was there, places the number at ninety, and Father Walsh identifies sixty persons on the list.

cided on, the project of their setting out on this voyage, without knowing whether they should ever return to their native principalities or patrimonies to the end of the world."[11]

We are not dependent solely upon Irish testimony to be convinced that this was, in the phrase of the *Four Masters,* "a distinguished crew," or that "the sea had not supported a party of one ship who were more illustrious or noble." Evidence of their eminent rank in the highest social circles of Europe may be clearly seen in the extraordinary welcome which greeted them wherever they went. Though petty humiliation occasionally beset their journey in northern France and in Flanders, though they had received a hint that they should not proceed to Spain, yet theirs was almost entirely a triumphal procession across Europe. The machinations of the English Ambassadors at Brussels and Paris were not without some effect in diminishing the scale of royal hospitality to the princely exiles; but these English deceivers had to dine upon their own chagrin over France's rebuffs. Let us quote from two sources the witnesses to the French King's reply—learning likewise something about the persistence of the English hounding. Salisbury wrote in October to Sir Thomas Edmonds, the Ambassador at Brussels: "More information has been received that they (the Irish Chiefs) being weather-beaten at sea, are put in at Kilboeuf (Quilleboeuf) in Normandy, and at their landing obtained leave of the Duke of Montpensier for their safe passage towards Brussels, with all their retinue. Whereof Sir George Carew[12] being advertised, addressed himself to the French King, and provisionally desired him to make a stay for them so long there till he might receive further order out of England in that behalf.....And the King made answer that France was a free country for passengers, and that the Duke of Montpensier, having already given his word for their safety, the King could not revoke it."[13]

The despicable intrigues of English emissaries followed the noble exiles to the very Court of Pope Paul V. At Brussels the *Internuncio* was Cardinal Guido Bentiviglio; his courtly attitude,

[11] *Four Masters,* vol. iii., p. 2,359. Anent this thrilling passage, Helena Concannon, (in *Studies,* June, 1916) notes the calmness of Tadhg O'Cianáin's narrative of the Flight. "With that wail from the grieving four ringing in our ears after the 'Ship of Calamity' which sailed from Lough Swilly on the sorrowful 'Feast of the Cross,' it comes upon us with an odd sense of bewilderment to note the absolute want of emotion in O'Cianáin, as he tells his tale. Had he no conception, while they weighed anchor and sailed out of the 'Shadowy Lake' into the wide sea, that the first scene had been staged of a tragedy whose sorrow darkens our land even today?"

[12] Ambassador at the Court of France, 1605-1609.

[13] *Calendar of State Papers,* 1607.

as he sat at "the right-hand side" of O'Neill hid very mixed feelings—due to the ear which he had given to the English reproaches. Yet the *Internuncio* was candid enough to confess that "by his past services to the Catholic cause, his personal zeal in the Catholic religion, and his rank of nobility, the Earl of Tyrone merited the protection of his Holiness and of other Catholic Princes."[14] Long is the list of receptions to the Earls *en route* to Rome, and we shall mention only a few, employing the accurate record of Tadhg O'Cianáin.

Passing through Binche, "the Duke of Ossuna, the secretary, and Don Rodrigo, the major-domo of the Archduke, came with good coaches and great noblemen to meet them, and welcomed them in the Archduke's name. The *Infanta,* the King of Spain's daughter, and the Archduke came to the door of the Palace to meet them." Two days later at Brussels, we see how the Marquis Spinola (commander-in-chief of Spain's army in Flanders) rated the noble visitors when he entertained them at dinner. "The Marquis himself arranged each one in his place, seating O'Neill in his own place at the head of the table, the Papal *Nuncio* to his right, the Earl of Tyrconnell to his left, O'Neill's children and Maguire next the Earl, and the Spanish Ambassador and the Duke of Aumale on the other side, below the *Nuncio.* The rest of the illustrious, respected nobles at table, the Marquis himself, and the Duke of Ossuna, were at the end of the table opposite O'Neill."

Louvain, where they spent the Christmas season, Mechlin and Antwerp gave them rounds of festal entertainment, and showed them the hallowed shrines which Irish saints and scholars had, in more prosperous times, made memorable forever. Towards the end of February (1608) "the Princes with their retinue set out for Italy, in all thirty-two riding on horseback: their ladies had a coach: and they left two of O'Neill's sons, and the Baron, and Tyrconnell's son and others of their nobles and followers in Flanders with the Colonel." From Namur to Nancy, seven towns gave them cordial hostelries. Nancy at that time was the chief city of the Duke of Lorraine.[15] "About two leagues from the city, on a

[14] *Archivium Hibernicum,* vol. iv., pp. 243-246.

[15] I need not apologize for making these rather long citations from O'Cianáin's narrative. One of the avenues of regret for those who look back over Ireland's past is that the romance of her great historical characters and incidents have had no romantic novelist to charm the world with them. What books would there be in English literature, if the seventeenth century, or for that matter any of her centuries, had a Walter Scott, or in our own day, a Robert Hugh Benson. I am not unmindful of Canon Sheehan—but his were, in the main, studies of modern Ireland.

beautiful high hill, there is a very strong castle. It is there the Duke's children are instructed and brought up in their youth. The Duke sent coaches and noblemen a distance from the Court to meet them. When they alighted the Duke's steward came to invite them to the great palace, but they excused themselves for that night because of their journey. After they had heard Mass on the next day, the same man came to meet them with good coaches. They went to the great palace. When the Duke came from the church afterwards, and entered his hall, he sent great lords for them (the Irish). They went into his presence. He received them with joy and honor, and his children did likewise. After discoursing and conversing with one another, they sat down to dinner. "There were many honorable noblemen waiting on them." And finally, the head-steward of the Duke, after accompanying the noble guests to their lodgings, "proclaimed under severe penalty that no one should accept gold or silver of them while they were in the city, but that all their expenses during that time should be borne by the Duke."

After visiting shrines, and filling their Irish eyes with the glory of majestic scenes in Switzerland, they reached "the great remarkable famous city of Milan. A great respected Earl, one of the most excellent soldiers in the world in his time also, Count de Fuentes by name, was chief governor and representative of the King of Spain over that city, and over all Lombardy." The Count, "with great honor and respect," entertained his visitors during "three full weeks in the city." And at their departure he bestowed upon them precious gifts, "and he was sad when they left."

Arriving at Bologna, "a noble Cardinal (Alfonso Palaeoti) sent some of his household to welcome them and receive them with honor and respect." Rimini, Pesaro, Ancona and Loreto were noteworthy cities as the route continued. At Assisi, where they went in veneration to the shrine of St. Francis, "there were in the monastery when they arrived, the General of the Order of Minors in all Christendom, and hundreds of brothers and respected fathers. They received these Irishmen with great respect and welcome."

When they drew near to Rome, Peter Lombard, the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland (poor exile, who never could visit his diocese after his appointment, July 9, 1601) came out to meet his illustrious countrymen. "They went on after that through the principal streets of Rome in great splendor, and (here indeed were true Irish pilgrims) they did not rest until

they reached the church of San Pietro in Vaticano. Afterwards they proceeded to the splendid palace which his Holiness, the Pope, had set apart for them. They had fifteen coaches, all except a few drawn by six steeds, as they traversed the long, chief streets of the city that day."[16]

A very definite statement concerning the time of the Papal reception is given by the faithful scribe: "On the fourth of May, the day of the week being Sunday, and the year of the Lord being then one thousand six hundred and eight, his Holiness the Pope, Paul V., consented to their coming in person into his presence at three o'clock in the afternoon." They went to the palace of Monte Cavallo (now *Regio Palazzo del Quirinale*) where the Holy Father was awaiting them. "He received them with respect, with reverence, with honor, and with welcome." And after their audience which lasted "about one hour of the day in his presence," they took their leave, "having received holy benediction: and they gave thanks to God and the Holy Father for the respect and the reverence wherewith he had exhibited his great, merciful kindness to them."

A round of Roman receptions followed. Cardinal Colonna, "a noble Roman, of the true stock of the Roman people" played their host: "In short they paid a special visit to each of thirty-seven cardinals in succession." Pilgrimages to the churches and shrines occupied their days. Here they were, sorrow-stricken exiles from their beloved land, yet finding solace in that their declining days were at the hearth of Christendom. They could not look for military aid from France or Spain to strike another blow for their motherland: but as they had proved themselves to be Irish warriors in life, they knew how to prepare for death like Irish saints.

Yet before closing Tadhg O'Cianáin's valuable journal let us read his description of Corpus Christi—a scene which, while it shows the honored rank of the Irish Chiefs, may some day go brilliantly into a great historical novel about Tyrone and Tyr-

[16]Tadhg O'Cianáin need never be suspected of exaggerating: the disclosures of the *State Papers*, wherever the English agents report similar incidents, bear witness to his simple truthfulness. Thus, on the Earls' entry to Rome, Wotton (to Salisbury, May 9th) writes that "he has received particular advertisement from Rome touching the Irish. About two miles out of the town Tyrone was met by eight coaches, and six horses to every coach, sent by the Cardinals Montalto, Farnese, Colonna, and Barberini. The English papists, by commandment of the Pope, went to meet him, and he was thus conducted to St. Peter's Church in the Vatican, where he first set foot on ground, and so, after a short *Ave Maria*, was brought to a palace close by furnished for him by the Pope, who defrays all his charges." *Calendar of State Papers*, 654.

connell. "On Corpus Christi an order came from the Holy Father to the Princes that eight of their noblemen should go in person to carry the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament while It was being borne solemnly in the hands of the Pope in procession from the great church of San Pietro in Vaticano to the church of Saint James in Borgo Vecchio, and from there back to the church of Saint Peter. The Italians were greatly surprised that the Irishmen should be shown such deference and respect, for some of them said that seldom before was any one nation in the world appointed to carry the canopy. With the ambassadors of all the Catholic kings and princes of Christendom who happened to be then in the city, it was the established custom that they, in succession, every year, carried the canopy. They were jealous, envious, and surprised that they were not allowed to carry it on this particular day. The procession was reverent, imposing, and beautiful, for the greater part of the regular orders and all the clergy and communities of the great churches of Rome were in it, and many princes, dukes, and great lords. They had no less than a thousand lighted waxen torches. Following them there were twenty-six archbishops and bishops. Next there were thirty-six cardinals. The Pope carried the Blessed Sacrament, and Irish lords and noblemen to the number of eight bore the canopy. About the Pope was his guard of Swiss soldiers, and on either side of him and behind him were his two large troops of cavalry."

Only a few days later, began the breaking-up of the illustrious company. Maguire and another Lord of Fermanagh, Sémus Mac Mathghamhna, set out for Naples, with the intention of sailing thence to Spain. The Earl of Tyrconnell, with two of his distinguished clansmen, "to make holiday and take a change of air," went to Ostia. In almost a month, (July, 1608) deadly fever sounded the death knell of these O'Donnells and Maguires. For the Earl of Tyrconnell, "a large and splendid funeral was ordered by his Holiness the Pope." His body was wrapped in the habit of St. Francis, "as he himself had ordered that it should be put about him." Maguire and Sémus died in Genoa; "there were only six hours between their deaths." They too, were clothed in the Franciscan habit, and were buried in a Franciscan monastery in Genoa. Death paid rapid visitations to the remainder of the princely exiles. O'Neill lived on for eight years, blessing his days in holy pilgrimages, and finding other solace in the hearty courtesies of his great Roman friends. The narrative of the faithful Tadgh

O'Cianáin breaks off abruptly at the end of November, 1608. The rest of the scribe's manuscript is probably lost. But we can turn for his noble obituary to the *Four Masters:*[17] "The Age of Christ, 1616. O'Neill (Hugh, son of Ferdocha, son of Con Bacagh, son of Con, son of Henry, son of Owen) who was styled Earl of Tyrone at that Parliament (in Dublin, 1585) and who was afterwards styled O'Neill, died at an advanced age, after having passed his life in prosperity and happiness, in valiant and illustrious achievements, in honor and nobleness. The place at which he died was Rome, on the 20th of July, after exemplary penance for his sins, and gaining the victory over the world and the devil. Although he died far from Armagh, the burial place of his ancestors, it was a token that God was pleased with his life that the Lord permitted him no worse[18] burial place, namely, Rome, the head-city of the Christians. The person who here died was a powerful, mighty lord, (endowed) with wisdom, subtlety, and profundity of mind and intellect; a warlike, valorous, predatory, enterprising lord, in defending his religion and his patrimony from his enemies; a pious and charitable lord, mild and gentle with his friends, fierce and stern towards his enemies, until he had brought them to submission and obedience to his authority; a lord who had not coveted to possess himself of the illegal or excessive property of any other, except such as had been hereditary in his ancestors from a remote period; a lord with the authority and the praiseworthy characteristics of a prince, who had not suffered theft or robbery, abduction or rape, spite or animosity, to prevail during his reign; but had kept all under the authority of the law, as was meet for a prince."

At the close of the tercentenary year of the death of the O'Neill, the men and women of Ireland, and their brethren around the world, have so much present sorrow that they dare not trust their courage to think too much of "old, unhappy, far-off things;" but, in the true spirit of the Gael, they rejoice that their race produced so great a man as Hugh O'Neill. Upon his name the calm verdict of history has set a halo that surpasses the brilliant glory wedded to his memory by a cycle of poetry.

[17] Vol. 6, p. 2,373.

[18] No worse, *i. e.*, than Armagh.

THE POETRY OF HUGH FRANCIS BLUNT.

BY HUGH ANTHONY ALLEN, M.A.

THOUGH in America, among the singers from the sanctuary, the height of Newman and Faber, those "sweet singers of our modern Israel," has not yet been attained, except in the pearled, alembic lines of that artificer of "tremendous trifles," Father John Bannister Tabb, the priestly choir is by no means negligible. Father Ryan, the militant poet of *The Lost Cause,* and the golden-souled Archbishop Spalding, each have a niche in the temple of the men to be remembered; while Father Albert Reinhart, O. P., Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, "Sliev-na-Mon," (Father Dollard), Father Edmund Hill, C.P., Father Hugh T. Henry, Father T. I. Crowley, O.P., and the talented group of Jesuit Fathers, Cormican, Earles, Tivnan and Hill, have done yeoman service for religion and exerted a sanitary influence in the somewhat augean field of art and letters. To this goodly fellowship in the past few years has come Father Hugh Francis Blunt, with a guerdon of such rare fragrance that he is esteemed by many the leading American poet-priest of the generation now reaching its artistic maturity. The world has never been able to decide upon a definition of poetry at once exclusive and inclusive, and until this devoutly to-be-wished-for consummation is brought about, it will always be difficult to discover with what degree of speciousness a given individual may rightfully claim to be a poet. It is particularly difficult to appreciate contemporary endeavor—distance alone seems to give one the right perspective—still, few of those for whom Father Blunt possesses an appeal can doubt that his singing robes will prove good wearing. His work is no mere essence from the ghostly veins of the poets responsible for English fantasy and form; it reveals a dauntless quest for self-expression, and is rich with a wealth gleaned by a perspicacious mind. An indication of his authenticity is afforded by the circumstance that he was first acclaimed by students of poetry and his co-workers in the art. Recently there have been signs that a far wider public is commencing to appreciate his work; copies of his books have been seen on many a parlor table long innocent of

such a burden, and it is safe to predict that in the coming years his popularity will increase rather than diminish. Hugh Francis Blunt is a Yankee of Irish extraction, one of the growing group of brilliant young priests whom Cardinal O'Connell so loves to gather about him. At present, in addition to his prose works, Father Blunt has two volumes of poetry to his credit: *Poems*[1] and *Songs for Sinners,*[2] which contain the work now under consideration, and judging from his prolific output in the magazines, the publication of a third is pending.

In their feverish eagerness for utter freedom, many of our perfervid poetasters have forgotten that one of the conditions precedent of success in real art, as in real life, is restraint, and with bad taste and worse technique have conjured up things which St. Paul said should not be mentioned in polite society, recalling Nietzsche's apothegm: "Poets act shamelessly toward their experiences; they exploit them." It is, therefore, pleasant to turn from these mountebanks and to commune with one who has not made use of one of the fearsome new short cuts in his ascent of Parnassus, who has been content to wear the chains which shackled the meters of Shelley, of Wordsworth, of Tennyson, who has even tied his winged horse in "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground," and by the same token, at a time when men are doing their utmost to eliminate faith from the category of the virtues, it is refreshing to come across a man who proclaims his belief in God's goodness and mercy in a way that is unique and moving, one of that brave brotherhood who

> Teach how the crucifix may be
> Carven from the laurel tree.

Father Blunt's attitude towards life is the attitude of Francis Thompson; for him all nature is but a sacramental veil of divine loveliness. As a priest, his ministry in infinitudes is bounded by his parish; as a poet it is bounded merely by his language. He is one of those to whom Coventry Patmore says "is revealed a sacrament greater than that of the Real Presence, a sacrament of the Manifest Presence which is, and is more than, the sum of all the sacraments." He is the poet of a circle, but it is an ever-widening circle,

[1] *Poems.* By Hugh Francis Blunt. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co., Essex Street.

[2] *Songs For Sinners.* By Hugh Francis Blunt. New York: The Devin-Adair Co.

the circle of souls athirst for the Blood of the Lamb, and his influence is correspondingly benign. With Blunt, as with all true poets, "mysticism is morality carried to the n^{th} power." He strikes no stained glass attitudes, but brings the eternal verities home to the reader with astonishing freshness and feeling. All of his poems have the same fragile but imperishable quality as the fragments of Bion and Moschus, the Tanagra figurines and the tiny mosaics of the Italians. The viols in his voice make witching harmonies. They rest on one's hand like little birds. They gleam like fairy jewels. They haunt the aisles of one's mind. Their beauties are a quick and abundant shower. Incontrovertible proof of his lyric gift is furnished by the fact that several of his poems have been set to music by no less a personage than the great Camilieri, late conductor at Covent Garden, London, but now of New York, and in this form are studied by the pupils of the Warford Conservatory of Music. His thorough scholarship is mirrored in his verse as flowers are mirrored in a placid stream. His Muse waits on his priesthood like an obedient nun. He is intent on pointing out the good in evil, the path to peace for people who have taken the step that spelled ruin. He has an eye for the actual or potential tragedy in every life. With crystalline clearness, in an abiding vision he sees *All Of It:*

One day of life,
  One soul to save
One weary strife,
  One wayside grave,
One solemn knell,
  One trampled sod,
One way to Hell,
  One way to God.

He looks kindly at people, with a humorous, deeply sympathetic appreciation of their limitations, their foibles, and when he sees in them some undeveloped nobility, some latent germ of the spirit, he illuminates it with a glad recognition, since these are the things that really count and the rest, though infinitely pitiable, of only ephemeral importance. He is a portrait painter of the soul. His penetrating studies, *The Condemned Soul* and *The Prodigal Soul* mark him a psychologist of no mean order, a man of ardent and subtle individuality. Life, as he sees it, is a sad spectacle and he strives feverishly to make us see the hidden cause. There is much solace in his *Songs For Sinners;* one apprehends that he

is a spiritual director of deep discernment. In stirring tones, he delivers the old, old message:

Keep step with the Captain, Christ,
With your hearts on the holy coast.
Battle ye not for the withering bays;
Fight for the laurel of infinite days
In the tents of God and His deathless host.
Forward, men; to your Captain cling,
And ever keep step with the Christ, your King.

He is a profound student of the Scriptures, and has read well the inspired songs of the ancient Hebrew seers, David, Job and Isaias, songs which are still the acme of the world's spiritual life. In *To Some Higher Critics,* he says:

How learnedly ye fathom Godhead's deep,
The deep Eternity, Infinitude,
Him that ye call the Galilean rude,
As in the vitriol the quill ye steep.
Christ was not God, ye scoff, and then ye heap
High words to prove Him but a rabbi shrewd,
With spell of Eastern prodigies imbued,
To bring on lowly souls His deadly sleep.
Christ but a man! God only to the blind;
The falsifier of a trusting age,
The victim of a nation's fitting rage,
Deceiver of Himself and humankind.
Ah fools, ye wise, who cannot see the worth
Of your own souls that brought a God to earth.

Could the "modern mind," most wearisome of entities, meditate on those lines till it really understood them, perhaps it would cease to assert its own amazing qualities. But one fears the "modern mind" would find Hugh Francis Blunt altogether too perspicacious a teacher. Though he sings of winter birches and white violets, of a robin's egg and the poplar whose "every branch desires the sky," he is appraised of nature's insufficiency and is justly impatient with those who serve the creature rather than the Creator. Of *The Singers of Things,* he says:

They have sung of the deeds, of the loves of earth,
Of the sky and the flow'ring sod;
But they died ere their poet's soul had birth,
For they never sang of God.

Father Blunt, at least, sings of God, and at every opportunity. His poems reveal a scholar well beloved of the Master, and a great joy in the simple life, which is within. He tells us of his daily experiences as a priest, enriching his most ordinary functions with an accent of spiritual romance. He sings of the boy who had five barley loaves and two fishes, of the potter mentioned in Jeremias, of the sacrifice of the doves and of the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. He touches many phases of religion and interprets the heart throbs of every Catholic. He looks to heaven for pity and pardon; he has thoughts on martyrdom. His poems *Colleen* and *The Little Saint Paul* reveal a sympathy for children and a sensitive tenderness which some would have us think altogether wanting in priests. In *A Draught,* he warns us that all is not as it seems:

"Drink deep!" a goblet bright
A nymph placed in my hand,
"At thy command
Sweet pleasure lingers in this cup of light.
Drink deep, sweet wine of joy is here,
And happy cheer."

And lo, I drank it, for the liquid rolled
So tempting fair,
All joy seemed there,
Within the cup of purest, finest gold.
And then I cursed the lips that falsehood told,
And I did hear
Her taunt of laugh and sneer,
"Trust not the draught because the cup is gold."

In *To A Disciple of Omar,* refuting the sentiment of the *Rubaiyat* that: "The flower that once has blown forever dies," he protests:

Ah, soul of mine, be not deceived;
Beyond the veil, within the light,
Is One Who waits thee with His kiss
To shrine thee in eternal bliss;
So rouse thee, O my soul, and *fight!*

In *The Nun,* the poet voices the Judas cry of the world to one about to embrace the religious life: *Ut quid perditio hæc,* and this wise virgin replies:

Soon will youth be old and worn,
Soon will life forsake me;
With my heart by earth-love torn,
Would my Bridegroom take me?

Rarest beauty mine may be;
Though my wimple cover,
God that made me fair will see;
Need I dearer lover?

An improvisation at his organ reminds him that if he would be a master of Life's instrument, he must learn the artistry from Him Whose bleeding hands play on one never-changing theme, His Symphony of Pain. Therefore we have the exquisite meditations of his *Way of the Cross,* the delicate pathos of *The Pathway* and the piteous perspective of *Ecce Homo.* God's deep heart is a "flashing, crystal sea," over which Father Blunt rides in "the bark of life" beseeching "the pirate Death" to tear the craft apart and let him "sink in the caressing tide." His constant preoccupation with the complex problems of the inward life has taught him much concerning the emotions. It is thus that he pictures *Love's Coming:*

Love comes with a whisper soft and low,
As the breeze in the August trees,
Or as the ripples of brine in a rhythm slow
At the edge of the dusky seas.
Love comes with a whisper soft and low,
But the love of God it comes not so.

Love comes with a footstep still and slow,
As the light to the gates of day;
Or as timid beams from the soft moon's glow,
When the cloud-mists melt away.
Love comes with a footstep still and slow,
But the love of God it comes not so.

God's love—it blows as the wild winds blow,
For His love is a wind of might;
God's love—it glows as the moon-fires glow,
For His love is eternal light.
Love comes with a whisper soft and low
But the love of God it comes not so.

If the measure for the breadth of one's love for Christ be the

breadth of one's love for Christ's Mother, then the love of Father Blunt for his Divine Master must be even as he says:

> The breadth of my love: 'tis a forest fire,
> Consuming with widest sweep,
> And it ne'er grows weak in its hot desire,
> Its ardor can never sleep.

It was Ireland that gave birth to him whom the Catholic world honors today as the great champion of Mary's unique privilege—her Immaculate Conception; it was the renowned Irish Franciscan, the Blessed John Duns Scotus, who upheld and safeguarded the glory of heaven's bright Queen, who confuted the enemies of Mary's rights and vindicated beyond dispute the doctrine of her stainless nature. Something of the sacred legacy of his faith in her would seem to have been bequeathed to this foreign-born son of the Gael. He is preëminently Mary's minstrel; that lilt of the soul, which is the primal urge of all true poets, reveals itself in an especial manner in his productions in honor of "God's flower extraordinary." His Madonna is the Madonna of Irish poetry, a comfortress of the afflicted; nevertheless, we have songs of her Motherhood in many moods. Chiefly notable among these are: *Our Lady's Nativity, For Our Lady's Birthday, Our Lady's Candlemas Hymn, Our Lady of the Lilies, Our Lady of the Manger, Our Lady of the Doves, Our Lady's Coronation, Behold Thy Mother! Our Lady of the Flowers, Our Lady of the Rosary, The Three Home-Comings, Saint Joseph in Egypt* and *The Vision of the Cross.* He pays her a delicate tribute in *Royal Gifts:*

> Came a prince from regions far
> Guided by the wondrous star:
> Wherefore, prince, this gift of gold
> Which thou lettest Jesu hold?
> Of thy gold He needs no part,
> For He owns Her golden heart.
>
> Came a prince with incense rare
> As a breath of Eden's air:
> Wherefore, prince, this goodly scent
> O'er His little crib besprent?
> Needs he not thy choice perfume,
> While the Sharon Rose doth bloom.

Came a prince with gift of myrrh
(Prophet of His sepulchre):
Wherefore, prince, the unction sweet
At the little Jesu's feet?
Arab's balm He will not miss
While He feels His Mother's kiss.

And again, in *Whitest of All:*

I know the sea where the breezes are twining
Whimples of white for the brows of the billows:
White is the foam where the sunlight is shining,
But whiter the roses at rest on their pillows.

I know the tree where the young rose is dreaming,
Lilted to sleep by the croon of the fountains:
White is the rose where the sunlight is streaming,
But whiter the snows on the crest of the mountains.

I know the peaks where the snowflakes are dancing,
Tripping it light as the feet of a fairy:
White is the snow where the sunlight is glancing,
But whitest of all is thy brow, Virgin Mary!

The Mother's Quest will evoke a sympathetic thrill in many a maternal bosom; the frantic searcher in the tangled streets of old Jerusalem greets us thus:

Have you seen my little Love
Going by your door?
Off He flew, my little Dove,
And my heart is sore.

You would know my little Boy,
Dressed in white and brown.
How my heart o'erflowed with joy
As I wove His gown!

You would know Him from His hair,
All of raven hue;
You would know Him anywhere,
Once He looked at you.

Oh, if you should see my Own,
Seeking out His home,
Tell Him how my joy has flown
As the streets I roam.

Lead Him in beside thy hearth,
Bid Him there remain;
Tell Him, though I search the earth,
I will come again.

And if hungry He should be,
Give Him of your bread;
If He nod so wearily,
Make His little bed.

Woman, if you see my Boy
Oh, to Him be kind!
You will have the fullest joy—
Lo, 'tis God you'll find!

One does not soon forget the wistful beauty of this perfect little lyric, *To Mary:*

O Lady, fairest Lady,
I bring from bowers shady
The violets white, the violets blue,
And twine them as a crown for You:
Is it that little violets guess
The wonder of their blessedness?

O Mary, Virgin Mary,
God's flower extraordinary,
From out this garden heart of mine
A wreath of *Aves* I entwine:
Oh, will I ever really know
What grace was mine to love you so?

Merely to read the opening lines of *The Call of the Blood* is to convince oneself that here is poetry to be read in an arm-chair with slippered feet on the fender. The reader will be touched by Father Blunt's yearning love for the motherland which he has never seen, though he has "conned her bitter story." The poems of his Irish group are strangely radiant with genuine color. His pictures are vigorous, virile and vivid. That mushy mysticism which has gone to make up the stock in trade of a certain Celtic school now in vogue has no part in his poetic equipment. He writes in the simple, direct manner of "the Mountainy singer," Joseph Campbell. On hearing the laughter gushing from a fiddle he cries:

Will you listen to the tune of it,
Sweeter than the honey.
I'd rather hear the croon of it
Than get a miser's money.
Sure, my lad, it makes me cry,
But don't play any other:
May God be with the days gone by
I heard it from my mother.

An atavistic urge seems to stir the poet in these verses of *Tirnanoge:*

Tirnanoge, ah, Tirnanoge!
Land of youth in the heart of the sea,
I think of the feasting on honey and wine,
The silver and gold and the raiment so fine;
Ah, it's you that had all,
A heart to enthrall,
Tirnanoge.

Tirnanoge, ah, Tirnanoge!
Land of youth in the heart of the sea,
I think of the sheep with the fleeces of gold,
The hounds and the steeds that no mortal can hold:
O 'twould take all the year
To tell of your cheer
Tirnanoge.

There is a captivating charm about *An Irish Daddy's Serenade* and much authentic feeling in the *Lament for an Irish Mother.* A touching memoir of a pious life is presented in *An Old Woman's Rosary.* The poet pictures *The Passing of the Old Guard* in the following sweeping lines:

They were passing, swiftly passing, as the dew before the sun,
As the wheat before the gleaners when the harvesting is done;
They are marching down the hillside at the ending of the day:
Ah, ye noble Irish exiles, must ye pass from us away?

Long ago they left their cabins on the heights of Irish hills;
Left the Irish mist and sunshine, for the gloom of foreign mills;
Left the shamrock green and holy, left the thrush's song so sweet;
Left the hearth-stone of their fathers for the stranger-crowded street.

Poor and hungry, weak and wasted, huddled in the holds of ships,
Did they bid adieu to Ireland with a sob upon their lips;
With a sob and with a prayer, as they faced the mighty main,
Turning from the dear old homeland they would never see again.

Came they not with blaring trumpets, came they not with flying flags!
Came they as a host defeated, in its battle-tattered rags;
But with hearts of bold crusaders did they tread the stranger-sod,
And they builded here a city to the everlasting God.

There are some slight defects in Father Blunt's technique; in reading his poems one is at times conscious of various metrical infelicities. But, after all, the question to ask of a new singer is not: "Is he faultless?" but: "Has he depth, music, originality; has he the sacred fire whose mighty flare blinds us to all possible discrepancies?" And Father Blunt possesses these qualities to an eminent degree. Perhaps his poetic pulse may best be gauged from the following excellent achievement, *In Chains*, with which I shall conclude. It is a grand poem, quietly sung, but of the quietness that survives many storms. Instinct with a fine religious exaltation, the temper of these lines suggests Francis Thompson at his best:

Here on the ground I lie, among the leaves,
The stray-tost leaves of early summertime,
World-weary leaves of latest autumntide;
Among the child-eyed daisies, dropt from heaven
For comforting and bringing peace to men.
I gaze about upon the waving grass,
Ridged by the furrowing of summer breeze,
And topped with daisies, shining as the foam
Tossed lightly by the waving of the sea.
Above, below, how full of peace serene;
Yon sky as blue as bluest ere could be
With screeny clouds that glint against the blue,
The glittering foam of that broad, bluest sea.
How all is peace! The very birds sing peace:
Peace from the robin, from the partridge drum,
And e'en the hawk doth seem to tell of peace.
These all at peace, the echoes answer peace,
And to mine ear pressed close to earth's own voice,
The buried strata whispering ages long
Tell to the bubbling springs the song of peace.
And all is peace, and all is sweetest peace.

These all have peace, and sing their hymn of peace
From *Fiat* days till now thro' million years:
But man, wee mortal of an infant's days,
Stands at the brink of life's steep precipice,
The scarped and jagged cliff of barren days,
The forward road choked with the slashing briars
And gnarled trunks of lightning-shivered trees
That stood once cedars of the Lebanon,
And lonely gorge of fetid, sulphurous streams,
The shattered past, the barren days to come.

Slowly it dawns upon the poet that he is held in this *impasse* by the shackles of his own unfaithfulness; his jarring pangs, his lurings to despair and all the natural result of "some bending to the Godhead's enemy!" And with this poignant realization comes the desire to burst asunder the fetters which bind him:

Is there no hope, no hope of peace regained?
Behold the robin sings, "Rejoice with me."
The pine-trees hum, "Rejoice, rejoice with me."
The skylark flits above, and sings, "Arise,
Thy wings are fairer, stronger than mine own."
Behold, my soul, how calm and sweet the air;
The summer's incense burns on glowing sun,
The sweetness of repose, of calmest peace,
Hath filled the crannies of the gladdened earth.
Come, soul, let not thy voice be all alone,
Carping in discontent while birds sing peace;
Let not thy heart be foul with stench of hate,
When nature's breath is lavished on the breeze.
Come, come, He calls; cast off the binding chain,
The spell of discontent, envenomed sin
Lies on thine heart; oh, crush it, cast it off.
The chorus hath begun, Creation's voice
Awaits thy voice to swell its gladsome tune.
Arise, thy chains have dropped; soar high and sing
Of sweetest peace, the peace of Christ the King.

THE ORGANIZATION AND WORK OF CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS WITH THE ALLIED ARMIES IN FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

THE task of providing religious ministrations for the soldiers of the Allied Forces in France and Belgium is no slight undertaking. Vast numbers of men in the field, forming armies the like of which in size and composition the world has never seen, coming from all parts of the great French Republic and its Colonies, from every corner of the British Empire, as well as from brave Belgium, require a large number of Chaplains to watch over their moral welfare, and to minister to their spiritual needs. To prevent unnecessary wastage of energy, and to make the most of every man available, this body of Chaplains must be carefully organized. Each clergyman must be posted to the unit in which he will be able to render the greatest service to the men committed to his spiritual care. Fighting troops at the front and "in rest" must be adequately provided for. Garrisons, and centres where soldiers are congregated together, such as concentration and reinforcement camps, must not be left unministered to. With the Field-Ambulances, at Casualty Clearing Stations, through which the wounded and sick are passed back from the line to the Base Hospitals, and at the great Base Hospitals themselves; in every place, in short, where a man may chance to need the services of his Church, Chaplains must be found to render them.

The vast opposing Armies, fighting in the long lines which stretch across the face of Europe, and in the Near East, in Africa and in all the minor theatres of war: all these have spiritual provision made for them: Catholic, Orthodox Greek, Anglican, Nonconformist and Jewish. Networks of spiritual agency are coterminous with the groups of fighting men, and with the no less considerable armies in their rear which supply them with all the necessities of life and of war.

It is the purpose of this paper to describe briefly the organization and work of the Catholic Chaplains of the Belgian, French, and British Armies in the field; and to relate one or two incidents, by way of examples, of the life and ministry of a Catholic Chaplain at the front.

I.

The establishment and organization of the Chaplains are not the same in the three Allied Armies. Besides a Chaplain General, who has episcopal powers in all matters relating to the Chaplains' department, and to Divine Worship,[1] the Belgians possess a Catholic Chaplain[2] *(aumonier)* attached to each Battalion of the Army, as well as to each other unit equivalent to a Battalion—Cavalry, Artillery, Sanitary Services, etc. There is also a "Divisional Chaplain" posted to each Division. Over and above these "regular" Chaplains, the military authorities allow them to make use of the services of other priests, who are employed as stretcher-bearers in hospitals and convoy-trains of sick and wounded to the Belgian Base Hospitals. These priests do the work of hospital orderlies, more or less, attending to the wounded both corporally and spiritually. They conduct religious services for troops of all arms in towns and cantonments wherever they happen to be.

At the Calais Base, for example,[3] there is posted a Divisional Chaplain, as well as some twenty assistants. It will be seen that the spiritual well-being of the Catholic Belgians is amply provided for. Indeed, the Belgian Chaplains find it possible, in some sort, to live their accustomed life of religious piety while on active service. They organize spiritual conferences, meditations, and occasional retreats for themselves—as do the French. It is difficult, indeed, amidst all the distractions and dangers, the dispersed energies and many preoccupations, which the priest must inevitably suffer in the midst of active warfare, to live the interior life so necessary for himself and for those with whom he comes into so intimate a contact. Nevertheless, the Catholic Chaplains at the front manage somehow. The Belgians spend themselves for their men, not only in good works of spiritual and bodily healing, but also in keeping themselves fit ministers of those holy mysteries which they dispense to the faithful soldiers.

At the outset of hostilities the Chaplains' establishment in the French Army comprised one Catholic Chaplain for each Division, as well as three Catholic priests, one Protestant pastor, and one Jewish rabbi, posted to each Army Corps. This arrangement, as

[1] There are Non-Catholic Chaplains as well with the Belgian Forces in the field.
[2] Monsignor Marinis, appointed August 28, 1915.
[3] *Cf. La Guerre en Artois,* Paris, Téqui, 1916, pp. 491, *sqq.*

far as the practical usefulness of the Catholic Chaplains was concerned, had evident disadvantages. Added to the fact that the number of Chaplains was hopelessly insufficient for the amount of work, of manifold variety, which it was their duty, as priests, to perform—confessions, communions, Masses, visits to the trenches, sick-calls, funerals, etc., was the almost greater inconvenience attached to their geographical dispersion. Army Corps, as a rule, are relatively far apart, and their headquarters far removed from the Battalions with which the Chaplain might most wish to get into touch; and from the seriously wounded in the line, or in advanced dressing-posts, for whom the administration of the Last Sacraments was of paramount importance.

Means were found to overcome these practical difficulties. Corps Chaplains, realizing the impossibility of doing their work properly from Corps Headquarters, obtained transfers to smaller units—Battalions, Ambulances, etc.—where they could at least be in closest contact with some of the men who needed them most. Voluntary Chaplains were appointed, mainly through the patriotic and religious action of the Comte de Mun and of the well-known journal, the *Echo de Paris*. The proverbial generosity of Catholic France made the scheme possible: and the Voluntary Chaplains became a part of the general religious organization for the Army of the Republic.

As in the case of the Belgian Army, further priests were available for the sacerdotal ministry among the French soldiers. The clergy are not exempt from the law of conscription in France. As a consequence very considerable numbers of priests are to be found in the fighting ranks, as well as in the hospital, and other subsidiary services. These became the unofficial Chaplains of the units to which they belonged—Infantry Battalions, Gun Crews, Cavalry Brigades, and so on. Wherever there was a priest, there was to be found a confessor, some one to assuage the terrors and lighten the path of the dying with the Last Sacraments; wherever and whenever possible, to console and hearten the living by celebrating the Holy Sacrifice and breaking the Living Bread at the Holy Table.

The mere presence of such men—sharing with high courage and devotion the common life, the daily labors, and the constant dangers with the rest—has been of the greatest encouragement and moral support, to say nothing of profound spiritual advantage, to their lay brothers-in-arms. By their generous and unsparing devo-

tion they have lightened the arduous labors of the official Chaplains; and helped to keep burning the bright flame of religion, amid the darkness and devastation of war, among the soldiers of Catholic France.

The official establishment of Chaplains (Army Chaplains' Department) in the British Army is more complete and comprehensive than that of the French. Before the European War a limited number of religious denominations was alone recognized—Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Wesleyans. Roughly, these corresponded to the three great centres—England, Ireland, Scotland—from which the Army was recruited. At present, the lists of Chaplains are enormously increased. They include those appointed by the "United Board," which comprises Congregationalists and Baptists and also those of the Jewish faith.

The great majority of British soldiers is served by Chaplains of the Church of England. Not all are actual communicants of that body, however; for the chances are that, if a man on entering the Army does not definitely declare himself to be a Roman Catholic, or a Presbyterian, etc., he finds himself set down on the roll of his unit as a member of the Established Church. The Church of England Chaplains are the most numerous. Catholics come second in point of number, and Presbyterians third. The other denominations are represented in a lesser proportion. Omitting the Anglican establishment, which is organized under a Chaplain-General in England, and a Deputy Chaplain-General in France, the remainder of the Chaplains come under the administrative jurisdiction of the Principal Chaplain—the Rev. Major-General J. M. Simms, C.M.G., D.D., K.H.C., who has his office at General Headquarters, from which he posts the Chaplains to their units, organizes the work of the department as a whole, and is responsible for the efficiency of the work of his subordinates amongst the men. He has directly under him the Senior Chaplains of the various denominations, of whom the Catholic is the Very Rev. Monsignor W. L. Keating, C.M.G.

The present establishment provides for four Catholic Chaplains posted to each Infantry Division in the field. Three of these are, as a rule, attached to Battalions, which draw rations for them and with the Headquarters of which they generally live. They hold fourth class—equivalent to Captain's—rank. Except in the case of Infantry Brigades in which the number of Catholics is predominant—as Irish Brigades: and, in this case, two Catholic

priests are posted to each Brigade—each Chaplain is charged with the duty of seeing to the spiritual welfare of all Catholics in the other Battalions composing the Brigade as well as his own. The fourth Chaplain, who has honorary third class—Major's—rank is posted to a Division. Besides these, Chaplains are posted to Army Corps (second class rank) to Armies and Bases (first class), as well as to Casualty Clearing Stations, Base Hospitals, and the like.

Since all the Army Chaplains, with the exception of those of the Church of England, are in the same administrative organization, the Army, Base and Corps appointments are held alternately by Catholics and Nonconformists in proportion to the number of Chaplains of each denomination in the field. This arrangement is for administrative purposes only; and in no way interferes with the full liberty of action, as far as religion is involved, of the individual Chaplains, Catholic or other, concerned.

From this brief sketch of the organization of the Catholic Chaplains serving with the British Army in France, it will be seen that the work they have to do must be of a very varied and composite character. Chaplains with the fighting troops have to provide Holy Mass for officers and men, especially on Sundays, and when the Battalions under their care are back "in billets." This, as a rule, is fairly simple—a matter of arrangement with the Colonel, or Adjutant, as to time and place, and a note in Orders of the day announcing the service, to which the men are paraded. Every opportunity, too, must be given to them to approach the Sacraments frequently. This, also, in similar circumstances, is not difficult. Confessions may be heard before, or after, the Mass. Men in billets are free generally in the late afternoon, or evening; and the priest can fix a time at which he may be found in the village church, if it still stands, in his own billet, or some other suitable place. He will himself, too, go the rounds of the men's billets, bringing, so to speak, the Sacrament of Penance to them. Often, in his rounds, he will provide himself with the Blessed Sacrament, and, making use of the great privilege of non-fasting Communion, he will feed the soldiers of Christ with the Bread of the Strong.

Wonderful, indeed, in the intense reality of their faith are Communions such as these: men kneeling upon the trodden, straw-littered, clay floor of some barn, or outhouse, with, perhaps, the flickering light of a single candle making long, wierd, trembling shadows on the walls and among the rafters; their faces uplifted

in the dim light towards the priest who bears the Divine Victim and Symbol of salvation aloft before them; men, or a solitary man, upon his knees before the priest, in the mud of a Picardy road, with the dark gloaming of dusk wrapping him about and the eternal radiance of heaven glowing in his soul, as the little silver pyx is opened, and God condescends to take up His abode within the heart of His child. There are wondrous spiritual beauties amid all the sordidness of war, and consolations, for priest and people alike, in all its dangers and hardships.

More difficult is work with the men actually in the trenches. These have been given all the opportunities of the Sacraments before they went up: but still they cannot be left altogether alone. There is the tramp, or ride, up from billets to the line; a matter, perhaps, of a few kilometres; the walk through often seemingly endless communication trenches zig-zagging forward to Battalion Headquarters; the slow progress to and through the traversed front-line trench. These visits are more often than not paid at night. Sometimes the Chaplain is sent for to conduct a funeral service in one of the little trench cemeteries that are now scattered in a long line across France; or to hasten, at full speed, to a Regimental Aid Post where some poor lad lies dying: and these occasions can all be made use of to help—or at least to be seen by—the men; for even the sight of their priest is a comfort to them.

There are visits to horse-lines and gun-pits to be paid; and often arrangements to be made for the celebration of Holy Mass in the latter: for the gunners cannot easily leave their posts to assist at the Masses celebrated for the Infantry.

And so, from early morning Mass until night, there is much for the Chaplain to do—not that his labors have not their distractions, and even their amusing interludes from time to time. There is little monotony, where all is so varied; and the day seems only too short for all the things he has in hand.

Behind the actual lines, too, there is much with which the Chaplain finds to occupy himself. He may be attached to a Supply Column, or to the Cavalry; in which case his work often leads him far afield, to the troops scattered at varying intervals in the villages of a large area. There is little of the strenuous excitement of the actual front, but plenty of hard, solid labor to be done if the soldiers committed to his care are to have all that their holy religion can give to them. There is less of the glamor of war in this work, but it is no less necessary and noble than the other. The

Chaplains here, like the various service units to which they minister, are all necessary to a great army.

Then there are the Clearing Stations, through which the wounded pass from the Field Ambulances. These are amongst the most important posts which the Chaplains have to fill. In normal times, with the ordinary wastage of trench warfare, there is work to be done in abundance, both for the sick, and for details and odd units lying nearby. During periods of intense activity, as in the case of local actions, or "pushes," the priest must be on duty, so to speak, at all times, ready at any moment, day or night, to bring the succors of the Faith to the Catholics passing through. Indeed, at moments such as these, the Brigade Chaplains generally join the various sections of Ambulance units, so that there is a regular seive, or network, of priests stretching back along the lines of evacuation of the wounded, from the Regimental Aid Posts and Advanced Dressing Stations, through the main Ambulance and Casualty Clearing Stations to the Base Hospitals; in such wise that it is humanly speaking impossible for a case to escape being brought into contact somewhere with the priest. Chaplains at the General and Stationary Hospitals at the Base very rarely find a serious case who has not had all the Sacraments—Confession, Holy Viaticum, Extreme Unction, and Last Blessing—before admission, so carefully and so thoroughly do the priests "up the line" cover their ground.

In the Convalescent Camps and Depots, to which men, on recovery from illness of wounds, are transferred from hospitals, the Chaplains are mainly occupied in multiplying occasions in which the men may go to their duties before being drafted out to Detail Camps, and so back to the firing-line. The priest usually has parades of the Catholics for confession on Saturdays, and for Mass on Sundays: and the greater part of his day is set aside, during which he is available in one way or another for the needs of his men.

The entire organization is simple, and yet intricate. When a Chaplain is killed in action, or wounded, or is obliged to "go sick" at the front, his place must be filled as soon as possible, and often at once. This sometimes means moving a priest from the Base, and throwing his work upon the shoulders of a colleague near by. This may mean—and, especially in times of heavy work, does mean—that only the more serious cases can be looked after, or the absolutely urgent work done. But no Catholic in all this vast and

complicated machine which is the British Army can ever be said to be without a priest; for, if the Chaplain, in urgent circumstances, be too occupied to make the acquaintance of each individual man, there is no reason why any man who wishes to find his priest cannot do so. Things may not have been so at the beginning of hostilities. There was doubtless a lack of organization as well as a lack of priests—and the former dependent upon the latter. Now this, as far, at any rate, as organization is concerned, cannot be said: though the labors of the Chaplains already in France would be materially lightened, and their work even more adequately and more perfectly accomplished, were their numbers brought up—as they doubtless soon will be—to the full establishment allowed by the War Office.

II.

The priest who receives his commission and puts on his khaki for the first time seems to himself to be taking a leap in the dark. He leaves his curacy or his monastic cell, his rectory or professorship, the regular life and work of which he understands and knows, for a life in which almost anything may be expected of him, and work which, in all its circumstances at least, must be unfamiliar. To begin with, he has not the faintest idea of the kind of unit to which he will be posted when he arrives in France. He has his kit and his "Wolesly Valise," his haversack and water-bottle, and, most necessary of all, his portable altar and his holy oil stock. He crosses the Channel; and is interviewed in the Chaplains' office, by the Principal Chaplain, or his deputy, who has before him a great roll with the names and postings of the Chaplains inscribed upon it. At the close of the interview, he receives a slip of paper upon which his name, and the name of the unit to which he is posted, is written. Armed with this, he proceeds to the office of the Base Commandant to procure his "Movement Order." This, in turn, serves him in getting from the R. T. O. (Railway Transport Officers) the pass which will take him to his destination. But there is no indication on his ticket of the name of the place to which he is to go. He boards a train, and disappears in the vastness of the British Army in France; until handed on from R. T. O. to R. T. O., he finds himself at length with his unit.

What are his experiences? The routine work—if that can be

called routine which is ever changing—is already sketched out in this paper. That, and such incidents as these.

A dark late autumn afternoon; and the star-shells beginning to shoot up and slowly, slowly fall to the ground, where they burn with an instant brilliant glare. The odor of fallen leaves; the spitting and crackle of rifles; the monotonous "tick-tock-tock" of a machine gun; the occasional sharp flash and sullen roar of a field-piece from somewhere over the hill. A straight road, folded between swelling grassy slopes on either side: a road that leads directly towards the falling star-lights, which seem so very close, so bright are they; straight up to the ominous crackling and snarling of the rifles. Along the road rides the Chaplain on his bicycle. Strapped on behind is a little sack containing cassock, cotta and black stole. A soft, swift "whish" and a kind of whining sigh drones through the air above his head: and then another, and another, as he pedals nearer to the trenches. Spent bullets, these, that whine and drone above, and strike the trees at the side of the road with a sharp "klop." The Chaplain dismounts, leaves his machine in a safe place, and goes forward. In the semi-darkness ahead a few figures stand out silhouetted against the brilliant lights. By the roadside a few wooden crosses gleam fitfully in rows. The Chaplain moves to an open trench, beside which a shrouded form lies stiffly. His comrades in arms lower the body into the narrow grave, just hallowed by the blessing of the Church. And amidst the irregular volleys, and the soaring, falling star-lights, a Catholic soldier hero is laid in the embrace of Mother Earth, with no voice to break the stillness save that of the priest: *"Ego sum resurrectio et vita"*—confident, calm, triumphant in words that stretch by faith beyond the confines of time and space to the Eternity of God. "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live: and everyone who liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

* * * *

A bitter morning; the ground covered inches deep with powdery snow, and the drinking pools of the cattle caked in ice; a steel-gray threatening sky overhanging heavily. The Battalion is "at rest"—chief excuse to the Chaplain for a late Mass and a later breakfast. On his way from the mess to his billet he is met by his servant. "Two men, Father, who want to see you. I think they want to be converted."

"Very well; tell them I will see them at once."

Later, they are introduced. They had been out in France for some ten months, one old and one younger man, privates both in a "Labor Battalion." They knew no Catholics intimately—even well. But they had watched, and wondered at, and admired the lives of some Catholic men in their own unit. Neither of them possessed much formal religion; both were deeply religious at heart. They saw, admired—perhaps envied. Then they began frequenting the French village churches. They understood little or nothing of the services; but they discovered something in the French peasants at Church akin to that which they had remarked in their Catholic fellows. How they had managed to possess themselves of the truths of the Catholic religion the Chaplain never knew: most likely a special grace had been vouchsafed to them, as undoubtedly a special light had led them to the portals of Christ's Church. But they had the main truths; and believed them, too; though with many of the practices of the Church they may have been unacquainted. They were to leave the village early the next morning—whither, they did not know. What were they to do? Could they be received into the Church? There was little time for instruction: it was only possible to go through the Creed of Pius IV., explaining it, bit by bit, where explanation was necessary: and they were left with an admonition to pray earnestly. In the evening they confessed and were conditionally baptized. Then, save for a letter or so, they passed beyond the Chaplain's ken: but from their letters he knows that seldom were better or more fervent converts ever received than these two—as have doubtless been countless others—amid the throes of war and the backwaters of battle.

* * * *

The slant yellow beams of an early summer sun beating upon a village, in which great gaps and mounds of debris mark the places of what were the dwelling houses. In the centre, the church; a monument of desolation; windowless, and with the greater part of the roof blown away by a high-explosive shell. The altar is overturned; and its broken candle-sconces and crucifix are amongst the ruins littering the sanctuary floor. A poor little church at best, but beloved of the villagers before their flight: for here they plighted both as man and wife; hither they brought their babies to the font of regeneration; here they prayed for their dead. Outside, in the churchyard, a group of soldiers gathered about a raised

altar-tomb, over which a sort of bower of branches and leaves has been built. Upon the tomb the priest has placed his portable altar, and arranged it for the Holy Sacrifice. The two candles flicker and flutter in the light breeze. The men kneel among the graves, fingering their beads, praying silently. When the great moment comes, they approach the Holy Table. And there, beneath the vast, blue vault of God's own heaven, with the rising incense of the flowers, and to the chant of the birds, and rumble of the guns, the stupendous Sacrifice is completed; priest and men alike participating in the Divine Bread that cometh down from heaven.

* * * *

Again, another scene: A low, sunken road, grass-bordered, with long lines of willow-poplars and overhung with thorn bushes. The continual battle of musketry and thudding boom of heavy guns and bursting shells. Along the roadway are coming mud-stained, battle-seared men; limping, hobbling, dragging themselves along. Here one supports a comrade. There another, spent, sits by the roadside and waits. Still forms are borne past on stretchers, until the advanced Dressing Station is full and the stretchers begin to overflow into the sunken road. Doctors and dressers are busy everywhere. Despite their bandages, their wounds, these limping, halting men are cheerful. They are smoking cigarettes and already exchanging reminiscences. Those lying on the stretchers are still, bravely patient, rather than cheerful, heroically courageous, stifling all but involuntary groans. The priest emerges from the shed that serves as a Dressing Station, and passes slowly along the growing lines of stretchers in the road. Here he lifts his hand, signing the sacred sign, absolving sin. There he bends low and swiftly he traces the cross upon eyes and ears, nostrils, lips and hands with Holy Oil. A shell screams close overhead and bursts: fragments splinter across the road, impinging with dull thuds upon the soft earth, with vicious rasping knocks upon the installed road. Wisps of acrid smoke drive past. A fresh stretcher is carried in and laid down by the roadside: upon it a supine form, pale-visaged and with closed eyes. Rough bandages round the thigh show crimson with oozing blood, where the trouser leg is cut away. Tunic and shirt are open at the throat: the identity-disk shows a circle of dull red against the pallor of white flesh. The priest hurries over and lifts the disc—" 17,763 Pte.—.....R. C." He kneels, and begins the sacred formula of forgiveness over the unconscious man; when

the slow eyelids tremble the great blue eyes open and gaze upon him full. Slowly, a smile breaks through the twisted pain of the pale lips; and a weak voice murmurs, understandingly; "You are a Catholic priest, Father?"

"Yes, my boy, I am a priest."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God."

And as the Chaplain bends lower to catch the faint syllables, quickly opening, at the same time, the Holy Oil stock, the brave, tired, faithful eyes close, to open only in the glory of God's presence—the last earthly words a supreme, sublime act of contrition, of faith, and hope, and love: "Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

* * * *

These, and a thousand like these, are among the ordinary episodes, the commonplaces, of the Catholic Chaplain's experience. I shall not write of heroic deeds—of crawling out into "No-Man's-Land" on errands of religious mercy to men who may never return, or of "going over" with attacking troops in the face of withering fire, or of other exploits of prodigious personal valor. These things have been done by Chaplains, and, doubtless, will be done again. Their records are sometimes found in the "Lists of Honors"—always in the hearts of their men. But what I have written may give some slight indication of a Catholic Chaplain's life in this great European War. It may help to explain the devotion of the men towards their priest—a devotion which cannot exceed that of their Chaplain towards his flock; and it may suggest, though it may not have emphasized in words, some of the many and wonderful beauties of Divine Providence that may be found even amid the fierce clash of arms and the murk and horror of war.

New Books.

FRANCE: HER PEOPLE AND HER SPIRIT. By Laurence Jerrold. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.00 net.

One of the surprises of the War, remarkable as any of the great unexpected developments which the struggle has produced, is the fighting power and tenacity of purpose which the French people have displayed. According to all outside speculation the French had lost their spirit, had suffered irretrievably in the Franco-Prussian War and were reckoned easy prey for the strong neighbors who were known to be preparing to fight them. The War comes; and the French, inferior in numbers, and far less ready for war than their aggressors, rally to the call to arms, stay the invader, turn him back, and then deadlock with him in trench warfare.

This cannot be the luck of the new man at the game, nor the recoil that energizes the spirit of a man when surprised, nor the stroke dealt in revenge to settle old quarrels. The resistance has gone on too long to permit such explanation; the steady, unyielding opposition to the enemy is part of that surprise which the French spirit is showing in the War. The spirit is deeper than the surface, the mood not a transient flash.

When we are seeking the explanation of the spirit manifested, appositely comes to our notice the book of Mr. Laurence Jerrold: *France: Her People and Her Spirit.* It is not simply a war-book, a piece of the ephemeral literature that an excited world craves for in the height of its excitement, nor a book of the flimsy, catch-penny variety that surfeits the market. It is a serious study of the people of France and their spirit, called forth, indeed, by the commanding position France has assumed since the opening of the War, but written in great part before the outbreak of hostilities, and certainly long pondered during the many years of residence in France, which has made the author thoroughly acquainted with his subject. Owing to his position in the official world, he has beheld the high and the low of his subject and viewed it from many angles. He does not argue his position; he states it, with the assurance, too, of one who knows. He enlivens the course of his speculative and broad statements by a touch, here and there,

of anecdote and fact acquired from sources not open to the general public.

Mr. Jerrold naturally asks, as we do, what is the explanation of the marvel which the French display? Surely it is a difficult thing to analyze the spirit of a whole people, especially when this spirit is displayed in a manner unlooked-for. The elements are so elusive, the factors so unstable, in the diversified, composite mass. The author decides that fundamentally the characteristic of this spirit is the desire to be one nation. The facts that point this out to him he states in broad terms, leading up to the grand display of spirit shown in the handling of the War. The particular chapter dealing with the military aspects of the opening campaign is defective, owing to its general statements and its too confined perspective. It is stated, for instance, that there was no plan of action in the early retreat leading to the Battle of the Marne. Elsewhere we are told that the success of that famous battle lay in the coming of Maurouney's army unexpectedly on the Germans. From Belloc's account of the opening phases of the War we must believe both statements incorrect. And we are the more inclined to believe Belloc, since military strategy is one of his strong points. Jerrold gives no credit to the work or the skill of General Foch, other than to quote a remark of his: "I am pressed back on left and right; therefore I am attacking in the centre." The impression resulting from this vagueness is that the understanding is somewhat deliberate to enhance the rally of the French.

Jerrold makes a strong plea for military training, for he sees, apart from the military advantages, that universal training is the great leveler, in that it brings men, classes, and the nation together; therefore it is national, democratic and human.

In the several chapters on the government of the country, the author states briefly and quite lucidly the elements that go to make the very complex thing we find French government to be.

Twenty pages are devoted to the question of Church and State, and of course, the Catholic Church is the one Church that counts in France. Now, concerning the questions that have grown out of the mixed relations of ecclesiastics in politics and the churchmen depending on the Government, and in the relation of the specific cases that have demanded public attention, during the last quarter of a century, Mr. Jerrold displays no animosity towards either party; he leaves the impression that he is giving

the intelligent view of an impartial observer. He sees in the separation a real gain for the Church and blames the government for short-sighted policy in the dismemberment of the establishment. He credits Rome for the strong stand it maintained, and by which it won its contention in the matter of the *Associations Cultuelles.*

As interesting a chapter as any is that which concerns "The Earners." Added to those chapters dealing with "The Soil and the Owners," there is presented a picture of economic conditions in France that one wants to know, mindful of what great attitudes are assumed in the laboring world, and how living conditions are altering, not especially in France, but throughout the world. Unless a gigantic social wave sweeps over the land, (and it does not threaten France as much as it does other lands) the people will long remain as they are. The strength of the French nation lies in the hold the peasants have upon the land as actual and long-tenanted possessors in the whole-souled desire to pass that bit of soil to their children, and in the thrifty spirit of the bourgeoisie who must be owners as well as earners. Both these conditions will result, when the social upheaval comes, in seeing the peasant and bourgeois ranking on the side of capital.

In the domain of letters, Mr. Jerrold states that coincident with the outbreak of the War was observed a stopping point in schools and tendencies: literature rested, waiting for a new impulse.

"Men and Women" tries to show that the France that the outside world knows is not the real France; and in this, the chapter is enlightening, but in certain aspects of the French attitude towards the prevalence of sex questions, belies what we know of the French Catholic.

Coming as this book does, prompted by the outbreak of a War that means much for civilization, we are minded of another account of the French people just before the outbreak of their great revolution. We mean Arthur Young's *Travels in France and Italy.*

A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS. By His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. Two vols. $2.00 net.

Cardinal Gibbons' place in the story of America is secure. If there is one point upon which his fellow-citizens, without dis-

tinction of creed, are united, it is in appreciation of his extraordinary services to religion and country. No other American since Washington could have been the recipient of the demonstration which was bestowed upon him at the time of the civic celebration of his jubilee in 1911, when the President of the United States, William Taft, the Vice-President, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Roosevelt, the only living Ex-President, the principal members of the Cabinet, the Governor of Maryland, the Mayor of Baltimore, and many others in the official life, joined on the same platform in acclaiming him as the pattern of all that is best in the life of the nation. The great value of his labors, the clarity of his purposes and the single-minded consecration with which he has followed his lofty ideals, have broken the tradition that Republics are ungrateful.

But, while the principles for which the Cardinal stands are no longer doubted even by the caviler, and while the broader outlines of his achievements are plain to all, his activities have been so versatile, so far-reaching, that they are not comprehended in detail as they ought to be. The lesson which his life has taught is so necessary to us that we cannot afford to miss any part of it. Anything that contributes to a more intimate understanding of it deserves an eager welcome. And when this comes from the Cardinal himself, the value is magnified many fold.

Of such is *A Retrospect of Fifty Years,* which His Eminence has just issued in two volumes through his publishers, The John Murphy Co., of Baltimore. The work consists of a selection of his principal papers, public addresses and sermons, elucidated by several explanatory chapters and numerous notes. We see in its pages a panorama of the Cardinal's career since he became a bishop, presented by means of his own written or spoken utterances at the time of each successive episode. He begins with an introduction in which he sums up the principal observations of his ripe experience. "When I was young," he writes, "men feared the Catholic Church because they thought her foreign and un-American. Yet I have lived to see their children and their children's children acknowledge that if the different nations which have come to our shores have been united into one people, and if today there is an American people it is largely owing to the cohesive and consolidating influence of the Christian religion of our ancestors."

A marvelous accomplishment, an almost incredible transformation, truly! And the part which Cardinal Gibbons has taken in bringing it about is known to all men.

Again the Cardinal calls attention to the rise of labor unions in this country at about the time he was elevated to the Sacred College by Pope Leo XIII. "For some years," he tells us, "the Church stood at the crossroads. It had to choose between allying itself with what looked like elements of disaster and revolution, or consenting to a theory of economics which could not be justified upon Christian principles." He had no hesitation in espousing the cause which he believed to be right, and throwing the whole weight of his resources into the struggle to prevent the Church from declaring the Knights of Labor a forbidden organization. His task was beset with hostility, doubts and misunderstandings, but he persevered until he won, and Leo XIII. in the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum,* settled forever "the principles of economics which are alone consonant with the Gospel." The Cardinal gives the main outlines of this story vividly in a preface to the chapter which contains his appeal in behalf of the Knights addressed to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda in 1887. No account of the rise and progress of the modern labor movement can be complete without this powerful and statesmanlike exposition of its rights—a magna charta of men whose toil is the only capital they possess in the business of life.

Cardinal Gibbons was naturally impressed in an extraordinary degree by his experiences at the Vatican Council, in which he sat as the youngest bishop, and of which he is now the only survivor. He devotes eight chapters of the *Retrospect* to the Council, and reprints the dairy of its sessions which he sent to THE CATHOLIC WORLD at the time. Especially valuable is the impression which we get from his account of the freedom of debate which preceded the definition of the doctrine of the infallible teaching office of the Pope. In no legislative body of the world, he observes, would a wider liberty have been tolerated. The Cardinal's life-like word pictures of the principal figures of the Council, seem to bring them before our eyes in the flesh.

Many of the papers and addresses embraced in the *Retrospect* deal with civic affairs. Among the titles are "The Church and the Republic," "The Claims of the Catholic Church in the Making of the Republic," "Patriotism and Politics," and "Will the American Republic Endure?" In these we get an ineffaceable impression of the distinguished author as the type of the militant citizen who rebukes the wrong and defends the right, and yet through all retains an unshakable faith in his country and its

institutions which glows like a torch to guide all who call themselves Americans.

VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS. By George Wharton Edwards. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. $5.00 net.

The merciless destruction waged by war is graphically set forth in this volume. It shows no ruins; no fallen towers; no broken bells; but it does show in beautiful colored pictures what once was and what is no more. The monuments that were the wonder of the world are now in ruins; and human eye will never look upon their like again. The gray Gothic spire of St. Rombauld in Malines was, for example, designated by Vauban as the eighth wonder of the world. "Its glory," wrote Ruskin, "in its age and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity," has vanished forever.

The author of this volume guides us with historical detail and personal reminiscences through the devastated towns of Flanders—Malines, Dixmude, Ypres with its famous Cloth Hall, which it required two hundred years to build, and the Cathedral of St. Martin; Bergues and its tower of St. Winoc; Commines; Nieuport; Alost; Louvain and Courtrai. The illustrations are expensively and artistically presented; and the volume is a precious memorial of the famous cathedrals, halls and towers of Belgium that are now but ruins.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD O'BRIEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF IRELAND. Edited by his Daughter, Honorable Georgina O'Brien. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

This book takes us over the long range from the Irish famine to the opening days of the Great War. It introduces us to many personages who made history in those times. Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Earl Spencer, Monsignor Persico, Isaac Butt, Charles Stewart Parnell, and Lord Russell of Killowen, are some of the persons whom we meet in its pages. Those who are interested in Irish history come upon striking side-lights in the stirring period covered by Lord O'Brien's life. During the time of the formation of the Land League, the working out of the famous

"Plan of Campaign" and the activity of the Irish Invincibles, he was Prosecutor for the Crown, and came into immediate contact with many of the sad incidents of those years. His official conduct was characterized by great devotion to duty and courage in the midst of much unpopularity and numerous protests and threats. Still, if we believe the Judges who eulogized him after his death, though he had many opponents, he never made enemies. His career as Prosecuting Attorney for the Crown brought him in later years the notable reward of appointment as Lord Chief Justice for Ireland. The same characteristics distinguished him in this high office, and he was generally commended for his love of justice and his impartiality in its dispensation.

The style of the book, the more considerable part of which is in the Judge's own words—twenty-two chapters out of thirty-one—is marked by simplicity and directness. Though fond of literature, he was no literary man. Yet we have found the work interesting. His daughter prepared the manuscript for publication, and added some chapters of her own which throw a new charm over the pages. However, we can but wonder why, among the many speeches her father must have made, the one chosen for publication in detail was that on Woman Suffrage. A complete and useful index is given at the end of the volume.

THE IRISH REBELLION AND ITS MARTYRS. Erin's Tragic Easter. By Padraic Colum, Maurice Joy, James Reidy, Sidney Gifford, Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, Mary M. Colum, Mary J. Ryan, Seumas O'Brien. Edited by Maurice Joy. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $2.50 net.

The writers of this volume aim at giving Americans an inside Irish view of the late rebellion of 1916. The Irish Republican Brotherhood is shown to be a direct offshoot of the Young Ireland Movement of 1848, which in turn was in direct succession to the movements of 1798 and 1803. As the editor says in his preface: "The men who took part in the recent rebellion had good reasons for their political philosophy and good reason for their political acts.....They failed, but they made a critical generation realize that national pride is a national asset, and that when men believe that a country is worth dying for, that country is very likely to justify their faith. Ireland's appeal is to the conscience and common sense of humanity, not to its pity."

Part I. treats of the present political alignment in Ireland,

Catholic emancipation, and agrarian reform, Sinn Fein and Irish Ireland, Ulster's opposition to Home Rule, the formation of the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, the causes and history of the rebellion of 1916, England's cruel punishment of the rebels, the report of the Royal Commission, and the history of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

Part II. consists of a number of portraits of the men and women who made the rebellion possible and who suffered the death penalty in its cause—Padraic Pearse, Roger Casement, Thomas MacDonagh, Countess de Markiewicz, James Connolly, Sean McDermott, Francis Sheehy—Skeffington, Thomas Clarke, Joseph Plunkett, and William Pearse. They were all idealists and patriots, many of them scholars of extraordinary ability, who unselfishly sacrificed themselves as a protest against hundreds of years of English tyranny and oppression. In a certain sense they failed, but they succeeded in teaching the world that the Irish question still remains unsolved.

FIVE MASTERS OF FRENCH ROMANCE. By Albert Léon Guérad. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Here is a book which all readers already familiar with the leaders of contemporary French fiction, or desiring to make their acquaintance, will hail with delight. The criticism is sane, the argument popular, the substance interesting and the tone serious, while the style sparkles with a true French vivacity which has not had to suffer by translation. M. Guérad discusses the individual characteristics and the relative positions of Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès and Romain Rolland, the personal treatment being prefaced by a general introduction. As an epilogue, he reprints an address delivered at New Orleans before the Southern Sociological Congress upon the possible reactions of the War on French literature.

The introduction is particularly good. The opening pages, on the spirit and scope of the book, bear the rather naïve heading: "First Aid to the Anglo-Saxon Reader of French Novels" The author insists especially upon the French technique, its exact craftsmanship, its artistic perfection; and upon the idea of fiction as an enlightening document for the understanding of a nation's psychology. He explains his selection of types from so rich a field as purely empirical; he chose those writers who had received "universal recognition—that recognition which cannot be

measured by the praise of critics, by academic honors, or by profitable sales separately, but by a combination of all three."

M. Guérad seems rather fond of Anatole France, assigning to him nearly one hundred pages out of the three hundred of the book. It is hard not to say that his judgments are too enthusiastic, but one is gladdened by the fact that he finds France's last infamous novel, which shall not be advertised by being named, "deliberately and painstakingly licentious." Loti's books, especially the earlier ones, he calls "strange exotic idylls;" from the quotations he makes they seem to be rather preachments on an Oriental pagan pseudo-mysticism. Bourget he sees as the traditionalist, almost the reactionary; Barrès, the fevered romanticist merging into the nationalist. The chapter on Romain Rolland is occupied largely with Rolland's monumental and cyclopean *Jean-Christophe.*

There is no trace in these pages of that didactic attitude, that "speaking with authority" which books like this too often assume. Here rather are the personal conclusions to which a man of culture, after wide reading, finds himself brought. So, while it would be impossible to subscribe to everyone of M. Guérad's appreciations, he would be himself the first to disavow any such necessity.

THE MASS AND VESTMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH: LITURGICAL, DOCTRINAL, HISTORICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75 net.

Monsignor Walsh's carefully prepared work on the various phases of the Mass is a most useful book published in a very convenient style. Cast in catechetical form, and hence much less apt to tire readers unused to hard study, it is still in no sense superficial; and to go through these five hundred pages will be a thorough preparation for meeting converts, or other questioners, interested in knowing all about the details of the Mass. Indeed, the reader of this volume will be in a position to answer many questions which the average priest would have to set aside to be "looked up at leisure."

Naturally in a work like this, it is impossible to avoid touching upon many controverted and even recondite matters, but in discussing these the author achieves the difficult task of maintaining a happy mean between tiresome ponderosity and unsatisfying sketchiness. At the cost of very considerable labor, he presents the

reader with accurate, yet easily intelligible statements of the points necessary to be known. For these reasons, and others which the reader will discover for himself, the book before us must be regarded as the best among popular works of reference on the Mass.

THEIR SPIRIT. By Robert Grant. 50 cents net.

A VOLUNTEER POILU. By Henry Sheehan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Their Spirit, whose content was originally published in the *Boston Evening Transcript,* is a collection of impressions of the English and French as they appeared to Judge Grant's observation during the summer of 1916. He disclaims any idea that they are at all extraordinary, but expressed the hope that they may help the reader to realize the heroic spirit of the two peoples. His sober enthusiasm carries weight, as he sets forth the spiritual force that is marvelously energizing these heavily burdened nations. So predominant the author finds it that he says: "The impression that remained was one of soul rather than substance." In registering his deep admiration for what he has seen of this, he does not withhold stern words of regret for the estimation in which the public mind of England and France regards the position taken by this country.

Mr. Sheahan's book is also a reprinted record of personal impressions, but by one who has been active in the scenes he describes. A volunteer in the field service of the American ambulance, the author states in his preface his desire to do for his comrades, the French private soldiers, what other books have done for the soldiers of other armies. He accomplishes his purpose in an exceedingly interesting manner. "A future historian," he says, "may find the war more interesting when considered as the supreme achievement of the industrial civilization of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, than as a mere vortex in the age-old ocean of European political strife." This point of view gains support from the keen interest imparted by his detailed descriptions of trench warfare and the provisions for its maintenance, of the life within the trenches, its hardships, comedy and tragedy, and of the grim resolution of the French soldier, whose spirit he has found to be one of dogged fatalism; "a fatalism of action" is the religion of the trenches, though the author pays a generous tribute to the revival of the Christian faith and the return to the Church of France as a nation.

It is not only of trench life that this little volume treats: many other phases are illuminatingly touched upon. It is all admirably written and holds the attention closely.

THE EMPEROR OF PORTUGALLIA. By Selma Lagerlof. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

Selma Lagerlof's latest novel centres around the home of Jan of Ruffluck Croft in a poor little village of southern Vermland. It is a sordid tale of a young girl who goes wrong in Stockholm, where she had gone to earn money enough to pay the hard-hearted Lars Gunnarson the money owed him by her parents. The old father, who loves his daughter dearly, goes insane from worry and waiting for her return. He finally explains her failure to return to the old home by the fact that she had become Empress of the fairy kingdom of Portugallia. For many years until his tragic death he struts about the village as Emperor, while the peasants round about fall in good-naturedly with the humor of the wretched old man.

The writer's pessimism is revolting. Outside of the story itself the characterization of the people of the small Swedish village, is faithful and lifelike.

THE Mount Carmel Guild, of Buffalo, New York, has sent us the Catholic Calendar for 1917. The Literature Committee of the Guild have chosen an entirely new set of quotations from Catholic authors and from the Bible. Special effort has been made to make the thought fit the Feasts. The Calendar sells for 50 cents; ten cents extra being charged for mailing. Proceeds of the sales are to be used for the charitable work of the Guild.

WE have already recommended the *Life of Francis Thompson* by Everard Meynall, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is gratifying to note that because of the success of the book, the publishers have been able to issue a cheaper edition, similar in binding to the *Prose and Poetical Works of Francis Thompson.* The price of the new edition is $2.00.

READERS of Shane Leslie's *The End of a Chapter* will look forward eagerly for his new work, *The Celt and the World,* announced by Scribner's.

Recent Events.

The Editor of The Catholic World *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

France.

France has been going through a crisis which has had a result similar to the political crisis in Great Britain, and which has had more far-reaching results, for it extended to a reorganization of the military commands. It is impossible to explain fully the reasons for these changes, for they were made in obedience to a resolution passed after secret sessions lasting for six days. It is clear, however, that M. Briand's Ministry was criticized for what was thought to be its feeble and short-sighted policy, but a resolution to that effect moved in the Chamber was defeated by three hundred and ninety-five votes to one hundred and seventeen. The resolution which was accepted by three hundred and forty-four to one hundred and sixty was in the following terms: "The Chamber recording the declarations of the Government as to the reorganization of the Command, approving the Government's resolution to concentrate the general conduct of the War and the economic organization of the country in a few hands, confident that the Government, in full accord with the Allies, will secure common sacrifices and efforts, which are admitted to be indispensable to obtain victory by the redoubling of energy.....passes to the Order of the day." The political changes involved in this resolution left M. Briand in office as Prime Minister, but led to a reconstruction of his Cabinet, and to an immense reduction in numbers. A real War Cabinet has been formed, consisting of five members, following in this respect the example of Great Britain, but M. Briand remains Premier, while M. Asquith had to resign. In the whole crisis there has not been the slightest indication of irresolution as to the continuation of the War: the only questions on which there was hesitancy was as to the way in which it could be carried on most effectually. About the temper of the people no mistake can be

made, for it is evident that any Ministry which thought of making peace without victory, would not survive long enough to make the proposal.

While the desire to put more energy into the conduct of the War, especially on the near Eastern Front, was the principal cause of these changes, other considerations had their weight. Food prices had risen to a quite ridiculous height in a country where food was in plenty; coal had become a luxury. To a disorganized transportation service this lack of supplies was due. To remedy these evils a call has been made by M. Briand on France's best men of business, a proceeding in which another resemblance is found to British methods.

The British change of Ministry left the high commands of the army untouched, the naval changes having preceded, by a short time, the resignation of Mr. Asquith. Complete confidence is felt in Sir Douglas Haig and the Chief of the General Staff, Sir W. T. Robertson. The French reconstruction involved the transfer of General Joffre to the Technical Advisership of the War Committee of the Cabinet, and to the appointment of General Nivelle as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies in the North and East. The breaking up of the Grand Quartier Général which has hitherto been the pivot of the French and British operations on the Western front is involved in these changes, and is regretted by those who are capable of forming a judgment on the point. The service which General Joffre has rendered to his country and its Allies is recognized to be of inestimable value. In recognition of these services the dignity of Marshal of France, last held by the Crimean hero, Canrobert, has been revived. General Joffre's Chief of Staff, General de Castelnau, reverts to the command of a group of armies.

It is not quite clear whether M. Briand's Cabinet is limited to the members of the War Committee, as is the case with that of Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it embraces all the Heads of Departments. In any case the War Committee has been given power to deal with events as they arise without any waste of time, and for that purpose is to sit daily so that it may adopt prompt decisions and carry these decisions into effect. Such, however, is the eagerness of the people for more energetic measures, especially towards Greece and in the Near East, that full confidence was not reëstablished by the reconstruction. M. Briand's majority in the Chamber is declared to be a wasting asset, and to his Cabinet there is an organized opposition, both in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. Among

M. Briand's keenest opponents is M. Clemenceau. The Senate went into secret sessions, during which M. Briand's new Cabinet was, it is understood, subjected to rigorous criticism. The outcome of it all was that it passed, by a majority of one hundred and ninety-four against fifty-seven, a resolution in the following terms: "The Senate, declaring that France cannot make peace with an enemy in occupation of her territory, determined to give to a war imposed upon her a victorious conclusion worthy of the heroism of her soldiers, whose immortal glory the Senate again acknowledges; taking note of the declarations of the Government, and confident in its taking the most energetic measures, in agreement with large Parliamentary committees and under the control of Parliament, to ensure a definite material superiority over the enemy; to organize under a single active direction all the efforts of the army and the country, and to defend abroad, with foresight and firmness, the dignity and prestige of France, passes to the Order of the Day."

Complete unanimity, however, is not found in France or in any other of the belligerent countries. An infinitesimal group of pacifists has made its voice heard even in the Chamber of Deputies. Of an immediate peace at any price, M. and Mme. Caillaux are the most active promoters. They have recently extended their activities to Italy, where, of all the countries engaged in the War, the peace advocates have the largest following. In "neutralist" quarters, there is still a strong pro-German feeling. M. Caillaux is said to have tried to influence these parties by promising for France, in Germany's name, the most generous treatment, and for Italy itself pressure upon Austria to compel the latter State to yield to Italy, all, or almost all, of her natural aspirations. The only condition would be that Germany should have a free hand in dealing with Russia, Rumania, and the other Balkan States. In well-informed circles, M. Caillaux's efforts are considered to be one of the many peace manœuvres set on foot by Germany.

France signalized the reorganization of her political and military forces by a sudden attack upon Verdun. In October the belt of the exterior forts had been cleared of the enemy. This success was followed in December by a new attack along a front of six miles, by which the enemy's front was pierced to a depth of nearly two miles, and the villages of Vacherauville and Louvremont were delivered from hostile occupation. Nearly ten thousand prisoners were taken and eighty guns were either taken or destroyed. Such

is the reply which has been made to the German peace moves, and it is regarded as a good winding-up of the year's accounts. Last June, General Joffre fully expected that Verdun would fall within three weeks. His successor, General Nivelle, when taking leave of his staff after the recent success, said: "Victory is certain; of that I can assure you. Germany will learn this to her cost."

Russia.

A great deal of mystery surrounds the situation in Russia; so much so that there was reason for misgiving. The censorship prevents the revelation of the complete state of things, and what comes to light causes anxiety. Within nine months there have been no fewer than four Prime Ministers, M. Goremykin, M. Stürmer, M. Trepoff, and within the last few weeks, Prince Galitzin. The dismissal, for such it virtually was, of M. Sazonoff as Foreign Minister, was even more significant of doubt and hesitation in the councils of the Empire, for he it was who had been responsible for the foreign policy of Russia for many years, and under the Tsar had directed all the negotiations both before and since the beginning of the War.

The truth is that there is a cleavage in Russia between the bureaucrats and the people, and that to a large extent the bureaucrats have long been under German influence. The detestable methods which have been characteristic of Russian government and which have made its name a by-word are to be traced to foreign influences, while from the time of the Holy Alliance made in 1815, by the Catholic Emperor King of Austria-Hungary, the Orthodox Tsar of Russia, and the Evangelical-Lutheran King of Prussia, for the purpose ostensibly of uniting their subjects in a Christian brotherhood, but in reality for strengthening their respective dynasties down to the Three Emperors' League which lasted until Bismarck's fall, German influences have been powerful, sometimes even predominant. The wave of patriotic feeling aroused by the Austrian note to Serbia seemed to have carried the whole country into an enthusiastic and unanimous resolve to eradicate all these foreign influences. Even the name of the capital was changed. But it does not seem so easy to eradicate the supporters of the old policy. Traitors have been found in the highest circles. The Minister of War, at the opening of the conflict, had been imprisoned. Germans employed in factories have

prevented the making of munitions. And while the number of actual traitors may be small, the number of weak-kneed supporters of the War is larger, thus causing ground for fear lest the sacrifices necessary for a successful issue of the War may lead to the starting of a movement for peace by the dark forces that are behind the throne.

A certain degree of blame, it may be thought, attaches to the leaders of the movement for an increase of the share of the Duma in the government of the country. All the energies of the nation ought to have been devoted to the waging of the War. To carry on a campaign for parliamentary control at the same time as that of the campaign against the enemy, seemed to be an unwise weakening of the available force at the disposal of the country. The truth, however, seems to be that the Duma was forced to insist on an increase of its powers by the proved incompetence and bad management of the bureaucrats. The struggle became inevitable even in the interests of the War. A few weeks ago, for the first time in Russian history, the Duma was successful in bringing about the downfall of a Prime Minister, and hopes were entertained that the days of autocracy were numbered by making the Tsar's ministers dependent upon the will of the Duma. This success in the halls of Parliament had been preceded by the brilliant successes in the fields of battle last summer when many miles of territory had been rescued from the invader and hundreds of thousands of prisoners taken. Yet M. Stürmer, who was driven from office by the assembly representative of the people, is said, on what seems to be good authority, to have been actively engaged in preparing for a separate peace with Germany, notwithstanding the fact that all his public utterances were in favor of a faithful fulfilment of Russia's Convention with the Allies, by which she is bound not to do anything without consultation with them and with their mutual consent. This treason, for such it must be called, to his own country and the Allies' cause roused the Duma. It took the unprecedented step of demanding the resignation of the Prime Minister. Although the latter made a desperate resistance, the Duma, supported by the army, which is now rather an organized body of citizens than a body of hirelings, was able to drive from power the would-be betrayer of the cause.

This was, however, the most that the Duma could do. It had no influence upon the choice of a successor. M. Trepoff was the Tsar's choice, a decided pro-Ally indeed, but not a Liberal, al-

though he took some liberal measures and was willing to work in hearty coöperation with the Duma. But Russian Cabinets are not homogeneous. Each of its members depends upon the Tsar. And by the Tsar's will in this case, one of the members of the dark forces and of the former Cabinet, M. Protopopoff, was left as Minister of the Interior. In fact his powers were increased. The success which the Duma was able to achieve over M. Stürmer was turned into a defeat when attack was made upon M. Protopopoff. He proved successful in his defiance of that body. On the other hand the Foreign Minister who was appointed, M. Pokrovsky, was a Progressive in internal politics and pro-Ally in foreign. All of a sudden, however, M. Trepoff was dismissed. No reason was given for this dismissal. It is, however, attributed to the influence of the reactionaries, who hope to find in the new Premier, Prince Galitzin, an instrument in carrying out their policies, the chief of which is the making of a separate peace between Russia and Germany. The new Premier, however, has declared that he will fight on for a final victory. At the same time he has announced his opposition to every kind of reform, and the most liberal member of the Cabinet, Count Iguatieff, has been superseded by one who is called an arch-reactionary, M. Kutchitsky; while the power behind the throne is said to be M. Protopopoff, Prince Galitzin being referred to as the nominal Prime Minister. The murder of the monk Rasputin, however, has weakened the influence of the dark forces. He is said to have been closer to the Tsar than any other person, and to have used that influence in favor of a separate peace. That he was murdered by members of the aristocracy shows that the latter are not all to be numbered as reactionaries.

It must, therefore, be recognized that in Russia there are forces which are working for a separate peace and that these forces appear to be in power at the present moment, although the Premier has made a declaration in a directly opposite sense. On the other side are the people and the army who are in favor of a just and righteous peace. When it is borne in mind that the War, in its origin, was begun more directly in Russia's interest than in that of any other country, it cannot be thought that the Tsar will yield to the base attempt made to influence him to take a treacherous course. The Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was meant primarily as a blow to Russia. Had she failed to act in defence of the small kingdom which she had taken under her protection, her influence and her honor would both have perished. Had she acquiesced in

the attack on Serbia there would have been no war, for France, and still less Great Britain could not have looked upon the injury done to Serbia as a *casus belli.* The fact that Russia has signed both the replies to Germany and to this country, and that her representative took part in the recent conference at Rome, ought to remove any apprehensions which Russian internal conflicts may arouse. Although there are enemies within the gate, the influences for good are too powerful not to gain the victory.

The Tsar's Order to his armies, dated December 28th, in which he replies to the German Peace Note, ought to set at rest these doubts of Russian stability. He reminds his soldiers that Germany, in the midst of peace, and after secretly preparing over a long period, suddenly attacked Russia and her faithful Ally, France. Referring to the losses of territory suffered by France and Russia, owing to the superiority of the German "technical aids to warfare," the Tsar declares that "this temporary reverse did not break the spirit of our faithful Allies, nor of you, my gallant troops." Inequalities have been gradually reduced, and from the autumn of 1915 onwards the enemy has experienced difficulty in retaining a single portion of Russia soil. In the spring and summer of 1916, the enemy suffered a number of severe defeats, and lapsed into the defensive along the whole front. "Her strength apparently is waning, and the strength of Russia and her gallant Allies continues to grow without failing. Germany is feeling that the hour of her complete defeat is near, and near also the hour of retribution for all her wrong-doing, and for the violation of moral laws.....Feeling her weakness, she suddenly offers to enter upon peace negotiations."

The Tsar insists further that the time for peace has not yet arrived. The enemy has not been driven out of the provinces occupied by her. "The achievement by Russia of the tasks created by the War—the regaining of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, as well as the creation of a free Poland from all three of her incomplete districts—has not yet been guaranteed." "To conclude peace at this moment," adds the Tsar, "would mean failure to utilize the fruits of the untold trials of you, my heroic troops. Who dares to think that he who brought about the beginning of the War shall have the power to conclude the War at any time he likes?"

The action of the Central Powers—in declaring the Russian provinces of Poland a kingdom—was in direct contravention of

international law which leaves the settlement of such questions for the definite treaty of peace. The chief effect of the German action is to place an obstacle in the way of peace between Germany and Russia, by a wanton aggravation of the situation. Russia has accordingly protested that the declaration is null and void, that these provinces are still an integral part of the Russian Empire, and that their inhabitants are still bound by the oath of fidelity to the Tsar. Russia's Allies also have formulated a protest, in which it is declared that the Central Powers have violated an established principle of international law which declares military occupation cannot, during the war, give definite sovereignty. The organizing of an army levied in these Polish districts is declared to be a violation of the engagements which the Germans themselves have entered into. A belligerent is forbidden by the fourth Hague Conference, which was signed by the sovereigns both of Germany and Austria, to force the subjects of its opponents to take part in operations of war directed against their own country.

How acceptable to the inhabitants of Russian Poland the German action is cannot be learned with certainty for the present. It is far from being liked by some among the German parties. So far from strengthening Germany, it is thought that this new kingdom, if ever established, will become a magnet calculated to draw to itself the Poles who are now under German domination. Loud expression has been given to this conviction. For the army which the new kingdom is to raise, the numbers who have voluntarily joined amount to seven hundred. Russia on her part is fully determined, if the last Prime Minister, M. Trepoff, rightly expressed her mind, to wrest from her enemies the territory beyond the frontier formerly Polish, *i. e.,* Posen and Galicia, and then to constitute a Poland free within its ethnological boundaries and in inseparable union with Russia.

The Rumanian catastrophe may well have caused doubts as to either the willingness or the ability of her neighbor to come to her aid. Explanations of the conduct of Russia throw, however, a new light upon the case. The Tsar and his advisers were by no means anxious that Rumania should take part in the War, for they thought it was more to their advantage if she remained neutral. The Rumanian territories formed a protection to the left wing of General Brusiloff's forces, and this was removed when hostilities began. Moreover, as has been said before, the Rumanian forces turned their back on their most dangerous foe

—Bulgaria—through their desire to take possession of Transylvania. Their first successes were speedily turned into disastrous reverses, while the Russian help which then became so necessary, involved the dislocation of the armies which were holding the lines against the Germans. Now at length this re-arrangement has been effected, and if the latest news is an omen of the future the tide has turned. The Rumanian armies are intact and no single sign of yielding has appeared. Of their chief hope in entering upon the campaign, the Germans have been balked, for the oil wells have been so completely destroyed as to render them useless. Large quantities, too, if not the whole of the grain on the possession of which Germany had set her hope, are believed to have been destroyed.

The failure of the Rumanians was not due to lack of spirit or courage. They have not flinched or murmured, nor is there any sign of dissension or regret. They were without heavy guns and had no aëroplanes, which now constitute the eyes of an army. They were untried in modern warfare, and have had to learn painfully the lesson that personal bravery is useless against machine guns.

Greece.

The latest news from Greece indicates the seriousness of the situation. On the one hand it is said that von Falkenhayn has arrived to take charge of active operations against the Allied forces. On the other hand the Allies, it is said, have decided to depose King Constantine, and to place upon the throne the Duke of Aosta. There is no doubt that the King is an active pro-German, and has been one from the beginning. There is reason to think that he has bound himself, by a secret treaty with Germany and Bulgaria, to give the support of Greece to these States when called upon to do so, and that all his efforts have been directed to gain time and to baffle the Allies until that time should arrive. To students of the transformation of a constitutional to an absolute rule, King Constantine's proceedings, viewed in the light of Greek history, give an interesting opportunity. By means of the support afforded by France, Russia and Great Britain, the Greek people were freed from Turkish tyranny. A king was then sought and one was found in the person of a Bavarian prince. For some years, this prince attempted to reign autocratically without success. A constitution was then made, to which the King took an oath of allegiance.

For repeated violations of his oath, this prince was deposed and sent home, and in his place was chosen the father of the present King. The latter was as scrupulously faithful to the oaths which he had taken, as his son, the present King, has proved unfaithful. King Constantine drove from power the Prime Minister, M. Venezelos, who had the confidence of the majority of Parliament, set at naught the next Parliament which was elected in its stead, took into his own hands the direction of foreign affairs, and sold himself and his Government to a foreign power. As appears from the many treaties in which the *status* of Greece is settled, Russia, France and Great Britain are Trustees for the Greek nation, and the King, although hereditary, is in the view of these treaties little more than a High Commissioner. These Powers have, on this ground as well as upon others, the right to deal with the misdoings of the present King. The only fault which can be found is that they have been much too dilatory.

The Peace Notes.

That no approach to peace has resulted from the various notes which have been exchanged, will be no surprise except to those who have paid very little attention to the War, its causes and its aims. Some light, however, has been shed on the situation, especially as it is in Germany. In every conflict the party which begins to plead is the party which is already apprehensive of defeat. Students of the War have known from the beginning, so far as it is possible to know beforehand any course of events, that when Germany was defeated on the Marne her main ends in entering upon the War were then and there defeated. Her subsequent defeats in the attempt to reach Calais, to take Verdun and to destroy the armies of Russia, far outweighed such successes as the overrunning of the small States of Belgium, Serbia and Rumania. Germany was fully prepared for a rapid success. For example: Great Britain had twenty million rounds of rifle ammunition, Germany four thousand million ready for use. But now, every day is seeing additions to the power and the resources of the Allies, while every day is seeing the diminution of Germany's strength. The testimonies to the gradual exhaustion of food supplies are so multiplied and manifold that no reasonable doubt can any longer be entertained. Hence in the glow of her triumph over Rumania the German Chancellor saw a chance

of taking a step towards peace on terms which were not disclosed, but which rested upon his assertion that Germany and her Allies had gained gigantic advantages over the Entente Allies whom, he admitted, to be superior in numbers and war material. The continuance of the War, he asserted, would not result in breaking Germany's resistance, for which continuance her military and economic strength was sufficient. He recognized that the War was a catastrophe for civilization, and declared that Germany was anxious to avoid further bloodshed and to put an end to the atrocities of the War.

The tone of the note (which was addressed to the neutral powers), and still more the speech of the Chancellor in the Reichstag, made it evident that the basis for the peace discussion for which the Chancellor so much longed was an admission of the victory of Germany, and that the Allies were the responsible parties for the war. The position of the Allies is diametrically opposed in every part to that of the Chancellor. They hold that Germany deliberately planned the War, and entered upon it at the moment which she judged for various reasons best fitted to ensure the complete victory for which all the resources of the Empire had been devoted. So far from being successful, the Allies look upon her as already substantially defeated, but not to anything like the degree which is necessary for "the prospects of future civilization." The Allies would not accept a peace even though the Germans were willing to make sacrifices if they stopped short of this end; and Germany was not willing to make sacrifices, but rather to impose conditions. The Chancellor's note, it was evident, could meet with no response from the Allies. Had it not been for President Wilson's appeal to all the belligerents for the disclosure of peace terms, it is doubtful if Germany's note would have been answered by the Allies. To the President's appeal it is the Allies that have made a full and clear reply, explaining, not indeed, in full detail, but in broad outlines, the conditions on which they are willing to make peace. Germany, on the other hand, has so far refused to make any reply, unless the interview with the Foreign Secretary which has recently appeared is to be looked upon as the answer. If such be the case Germany's reply to the President is a refusal to make a direct disclosure of terms for the present. The President's note, therefore, whatever its object and motive may have been, has resulted in making the situation perfectly clear.

Progress of the War. Reference has already been made to the advance of the French near Verdun. On the rest of the Western line it seems probable that for some time the forces have settled down again to the normal routine of trench warfare. The British army has taken over from the French a further extension of the line. Near Riga the Russians have been showing unwonted activity, but it is too soon to tell if a serious offensive movement is intended. Along the rest of the Eastern front nothing has happened until the line of Rumania is reached. Through Rumania the Germans have been making a triumphant progress, but signs are not wanting that the Russians and Rumanians are on the point of offering a stiffer resistance. Since the capture of Monastir some little progress has been made by the Serbians. The rest of General Sarrail's army remains quiescent, and is in danger of a possible attack in its rear by the forces of King Constantine. The Russian forces in Turkey and Persia have failed to make any notable advance for many months. After resting for a very long time the British forces near Kut are again showing activity—for what object is not known. So far from an attack being made on Egypt by the Turks the British have driven their enemy out of El Arish, and are said to be on the road to Jerusalem. The Bagdad Railway has been rendered more useful for the Turks by the completion of the tunnel through the Taurus Range. This removed the one big obstacle which stood in the way of its completion. The British, however, by destroying, by means of bombs dropped from an aëroplane, the great Chekaldar Bridge, eighteen miles east of Adana, have succeeded in cutting off not only the Bagdad main line extension proper, but also the Syrian lines from railway connection with Western Asia Minor and its centres of supplies. Further successes have attended upon the efforts of the Allied Forces in East Africa.

With Our Readers.

IT is difficult to give a thoroughly just estimate to our readers of much of the current literature that is Non-Catholic, and that treats of religious or moral questions. Inasmuch as it is a vital expression of human souls and of the world in which we live, it should be the object of our careful attention. We ourselves and our children are not unaffected by it. We should be able by intelligent word to advise and to guard; to counsel; to warn; to praise or to condemn. Moreover, the whole world belongs to Christ, and it is for us to do our utmost to have the world acknowledge His dominion. As charity towards our neighbor is the second greatest commandment, we should above all else not only be just but also sympathetic, at least to the extent of rightly understanding another. We should always be not only ready but eager to give credit where credit is due; to take an author in the light of his own purpose; to allow for misunderstanding and for ignorance; to state fairly what is good and what is poor; what is true and what is false, not keeping silence with regard to the one or the other.

* * * *

BUT it becomes increasingly difficult to perform this Christian task, and really impossible, when an author's main purpose is evidently good, but when in the presentation of it he so confounds the true and the false, or the half-true and the half-false, that unless the critic separate sentence from sentence, and at times word from word, he could not do scrupulous justice to the book.

* * * *

IT is pitiably true that clear and consistent thinking is not a characteristic of modern literature. The pity is the greater because we never had such a reign of preaching, moralizing, betterment, reform, uplift in literature as we have today. A reader, who is led to believe that he is to find the principles of a perfect life set forth in clear type, will put down the average book on the subject wondering what, after all, the principles are. This is not so much the fault of the individual writer, as of his training; his education; his inability to see the tests which first principles must meet. A fog has descended upon a great portion of the intellectual world, and therefore upon the spiritual world affected by it. Its inhabitants are earnestly seeking to get somewhere—where or how they do not and cannot distinctly see. Sometimes the fresh air of truth blows upon them; the fog

lifts, and they go ahead rapidly; then, suddenly, truth departs; the fog settles again, and again they are groping about, changing unknowingly their course from the point where truth told them to set it.

* * * *

WHEN a Catholic endeavors to estimate the work of those in the fog he is oftentimes at a loss to know how to do so. The writers have a somewhat fair notion of the teachings of the Church on some matters; and on others they are entirely wrong; or they will speak of "the Church," making the Catholic synonymous with the Episcopalian or Methodist or Baptist or Seventh Day Adventist. In their condemnation or criticism of "the Church," they will accordingly condemn the Catholic Church for teachings or defects for which she is not responsible. It is common for them to state that the Catholic Church demands from humankind too high a standard, even an impossible one; and again, that her standards are too low: that she has never yet fully interpreted Christianity to the world. They will speak of her sacramental system as simply a legal formalism: that all that concerns her, for example, in the sacrament of matrimony, is that husband and wife give testimony of their intention according to her rules. Judging from their statements, one would conclude that the natural law of the union of husband and wife, which is perfected by the sacrament of matrimony, the elevation and sanctification by that sacrament of every faculty and power and obligation of husband and wife do not enter into her mind or her teaching.

* * * *

THE writers of whom we speak, as a rule, never understand the teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to the supernatural standards, and the supernatural life necessary for their attainment. Seldom do they appreciate the difference between counsel and precept, or realize that the mission of the Catholic Church is after the manner of her Founder, to save those who were lost: to be merciful and tender to the sinner—that is to all of us—and not to deny to anyone the breasts of her mercy.

* * * *

WE are led to these thoughts by many books that have come to us of late—for there is no doubt that there are stirrings of a spiritual rebirth in the world—but particularly by a series of pamphlets, published by Longmans, Green & Co., on the timely and important subject: *Marriage and Morality*. The editor states very truly that "it is indeed unfortunate that so much more thought and attention is given to the discussion of moral failure and moral difficulties than to frank and positive moral teaching. The aim of the pamphlets is the presentation of positive and constructive ideals of sex relationship."

The aim is most praiseworthy. Unless man has the correct principles with regard to sex-relationship he individually will suffer disaster; so will the family; so will the nation.

* * * *

THE subject of the first pamphlet is: *Successful and Unsuccessful Marriages.* In atmosphere it is highly rarified. Its language is none too definite: but it is at times sublime. It pictures the loftiest possibilities: it gives no hint of the saintly discipline necessary for their attainment. "To find yourself in another: to live and grow through another, to make out of life something richer, fuller, different from what could be the sum of the two individual lives apart, that is the opportunity of marriage." "True love is not only a delicious emotion, it is giving, giving the best of self at all times, under all circumstances, and both to be able to give and to have something to give depends upon character." "This giving will not be only to one another. A perfect love increases the power of loving. To have seen into another's soul, to have learned through love the hidden treasures in another nature should increase and not limit the general capacity for sympathy and understanding."

"Love never faileth: the more we love, the more we are able to love: the quality of our love is perhaps best tested by its capacity to grow and increase."

"The failure of married life begins when it ceases to be a growth in love, in experience, in wisdom, in holiness."

* * * *

WITH these propositions everyone will agree, and everyone will suppose that in the cultivation and increase of the love of the husband for his wife and the wife for her husband lie the happiness, the success and joy of married and therefore family life. But on reading the entire pamphlet the reader will see that with many modern minds married life and family life are not synonymous.

The greatest permanent blessing of marriage, according to this author, is not the joy of possessing children; no, according to her, "the most permanent blessing lies in the joy of companionship." "The primitive and, we may say, the Prayer Book view that marriage existed primarily for the procreation of children has certainly been modified, if it has not disappeared."

* * * *

NOW if marriage has not that as a *primary* end, then we submit that this author has, implicitly at least, lowered marriage to a depth of degradation and infamy below that of the brute "to whom a conscience never wakes." Why, if not for the procreation of children as a primary end, do a man and a woman chose to live together? The publication of this author's statement in a reputable series of

pamphlets is a striking commentary on the extended license either of thought or of morals. The author continues to defend a marital union because it may extend "the service to humanity" of both partners. Does such vacuous talk really deceive anybody? The union of which the author speaks, in the following extract, might just as well exist so far as its "fruits" are concerned between a man and a man, a woman and a woman. "Marriage by bringing two beings into such close and intimate relationship with each other enables both to realize themselves, and love, the supreme revealer, brings out in each hidden treasures unknown before both to themselves and others."

* * * *

WHEN we are told that companionship is necessary for successful married life, and further that spiritual companionship is necessary, that "thoughts, hopes, fears, joys, all alike, should be shared," we are naturally led to believe that the writer will point out the advisability of not marrying one of a different religious belief from one's own; but all we receive in this pamphlet of "positive and constructive ideals" on this point is, "Many people will feel that companionship loses a great delight if there is not agreement on fundamental matters such as religion and politics." But companionship so necessary for the success of marriage "is grievously threatened by difference in taste."

* * * *

THE pamphlet has much good, practical advice within its covers. It champions the indissolubility of marriage. "To have the highest possible ideal of the married union as one made both for time and for eternity will help best to keep people from entering on it lightly." "The pure of heart," we are told, "shall see God, and it is to such that God reveals His deepest truths." Speaking of the imparting of sex knowledge, it says: "Knowledge is a dangerous gift here as elsewhere, and will prove a disastrous possession should it impair that purity of soul or deaden that sure instinct which tells so many girls whether a man's character is to be trusted or not."

But since it fails in stating aright the first principles of the question it fails on the whole in its ultimate purpose.

* * * *

THE pamphlet, *Marriage as a Career,* is a plea, begotten of present-day conditions in England, for women to undertake the "burden" and "sacrifices" of married life and to be willing to bear children. It is a striking commentary on the extent of immorality in that country. The strongest reason given against birth control is that it is a social crime.

Another pamphlet, *Marriage: A Harmony of Body and Soul,* directly contradicts the teaching of the first pamphlet we mention.

For example, it states: "Nature shows us that passion is meant to be steadfast and not wayward, and also reveals its kinship to the creative impulse or desire for expression felt by the artist, when it gives children as the fruit of the union of man and woman. Love, it appears, is not meant to be barren physically, or to exhaust itself in a passing phase; new life is to spring from it."

And again the necessity of sacramental help to live the married life as it should be lived is at least hinted in the following: "This ideal calls for the very best of every part of complex human nature. It will not be reached without effort; and it is obvious that a relationship offering such possibilities is not one to be entered upon lightly and thoughtlessly. Failure to make something noble out of so great an opportunity is a disaster proportionate to the beauty of the ideal."

The author also condemns divorce, and continues: "Some people complain that there is little of any such positive ideal of marriage to be found in Christianity; that the only thing insisted upon is the command not to be divorced. But this is to misunderstand Christ's teaching about divorce, which only follows as the natural consequence of His assertion that a perfect intimacy and therefore permanence in the marriage tie is part of God's essential purpose for the world. And the claim that it is God Who presides over the union, tells us that free self-conscious human beings ought only to enter it if they feel assured that God's blessing is upon it. Further, though Christ's teaching may not contain discourses about ideal marriage, or ideal friendship for that matter, He tells us enough of the Divine Will for man to enable us to work out our own ideals on lines which we believe is to be the will of God for us. This was Christ's method of teaching, to tell us of the principles that should govern our whole lives rather than of their particular application; and it should be our method too. Useful though specific education on these matters may be, it can never for a moment replace the inculcation of high ideals about the conduct of life as a whole, the impressing upon people that every department of life is sacred, and that the exercise of every kind of activity must react upon the whole character and personality.....What I have written about marriage is in harmony with what I understand that Christ taught us: firstly, in the Incarnation, of the value and sacredness of human life and the human body; secondly, of the infinite value in God's eyes of every individual soul, whether of man or woman."

* * * *

THE pamphlet, entitled *The Educational Value of Monogamy,* amuses us by saying "that monogamy has never been tried." The pamphlet seems a kindly endeavor to win rebels against Christianity and against civil law to do what both direct in the matter of marriage,

without compelling them to admit the authority of either. Its thought runs as follows: Monogamy is fundamentally necessary for any development of character. Its educational value for the race is clear. It marks the free-born man from the slave. Monogamy makes marriage mean "a union of souls, a blessing of lives, a sharing of growth and progress." Faithfulness is the keynote of true love. Sex love is never fulfilled save in the begetting of children. Marriage should be indissoluble, and husband and wife should publicly testify to their life-long union. The soul as well as the senses of the married couple, should be one. The craving for such union is fundamental. Birth control is an offence against the law of chastity. "If sex life be divorced from love we get at once a fundamental severance which cuts the soul from the senses and leaves a crack into which many devils creep."

The lofty standard set by the pamphlet may be seen not only from what we have said but from the further extract: "In his heart of hearts a man despises a woman who asks little; in her heart of hearts a woman despises a man who asks little; to give greatly and demand greatly is the secret of life's satisfaction: to abate no jot of one's demands through all the disappointments of life is to keep freshness of youth and the true spirit of a lover. To hold yourself cheap is to do wrong to all who meet you. Another women pleads, 'Well, if I chose to do it I harm no one else.' Only those who are ignorant of psychological truths could argue thus. There is not one person that man meets who is not in some way conscious that the woman has helped him to cheapen himself, no one person that woman meets who is not influenced. It must eternally be so, for when two people have degraded what should serve high ends to selfish indulgence, to a bodily passion insufficiently illumined by the soul, they are forever the poorer for the act."

* * * *

THE great mistake this author makes is in believing he, as a lone pioneer, has for the first time in all history thought of these things, and secondly, in saying that neither civil law nor Church law has endeavored to have man attain them. His structure is beautiful, but one is compelled, in looking below it, to ask where is the foundation? The "educational value" of monogamy will have strength only after its strength is admitted.

Praise of Virginity is of little concern to us since for the most part it is a plea that the Church of England give wider recognition to the conventual vocation of her young women. It sounds to us like pleading before a mother who would willingly consent, but who does not altogether understand what is asked of her.

* * * *

FOR *Purity,* which is a straighforward appeal and defence of chastity, we have only words of strongest praise. It is built upon enduring Christian truth. The only exception we take is this—the author, while praising celibacy in those who choose to make it a rule of life, denies its special spiritual value. He has said that he took as his guide the New Testament. If he will re-read Matthew xix. 12, and the Seventh Chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, he will surely re-write that paragraph of his pamphlet.

* * * *

IT is not only pleasing, but also important, to note that all of these pamphlets, save for the exception we have noted, reëcho many of the teachings of the Catholic Church on the subject of matrimony, and the relations of the sexes. They denounce divorce; they defend the indissolubility of the marriage bond; they condemn as criminal the notorious "birth control;" they plead for the sanctity of the body and for the preëminent value of the spiritual motive in wedded life.

This is perhaps the more remarkable because they do not accept the authority of the Catholic Church; and the sole light which most of them admit is that of human reason alone. They are in their measure sign posts on that journey towards the star which points to Christ as the fulfillment of every truth, the smallest and the greatest: the truths of nature and the truths of revelation. They prove that God is in all and over all and that no law which He has ordained can with impunity be violated by any individual. "They that sow in the flesh, of the flesh shall reap corruption." And we cannot repeat too often that no words of condemnation can be too strong when directed against those, who, in the name of science, or economics or race improvement, or whatever other respectable plea they use, are going about preaching what is in reality nothing else than a filthy and vice-breeding immorality.

THE publication in two volumes of an authoritative text of Rousseau's writings has again directed attention to his political theories —concerning which there has been much discussion, but remarkably little knowledge.

In the *Nation* of January 18th appeared a lengthy and scholarly review by Dr. Irving Babbitt of these volumes. The critic shows that Rousseau is, after all, "only the most eloquent and influential of the sentimentalists." He himself said that his "whole life has been nothing but a long revery." He dreamed, as the sensualist dreams, and transferred the immoral anarchy of his soul into the whole political and religious sphere of life. "The tendency of what Rousseau urges is to influence the passions and appetites of its (society's) least intelligent members. "Rousseau repudiates both humility and decorum." "He was the spokesman of a middle class which was gaining rapidly

in wealth and influence and which, having got rid of traditional control, did not wish to acquire self-control." "No writer is more lavish in his praise of virtue and conscience. But he gives to these words entirely new meanings.....he proceeds to convert virtue into a passion and even into an intoxication." He who denied discipline sought to trace its origins; he who flouted order searched for it, and thought to find it in a general will of the people, in virtue of which he grants to the people a place that was formerly reserved for God Almighty.

* * * *

DR. BABBITT points out that this new edition fails to include the passage most important for the understanding of Rousseau's political views. That passage is found in the *Confessions*. Rousseau tells how he went on a picnic with a woman in the forest of St. Germain: how there he came to conceive the picture of primitive man, and how all improvements on this primitive man were the source of every human misery.

But as free as was the imagination of Rousseau, it served error instead of truth, because it knew not the restraint of knowledge. The primitive man, as a really great one among the ancients, Aristotle, proved, is naturally political: it is natural for him to be a citizen. His nature demands law. Rousseau guided by his own unlicensed selfishness would make him utterly unsocial, a disconnected and inharmonious unit.

* * * *

BELIEVERS in a true Republic will see from a thorough study of Rousseau that they should never invoke his name in their aid, for he was essentially the enemy of all true democracy. True democracy is founded upon justice: take away that foundation and the structure falls at once. A merely numerical majority is not and can never be the supreme interpreter and judge of every right. Justice primarily demands, first, respect for those individual and family rights which are inalienable, and, secondly, that the minority in every community have a right to be heard and considered. The steam roller is not democratic.

Our American Declaration of Independence denies Rousseau's teaching not only by the mention of "the laws of nature's God," but also by the fact that it is the declaration of a small minority to dissolve the political bands which connected them with the great majority. Moreover, that same Declaration proclaimed this truth as self-evident, "that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." Such a declaration strikes a mortal blow at the root of Rousseauism.

For, as our critic says, quoting Rousseau, "All the clauses of the Social Contract 'reduce themselves to one: the total alienation of every associate with all his rights' (including his rights to property)

'to the whole community.' The abstract rights that Rousseau postulates appertain to the individual only in so far as he is a member of the sovereign people."

* * * *

THE utter immorality of Rousseau's teaching may be plainly seen from his words, "to limit sovereignity is to destroy it." To quote our critic again: "The people," according to Rousseau, "is not bound by its own past, and cannot obligate itself for the future; it cannot contract to obey the officers—representatives, judiciary, or even monarch—that it has set up: they are only the puppets of the general will, revocable at pleasure." Rousseau is the arch-anarchist. He not only maintained that the people is incapable of doing wrong: that the people is free from every responsibility; but he emptied natural honor and loyalty of all content, "The sovereign people," with Rousseau, "is responsible to no one. It *is* God."

* * * *

THE peace of Europe, or rather what peace it has enjoyed through the centuries, is on the admission of Rousseau himself, due to the Catholic Church. "It is undeniable," he says, "that Europe owes to Christianity above all, even today, the species of union that has survived among its members." Dr. Babbitt rightly adds, "One might suppose that Rousseau would seek to retain in some form or other this spiritual bond that is set above nationality." The reason why Rousseau would not tolerate it is that he hated discipline or restraint of any kind and desired only "emotional expansion." "He, therefore, sets out deliberately to break down the distinction between the spiritual and the temporal order which is at the heart of Christianity, and to which is due in the final analysis every genuine progress that has been made in political theory and practice since Aristotle; for example, the notion of individual liberty."

* * * *

ROUSSEAU sought, of course, to do away with Christianity. He wished the State to prescribe "a creed the few and simple dogmas of which are intended as an aid not so much to religion as to sociability. If anyone," he says, "after recognizing publicly these same dogmas, behaves as though he did not believe them, let him be punished with death."

* * * *

THE article from which we have quoted proceeds to show the evils that will follow from a complacent listening to the teachings of this French philosopher. The writer of it sees in them the blood-red dawn of imperialism.

* * * *

A FEW days ago the General Education Board, a Rockefeller Foundation, announced its plans for a radical experiment in educa-

tion, and claimed that, if it proves to be successful, it will revolutionize both elementary and secondary education.

The announcement should arouse at once the attention and the activity of everyone interested in the education of the young. This General Education Board is a private corporation backed by "a vast, compelling force" of $35,000,000. It is almost omnipotent financially. "The experiment will be carried through," says a member of the Board, "whatever it costs." The experiment is radical and dangerous. Its birth, its aims are born, of money. Money is its controlling power. Its financial resources can command a large number of educators; and enable the controllers "almost to force upon the public the acceptance of the ideals they advocate." Our free government is in danger of being supplanted by a moneyed bureaucracy. Their purpose is to de-spiritualize the country. Those educated under this plan will, according to the *New York Times*, "have no idea nor be able to form an intelligent opinion upon subjects not directly related to gainful pursuits." The General Education Board has by this step, according to the same authority, apparently exceeded its purpose under the act of incorporation.

* * * *

WHETHER it has or not, the situation is so alarming that every lover of American liberty ought to protest most strenuously. This action of the General Education Board is but one further step by those who are powerful and influential, because they possess or control money, to direct the educational, the charitable, the health departments of the city first; then the State; then the nation. The *New York Times* says: "If this experiment bears the expected fruit we shall see imposed upon the country a system of education born of the theories of one or two men, and replacing a system which has been the natural outgrowth of the American character and the needs of the American people. It is as if we should be called upon to abandon our system of common law, which has sprung from the daily business and social relations of the people, and adopt in its stead a code drawn up by three or four men in a law office and brought into force and effect by the acts of State legislatures."

* * * *

WE have inserted this paragraph here because the writer of this critique of Rousseau appositely states: "It is wholesome to reflect that Rousseauism is also rampant in America, especially in our education where it is likely to do most harm."

"The 'uplift' is the only religion of an increasing number of Americans, and the 'uplift' is a sham religion." "Humanitarianism has manifestly failed to exercise ethical control." "Galilee has, on the contrary, been justified against Rousseau and the sentimentalists."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
A Spiritual Pilgrimage. By Rev. R. J. Campbell. $2.00 net.

The Century Co., New York:
Representative American Plays. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. $2.75 net. *The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators.* By Hendrick Willem Van Loon. $2.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Belgium's Case. By C. De Vesscher. $1.00. *Fake Witness.* By Johannes Jorgenson. $1.00. *The Deportation of Women and Girls from Lille.* 50 cents.

Columbia University Press, New York:
A Comparative Study of the Intelligence of Delinquent Girls. By Augusta F. Bronner, Ph.D.

Duffield & Co., New York:
Master Spirits of Literature—Dante. By C. H. Grandgent. $1.50 net.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Animals' Christmas Tree. By the Rev. J. P. Peters. 25 cents.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York:
Sixty Years of the Theatre. By John Ranken Towse. $2.50.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York:
Stevenson. By Richard Ashley Rice.

L. J. Gomme, New York:
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. $1.50. *The Dead Musician and Other Poems.* By Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. $1.00 net.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. $2.00.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Gerald de Lacey's Daughter. By Anna T. Sadlier. $1.35 net. *The Lily of Israel.* By the Abbé Gerbert. 75 cents.

John Lane & Co., New York:
Ireland's Literary Renaissance. By Ernest A. Boyd. $2.50 net. *In Spacious Times.* By Justin Huntley McCarthy. $1.35 net.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Le Strange Records. By Hamon Le Strange, M.A., F.S.A. $7.00 net. *Sermons and Sermon Notes.* By the Rev. B. W. Maturin. $2.00 net. *State Policy In Irish Education.* By the Rev. T. Corcoran, D.Litt. $2.00 net. *Teachings of Christ and the Apostles.* Part I. *The Teaching of Christ.* By a Priest.

Latin American News Association, New York:
The Work of the Clergy and the Religious Persecution in Mexico. By Attorney Rodolfo Menendez Mena. Pamphlet.

G. P. Putnam Sons, New York:
The Ordeal by Fire. By a Sergeant in the French Army (Marcel Berger). $1.50 net.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Eternal Feminine. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. $1.35 net. *A Sheaf.* By John Galsworthy. $1.50 net.

The America Press, New York:
The Dominican's Seventh Centenary. Pamphlet.

The Home Press, New York:
The Mass—Every Day in the Year. Translated and arranged by Edward A. Pace, D.D., and John J. Wynne, S.J. $1.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Insurrection in Dublin. By James Stephens. $1.25 net. *Multitude and Solitude.* By John Masefield. $1.35 net. *The Criminal Imbecile.* By Henry H. Goddard. $1.50.

Yale University Press, New York:
The Social Criticism of Literature. By Gertrude Buck, Ph.D. $1.00 net. *Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment.* By H. St. George Tucker. $1.35 net.

H. W. Wilson Co., White Plains, New York:
The Seven Joys of Reading. By Mary Wright Plummer.

Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.:
Helen. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. $1.35 net. *Portraits of Women.* By Gamaliel Bradford. $2.50 net. *A Brief History of Poland.* By Julia Swift Orvis. $1.50 net.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.:
From the Deep Woods to Civilization. By Charles A. Eastman. $2.00 net.

Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H.:
Letters of a Traveling Salesman. By Charlie Jacobson. 75 cents.

Salesian Press, Philadelphia, Pa.:
The Venerable Don Bosco—Apostle of Youth. By M. S. Pine. 75 cents.

The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.:
Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders. By George Wharton Edwards.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CIV. MARCH, 1917. No. 624.

HUMAN NATURE AND THE HISTORIANS.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE doctrine of the brotherhood of men has been made the subject of some silly rhetoric, and of much quite stupid attack, but it remains the only solid basis for any kind of thinking about mankind. If men are not brothers, they are not men. I am not concerned here, however, with the place of this idea in philosophy or religion, but with its practical application to the study of the human story. I wish only to draw attention to the idea of human fraternity as a tool or test for historical inquiry. For the purposes of the present discussion the meaning of the doctrine of human brotherhood may perhaps be stated in this way. Human brotherhood means that in considering the ways of any tribe or nation, however remote or however degraded, we need not use or do not use the mere method of zoölogy; we do not need to study them as we study ants and earwigs. We can make the most elaborate calculations of what an earwig does do. But we cannot in our wildest visions form any conception of what an earwig would do; we suffer under the limitation of not being earwigs. But if we see a man doing anything we are enlightened from within as well as from without. We know something at least of what he will do even before he does it. This sympathetic knowledge is crossed and confused, of course, by innumerable differences of convention, of symbolism, and of special type; but the point here is that, as far as it comes in at all, it is a different kind of knowledge to the knowledge that the naturalist can have about an earwig or about

Copyright. 1917. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

anything else. As long as the facts are fixed and proved about either creature there is, of course, nothing more to be said. But if a question arose between two explanations, it might, in the case of the earwig, have to remain a question. But in the case of a man we might begin to talk, out of the knowledge in our own hearts, about the more *probable* explanation.

Now it is at this point that another and rather curious truth comes in. It is generally much wiser for an educated but not specially learned person to test historical assertions and ideas by this human sympathy rather than by certain detached historical facts, mostly of a formal sort, of which he has probably heard. He will probably be much nearer the ancient Romans by perpetually reminding himself that they were men, than by being told in stray truths that they were Imperialists, or that they were Latins, or that they owned slaves. The really learned man does not run this risk; that is, so long as he is the sort of learned man who is a man as well as learned. For he will have got past the mere formula of Imperialism or slavery, and got to the human details of it; and the human details will be quite human. The coster or the cabman does not run this risk either, for he knows nothing about the Romans except that they were men; and this is the final result of all the researches of the really learned. But the ordinary educated, unlearned man like myself does run this risk, and often encumbers himself in early youth with bald and misleading historical facts and generalizations, which conceal the humanity that is really behind them, and which he might have imagined for himself. It is better to construct human history by your imagination than by your knowledge, unless it is a very great knowledge. It is far better to reckon by men's human nature than by their often inhuman theories or statutes. It is wiser to attend to what they mean than to what they say. You are an unlearned man, and you do not always understand what they say. But you are a man, and you know what they mean.

We may take the typical instance introduced above; the instance of slavery. Since boyhood I have constantly found myself in the company of a certain kind of modern progressives or reformers whose whole object in life seems to be to represent the past not only as horrible, but as something other than human. They desire to break, in the history behind us, the bond of men's brotherhood; though, curiously enough, they all get very fond of it quite suddenly when they begin to talk about the future. They

hold that we are not related to our fathers, but that we are on extremely intimate terms with our great-great-grandchildren. But this modern fraternity of theirs is too strange a thing for my intellect, and I turn back to simpler matters; to such a trifle, for instance, as the problem of primeval slavery. Now, these people early possessed my mind with the idea that in slave-holding times men were divided into two totally distinct races, one utterly abject, the other utterly disdainful. And as proof and summary of it, they got firmly into my head this fact, that in certain old laws the slave is spoken of as a "chattel;" he is actually said to belong to his master in the same sense as a chair or a table. They said that this was really written down on bits of parchment; and I have no doubt it is. But it was never the truth for all that.

In any case this view impressed me (as it has impressed and still impresses millions of others) with an alien and blood-curdling conception of the condition of human nature in the societies which permitted slavery. The moderns filled my mind with shameful visions, visions of merchants really examining a woman as a bale of goods, of torturers really carving a man as if he were a piece of wood. Worst of all, perhaps, was the image of one man being unconscious of the presence of another, as if he were indeed a stool. I read of all these things in the modern books. But the curious thing was this, that I could not find them anywhere else except in the modern books. The moment I began to read the ancient books these horrible pictures utterly disappeared. When I read books about the old slave-owning people I found a people as monstrous as the moon; but when I read books by the old slave-owning people I found they were uncommonly like myself. It seemed a queer sort of inversion. I read a tale written last week by a man with a top hat in Fleet Street, and it transported me to a terrible and remote race. I read a tale written by a man in a toga two thousand years ago, and he seemed to be a kindly gentleman walking about Fleet Street. Especially there was in the old literature hardly a trace of this hideous feeling of slaves as being actually beasts or chattels. Slaves were badly treated, just as children or workmen can be badly treated, by an abuse of accidental power, and with the general disapproval of the neighbors. Juvenal (to take only one obvious case) would say that a Roman lady cruelly whipped a lady's maid, but he did not say it with the air of one denouncing a practice that had never been denounced before; rather, he did it with the air of one taunting the lady with a vice that she herself

would be ashamed of. In fact, he did it almost exactly in the tone of Mr. Bernard Shaw when he declared that some people like cruelty to children, and scornfully advised them to avow this pleasure, like the fox-hunter. But above all I came upon startling facts that were inconceivable in the alleged "chattel" atmosphere. For instance, these pagans would praise a great philosopher, would declare that he had thousands of adorers among the young nobility, would hold him up as a sort of human temple for adoration and obedience; and then mention, quite incidentally, that he was a slave. This is the deepest of all impossibilities; a psychological impossibility. Men could not really *think* of a man as a great philosopher if they really *thought* of him as a stool.

But my main point remains to be emphasized. I read very little of the ancient literature; but I read just enough to get to the human fact which was behind the legal fiction. The slave-owners in their law called the slave a chattel; but in their poetry they called him a man, in their comedies they called him a character, in their social life they often called him a friend, and in their highest philosophy they sometimes almost called him a demi-god. Little as was the knowledge I acquired, it was enough to teach me that there was no truth in the mere modern notion that a slave-owner thought of the slave as a "chattel." But it is not on this I insist; what I insist on is, that if I simply exercise my ordinary imagination and human instinct, I might have known it, I ought to have known it, without any detailed knowledge at all. I ought to have realized that the pure "chattel" theory is inconceivable in the minds of men. A man never could have thought another man a chattel. A man never could have thought another man anything but another man. He might be another man subordinated to him in a complex social scheme; he might be another man placed in his power and exposed to his evil passions; but he was always a man, he was never anything in the least like a piece of furniture. If for one instant a slave had really seemed like a table, the master would have been as exactly as much startled as if a table had begun to dance about the room like a man. But the essence of the contention I make is this: that it is only the half-learned man, who makes up so much of the modern state, who is misled by the mere word "chattel" written on a stone or a scrap of paper. Both simple men and learned men know that there is no truth in this notion of our fathers treating men as furniture. Simple men know they would not. Learned men know they did not.

It is, however, the peculiarity of the case, that, unless we feel confident enough in our own great guesses about men to contradict the common tale flatly as being inhuman and incredible, then we have to take a great deal of trouble and track the common tale to its original exact text and proof, when we commonly find that it means something entirely different. But taking trouble is not my own strong point; and I can speak only of certain cases in which I have come upon the real and original facts by accident. In such cases I saw how in the strangest way the old tale, which was human, had been turned by a touch or two into the modern tale, which is inhuman. Those who quote certain episodes in the past to prove that there were human divisions utterly denying brotherhood, always (by accident or design) leave something out of the anecdote. And the thing they leave out is the brotherhood. But I can only explain my meaning by examples, so I will give two that have come my way.

We have all heard (as a case of inhuman slavery in the past) a floating anecdote about some Russian grand lady who said she had no shame with a slave, but would unclothe before a male serf because he was not a man. Now, of course, it should be said first that such a tale does not, strictly speaking, prove that she did not think him a man; on the contrary, it properly proves that she *did* think him a man. Had he really been a chattel she would not have boasted about his being a chattel. No woman would brag about her indifference when left alone with the clock. And if really so uttered, the observation will seem to be not a barbarian princess' normal principle, but some brazen woman's decadent paradox. But that is a mere pedantic point, and not a point on which I insist. It happened by the purest accident that in an old book of travels in Russia I came upon an actual anecdote, which may very well be the original of all the versions of this tale, and which is, at any rate, a case of the way in which such tales probably arise. In this tale the details are grosser than in the ordinary version, too gross to be given here; but the curious thing is that while the real tale was much grosser, it was also much more democratic and humane. The Russian lady did not say, "A slave is not a man," with the traditional implication of distance and disdain. What the Russian lady said was, "These men have been with me since childhood; I should be surprised indeed to learn that I was a woman to them, and they men to me." Observe that the whole moral meaning of the version has changed. The beginning

of the sentence, "these men have been with me from childhood," changes the whole sentiment from one of imperial ostentation to one of rather coarse domesticity. She is not saying that slaves are so very far off from her: she is insisting that they are so very close to her. They are not primarily male, just as brothers or very old friends might not be primarily male. This is an uncivilized and undignified freedom; but it has no kinship whatever with the hateful contempt implied in the proverbial remark of the Russian dame. It has much more in common with the low familiarities of an overcrowded slum.

Here is the other example. Of all the evil tales of an aristocracy openly holding men as beasts for toil or sport, none ever gave me such a chill as the story of the calm acquittal of Lord Mohun after his murder of the poor actor Mountford. As I then read and understood the story, as almost the whole reading public now reads and understands it, Mohun committed a shameful murder without a rag of doubt or a shadow of excuse; he then came into court with the blood of the innocent on his hands, and the smile of the insolent on his face; he denied the right of common justice to try so great a noble: he stood confidently before his peers in the House of Lords; and all the Lords set him free without a stain on his character, because he had killed only a common man. In short, according to this traditional picture, the great English aristocracy, then undoubtedly at the height of its arrogance, practically declared in a public proclamation that noblemen might amuse themselves by killing actors as much as by killing partridges. Now, if this calm and horrible drama had really so happened, if men judged so gravely and in good faith, one can only say that men must really have had in those days a different moral sense. It is a story used by those who deny brotherhood in the past. It is a special and hideous instance of the master destroying the slave as a mere chattel. And yet I was puzzled; for the literature of that time is extant, and has no traces of such strange ethics. Mohun was tried in the time of Steele and Addison, who evidently had the same morality as ourselves. Now, in the course of investigating something else, I happened to read some of the details of the trial of Mohun. I discovered that a small fact has been left out of the popular tradition. It is a small fact which happens to have the effect of dissolving the whole of the ordinary impression that the English oligarchy thought it right to save a red-handed assassin if he were an oligarch. The truth is

that you might just as well say that the English people of today thought it right to let artists murder young girls. You might as well say that the art for art's sake movement in England, passing up through Pater and Wilde, had culminated with the acquittal of the egotistical artist, Wood. Wood was an egotistical artist, and some silly people may have possibly liked him for that reason. But if you stated the story in that way, you would be leaving out one rather important detail; you would be omitting to say that one of the possible reasons why Wood was acquitted was that he was not proved guilty. Now, this is never mentioned of Mohun, but it was true of Mohun. He was let off (or at the very least he may have reasonably been let off) because there was a reasonable doubt about whether he had committed the crime. From the evidence that I read it seems certain that his part in the affair was a secondary one, and more than possible that he had no part in it at all. The actual blow was certainly struck by another man. Mohun was a blackguard, but that does not concern us. What does concern us is that this is another instance, come upon at random, of a general historical impression, among the merely educated, which makes out the past much more calmly and theoretically inhuman than it ever was. There were, of course, millions of instances of disgraceful inhumanity in practise. But there was never any inhumanity in theory which is conveyed by the supposition that the whole House of Lords said, with a slight laugh, "What's an actor more or less?"

But again I wish to insist on the original conclusion. I mentioned these two incidental cases in which the fuller knowledge of the facts turns something which had seemed quite inhuman into something quite human. But I only mention them in order to point out again that they ought to have been obvious without any knowledge of the facts. As it happened, I only found the truth about these two cases in dusty old leather books read for another purpose altogether: but I ought to have found that truth in the faces in the street. I found somewhere bound up in a book the true facts; but I ought to have found these bound up in myself. I had not believed enough in human brotherhood. I should have considered the Russian lady and the English Lords, not as ants or beetles whose most maniacal customs can be watched calmly through a microscope, but as fellow sinners whose sins would be human and explicable like my own. And when there was a doubt about what was true, I ought to have been able to consider, through sympathy, what was *probable*. I should have realized, to take the

first case, that if a woman ever said that she was indifferent to delicacy in her relations with a man, it was much more *likely* that she had simply got used to the man, than that she held some quite unnatural metaphysical view of his nature and status. It was more *likely* that she regarded an old servant as a member of a rather rough family, than that she had so perverse a notion as that the servant was not a man when he obviously was. It is not easy to think a man is not a man: it is like thinking a cowslip is like a cow; it requires some mental force. And again in the second case, I ought to have seen by the light of nature, and though the pride and wickedeness of the aristocracy might certainly be equal to making a stand to save a murderer of their own rank, still it was more *likely—ceteris paribus*—that this stand was made in a case in which there was some ordinary legal doubt, to palliate a difference of people. A room full of men, good, bad, and indifferent, might easily be swayed by social sympathies, but they are more *likely* to be swayed in a case where there are really two sides to the question, than in a naked and glaring case of wrong, which would leave them no escape save that of openly espousing injustice. That is the moral I wish to draw from these two random cases; a wholesome moral, for it is to the reproach and confusion of myself. I do not blame myself for not being a scholar or a close student of the facts; for this I have never attempted or professed to be. But I do blame myself for not having seen that, apart from whatever were the facts, this was not the truth. A more learned man than I would have known all about Mohun, because he would have known all about English history; he would have known all about the Russian lady because he would, doubtless, have known all about Russian ladies. But a wiser man than I would have guessed the truth without learning it.

In case there is any mistake about the matter, it should be repeated here that the contention is not that remote races or ages were not hideously cruel, or even that they were not more cruel than we. I am not concerned here to deny that the sins of the past were greater than those of the present. I am concerned to say that the sins were sins: they were committed as sins, excused and blundered through as sins, but always at root regarded as sins. They were never virtues, the virtues of another morality. It was never felt as right to insult your enemy's corpse. Passions of the moment excused it of old in the case of Achilles, as they excused it not so very long ago in the case of Lord Kitchener. But I

cannot really believe that any Englishman felt it as a nice thing, and it is quite obvious that Homer three thousand years ago felt it as a very nasty thing. It was never thought normal or natural to burn a man alive; horror at abnormal things (like witchcraft or blasphemy) produced it in old Europe as horror at other abnormal things produces it now in new America. I profoundly disbelieve that human sacrifice was ever felt to be human. The earliest tales we have of it are told with a shudder, the story of Iphigenia was full of fresh human fear and wonder at the dreadful things the gods demanded. Human sacrifice, I suspect, was much more a decadent or diabolist innovation than an old and simple custom. Exactly the same can be said about cannibalism. Those half-cultured deniers of human brotherhood in the past, of which I have spoken, are always very fond of gazing at me solemnly, wagging their heads, and then saying, "Once we all held it right to eat each other;" to which I can only answer with equal gravity that I don't remember doing so. Surely it is obvious that cannibalism is always felt as unnatural; sometimes it was done by decadents, savages, and devil worshippers, because it is unnatural; sometimes it is done by starving savages, as it is by starving Europeans, because the situation is also unnatural. But cannibalism is rather an over-civilized product than a simple one. Gloomy savages do it, just as gloomy novelists write books about it, because it is a nasty idea, not a nice one. There is much more kinship between cannibalism and the art of Aubrey Beardsley than there is between cannibalism and the art that scratched the reindeer on the rock. And if anyone asks how I know all this, and how I, who have not much knowledge of science and history, state it all so positively, I reply without hesitation that I guess it; I use my own common sense, for I am talking of my family.

Lastly, let it be said that the sense of one human nature in all lands and ages does not involve the suggestion that we should be cocksure about human beings, or that they are not abysses of evil and sealed gates of good. But from being an unbrotherly mystery it becomes a brotherly mystery; and if we cannot reckon all historical possibilities it is because we cannot really reckon all our own possibilities. There is a very solemn and genuine sense in which I can never understand Rameses III. It is the same sense in which Rameses III. could never understand himself. There is a true sense in which I know nothing about the man in the

Sandwich Islands; it is the same awful sense in which I know nothing about the man in the looking glass. This must specially be remembered when we speak of strange customs, of the grotesque rites and unintelligible dances of the barbarians. All rites are grotesque; all rites are unintelligible. We shall understand why a Papuan bride pretends to hide from her husband when we understand why an English or American bride wears a veil; and we shall understand that when we understand what being a woman means. We shall know why Zulus have a war-dance when we know why the Grenadier Guards have a brass band: we shall know that when we know for certain what a man means. We shall know why huge temples are covered by terrible symbolism when we know why two schoolboys invent a secret language; we shall know that when we know everything.

But though we know that in human history there are undecipherable things, and especially horrible things that are only half decipherable, we who believe in a human brotherhood, a permanent human basis, regard such dark things with sentiments very different to the cold curiosity and disdain of the modern scientific inquirer. We have a more fearful sense as we look up at those towering engines of evil. To us they are not the wreck of a lost creation; they are the wild end of ways we have ourselves trodden, the public and uplifted punishment of crimes we have ourselves come too near. There has been such a thing as slavery, the desperate social expedient by which men solved the sickening social problems, not indeed by feeling, but certainly by blasphemously and abominably *saying* that a man could be a "chattel." There has been such a thing as aristocracy, and in England, at least, it is growing rather than decreasing. There has been such a thing as a theoretical division of a man from men. There has been such a thing as human sacrifice, such a thing as cannibalism; dreadful religious service where live men offered a dead man to the gods, horrible moonless feasts where man fed upon a flesh like his own. There have been, in short, shining and high places of horror, cruelties incredible and indecencies which might make the sun drop from heaven. But while the modern pedant looks at these heathen heights from a greater height of superciliousness, as things he has passed for ever, *we* have very different feelings. We can only cry that we know not the depths of our own darkness, and pray that we be not led into temptation, but may find deliverance from evil.

THE TRAGEDY OF MARK TWAIN.

BY GEORGE NAUMAN SHUSTER.

NOVELS, as Marion Crawford said, are made for amusement, but it were difficult to conceive of a book more utterly pessimistic and depressing in its outlook upon life than Mark Twain's recently published *The Mysterious Stranger*. Its melancholy is more than fictionized Schopenhauer, for there is genuine poetry in the story and a passion almost akin to despair. The central conception is striking. Two boys of mediæval times who play round the castle of Eseldorf, meet a stranger who is nothing less than an angel in disguise. He has all the mystic power and calm detachment of a pure spirit: his logic is keen, there is not an emotional throb in him, and he reads the future. One of his whims is to create a multitude of pigmies and then quietly to snuff out their lives with his finger. This stranger whose name is Satan, uses his powers to influence the lives of the villagers, but his acts of seeming benevolence result to their detriment. The simple and good people are wrecked on the callous souls of their neighbors. With bitter irony he outlines the hopeless folly and irremediable degradation of man. Of course, the book is an allegory, and draws what to the old Mark Twain was a view of life "in toto"—life, whose brutality and universal sordidness can be accounted for only on the hypothesis that existence is a dream, a mirage that flutters before the imaginary eyes of an imagined man!

How strange that such a book should have been written by an American, when our professed philosophy as outlined by James and Dewey is a practical optimism which avowedly seeks the good in life for the helpfulness of that good; when every possible material blessing seems to have descended upon this land to make it the most prosperous and peaceful commonwealth in history. How strange, too, that Mark Twain should have written it, a man gifted as no other to see the jolly and mirthful in life. For him there was no terrible thirst for the wells of thought such as drove a Spinoza forth, seeking relief from the sickening hostility of environment. Mark Twain possessed everything that is highly esteemed: fame, love, wealth, and the respect of men. He was a

beautiful character and a successful citizen. Surely it is appalling to find here the same "canker and the dust" that slept in the eyes of Byron and corroded the last days of Solomon. And yet, I think that for a man like Mark Twain this final philosophy was almost sure to arrive. The old gray figure grappling brokenly with the problem of evil represents a genuine tragedy. For in all real tragedy the elements in the hero's own character conspire with the surroundings towards a sad and definite end.

The literature of our country cannot be said actually to have begun until there was a national spirit. Whatever may be the value of Irving or the historians like Prescott, no authentic American voice spoke in the world until Cooper told the story of Leatherstocking. Every great author is a trumpet speaking the sentiment and convictions of the millions who have necessarily been born dumb. In Longfellow and Whitman alike wells the song of America, a reflection of the soul of an actual people which began to differ from other peoples. Naturally the books which preceded the era of expansion were dictated in part from across the sea. In the ink of Emerson and Lowell there is a flavor of Atlantic waters; Thoreau is a reaction against the congestion of Europe rather than American urban life. The Transcendental School was a shadow flung by Fichte and Hegel, while the genius of American Catholicism, Orestes A. Brownson, careered primarily in jousts with alien spirits. It could not have been otherwise.

But when the pioneers had stripped the wastes and settled on the plains; when the gold rush had done and the vast Western woodlands were grown into settlements, a distinct type of American evolved. He was clear-sighted, economically unhampered and absolutely independent of tradition. The light in his eyes was new, and in the person of Lincoln he grappled the problems of statesmanship with original and startling insight. Of course there were others. Andrew Jackson, for instance, will never be forgotten. This type of American regarded the alphabet with a sentiment almost akin to wonder. Endowed with indigenous common sense and humor, he affronted the philosophies of the world as if they were curios, rather than staple products. Culture was almost an anomaly, but free spirits, clear heads and young eyes were abundant as trees.

Mark Twain is undoubtedly the voice of this people in literature. He was born a poet and natural philosopher. Every atom of energy latent in a rising race was compressed into his blood.

He saw the Mississippi in the starlight; he had the whole world to play in as a boy, and the universe to make his living in as a man. It was not ordained that Samuel Clemens should be a cobbler or a diplomat. In the glorious and waning freedom of American civilization, he was veritably the architect of his fate. The romance of his life is one of the most fascinating records in existence, because it is the story of a people's thought and language. Like Lincoln he is a type; like him he dominates the scene, has impressed his vitality upon established systems, and seen because his eyes were made to see. No other of our countrymen have been so beloved, so powerful or so American. Both had the same rustic beginning and the same sad finis. Allowing for differences of temperament they were very much alike.

In their completed form, Mark Twain's books display an intense continuity or evolution—in a sensible sense—of New World thoughts and ideas. The development of his philosophy is almost coördinate with the growth of civilization in America: quite simple at first, it comes to embrace the cosmos. For the world is a cosmos now, without horizons, an endless cycle of infinities which we do not even boast of mastering or being able to master. I think that Mark Twain represents the pressure of the nineteenth century upon the ordinary man; his soul is marked by the teeth of an era which built up a supposedly impregnable philosophy and tore it down again. His leap into prominence is itself a phenomenon. *The Celebrated Jumping Frog* was funny, but also very crude. Would a similar story be accepted by the magazines of today? Hardly; but at the time of its appearance the American mind was new. Our people were hardier, plainer, less complex and sophisticated. One can fancy the average American reading of that droll wager, rubbing his hands with glee, and settling back for a good, long laugh. He understood the joke, thought it very good, and roared. Today we do not quite remember what the circumstances were like, the characters have grown dim, and hence we are not so uproariously amused. But the primal fact remains. Here once for all sat the wild Westerner telling a story. A new literary force was come.

Innocents Abroad remains good reading, even if we need a little historical imagination to acquire the point of view. Americans of that date made pilgrimages to the Holy Land and Europe. Tourists were not so much sight-seers as crusaders. The dull-brained ancients, any youngsters too for that matter, wept over the *Ancien Regime,* and sighed for a strip of Wellington's boots.

Living in a land of heroes, they longed with paradoxical sentiment for the ashes of the sacred past, the memories of Vergil's tomb and Dante's bust. Of course they were ignorant and gullible. They said "wonderful" and "ah" before the Old Masters, and went into poetic raptures within the Coliseum. All the while they kept a charmed eye on the guide-books and got everything confused. The American, in short, was ignorant and innocent alike—he believed. When this common-sense Westerner, named Clemens, sailed for Europe, he met it steadily and critically. He was not very sentimental, except about Athens and Héloise, and he owned a remarkable sense of humor. Naturally he was ignorant too, but he had intelligence enough not to murmur appreciatively before the Old Masters. There was no strong reason why he should. Mark Twain was honestly a barbarian, and enjoyed his joke. There is nothing more rollicky than his experience with the guide and Christopher Columbo, or the finding of the exact centre of the earth. All in all, *Innocents Abroad* is a remarkable record, for it tells of the discovery of Europe by an American.

What were this young Mark Twain's ideals? Somewhere in Mr. Paine's biography is a facsimile which states that the writer loves curious facts, anecdotes and science, but detests poetry and theology. Such a trend of mind is, of course, evident from his volumes. Yet, through all his earlier work runs a genuine poetic feeling and a strong religious sense. He called the miracle of St. Januarius a sham, and his principal observations in Palestine had to deal with the physical deformities of native Arabs. But his mind, as mirrored in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi,* was forever bothered with the fundamental problems of good and evil, the known and the unknown, and the here and hereafter. The passage in *Life on the Mississippi* which relates how the two boys watched a dead man lie in the dark store-room while the blood trickled slowly across the floor in the moonlight, is an intense spiritual revelation. It contains vivid poetry and the weird background of insight into the mysteries of life. Many similar visions may be found in *Roughing It* and *A Tramp Abroad.* There is also the passion for humanity and democracy which vitalizes *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court;* the virile sympathy for the black man that is forever bubbling forth in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Puddn'head Wilson,* and finally the Thackerayan recognition of human frailty which makes *The Gilded Age* a worth-while book. Mark Twain in his youth may have despised

theology and philosophy, but only externally. He was annoyed by them. The Westerner could live nicely without Michelangelo and the opera, but God is everywhere and will not be thrust aside. There is no broader truth than the reality of *The Hound of Heaven.*

America grew older and so did Samuel Clemens. He entered into communion with such intrinsically spiritual minds as William Dean Howells and Longfellow. The problems of his country confronted him: those problems incident to a ceaselessly shifting and congealing civilization. Private life, too, brought its burdens. His wife and child died. Business enterprises failed; the vanity of the passing show became evident and he felt, incidentally, the hem of his Maker's garment. Theology did interest him now, and that vitally. There could be no content in the bare, vague doctrines of Protestantism and Calvinism, so he abandoned them for a more or less commonplace mystic humanitarianism. What a startling confession of spiritual unrest is *Joan of Arc!* The arcana of existence plucked at him for solution. No man with so profound a belief in and hunger for the truth could rest peacefully in compromise. He was driven by the very integrity of his spirit to seek an answer.

He turned to Christian Science. His explosion of that fallacy and his detection of its basis for success in human credulity are well known. However, I do not believe that Catholics recognize sufficiently the tragedy latent in this discovery. It is painfully evident that Mark Twain did look for help and guidance in the teachings of Mrs. Eddy. He would not have been so breathlessly concerned with them otherwise, nor have taken the trouble to be so thorough and bitter in his exposé. Nothing illustrates better the wholesome honesty of the man or his resolve to find the truth. Perhaps he hoped vaguely in spiritism and rationalism. But their manifest trickery could not halt the onrush of his eyes.

Thus, with his foot in the grave, he must have found what seemed the meaning of life. As if he were the king's jester, borne for the last time into audience, he read his final joke, surely the most terrible testament ever written. He had lived and laughed and seen. No man had entertained more enthusiastic visions of the future of science, industry and education. He hated Walter Scott and the romantic past. *Innocents Abroad* despises the culture of Italy, but admires its roads. There could not even be a comparison between modern and mediæval eras for him, because the former

is so incalculably superior. And this latter-day American turns to the world and civilization, terming existence an ugly dream, a thing too frightfully grewsome to be true, the bloodiest of conceivable nightmares. *The Mysterious Stranger* is not a challenge of God's reality, but rather a defiant presentation of the problem of evil, the old, old mystery which we shall never understand, and under the burden of which even the Saviour sweat blood in Gethsemane. Surely this is tragedy that a man should live for threescore years and ten in a crowded world, and then, suddenly, find himself alone. For Mark Twain there was no Pilot to meet, friendly and face to face, but instead the grinning skeleton of the unknown. I think if there ever was a vivid slashing of hypotheses, this crumbling of the Spencerian and Positivist solace in the mind of Samuel Clemens is one. He drank the cup to the dregs and found all the bitterness of the draught of Nothing.

His life presents a vital question to Catholic thinkers. Dare we assert that if Mark Twain had found the Faith, *The Mysterious Stranger* would never have been written? In the strength of our belief we do venture it. The book has no constructive philosophy, but glories in its destructive prowess. Every theory which modern thought has advanced, in lieu of ecclesiastical Christianity, broke down before the shafts of this titanic soul. He plumbed them all and came up distraught and weak. Why did he never find Catholicism? I believe the answer is broad. Why does the modern American pass by the Church? Mark Twain is the national type, restless in its groping for spiritual light, and stern in its demolition of shams. He did not discover Catholicism because it dwelt not with him. It was not made in factories or by corporations; it recognized no Eden prior to the grave. In fact the Church was not a new-born giant, but an old, old woman too simple and too serenely beautiful for flattery. In America she had no pulpits of recognized eminence. The Catholics were immigrants, semi-illiterate and rude. The Church did not appear in décolleté with diamonds in her hair.

Moreover, the Protestant mind was taught to place its confidence in doctrine alone, doctrine without life: faith without works. Hence men have traced the similarity of the Saviour's words to those of Buddha and Tolstoy. With the essential humanitarian dictates of Catholicism Mark Twain and America were in accord. But they failed to recognize that supernatural life of faith and good works which is bounded not by dogma alone, but which elevates

the soul and all the powers of the soul to the very life of God. Protestants often look upon the dogmatic teaching, the theological discussions of the Catholic Church as useless, because they have grown to see the emptiness of their own "faith without good works." They do not see of what these dogmas are the safeguard; nor understand that dogmas are the sentinels, the eternal defence of that which is the reason of them all—The Grail. The Church lives because it is fed on the Body and Blood of God. The Mark Twains of our day have starved.

Is there further need of delineating the utter insufficiency of faith alone? We live amid burdens and darkness. Unless there be preserved between us and heaven the light of continuous intercourse we shall stumble. The world is at the parting of the ways. On the one side lies the caustic desert of *The Mysterious Stranger,* and on the other the land of the Last Supper. Protestantism will die, Christian Science and Positivism will die. The credulity of man is after all limited. But there are millions who will turn their faces to the black void of skepticism and never find the Grail. They will behold the light wavering through the casements of the King and turn their backs upon it with a sad smile. Generations have fought the Church on lilliputian grounds; can we expect that, in the final Brobdingnagian conflict, their children will surrender quietly?

The need of an active Catholic literary force is therefore very evident. We must be prepared to take our places upon the highways and to shout the truth. Seclusion in the catacombs is not for us. In the mighty spiritual upheaval which has dawned, the powers of evil must be met upon the market place. This tragedy of Mark Twain, the representative American, is a lasting spectre at our banquet halls. We must make room for him, and this will not be achieved by clearing away the dialectical refuse he himself has discarded, but by flinging wide the doors of the Tabernacle and displaying the essential treasures of Catholicism. A new philosophy must arise out of the adjustment of the deathless truths to urgent social and cultural needs. There must be a reconstruction of the battle lines, a new machinery of war, new armies and new kings to meet the onrush of groping souls.

THE NEW YORK APOSTOLATE.

BY JOHN E. WICKHAM.

N February, 1897, in the little chapel of West Point on the Hudson, the New York Apostolate gave its first mission. It had just been instituted by the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, with the earnest coöperation of his Vicar-General, the present Cardinal Archbishop of New York. This year the Apostolate is offering His Eminence the following résumé of its labors during the twenty years' service: Number of missions to Catholics, 506; number of missions to Non-Catholics, 236; number of converts, 4,442; number of adult Catholics prepared for First Communion and confirmation, 12,000; number of confessions, 727,657.

The institution of the Apostolate Missionary Band is an answer to the ageless voice of Christ: "Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This command, frank and unquestionably absolute, has been the dynamic principle that has vitalized the far-flung energies of the nineteen Christian centuries. The Church caught up that word of the Master, treasuring it in her heart, realizing instantly that her God-given powers were not to be held as a static force, but were to be translated into action. Truth was not to be enshrined on some hidden altar in silent sanctuary: it needed to be spread among the sons of men. In tireless quest of new souls receptive to the message, the Church has ever pushed her frontiers onward, sublimely indifferent to any opposition, infinitely patient in persecution. She has never reasoned why, never temporized, never compromised, never rendered to Cæsar what belonged to God. She was bade to preach the Gospel; she has preached it; and to the consummation of the world will the roads lead out from Rome.

The New York archdiocese has been constant in extending the Kingdom of Christ. Situated at the gateway of the Western world, she has had to meet unusual problems, all of them rapidly presented, all of them significant and far-reaching. The nations of the earth have gathered here as in one enormous market place, and New York from the exigencies of circumstance has had to assume burdens elsewhere unknown. She has mingled among the multiple thousands, preached the Tidings in Pentecostal tongues, and has

striven to carry the truth even to the least among men. Profoundly realizing her duty to the peoples, she has not been quiescent nor in state of passivity; she has been cribbed and confined by no difficulty of endeavor. New demands might arise; new institutions to fulfill the need would be created. In January, 1897, Archbishop Corrigan perceived that the moment had come for the founding of an additional institution—a diocesan missionary band.

In the general preaching of the words of eternal life, the value of a systematized series of sermons and instructions, extending over a stated number of days—that is to say, missions—has long been recognized. It is needless to consider at length the genesis and development of the mission movement; it is sufficient to note that various Popes during the last two centuries, Paul III., Benedict IV., Gregory XVI., Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X. have dwelt on the mission's usefulness in the sanctification of parishes. The Second Provincial Council of Cincinnati in 1858, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866, and the Tenth Provincial Council of Baltimore in 1869 urged parochial missions with strongest recommendations. Religious institutes, with unbounded enthusiasm, consecrated their best gifts to the missionary bands, and the periodic visitation of the missionaries became an event of extreme influence in the spiritual life of the parishes. The worth of the mission idea had been fully appreciated by the ecclesiastical authorities of the New York archdiocese. But an exceedingly important question arose in pastoral economics—how could the far-out country enjoy the special benefits of a mission? New York had parishes, and not a few, on the confines, with flocks scattered over long reaches of territory, under the watch of steadfast shepherds. Apostolically zealous, the pastors were devoting their all, body, brain and heart, to the labors of arduous ministry, keeping the faith burning with clearest glow. But financial discouragement is not an infrequent companion of the priest in the distant districts; barely do his revenues cover the ordinary wants. He knows the utility of a mission, but he remembers the poverty of his material resources, and he understands that every campaign, moral as well as military, must possess monetary sinews of war. Yearn though he may for special services, he must put to himself the practical question—how can the mission come to him? Resolutely the archdiocese answered the question for him. She would create a definite institution, a mission band, that would bring the Tidings to the poorer parishes and be willing auxiliaries to their pastors.

This would have been a sufficient cause for the foundation of a missionary band. But another reason, and a greater, in the establishment of a special corps of missionaries lay in the needs of the sheep outside the fold. The immense Non-Catholic body, notwithstanding bigotry latent or patent, has a right to a knowledge of the entire Gospel content. The ones beyond the Pale may have no desire for any hearing of the Church's claims; they may, indeed, resent their presentation. Even so; the Church from the wording of her charter, has a solemn obligation to present them. And while the archdiocese had been, with goodly effect, offering opportunity to the Non-Catholic for an understanding of the total doctrine, still it was believed that even greater results would accrue from an organized direct effort. This effort could be made by a diocesan mission association.

To the student of comparative religions, no more interesting phenomenon can be offered than the viewpoint of innumerable Non-Catholics passing judgment on the Catholic Church. Intelligent and educated in other things, they sometimes hold the strangest opinions on men and matters Catholic. They feel that the Church is a stern, rigid, intolerant agency, that should be suspected and distrusted by all men of good will. She is an organization as wonderfully logical as an adding-machine; the last word in ecclesiastical efficiency; the treasure-house of arts and sciences; the elaborator of a splendid ritual; the possessor of mystic charm in devotions.

They readily admire the Church's unity of belief, universality of extension and perpetuity of life; yet, they contend, are not these reasons to fear the Church? She may have resiliency and respond quickly after persecution; she may have done marvelously well in educating the masses, and in all social service endeavor: still, is not this an evidence of a strength that could be used unwisely? Has the Catholic Church in her missions at home and abroad truly preached the religion of the whole man, or has she been chiefly concerned with outward forms? Granted that the laity have an unswerving loyalty to their priests, rendering ready obedience to their commanding officers—is this to be admired or questioned? The Catholic Church is the institution that evolved the Inquisition, that condemned Galileo, that produced the Iron Virgin of Nuremburg, that massacred the Huguenots: if this be the fruit of the tree, can the tree be good? There may be, perhaps, some truth in the Catholic Church, but it is so confined in formularies, so hampered by useless technicalities and theological abstractions, that it is a sickly plant suf-

fering a pitiable life. The Non-Catholic may reëcho Harnack in *What is Christianity,* who calls the Catholic Church "the Church of law, of world dominion, and at the same time the Church in which a highly individual, delicate, sublimated sense of sin and grace is brought to play. Its religion is a vast fabric embracing the Gospels and holy water, the priesthood of all believers and the Pope on his throne, Christ the Redeemer and St. Ann."

This is not all. Very often the Non-Catholic fears the Church as the enemy of his soul's peace. He does not wish to come within the mesmeric influence of Catholicism. He does not wish his heart to be rifled of its pearl of great price—love for the Master. He does not wish any contact with an institution that would petrify his personal trust in Christ, his Saviour. He will brook no interference between his conscience and his Maker. If he be so unhappy as to sin, he will go to his God directly and not through a fallible human medium. And for his Bible, willingly would he shed his last drop of blood. He has searched the Scriptures, and they have testified to the infinite depth of God's love for mankind. Will he permit the Catholic Church to make void his faith in the Holy Writ that has sustained him all his years? After all, there is a pathos in the figure of some grim Covenanter standing with Bible under arm, determined like St. Paul that neither death nor life, nor angel, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate him from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Has the Non-Catholic any excusing reason for his incorrect beliefs? Is it not, rather, a sign of malicious intent, that in an age of enlightenment, with history an open page and libraries omnipresent, a serious-minded man will so judge a society of nineteen hundred years' duration? Since the City of God, seated on a mountain, is so glorious in beauty of holiness and truth, do they not sin grievously that fail to appreciate her? Can prejudice be anything else than bad faith, and hostility to His Church anything else than positive hatred of Christ?

Such a conclusion does not follow necessarily. In the first place, we must not forget that no Non-Catholic of today is responsible for the Reformation. Much as we abhor the heresiarchs that robbed Germany and England of the Faith once committed to the saints, much as we contemn their manifest motives in defection, we cannot bring the same letter of indictment against the spiritual

children of these heresiarchs. The Diet of Worms convened in 1521, and the Act of English Royal Supremacy was passed in 1534. Three hundred and fifty years, it has been pointed out, is not an inconsiderable time in the history of a religious body in which to settle down, crystallize into shape, and form its own traditions. We must consider that history has been written to place in high relief the noble qualities of the Reformers, and there is no mentioning of their feet of clay. Myriad books—and they have had myriad readers—have dwelt on the emancipating influence of the victorious revolt. Deliberate falsification has held no terrors for some chroniclers; other writers, not having access to trustworthy sources, have unconsciously contributed to the suppression of truth. We shall bear in mind that it is only since the later years of the last century that archives have yielded the rich ores of original documents. The real history of the Reformation is now being written, and the versions that once passed as genuine coin of the realm are vanishing from circulation. But these highly colored versions have influenced twenty generations, and it is not altogether surprising that in very many Non-Catholic minds there has resulted a total destruction of right religious perspective.

It is easy to perceive that English literature of the last century has subtly poisoned the wells. The writers that contributed to the forming of thought have been, in the main, Non-Catholic, and accordingly it is not to be expected that they could invariably appreciate the motives underlying Catholic action. Thackeray, prince of the nineteenth century novelists, did not grasp, perhaps, the intentions of the Church; and we have always regretted that Dickens wrote his *Child's History of England*. Sir Walter Scott, genius of the North, loved the picturesqueness of mediæval Christianity, and the externals of the Church were, to him, absorbingly attractive; but the breathing soul of Middle Age Catholicism he did not truly understand. Tennyson was able to translate the Arthurian legend into classic lines; he caught the spirit of much that was Catholic; but the great Victorian was always a Protestant. It may be difficult to classify the tempestuous Byron's real estimate of the Church; but no one can give Catholic knighthood to Macaulay, despite his New Zealander on London Bridge. No one will assert that Carlyle the Rugged was an ardent lover of the Catholic Church; nor will the writer of *The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic* be accused of undue affection for the ancient Church. As every reader of *The Bible in Spain* is aware, George Borrow cordially disliked

Catholicism; and Kingsley has surely produced impressions that have been enduring. "Matthew Arnold," declares Ayscough in a recent book, "disliked Catholicism as much as a brilliant man could," and he compared Ruskin's attitude to that of an old lady, who had taken Protestantism with her to Italy in her trunk, and brought it back a good deal creased, distinctly old-fashioned, smelling of camphor, and odd to wear, but by no means discarded. "John Stuart Mill," continues the essayist, "had a number of hardish ideas in his capacious intellectual stomach, and a good many of them his successors have spat up again as undigested as ever, but one of them was not that Christendom was a better idea than Europe, and that with the Pope at the head of it a good many things had been better managed."

After being nourished on the food that has been presented by the nineteenth century writers, not to mention the authors of preceding centuries, a concrete, consistent spirit of Protestant opposition has waxed strong; not always aggressive, but still strong. We might call it a bent, a trend, a temper. And it is this temper, this normal, and, in view of antecedent condition, not unnatural Protestant opinion that the New York Apostolate has had to confront. In what manner has the presentation of doctrine been made? In general, there might have been two ways: the controversial and the explanatory. The Apostolate chose the latter. Controversy has its place in forensics, but the founders of the diocesan missionary band thought that the more efficacious method in offering truth lay in exposition. The temptation to assail and overcome the enemy by keen dialectics is at times well-nigh irresistible. When a Catholic remembers how his Church has been scourged, crowned with thorns, and nailed to Calvary, how she has been slandered and villified in every kingdom and republic, when he personally may be under social, civic, or financial disability because of his faith, it takes master self-control to refrain from bitterness and rancor. But he does not forget that sarcasm is often a fatal gift, that rapier flashes of irony not unseldom inflame; that harshness almost inevitably repels. The New York Apostolate believes with Father Maturin: "If a man is vanquished by the dialectical skill of his opponent or by the stronger array of facts and arguments which he is able to bring forward on his side, he is not in a very receptive state of mind, but is rather looking about for other arguments and weapons of attack and defence, than laying his mind open to the force of the arguments by which he has been silenced." Clearly,

convincingly, and uncompromisingly, the doctrine of Christ can be presented without accompaniment of unkindly phraseology. In 1906, Pius X. declared that he was pleased that the Apostolate missionaries showed no bitterness in their preaching, and that their only purpose was a true and complete exposition of Catholic doctrine. This method, in his judgment, much more easily opened the door of the true Faith to Non-Catholics. The Holy Father, on another occasion, made the striking statement that we cannot build up the Church on the ruins of charity.

The metamorphosis of judgment in the average Non-Catholic, when he passes the church's threshold to attend the mission service is amazing. The extreme shock is in the discovery that so much that is held dear by him is regarded as even more precious by Catholics. Instead of the Bible being spurned, it is reverenced as the greatest Book in the world, accepted in its integrity as inspired and infallible. The Church permits no pseudo-scientist to question or discredit any fact or pronouncement on the sacred pages; the Old Testament and the New are not a collection of folklore, legends, and myths, but the actual Word of the Living God. When the Non-Catholic listens to the reverent repeating of the Lord's Prayer by the vast congregation, when he beholds the look of awe in the eyes of little children at the mention of the Redeemer's Name, when he can almost touch the heart-deep affection that strong men fling about their Crucified King, when he reads the sublime, steadfast faith in God's promise written on the brow of matron and maiden, he feels, in very truth, that he is on holy ground. Where is that mental and moral slavery, of which he once accused the Catholic? Here is the freedom of the sons of God! Where is that exiling of Christ, that was the burden of his literature and history? Here Christ apparently has come unto His own and His own have received Him! Bewildered, he waits for the doctrines, and as they unfold, tenet by tenet, he is stupefied by the message. Personal love of Christ is sounding in every teaching—the personal love of Christ in the confessional, the personal love of Christ in the holy anointing, the personal love of Christ in the praying for the dead. That we may be united in Christ is the word that echoes in every pulpit utterance. He is told that the bread and wine in the Mass become the Body and Blood of Christ, and that the devout Christian makes the Holy Communion his daily food. He learns that the Mass, once misunderstood and ridiculed by him as mere superstition, is the application of the Sacrifice of Calvary

to the souls of the living and the dead. He gathers that the Church's unremitting endeavor is to bring humanity nearer to the knowledge, the love, and the service of their Creator. He sees that the Church never deserts the sinner no matter how far he strays, that she is searching always for the sheep that are lost. Listening, the Non-Catholic perceives how many of the unconscious hopes and aspirations of his lifetime are fulfilled in the Church's prayers. And instead of meeting complexity and confusion, he finds wonderful clearness. He realizes the solace of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. He grasps the reasonableness of reverencing the Mother of his Saviour, and learns to realize that in honoring her, he is honoring Him. He catches the meaning of altar and crucifix and statue. Keenly he appreciates how little he knew the Church in his former judging of her teaching. He has been as one who stands in some cathedral close trying to understand the beauty of the stained glass. From without the mullioned window seems meaningless leaded lines, opaque vitreous matter, and whimsical pattern. It is only on glimpsing the window from within that one can comprehend the mellow glory of the masterpiece, the rich crimsons and dark purples and azure blue and gold blending into a scene of rare magnificence.

In this manner have the opinions of the Non-Catholic undergone complete revision. If these be the doctrines of the Catholic Church, he muses, then membership in her communion is not an act of dishonor to the Lord: it may, in fact, be pleasing to Him. And he who came into the church with hesitation, elects to remain for the second part of the service, the answering of questions asked by earnest seekers for truth. He notes that the responses to inquiries are couched in no antagonistic sentence, but in a calm and friendly manner. Fairly is the objection offered, fairly is it answered. Truth is desired, truth is given. And as he listens to the answering of question after question, there may be borne in on him this conclusion—how unfair the enemies of the Church have been in every nation. Why has not the foe given the Catholic Church a fair field? They have leveled charges against her, and then condemned her without benefit of advocate or trial by jury. The Non-Catholic sees now that her standards have made her anathema on earth, but he is beginning to see as well that if her standards were different, God would pronounce her anathema in eternity. Why does not the world, at least, give her credit for right intention? Paradoxical as it is, he who becomes foremost

in perceiving the injustice of the attack on the Spouse of Christ, so often is the one that as former adversary, in all sincerity, employed the very weapons whose use he now decries.

What has been the success of the expository method in the delivery of truth? Excellent, from every viewpoint. During the twenty years of Apostolate preaching, four thousand four hundred and forty-two converts have been received into the Fold by the missionary Fathers. This number is large, and is ample justification for the establishment of this diocesan institution. Four thousand four hundred and forty-two are offering praise and adoration to God in God's own religion. Can it not be pleasing to Christ that this new flock of thousands are now in true creed, believing all the doctrine that He brought to the earth? Still, while this number of converts is large, it is not the complete record; work for souls has no satisfactory statistics. The converts received on the immediate occasion of a mission may be many; the number of baptisms is not, however, an index of a mission's success. As experienced priests know, the grace of conversion is not always synchronous with the presentation of doctrine and the Non-Catholic's admiration of it. Though the Non-Catholic may admire the devotions and beliefs of the Church, this may not destroy equal or greater admiration for that which he has long cherished; it is perfectly possible to have a sympathetic appreciation of the Church, without actual desire to join her membership. When the Non-Catholic is absolutely certain that the Catholic Church is the sole Church of Jesus Christ and as a necessary corollary that he must join her ranks, then and not till then should he become a Catholic. This conviction may not, and very often does not, come at once to every Non-Catholic hearer. Tens of thousands have followed the Apostolate's presentation of Catholic teaching during the past twenty years, but they are not Catholics. Has it been labor lost and effort wasted. Not indeed if we accept the Pauline principle, "I have planted, Apollo watered, God gave the increase." Last year in America, forty thousand Non-Catholics entered the bosom of the Church. How many of them, I wonder, finally came after long years of prayer and consideration following an initial hearing of doctrine? Probably more than one conversion grew from the seed sown by some forgotten preacher, who planted better than he knew. Often God's grace acts slowly, though it acts exceeding sure.

It is sometimes not realized by us who have been Catholics,

that entrance into the Church is epoch-making in the life of a convert. His soul has rested content in the religion of his fathers, therein he has found joy and peace; there has been no doubt or difficulty to cloud his heaven. Suddenly arises the thought that there may be a flaw in the title of his father's creed. Conscientious as he is, he knows that he is bound to investigate, and investigation of one's birthright is a harrowing experience. To acknowledge the possibility that during all your years you have been in error, in good faith, we shall admit, but still in error, makes the heart recoil. But the relentless investigation must proceed. Step by step, he goes "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," searching for truth. As the light brightens, the Great Decision becomes clear and distinct and compelling. He must leave the religion of his family, he must break the intimate associations of a lifetime, he must see old friendships topple like a house of cards. He may be forced to face social ostracism, and be reduced to direst poverty. He will be misunderstood by those who should not question his sincerity. It will be as a stranger in a strange land that he will enter the Catholic Church. He knows none of the landmarks; he has none of the memories of religious experiences that have sustained the drooping spirits of many a Catholic, he knows not the marvelous compensation he will receive for the sacrifice of olden associations. His mind cannot yet conceive the worth of the friendships he will gain, to replace the early friendships that have failed. Great will be the riches of his baptismal gifts, but as yet he is looking at them through a glass darkly. Truly the grace of God must be abundant to carry the soul through the cataclysmic period that divides Non-Catholicism and entrance into the Church.

Thus far we have spoken of the two-fold work of the Apostolate: the giving of missions to Catholics in poorer places, and the presentation of Catholic truth to Non-Catholics. In addition to this, the Mission Ban has preached Catholic missions in the larger parishes of the archdiocese. Both in the metropolis and in the cities and towns outside New York, the exercises have been given. In fact, it is through the generosity of the larger parishes that the material means for the fulfillment of the primary purposes are obtained. The Apostolate has been an exponent of concerted diocesan effort—the more populous community could assist the least financially favored, and the Catholic could offer a share of his religious knowledge to the Non-Catholic.

It may be pertinent to inquire now—in view of the fact that

the Church places such store on parochial missions among the faithful—what is the general schema of these mission exercises? Is the main ambition of a mission for Catholics the reclaiming of only the most abandoned members of the flock, or do the saintly ones likewise come within its scope?

There is no need here of delineating the materialistic tendencies of our highly organized civilization; it is an oft-told tale. The swirling mass of men that compose communities, no matter what their avocation, have nerves stretched to the last degree of resistance. In the titanic struggle for existence some there are that lose their sense of proportion in spiritual values. Sacred ideals to them seem discouragingly inadequate and evanescent in the feverish rush of the world that has gone insane. The standards of Things as They Are may deceive even the elect. Under strain and stress, bravest hearts can weaken and finest minds grow coarse. The Catholic Church is watching the struggle, and amid all the shouting and tumult of the arena she hurls her warning, "What does it profit?" and her own listen and gather round. In no uncertain tone she bids them remember that the only enduring part of them is their soul; that God will summon it at some unforeseen hour; and woe to the man weighed in the balance and found wanting. The greatest evil in existence, she proclaims, is sin, and no wealth or social prestige or wit can blot out its iniquity. And she urges that if there be any man in any sin, let him repent and be renewed in the Lord. The Church holds up before the multitude the Image of Christ and Him Crucified, Who came to call sinners to repentance. She impresses on man a realization of his dignity and worth, and the price paid for his redemption. She relates the wondrous love that tabernacles Christ on the altar that He may be Food for our sustenance. She bids her children to be of strong courage, to fight the good fight, and to keep the Faith even unto death.

Should the hortatory tone prevail throughout the series of discourses? Are the moral themes solely to be considered, is the appeal to be made only to the will? Unquestionably, no. The mission has the duty of enlightening the intellect with the strongest reasons for belief. It is regrettable but true that more than a few Catholics, having no reason for the faith that is in them, are being loosened from a firm grasp of their religion. In this century of inquiry, it is not enough that you believe; you must know why you believe. Pitiless questioning is the portion of every man, be he priest or

laic; in the minds of the inquiring world no doctrine is sacrosanct—the Divinity of Christ, the Rule of Faith, the Papacy, the Mother of God, the authority of the Church, the indissolubility of marriage. It cannot be taken for granted that all Catholics are grounded in the firm foundations of religious knowledge. Theoretically they should be; actually they are not. Early environment may account for conditions; the wear of grooving monotony, possibly; poor appreciation of one's unmerited privilege of Catholicism, perhaps. Whatever may be the cause of the ignorance, it falls within the province of the missionary to inform the intellect of his hearers with determining argument of belief, with evident motives of credibility. The dogmatic instruction on the fundamentals is, consequently, of paramount importance in a mission. When the doctrines are spread open to his intelligence and he is cognizant of their worth, when he perceives the lamentable loss entailed even in the unconscious deprivation of such knowledge, there is little fear that the Catholic will undervalue or misunderstand religious demand on his personal loyalty. There was never a time in the Church's history when the preaching of dogma was more vitally necessary than it is today.

It should not be understood, however, that the parochial mission should be attended only by the ill-informed and the sinner, that the saintly and the learned do not need its benefits. Somehow original sin, in is effects, darkens the understanding of the scholar as well as that of the unlettered; it weakens the will of all humanity indiscriminately; and an inclination to evil is our common heritage. A mission may be defined, in a very true sense, as a retelling to the people of the doctrine of Christ. There cannot be any class in a parish too holy for the reception of His teaching, nor any class too deeply educated to sit at the feet of Him Who on a certain memorable day confounded the Doctors of the Law with His wisdom. The mission is for all the people: it was for all the people that Christ came. Through its ministry the good will be raised to a higher perfection; the learned increase in a better understanding of Him, the Fount of Infinite Learning.

But although there may be some in the flock who have strayed into the paths of unrighteous living, the greater part walk in the way of the Lord; and in his preaching the missionary remembers that in the annals of human kind there is far more sanctity than sin. Though in his congregation be those whose sins are red as scarlet, this class is far in the minority. The larger number are

steadfastly standing by their faith, are generous in prayer and sacrifice, and are glad to have the opportunity to suffer for Christ. Moreover, it is never forgotten that he who has sinned much, may love much; and in every sermon, whether on salvation or death or judgment, there is an undertone that speaks the mercy of Him Who came not to destroy but to save. For only to the hypocrites was Christ severe; to the sinner He was always kind. He knew that it is a long and painful journey that the prodigal must travel before he reaches the Father's house. As for the hypocrites, as a rule they do not make a mission. The good come, and the lukewarm and the publican, but the Pharisee remains away.

Has the parochial mission idea, as interpreted by the New York Apostolate, won any measure of success? In answering that question, we must judge by the actual records. During the twenty years almost every parish, both in city and country district, has been visited. In some parishes four, five and six successive missions have been given. Many calls have been received from other dioceses; comparatively few, however, could be accepted. Altogether five hundred and six missions to Catholics have been preached, and nearly three-quarters of a million of confessions have been heard. Only the silent Lord knows of the peace—such as the world could not give—that He gave to His souls in the mission tribunals. It has been a varied procession that has passed through the doors of the churches on those early mornings and late evenings of twenty years. The rich and the lowly, the gentle and simple, the scholar and the unlearned, the sinner and saint—all of them are in that mighty host that came to the Master's teaching. Leaving all things they followed Him trustfully, and He led them to the hills of eternal peace.

The New York Apostolate, in presenting the report of twenty years of labor, expresses its deep gratitude to His Eminence the Cardinal who had so great a part in its foundation, and who has from its very inception never ceased to be its earnest patron, inspirer and friend. The priests of the mission band appreciate the debt that they owe to their brother-priests of the archdiocese who themselves so effectively, in town and country, preaching the Word of God, have encouraged and sustained the purposes of the Apostolate. The Apostolate is beginning its third decade of service, trusting that God Who deigned in the past to use its feeble ministry in teaching His Truth, may continue His strength and blessing in the years to come.

ST. PAUL AT WORK.

BY L. E. BELLANTI, S.J.

WITHIN living memory few have championed the historical reputation of St. Luke so effectively as Sir William Ramsay. In this self-imposed duty he has had to run counter to many a preconceived opinion, and critics did not fail to let him know what they thought. Of one book[1] he tells us that it was reviewed by a distinguished foreign scholar, who after giving quite a fair résumé of the work—"he stated my position fairly, with a gentle sarcasm indeed, but still with fairness"—disposed of Luke's title to rank high in history, in one brief, concluding sentence: "If Luke is a great historian what would the author of this book make of Luke ii. 1-3?"[2] Nothing more was needed. This Parthian shaft, to the reviewer's mind, had vitally stricken the Evangelist's fair fame. To this question at the time no answer was forthcoming, but the latest verdict, due in no small measure to the researches of Sir William Ramsay himself, has disposed of the challenge so confidently flung by the critic a score of years ago, and the whole question of the *Census*—typical of so many other objections—has passed out of the region of speculation into that of definite historical truth.

It is indeed pleasant to be able to record the mature judgment of this great scholar that Luke's works are unsurpassable in respect of their trustworthiness, and to find our previous assurance about the Third Gospel and the Acts confirmed by the most searching results of archæology and history.[3] But though it is only right that a historian's fame should primarily rest on his trustworthiness, the other elements that go to make up his greatness should not be ignored, as his powers of discrimination and selection, his insight and ready grasp of vital issues, his reproductive ability, photographic eye, gifts of sympathy, facility of expression and lucidity of style. Such a test applied to Luke's work tends to enhance rather than to lower our esteem, especially where,

[1] *St. Paul the Traveler.* [2] *The Census under Quirinius.*

[3] Unfortunately when Ramsay passes from the discussion of historical questions to the interpretation of St. Paul's thought, he proves a less trustworthy guide.

as in the Acts, he is traversing ground untrodden by any of his contemporaries. Indeed, one might long search the classics without lighting on any passages comparable, for terseness and discriminating insight, to the last thirty pages of the Acts, where, taking Paul as his central figure, Luke succeeds in conveying to us a vivid account of the Apostle's continuous journeys, of his missionary methods with both Jews and Gentiles, of his organization of the infant churches, of his foundation of a local as well as a traveling ministry, of his successes and failures as shown in the fervor and occasional lapses of his converts, of his companions and helpers, of his own sufferings and persecutions, and of the indomitable energy which by God's grace drew victory out of defeat and conquered the Roman world to the sweet yoke of Christ.

Through the immensely compressed material of these chapters,[4] often supplemented and confirmed by such stray notices and allusions as are found in the Epistles, we are enabled to form what is surely a right estimate of the Apostle's work, and of the force of various circumstances making for or against the end on which his soul was set. Best of all, in them, we have a series of vivid pictures portraying important and critical scenes with a sureness of touch and a fidelity of detail that make Paul stand out as no conventional and lay figure, but as an intensely living, ardent, human personality.

"*Non quis dicit sed quid dicatur attende*" is the warning of à Kempis, and it holds good even in the Apostle's case, for his message and his doctrine are far greater than himself. Yet, whether for good or evil, the warning goes unheeded in an age of prying curiosities. To us the man's teaching is but a page torn out of a life-story which we demand in its completeness. We want the whole man, common clay as living flame. Newman and Benson, we feel, are more to us today, after the revealing studies of Wilfrid Ward and Father Martindale. This is the age of great biographies, just because we have assimilated the truism that circumstances alter cases. In this then we would find some excuse for a further attempt to fill in as objectively as possible the colored environment of St. Paul, by way of prelude to some consideration of his inspired teachings. The more remote he is from us in time and temper, the more help do we need that we may come into sympathetic contact with that magnetic personality, so imperial in its range, so universal in its outlook, so fiercely obsessed

[4] Acts xiii.-xxviii.

by the Christ life. To know Paul—and yes, too, St. John—is to open our lock-gates to the surge of vital Christianity.

Few of us can have left our boyhood behind us without ever experiencing a flicker of that interest with which a campaign or expedition is lighted up when every movement is followed on chart with scale and compasses, recording every notable landmark and stage of progress, and so giving us the illusion of living over again the strenuous days of long departed heroes. We would not be so daring as to suggest the advisability of such a reconstruction of Paul's travels in the case of our readers, and in default of a map of the Roman Empire and of an account of Paul's journeys—which would obviously be out of place here—it will be assumed that their knowledge of Asia Minor is something more than a memory of boyhood's happy hunting grounds into which one ruthlessly pitchforked every name and nation that baulked closer definition. Briefly, Paul's activities between the spring of 47 A. D.,[5] when the missionary call came to him at Antioch, and the spring of 57 A. D., when he was arrested in Jerusalem, range over the provinces of Southern Asia Minor and the countries fringing the Ægean Sea. Distinct and apart from these is the long sea voyage to Rome in chains, with which Luke's record of the Apostle's work abruptly closes. The first of his three missionary journeys[6] finds its term in the cities of South Galatia. The second and third journeys, including an eighteen months' stay at Corinth and a two and half years' stay at Ephesus, fill in the period between the late spring of 50 A. D., and the spring of 57 A. D., and mark the evangelization of the Ægean cities, Philippi, Thessalonica, Beroea, Athens, Corinth and Ephesus. Two years of captivity in Cæsarea are succeeded by the historic voyage of Paul and Luke, their shipwreck off Malta, and final arrival in Rome early in 60 A. D. Here Paul remained a prisoner for nearly two years, but gained his release in the winter of 61-2 A. D., either as the result of a second trial or more probably because his accusers had failed to appear and lodge their charges against him within eighteen months of his appeal to Cæsar. Though the account of the Acts has already come

[5] The dates here set down, though following a widely-accepted chronology, are only approximate.

[6] Paul's journeys are traditionally divided into these three stages. There is, however, some force in Deissmann's contention that it would be less inaccurate to speak of Paul's youth and manhood as one long expedition. Without quite subscribing to this, one may admit that every portion of the Apostle's life which is divided from a previous journey by his sojourn in some great city deserves separate enumeration. Looking at the *Three Missionary Journeys* from this angle, Antioch appears almost as arbitrary a starting-point as Corinth, Jerusalem or Ephesus.

to an end, Paul's own words to the Romans and the testimony of early tradition enable us to conclude with some assurance that on his release he set out for Spain, possibly through Southern Gaul. A visitation of his Eastern Churches may also be definitely inferred from his own repeated promises to Timothy, Philemon, and to the church of his predilection at Philippi, as also from various allusions in his pastoral Epistles. The concluding words of his Second Epistle to Timothy, probably his latest extant letter, are packed with allusions which baffle almost as much as they stimulate conjecture. Certainly they were written with the prospect of martyrdom before his eyes, and this presentiment was soon fulfilled. At Rome then, once more, no less than in his first trial, the Lord came to his help and strengthened him. To Paul indeed—Paul now no longer, but Christ living in him—after so close a fellowship of suffering only the martyr's piercingly sweet end was possible, that so in him the Christ life might find complete fulfillment through his absorption into the Crucified.

However baldly summed up, Paul's activities in their very tirelessness seem to lift us into an atmosphere, so rarefied, so specially constituted as to be unanalyzable, charismatic, wholly miraculous. Yet so far as his journeys themselves are in question this view may be summarily dismissed: It is the simple truth that, in the Roman world of this time, traveling, whether for business or pleasure, was performed with an ease and certainty unknown in after centuries until the comparatively recent introduction of steam. Again, we may not forget that Paul confined his movements to the Roman Empire, and was guided in the formation of his plans by the practical possibilities of communication and travel. The startling amplitude of these possibilities was born of a combination of causes, foremost among which is the complete unification of the empire and the growing feeling of security throughout the Mediterranean world. War had come to be a question merely of frontier raids; the idea of a hostile horde within the boundaries of the empire was unthinkable. Such lesser evils as sporadic piracy and brigandage in the border lands were firmly dealt with, if not wholly exterminated. At this time, too, the general equipment of the road systems had reached a high level of efficiency. Great pains were taken to maintain and repair the highways and, when necessary, to patrol them. The roads themselves were solidly constructed. Sign posts and mile stones directed the traveler. In the Eastern provinces, at any rate, inns were numerous, though their

reputation did not stand high either among Christians or pagans. Indeed, their dubious character sheds a new light on the Apostle's teaching about the duty of hospitality. Such charitable provision for the body of the passing stranger might also mean salvation for his soul. No Christian should be compelled to take refuge for the night amid the evil and corrupt influences of inns which often enough were little better than houses of ill-fame.[7]

Road maps, lists of halting places, tables giving the distances both by sea and land were easily accessible to travelers at the great centres, and would enable them to form and announce extensive plans of travel with an easy confidence which brings the first century amazingly close to the twentieth. The comparative advantages and inconveniences of alternative routes had become matters of common knowledge, so that merchant, missionary and tourist could choose his route according as he desired the maximum of safety or speed or economy. Roughly speaking, the four months, November to February, marked the close season both on land and sea, and movement in winter was avoided as much as possible. Otherwise the facilities of travel, especially about the middle of the first century, during which most of the Apostle's journeys took place, were one of the greatest boons conferred by imperial organization. Nor was this happy effect ignored by writers who lived about this time and could appreciate material blessings. Thus "Philo[8] and Pliny in the first century, Appian, Plutarch, Epictetus and Aristides in the second, are full of admiration of the imperial peace and its fruits; the sea was covered with ships interchanging the products of different regions of the earth, wealth was vastly increased, comfort and well-being improved, hill and valley covered with the dwellings of an increasing population.....travel was free and safe, all men could journey where they wished, the most remote and lonely countries were opened up by roads and bridges: such is the picture of the Roman world which these writers placed before us."

With the evident exception of the last journey from Cæsarea to Jerusalem, Paul and his companions seem to have traveled on foot. Horses or vehicles were only available for officials and imperial couriers, or for such wealthy merchants and tourists as could afford their hire at the chief stages on the route; the less affluent majority passed from place to place on foot. Then as now there

[7] Rom. xii. 3; 1 Tim. iii. 2; Tit. i. 8.

[8] Ramsay—Hastings. Dict. of Bible, s. v. Roads and Travel (in N. T.), p. 396, b.

was a tendency for people to crowd into the cities, and so in the open season folk of every class and condition filled the high roads. Great officials passing in state from one province to another, the cortège of an embassy making for Rome or of a deputation on its way to the nearest proconsul, would be no infrequent sight. Add to these the familiar throng of hawkers, peddlers, commercial travelers, and enterprising traders such as Lydia of Thyatira whom we find dealing in turkey-red stuffs at Philippi[9] or Aquila the tent-maker from Pontus, who with his Roman wife Priscilla turns up at Rome, Corinth, Ephesus and again in Rome within the space of a few years. The ebb and flow of vast crowds accompanied the seasons of great festival in Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece and Italy. Students journeyed from afar to the great university cities—as we may style them—in search of knowledge and fame. Paul's own quest of Rabbinical learning at the feet of Gamaliel, is a case in point. Other influences besides commercial enterprise, religious enthusiasm and love of learning helped to swell and diversify the procession of life along the highway. The younger Pliny who is only a generation apart from the days of the Apostles, is amazed at the infatuation of so many tourists who for the mere love of novelty wander far and wide, stupidly ignorant the while of the attractions of their own native land.[10] Men traveled for the sake of their health, to seek an easier clime or just, as we say, for a holiday and a change of air. Seneca's brother Gallio, the Proconsul of Achaia,[11] took a voyage to Egypt to recover from the effects of a fever contracted at Corinth, and beat a second retreat to its hard, dry skies after his consulship when threatened with consumption. All this serves to show that though Paul's journeys entailed much hardship and no little personal danger—his own words[12] are hardly necessary to convince us of this—we must be on our guard against that extreme view which would translate even the physical side of his energies into the realms of the miraculous. Even as a venture of faith his travels are easily paralleled, if not definitely surpassed, by those of a Francis Xavier in the East, or of a de Smedt in the West.

To the Syro-Phoenician woman Our Lord had said that he was sent solely to the lost sheep of the House of Israel. A desire to tread in his Master's footsteps, and a sense of his own special aptitude for the work, led the Apostle of the Gentiles, also, to begin, wherever he came, by announcing the Gospel to "the Jews in

[9] Acts xvi. 14. [10] Eph. viii. 20. [11] Acts xviii. 12. [12] 2 Cor. xi. 23-28.

that city." Even in the days of Alexander, Jews were to be found scattered over many lands. Subsequently, enforced colonization or the growth of trading interests had led them so far afield that by the middle of the first century a Jewish settlement might be found in any big town on the littoral of the Mediterranean, the Ægean and the Euxine, and in practically all the notable cities of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Egypt, North Africa, Spain and Gaul. Professor A. Deissmann—drawing on the exhaustive studies of E. Schürer and J. Oehler—mentions one hundred and forty-three towns outside Palestine in which, from literary or archæological evidence, we may infer that such colonies were to be found in or about the times of St. Paul. Mention need only be made of such remote spots as Cæsarea and Volubilis in Mauretania, Adra and Tortosa in Spain, Narbonne, Marseilles and Lyons in Gaul to show how widespread was this diffusion.[13] In Alexandria little short of half the population were Jews, at Rome they may well have numbered one hundred thousand. These communities, known as Jews of the Western *diaspora,* while retaining their distinctive creed and ritual, had in course of time grown more amenable to outside influences. They had learned to mitigate that narrow spirit of contemptuous exclusiveness so characteristic of their compatriots in Judæa. To some of them, indeed, Hebrew was a lost tongue, long superseded in daily life by a Greek which had gradually become the language too of Sabbath ritual. Living, as they were, amid the frankest idolatry, necessarily cut off from all sight or sound of those sweeping revivals wrought in Palestine by a succession of great teachers, the services of the Sabbath were their main safeguard against a renunciation of their nationality, with the lapse into paganism as its inevitable sequel. Even in Palestine no hamlets so insignificant but had their synagogues or "Batlanim," and the same, in its degree, seems to have held good in the foreign settlements. Different from synagogues, but used similarly for purposes of prayer and religious observances in common, were the oratories or "proseuchai." Such chapels were situated less centrally, near the sea or by running water, so that it was easy to adjourn for the ceremonial washings and lustrations.

A visit to a Jewish synagogue in our own day would recall

[13] Within the last year the publication of some fragmentary Aramaic papyri—probably belonging to the third century before Christ—reveals to us the existence of an organized Jewish community away in Upper Egypt, either at Abydos (?) or at Tba (that is, conjecturally, Thebes or Edfu), or at both places; *Cf. Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology,* November, 1915.

not a few of the features of ancient worship. Then as now the sexes were divided off by a grating or trellis-worked partition. The bulk of the congregation sat facing the "ark" or press, in which lay the rolls of the law. Rulers of the synagogue, Rabbis, Pharisees and influential men took "the chief seats" with their backs to the Ark, full in the stare of eyes. Once they were in their places the service began with benedictions of God, the Creator, the Lord of Mercy and Giver of all good gifts. Next came the "Shema" or Creed, so called from the opening words of Deuteronomy vi. 4, "Hear, O Israel," followed by the "Tephillah" or Intercession, a long series of supplications, into which improvisations entered just as the surge of devotion or the presence of local needs might prompt. Instruction, however, formed the central part of the service. A reading from the sacred books opened the way for a homily ("darashah") or for a simpler form of discourse ("Meamar"—literally a conference or talk). Invariably in these expositions great stress was laid on tradition, and the preacher won favor and applause in proportion as he could concentrate a solid phalanx of great teachers in support of his exegetical predilections. The principle indeed was set down[14] that everyone "is bound to teach in the language of his teachers." That such discourses should tend to become cramped by the swathing-bands of tradition, highly technical, abstruse almost to fatuity, is no matter for surprise. Unfortunately, where Judæa led, the rest of the Jewish world blindly followed, and soon enough we find the formalism of the law besetting the pulpit of every synagogue in the Roman Empire. Some recollection of this may help us to understand how it was that the Apostle made so deep an impression whenever he spoke in the synagogue. The combined fervor and graciousness of his message opened eyes and hearts to a new world of thought, duty, hope and comfort. Again, the form of his teaching, though firmly founded on the Old Testament, was different utterly from that meticulous appeal to tradition on which the Rabbis relied. Like the living waters of the Spirit his words seemed to come so fresh and direct from heaven, "that as in the case of his Divine Master," the people were astonished at his doctrine. With some, astonishment led to a reconsideration of the whole basis of religious belief, bearing early fruit in the awakening of faith and love, but the sentiments of the majority—once they had recovered from the first shock—were not quite so unimpeachable. To souls less alive, to minds

[14] Eduj. i. 3.

grown hardened and impervious save along certain well-worn grooves, the Gospel Message seemed on second thoughts less palatable than ever. It did not fit harmoniously into their cherished conception of a Messiah Who coming forth from the East should transform the holy city by His radiance, extend the bounds of Palestine and gather in the exiles of the *diaspora* to share in His triumphant reign of justice and glory. Here—how preposterously!—this plausible stranger was showing up the chosen people of God in a most unenviable light. Besides, it might well be asked, what was to become of themselves under this new régime, of themselves and their synagogues and feasts and fasts and chief seats and cherished perquisites. The transition from deep disapproval to active hostility is an easy one, easiest when, as in Paul's case, disapproval far from damping adds fuel to the flames. The crisis in the synagogue at Pisidian Antioch is typical of an official jealousy which burst out into furious contradictions and blasphemies, and more than once too into murderous assaults. Iconium, Derbe, Philippi, Thessalonica, Beroea, Corinth and Ephesus all witnessed violent scenes. True, at Pisidian Antioch, Paul and Barnabas had spoken out fearlessly and said: "It was necessary that the message of God should be told to you first, but since you reject it.....we turn to the Gentiles."[15] Yet that this implied little more than a local change of policy and a rupture with the synagogue is clear from the fact that wherever Paul subsequently goes it is to the assemblies in the synagogue that he primarily addresses himself. At Corinth, indeed, when the sacred precincts of the synagogue could no longer secure him from interruption and rude insult, he shook his clothes in the vehemence of his protest, crying out, "Your blood be on your own heads. My conscience is clear. From this time forward I shall go to the Gentiles." So he left and went to the house of a certain Titus Justus.....whose house was next door to the synagogue.[16]

This mention of a private house at which the neophytes and catechumens might safely assemble for instruction and prayer, marks a first step towards that fuller organization of his congregations which is so striking a proof of the genius of the man and the divinity of his mission. Wherever the cleavage between Jew and Christian had become final, further attendance at the synagogue was obviously impossible. No doubt in Jerusalem, under the tactful rule of St. James, the early Christians had continued to attend

[15] Acts xiii. 46. [16] Acts xviii. 7, 8.

the Temple services, while meeting together of an evening for instruction and for the breaking of Bread in the seclusion of some quiet house.[17] With Paul's congregation, under the heated condition superinduced by his fearless outspokenness, such a compromise was out of the question, and so almost everywhere the house of some fervent convert became the centre of Christian life. In addition to the little church in Justus' house at Corinth, we may recall the similar purpose to which Aquila and Priscilla gladly made over their abode in Ephesus and later in Rome.[18] The greetings in the Apostle's letters acquaint us with the existence of churches in the houses of Philemon[19] and of Nymphe;[20] and to this list of early churches may be added the lecture hall of Tyrannus at Ephesus[21] and the house at Troas where the evening service was by Paul's eloquence prolonged till daybreak.[22] Obviously in this case it was instruction and familiar converse on holy things that occupied the small hours of the night, but this can only be an exaggerated instance of his regular practice elsewhere. Certainly, he always attached the highest importance to careful instruction in the main heads of Catholic doctrine. Where conversion from Judaism, and still more from paganism, called for so much of renunciation and self-sacrifice, only a thorough grasp of Christian principles, vivified by lavish outpourings of the Spirit of God, and nourished by frequent receptions of the Blessed Sacrament, could have upheld and comforted these infant churches. Throughout his letters Paul is continually harking to what he has taught by word of mouth. As one would infer from even a cursory reading of the Epistles, each of them is directed to answer the questions, supply the advice and meet the needs of some particular congregation at a certain definite stage of its development. An Epistle is therefore utterly alien in its scope—this statement needs qualification in the unique case of the Epistle to the Romans—from a dogmatic treatise. One or two important points of doctrine may be discussed in view of the known circumstances of those to whom the letter is addressed, otherwise their rule of faith receives only indirect mention. Yet all the while there are hints and references innumerable to the sum of beliefs on which the superstructure of their spiritual life is founded. From the earliest times we come across sentences and phrases in the Epistles which without such an assumption would be wholly meaningless. A few instances drawn

[17] Acts ii. 46; v. 42. [18] 1 Cor. xvi. 19; Rom. xvi. 5. [19] Philem. i. 2.
[20] Col. iv. 15. [21] Acts xix. 9. [22] Acts xx. 7-11.

from the first Epistle to the Thessalonians (accepted by many as his earliest extant letter) may further confirm this fact, and incidentally serve to show how it was on oral instruction, far more than on his written word, that the Apostle relied. Some knowledge of the mystery of the Blessed Trinity is presupposed by the statement that "our Gospel was delivered to you not in word alone but with power and in the Holy Ghost."[23] The reference to "Jesus His Son, from heaven, Whom He hath raised from the dead, Who rescueth us from the wrath to come,"[24] undoubtedly points to fuller teachings on the Divinity of Christ, on His Incarnation, Death and Resurrection and on the Redemptive value of the sacrifice of God made man. (Nothing indeed could be more wide of the mark than to take such pregnant sentences as comprising with masterly terseness the entire content of Paul's instructions to the Thessalonians on the mysteries of Christ's life.) Hear him again expressly reminding them how "yearning over you like a nurse cherishing her children we were minded to share with you not only the Gospel of God but also our own lives,"[25] and how "when your ears received God's message from us, you welcomed, not the word of men, but, as it truly is, the word of God."[26] The sin of the Jews in rejecting Our Lord,[27] the supernatural life of sanctifying grace,[28] salvation through Christ and the heritage of Glory,[29] the Last Judgment and the Resurrection of the body,[30] the ruin of those who run counter to God's will,[31] the union of all the churches in Christ,[32] briefly, almost all the fundamental points of Christian belief are either explicitly mentioned by the Apostle or naturally inferred from a few chapters of one of his briefest and earliest letters.

As the number of churches grew and his missionary work developed, this task of instruction fell very heavily on the Apostle. He has, however, assimilated the maxim of imperial rule "*divide et impera,*" and so as need arises we see further manifestations of his organizing genius; more extensive duties are assigned to his fellow-workers, greater powers are conferred upon them, tests of fitness are rigidly exacted, female piety too and devotion are directed to the furtherance of the great work. Yet division does not spell decentralization. To the end Paul is the dominant personality, the intimate friend and father of all.

[23] 1 Thess. i. 5. [24] 1 Thess. i. 10. [25] 1 Thess. ii. 8. [26] 1 Thess. ii. 13.
[27] 1 Thess. ii. 15. [28] 1 Thess. iv. 7, 8. [29] 1 Thess. v. 9, 10. [30] 1 Thess. iv. 14.
[31] 1 Thess. ii. 15. [32] 1 Thess. ii. 13, 14.

THE WEIRD GILLY.

(A MEDIÆVAL IRISH PHANTASY.)

BY SHANE LESLIE.

UPON a time, and a long time gone, when there were five kingdoms in Ireland, it chanced that O'Donnell held festival at Ballyshannon with the fine gentlemen of Donegal. They were gathered from early dawn in the house he had built of sliced yew trees and thatched with gulls' wings, and they feasted upon new of all meats and old of all liquors. They lifted high the cups their fathers had dug out of the graves of the sea kings, and drank of the wine that O'Donnell fetched from Spain. In the midst of the table stood the Joyless Jug, in which the patron Saint of the Clan had been used to carry water aforetime. Like the hundred wells he had blessed for them it never ran dry.

The company looked through the lime-smeared arches of the hall into O'Donnell's apple garden, and perceived a strange Gilly pricking the unripe fruit with the point of his sword. O'Donnell sent a Saxon slave to bring him into the house. He carried a mantle on his shoulders that would cover a mare in foal and a patched hose upon his long swinging shanks. A naked sword trundled at his heel-tip, and he carried three javelins of charred hollywood. The puddle-water splashed out of his deer-skin brogues, while his ear tips peeped through the hood of his mantle. He gave astonishment to them all, and no wonder, for wizard or artist was unknown to them in those times.

"God save you, gentles, and ripen your apples," quoth the Gilly, as he snapped his lips with the sourness of the fruit he had tasted.

"And who and where from and whither art thou?" asked O'Donnell.

"My habits take me to Islay in Scotland one day, to the Island of Man the next, and to Rathlin off Ireland another, for a ranting rambling rover I am, and I show feats of artistry to the people of the Western world."

"What is thy name and thy clan?" asked O'Donnell.

"I am the Gilly of the Gael."

"Indeed," said O'Donnell, "then you may sit where you drink and drink where you sit."

"Yea and nay to you," said the Gilly, "I will sit or I will not, as it is pleasing to you, but I will drink as it pleases myself. First let me hear music to play the ache out of my legs and the water out of my shoes."

Now O'Donnell's harpers were the pride and power of his entertainment, and he bade them play on their live harps. The Gilly strode this way and that while they were playing, and when he had listened through his hood awhile he said: "I never heard such minstrelsy, since I listened to the musicians who tinkle iron with their sledge hammers on the ground-story of the nethermost hell!"

There was consternation among the company who had little delicacy of ear themselves, and praised O'Donnell's music whether they heard it or not. Then O'Donnell bade the stranger play for himself. The Gilly picked up a harp and shook the last melody out of it, and played to the gentlemen of Donegal such music that all the women travailing within the sound forgot their travail, and many gashed gallants of the household who lay with wounds within were soothed to sleep and stupor.

"I perceive thou art an harmonious rogue," quoth O'Donnell, and forgave him the insults offered to his harps.

"One day I am sweet, another day I am bitter," said the Gilly. "One morning I am under sun and one evening under moon; here one day and not here the next."

O'Donnell saw an endless source of entertainment in him for the men of Ulster, and he told off twenty of his gallowglasses, as they valued their straw and ale, to guard his gates, and he hid twenty horsemen in the apple grove to prevent the Gilly going. But the Gilly was gilly to neither lord nor clan. When he perceived the chief's plans, he stepped with one foot aside and the other forward and then with both back, crying, "Watch for me—run for me—ride for me, or I am clean away," he slipped through the gallowglasses and through the apple grove, spearing the green fruit as he went. The riders rode each other down in tumult, and the gallowglasses fell upon each other's knives. But the Gilly was gone as utterly as the morning of yesterday, and he left only a little bundle of herbs for their healing with the watcher on the hills.

At that time it chanced that the son of Desmond was gathering the men of South Munster to proclaim himself the Desmond against his father. The weird Gilly halted in hearing of them all and cried: "God save you and keep green leaves on your trees!"

"And who art thou of all rascally runners in Ireland?"

"I am Duartane, runner and musician to the High King of Ireland," said the Gilly, "and I have run from the shelly shore of Sligo to the mud mountains of Thomond."

"Play or be hung," said the son of Desmond, but the Gilly would not, until he heard ridicule among the men at arms. Straightway he caught a harp from a blind harper of Desmond, so swiftly that the blind man thought a gust of wind was away with it. The Gilly made the harp first to sound and then to sing and at last to speak. The harp said: "The sweetest music is not more enduring than the harp which begot it, and the sprig is not stronger than the tree which fostered it."

"Thou art a traitor to thy whole clan," cried the son of Desmond angrily to the harp, and cut the strings with his sword. But the Gilly slipped back and fore, saying: "One day I am sweet, another I am sour, one day in South Munster, another in Donegal North," and he vanished like a twang of his own treacherous music.

"Alack but the wind is a better musician than I am," said the harper who had seen nothing of all that befell.

It also happened at the time of the Gilly's raid and riot through Ireland, that McKeogh, the meanest man in Ireland, and hereditary crown-bearer and coroner to the MacMurrough of Leinster, lay sick of a bog-palsy in his leg. The twelve royal physicians of Leinster were crowded about the sick leg, for until he could walk again the new MacMurrough might not come by his crown. To be crowned by a sick man was against the law of Ireland.

The weird Gilly swung into sight of all. "Who art thou watering my garden out of thy brogues?" said McKeogh from his bed.

"I am a student of medicine picking plants," replied the Gilly, "and if you vowed to put away your niggardliness and money hoarding, I would heal your sorry shank."

"So be it," said McKeogh, and sent his gold robes to patch beggars' rags at his gates.

The Gilly split a sour apple on his javelin and dropped a little on the sick man's leg. With that the leg rose up under him and started to run out of the house, and McKeogh with it, and the

twelve loyal leeches of Leinster running after. There was no one able to catch him until he tired toward evening. When he could be brought back he offered the Gilly his only daughter to wife. "It is well," said the Gilly, "and be she sweet or be she bitter she shall be mine."

That night McKeogh spread a banquet in his meanest manner, with porridge for plenty and water for wine. When the guests were all gathered, a servant ran in crying: "The foreign physician is over the hills with thy daughter, and faster than a russet hare between a day and a night of March."

"We knew he was a false rascal," said the twelve royal doctors of Leinster in a breath.

At this same time it happened that Conor of Connaught was preparing to avenge a foul insult leveled upon the people of his province. A Connaught crone had lent a market basket a generation back to a hag of Munster, and had received neither basket nor basket ransom in return. Conor went out with his men of war. When he crossed the ridge-bone of Ireland that runs from Dublin to Galway, the Gilly sped within speech of him.

"Who art thou with thy ribs tied under thy mantle, like a rotted ship under a flapping sail?" asked Conor, who was the greatest wit beyond the Shannon.

"I am the gruesome Gilly," said the stranger, "and I run about Ireland to see good wars and fair fighting, and whether you will have me or not I will be of your party."

"If I take you, what hiring will purchase you?" said Conor.

"Nothing unfair to be played against me, that is my only term," said the Gilly. So Conor agreed, and the Gilly accompanied the fighting men of Connaught and of Far-Connaught till they overstepped the marches of Munster. Heaven gave them blessing and boon and victory, for they carried away a three-legged cow from the hag of Munster as solace and consolation for the basket taken out of Connaught.

When the men of Munster learnt of the disgrace which had been inflicted on their valor and protection, they marched half a day and half a night without stopping. But at the rear of the army of Connaught the Gilly kept them at bay with his javelins in one hand while he drove the lame cow with the other. He kept fighting between prey and pursuit until he was across the fords of the Shannon. The men of Munster would not cross the Shannon, for they said the cow was likely drowned. This was reckoned the

greatest cattle spoil of the time, and gave hymning to the harpers and piping to the poets of Connaught ever after.

When the army reached Conor's house, Conor drained the first flagon of wine himself and left the Gilly thirsty. "The drink goes with the deed, and the doer with the wind," said the Gilly, and before Conor could interpret his words, he had disappeared.

Not far away O'Kelly, King of the O'Kellies, gave banquet to his clan. The Gilly came within call of the banqueting room. "Art thou a Kelly of Munster or a Kelly of Leinster?" was the only question O'Kelly would ask of any stranger that day.

"I am neither," said the Gilly, "but I was a good conjurer before any Kelly was weaned, and for five flagons I will prove the greatness of my art."

"Prove," said O'Kelly, and five-score Kellies cried "Prove."

"I will wag one ear and bid the other be still," said the Gilly.

"Wag thy ear," said O'Kelly, and five-score Kellies cried "Wag."

The Gilly of tricks tied one ear with the edge of his mantle and wagged the other. O'Kelly gave him five flagons full.

"I will show thee another," said the Gilly, when he had drunk. He pulled a long thread out of his mantle and tossed it in a ball to the clouds. He threw his mantle over the end of the thread and a hare ran up and into the clouds, and then a beagle, and then a dog-boy, and last of all a fairy woman. The Kellies listened to the baying of the hound and the hunting cry of the lad until all were hidden in the mist. Then the Gilly reeled down the thread and the hound came back picking the hare's bones, and the dog-boy meshed in the hair of the fairy woman. O'Kelly sent him ten flagons full and asked for another trick. "I only know one better," said the Gilly, and vanished.

The next day, MacMurrough of Leinster was banqueting in his palace. There were sixteen ragged harpers playing on his rath for him to choose the choice harper of Leinster from. The Gilly happed into their hearing. "Whence art thou with the harper's dress but without the harp?" asked MacMurrough.

"One day am I in Islay, and one day in Man, and the next with Conor and another with Kelly," said the Gilly.

"How do my harpers harp beside those of Conor and Kelly?" asked MacMurrough.

"There is no likeness between them at all," said the Gilly, "for the harpers of Conor and Kelly play music on the harp."

MacMurrough was wild, and ordered him to be strung to the crow's perch forthwith. His armed men left the Gilly upon the gallows that evening. When they returned they met the Gilly coming out of the house, for it was MacMurrough he had bewitched them to hang. This time the Gilly went without saying farewell or fare-ill, but he left a sliver of batsbane with the herd on the hills. "For the anointing of MacMurrough, my lord," he said.

Away he vanished with his roguery and ranting, with his tricks and trilling, as all the magicians and artists must vanish, when they have made their share of wonderment and wizardry for the folk of the world.

A ROAD OF IRELAND.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

From Killybegs to Ardara is seven Irish miles,
'Tis there the blackbirds whistle and the mating cuckoos call,
Beyond the fields the green sea glints, above the heaven smiles
On all the white boreens that thread the glens of Donegal.

Along the roads what feet have passed, could they but tell the story,
Of ancient king and saint and bard, the roads have known them all;
Lough Dergh, Doon Well, Glen Columcille, the names are yet a glory,
'Tis great ghosts in the gloaming remember Donegal.

The harbor slips of Killybegs saw Spanish poop and sail
In days when Spain sailed round the world and held the half in thrall,
And Ardara has writ her name in the great books of the Gael,
Though sleep has fallen on them now in dream-lit Donegal.

Well, time will have its fling with dust, it is the changeless law,
But this I like to think of whatever may befall:
When she came up from Killybegs and he from Ardara
My father met my mother on the road, in Donegal.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF LUTHER BY HISTORY ALONE.

BY MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

THE profession of Protestantism has a tendency to produce in even its most liberal-minded adherents a peculiar psychological disposition. It becomes all but insuperably difficult for them to estimate correctly Luther's character, or judge truly of the events that took place at the time of the Reformation. And yet recent Non-Catholic research has in many respects radically modified Luther's sweeping condemnation of Rome. In this connection we are forcefully reminded of the words of Thomas Carlyle: "Only what of the past was *true* will come back to us. That is the one *Asbestos* which survives all fire and comes out purified; that is still ours, blessed be heaven, and only that. By the law of nature nothing more than that; and also by the same law, nothing less than that. Let art struggle how it may, for or against—as foolish art is seen extensively doing in our time—there the limits of it will be." Nevertheless, with regard to such results of modern historical research, it must not be forgotten that, as one Protestant authority has remarked, "whatever is gained in this way by Catholicism is a loss to Protestantism." And the clear reason for this, as the Protestant mind feels only too instinctively, is that the degree of Luther's justification in his break with Rome, and hence the real justification for the very existence itself of Protestantism, depends upon the degree in which the Catholic Church is wrong. Unless the Protestant be prepared to allow in his entire conception of the moral order a transformation similar to the change effected in the civilized conception of the physical universe by the verification and gradual adoption of the theory of Copernicus, he must for the sake of his own peace of mind be able to formulate some reason for maintaining that the Church was somehow wrong and Luther in one way or another right. To begin with, of course, he always has the initial fact that Protestantism does exist, and that therefore an adequate reason for the breach between it and the mediæval Church must somehow or other be forthcoming. But to conclude immediately that the Church must have been wrong is as unsatisfying as it is untrue. It were as correct to declare that she was wrong for any of the reasons at different times vary-

ingly alleged in justification of Luther's action. Willing as many Protestants have always been to study the hazy tenets of the Vedas, Buddhism or Islam, they have doggedly ignored the clear teachings of Catholicism, and have based their reasoning on grounds supposedly historical. Hence their reasons at the present time may be reduced to two: the need in Luther's day for a radical reform and the need for greater liberty.

Apart from the contradiction which stands out on the very face of the two-fold claim advanced, and which will be dealt with more fully in a moment, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the words of Hilaire Belloc that appeared in *America* a little over a year ago: "Such phantasies in the place of truth," he says in another though strikingly similar connection, "divorced its victims from Europe, and went counter in their effect to the whole stream of civilization. They warped the vision of Christendom. They lent false strength to vain things, and hid the powers of things alien but strong."

What is to be said of the contradictory claims brought forward or implicitly assumed by many whenever they attempt to justify the so-called Reformation? It is asserted that in Luther's time there was need of a radical reform, need of greater liberty. In general, it must be noted that for the decided majority of Protestants there can no longer be any question of a doctrinal reform, since in all matters of belief they now stand poles asunder from those who first accepted Luther's teaching. So far is this true that in respect to the very point which constituted Luther's chief doctrinal pretext for breaking with the Church of Rome—the doctrine namely of faith-without-works—the pendulum has swung completely to the wholly opposite extreme, and stress at the present hour is being laid almost entirely on the humanitarian value of works, with scarcely any or no insistence on the importance of faith. With regard to Luther's further doctrines—developed for the most part after his separation had become an accomplished fact—they are of little more importance today than those of Arius, except in so much as they may be shown to have influenced Kant in his philosophy or Bismarck and others in Prussian politics, or still others in the general trend of so-called modern thought. For with the sole exception of the doctrine of private judgment, which even Luther saw the need of contradicting in practice, these doctrines as he propounded them no longer command the adhesion of any single influential body of thinking men.

We turn, therefore, to the two-fold assumption that there was need of a radical moral reform in Luther's time and a call for greater freedom, and that by effecting the one and answering the other, he has eternally justified himself before the judgment of history in spite of the worthlessness of his teaching. Now it is to be well borne in mind that a reform, as understood by even the average intellect, necessarily involves some legitimate restriction of human freedom, either because of irregularities in its enjoyment or because of its degeneracy, amounting to license. Hence to speak in the same breath of a radical need for reform and a rightful demand for greater freedom is to be guilty of patent contradiction. The possible contention does remain, of course, that all the abuses in the sixteenth century consisted in an unjust use of power on the part of Rome, such as to make people feel warranted in conscience in breaking with her so as to seek a freedom more consonant with the true needs of our human nature; which latter, however, be it parenthetically noted, Luther was ever at so great pains to revile as being wholly sinful. But in opposition to this stand the words of the French Protestant historian, Guizot. If limited to the reign of Pope Leo X., the time when Luther first openly declared his opposition to the Church, these words—with certain restrictions, some of which will appear in the sequel—may be considered as substantially accurate. "It is not true," says he, "that in the sixteenth century the court of Rome was very tyrannical; that abuses, properly so-called, were then more numerous, more crying, than they had been at other times; never, perhaps, on the contrary, had the Ecclesiastical Power been more easy, more tolerant, more disposed to let things go their own way. Provided that it was not itself called in question, provided that the rights which it had formerly enjoyed were allowed in theory, that the same existence was secured, and the same tributes were paid to it, it would willingly have allowed the human mind to remain at peace, if the human mind had done the same in respect to it."

If Luther is to be justified then and the Catholic Church put in the wrong, there only remains the possible claim for the need of a radical moral reform. The word "radical" is used advisedly. For the Church's claim to a divine institution, a matter of faith thoroughly substantiated by her past, was universally admitted throughout Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Hence, as we shall see, the conviction was general that she could never stand in need of a reform in her essential and constitutive

elements: in her dogmas and her moral principles, her sacraments and the three-fold power to teach, to govern and to sanctify men. All these essential elements, inherited directly from Christ, her Founder, by whom she was divinely established as a necessary means for salvation, had been forever placed under the protection of the Holy Ghost, Whose guidance renders the Church infallible in her teaching, unchangeable in her constitution.

Thus, as she stood divinely revealed in bold relief and in solid, unique grandeur amid the ever varying fluctuations of the ages, she was viewed as having her existence in time, to be sure, since visibly on earth, but above and beyond time's influence. That this was Luther's view even so late as 1516, is evident from a statement in one of his sermons of that same year. "The Church cannot err," he says, "in proclaiming the faith; only the individual within her is liable to error. But let him beware of differing from the Church; for the Church's leaders are the walls of the Church and our fathers; they are the eye of the body and in them we must seek the light."

On the other hand, it is clear that the Church, though established for the salvation of mankind and destined to guide the nations through all the stages of historic development, does present a variable side. In her members and in her accidental outward forms and external relations, she is made to feel the effects of time in a thousand ways; now in the guise of some extrinsic assistance in the display of her power for good, now in the guise of a check on the full manifestation of that power and its normal exertion. As a consequence, she will be found making use of this means in one age, of another in the next, in order that her labors may be rendered fruitful and salutary. This subjection, moreover, to temporal influences extends even to those who are the depositaries of her power, but who, not unlike other men, are exposed in their personal lives to temptation and are liable to fail in their religious and moral conduct. Then, too, measures adopted and institutions created which, though of human origin, are in principle perfectly conformed to the spirit of the Church, may in time come to lose their usefulness and grow to be a source of harm by reason of gradually mingled elements incompatible with that spirit. Thus it may happen, and has happened, that unfavorable influences, allowed to exert themselves for a considerable time on events and on the spirit of the people, have altered the accidental external forms of the Church, and, undermining the moral and religious condition of a large number of the faith-

ful, have brought them into a state of mind and feeling little in accord with her true spirit, and with what by reason of her sacred mission must be the real aim of her persistent endeavors.

This was precisely what had occurred by the close of the fifteenth century. The Holy Roman Empire of the German nation had become a drag and a hindrance instead of a help. The Hohenstaufen emperors and Frederick II. in particular had neglected what were real interests at home, and, urged on by the dream of emulating the pagan emperors in the exercise of an unlimited power wholly incompatible with all Christian ideas, had inaugurated a long struggle with the Popes in Italy in entire disregard of the Church's independence. The result had been that the empire had fallen a prey to the usurped power of petty princes, and by the time that Luther appeared the executive power of the emperor had been so weakened that he was utterly unable to hinder, much less to punish, any of the flagrant breaches of the public peace which had then become a frequent occurrence. Even back in the year 1451, Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, with the foresight of the real reformer that he was, had raised a warning voice. "The empire," he says, "is attacked by a mortal sickness, and will certainly perish if a cure be not immediately found. What but ruin," he goes on to ask, "is to be expected when each one thinks only of himself? If the sovereign hand has lost its power to quell interior dissensions, avarice and greed will prevail, war and private quarrels will increase, the dismembered empire will go to ruin, and what has been unjustly acquired will be squandered." Such then was the state of Germany, and no one who has studied the events that followed Luther's apostasy can help but feel surprised at the accuracy with which this prediction was fulfilled; a fulfillment, however, which, thanks to the efforts of the noble cardinal and others, was much further removed from the inevitable in Luther's day than it appeared to be over half a century previously when the prediction itself was uttered.

If on the other hand, from Germany we turn to France, we find that things there had taken an entirely opposite course. Driven by the necessity of pushing the English out of the land, the French nation had thrown great power into the hands of her kings, who in turn used it to suppress the turbulence and reduce the strength of the nobles. Thus in 1492, by the marriage of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany, France became a thoroughly consolidated kingdom, internally strong and prepared to interfere in the domestic affairs of her weakened neighbor to the east or to start on

a career of conquest by invading the brighter and more alluring lands across the Alps where

> .....is spread like a green sea
> The waveless plain of Lombardy
> Bounded by the vaporous air
> Islanded by cities fair.

The latter course was the first to be followed, and Italy became an apple of discord between an emperor powerless now to protect the interests of the Church, even had he been thoroughly willing, and a French king ever ready to push the false claims of Gallicanism which, though abrogated by Louis XI., had been revived anew, the better to serve the ambitious purposes of a strong ruler in his growing absolutism. In the ensuing struggle, in which the Swiss and the Republic of Venice soon became involved, the Popes, ever mindful of the days of Avignon, saw themselves obliged to side now with one and now with the other of the two contending parties, if they were to safeguard the interests of the Church and preserve their independence. To complicate matters, Spain, whose union had been secured by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, and had become firmly established by the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada in 1491, was called in to offset the danger that threatened from French preponderance. England, meanwhile, as a result of the War of the Roses which had been brought to a close at the Battle of Bosworth (1485)—that is, two years after the birth of Luther—had become thoroughly plastic material in the hands of her Tudor kings. Under the guidance of Wolsey, with a view to enhancing her prestige on the continent, she was gradually initiating a policy which, after the Lutheran catastrophe, when nothing better could be found, was to become the sorry substitute for the arbitral power of the mediæval Popes, and was to be known as the policy of the balance of power.

At the time, however, it was nothing more than an obstacle, though a serious obstacle, thrown in the way of the earnest efforts that were being made on the part of the Pope to bring about peace among the Christian princes. For it must be clearly remembered that in the year 1517 the solidarity of Christendom was still a reality to the minds of all those living at the time. Any tendency which was seen to be contrary to a fuller realization of that solidarity, was loudly deplored as something abnormal and contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion. This general solicitude for the

solidarity of Christendom is proved by the insistent demands for peace that issued out of Spain and other countries; by the attitude of the many bishops gathered from various lands at the Lateran Council held from 1512 to 1517; and by the manner in which the appeal made by Pope Leo X. in 1517 against the Turks was received by the Christian princes themselves.

With this in mind, there is room, certainly, for very reasonable speculation as to the natural prospect of Europe at this time had not Luther accidentally united the variously conflicting elements of discord. He threw a barrier across the proper course along which the civilization of Christendom would otherwise have flowed, and thus brought to the surface the evil tendencies of the age.

Charles V., as will be easily recalled, was just about to become emperor, and in him Spain, Germany, including Austria, the Netherlands and Naples, together with Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, were about to be united. In Germany the efforts of Maximilian I. to reduce the princes to proper submission, together with his endeavors to raise an army against the Turks, had in every case been frustrated by his inability to gather in the necessary funds. Charles, on the other hand, was to have the unlimited resources that flowed in from his possessions in Spanish America. The great ambition of his life, henceforth, was to drive the Turk out of eastern Europe. And, most important of all, he was to swear at his coronation to protect the Church and maintain the rights of the Holy See—an oath which, on the whole, he observed throughout his long and eventful reign. What he might have done is perhaps best judged by two of the principal events of his life, when in the one instance after the battle of Pavia, in 1525, he held the French king entirely in his power, and in the other he succeeded in completely defeating the Smalcaldio League at Mühlberg in 1547.

But what, all this while, was the state of affairs within the Church's own more intimate sphere of influence? Bad, indeed, to be sure, nor from the political conditions could it well be expected to have been otherwise; but it was not hopeless, by far, nor did it call for anything like the radical reform which the Protestant assumption does and must imply as having been necessary if Luther is to be at all justified. The deed of violence perpetrated on Boniface VIII. by Philip the Fair through his emissaries at Anagni in 1303, had been followed by the saddest results. Not only did the Popes find themselves weakened in their temporal power through the perfidy of the French king—and to the great harm of Europe—

but, owing to their consequent removal to Avignon, they became gradually suspected of a lack of independence. In consequence, moreover, of the real need in which the central government of the Church stood during the period of the Papal residence at Avignon, it was found necessary to adopt a system of taxation which in time furnished a dangerous precedent, and became more and more an oppressive burden, especially in Germany. But in spite of the many complaints to which abuses arising from this source gave birth, the antipathy towards Rome, intensified by a national hatred of the Germans for the Italians, did not take a dogmatic tendency until Luther had succeeded in confusing the whole question of Papal taxation with the question of indulgences. This confusion, however, he would have been wholly unable to effect had not the evil soil in which he planted been otherwise more fully prepared for him. After the return of the Pope to Rome when everything seemed to promise a thorough disciplinary reform in the Church, the great Schism of the West, another result of French influence, broke out in 1378. While it lasted, it not only obscured men's minds as to the necessity and divine origin of the Papacy, thereby adding fresh vigor to the false principles of Gallicanism, but rendered it furthermore possible for the Church's proper control of the religious life of the nations to get considerably out of hand. The schism itself was healed in 1417 by the election of Martin V., but many a dark cloud still hung on the horizon, awaiting only the direction of the wind to scatter definitely or gather anew for a fresh storm. The bishops in Germany were for the most part incapable or worldly. Not merely were the clerical dues frequently seized by the princes, but positions in the cathedral chapters and episcopal sees were, in many cases, handed over arbitrarily to the members of the nobility. As Duke George of Saxony said in Luther's own day: "It is as clear as daylight that the origin of all this heresy, with which God is visiting us, lies in the way in which the prelates enter into the Church; for God says, 'He that entereth not in at the door is not the shepherd.' Now it is alas! not the least scandal of Christendom that we laymen of high and low degree do not take heed of those words, for, when we appoint our own children, brothers and friends to bishoprics and other Church dignities, we are not concerned about the 'door,' but only how we can manage to push our own people in, whether under the threshold or in through the roof, we do not care. These gentlemen, moreover, who enter in this manner behave as if they had bought their benefices for their own heritage

and had full rights in them. Hence it follows that the sheep imitate the shepherds and incur the wrath of God as alas! is seen day by day."

In addition to the state of affairs thus indicated—an evil state, however, more than paralleled by the abuses and evils from which the Church plainly recovered through the reform instituted by Gregory VII. in the eleventh century—there had been, previously to the time when the Lutheran movement began to break down the remaining barriers of restraint still standing between order and anarchy, powerful forces—intellectual as well as material—which had been brought to bear on European civilization, but had nothing whatever to do with religion except indirectly in so far as they might be made to subserve the purposes of tendencies good or bad that were being independently displayed at the time. Of such forces, Humanism had received its greatest encouragement from the Popes. Once it had been twisted to the views of such vile characters as Ulrich von Hutten—the first real sponsor of Luther's agitation—it became a source of grave danger to anything like order in society. The art of printing invented between 1450-1456—lacking which Protestantism must have died at its birth—would have proved just as efficient in furthering the less popular aims of a real reform for the whole of Europe, had time been allowed, as it turned out to be a telling means for the rapid spread of what every reputable historian has come to recognize as Luther's destructive programme of lies and gross slanders against the Church. That with such a programme Luther should have managed to carry his doctrinal points in the face of their clear confutation by Dr. Eck and other men of learning so superior to his own, is easily explained by the mental confusion then prevalent. Finally there was a tremendous spirit of worldly enterprise awakened at this precise period by the various discoveries that were being made overseas. Had Europe as a whole continued to recognize the religious authority of the Church which until then, to the great profit of humanity, had alone kept individualism in check, this spirit might have done much more for the general prosperity of Christendom by drawing the nations more closely together. In corroboration of such a statement we need only appeal to the fact that, whereas Spain and Portugal, though the nearest of neighbors, were saved from all serious quarrels during the whole period of their wide colonial expansion by the arbitral decision of Alexander VI. in his Bull "*Inter cetera*" (1493), England, whose prospects were in no

way affected by the Bull, was led into continual wars with both France and Spain, while Germany, owing to the centrifugal spirit of her princes and people, remained a mere geographical expression down to the year 1870.

There were then evils. If ambitious Hohenstaufen emperors disregarded the independence of the Church, they also weakened their own executive power and played into the hands of petty princes. If unscrupulous French kings grew powerful to oust the English invader, they threatened the empire and attacked the Pope in his temporal power. If Italy became the apple of discord, the emperor was powerless to protect the interests of the Church, at a time when the French king was anxious to push the revived false claims of Gallicanism. If Gallicanism, furthered by the exile of the Popes at Avignon and by the Great Schism, was bad for the Church in France, the worldliness of many German bishops stood in the way of much that was good for the Church in Germany and for the empire, the Church's protector for centuries. Finally, whereas the arbitral power of the Pope had satisfied on a basis of common consent the general solicitude for the solidarity of Christendom, its sorry English substitute, the balance of power, was still in its incipient stage and hence, while detracting from the influence of the Pope, was unable to affect peace even on the basis of a selfish expediency. Such changes, political and in part religious, were bad enough. In the intellectual and economic world, the distortion of Humanism, the introduction of printing, the discovery of the New World, promoted individualism and the spirit of a mad worldly enterprise to the neglect as well of religious authority as of the general prosperity of Christendom. In such a tremendous crisis of the world's history Luther was shrewd enough, underhand enough, base enough, to confuse issues. And of the existing evils he clearly took a sad advantage, when he came to spread his doctrines; doctrines whose real source had been all along an impatient, unavailing desire to find a sedative for those abnormal qualms of conscience arising from his unconquerable pride and obstinacy.

It only remains to show that Luther was not the first to send up the cry of reform, but that Europe was already on the way to a slow reform when he used as a pretext for effecting a sudden and widespread revolution a cry which had been in the air for over a century.

From what has already been said with regard to there being a variable side to the Church, it is clear that in a certain sense she

is always reforming herself and always renewing her life. In every age there will always be found in the thought and in the life of the times much that is conformable to her dogmas, her sacramental dispensation and disciplinary principles and regulations. On the other hand, there will ever be much that either fails to harmonize with or contradicts that sacred deposit which, divine in its origin, she must ever keep intact and guard and uphold. Hence, the Church, with a foresight thoroughly peculiar to herself, never has been slow to encourage and foster whatever made for real progress and the true betterment of mankind. But when the times become out of joint, the one theory of true Catholic reformation has never been any other than that expressed so simply and succinctly by Cardinal Egidio Canisio of Viterbo before the Fifth Lateran Council (1512): "Men must be changed by religion and not religion by men."

This theory was followed by Gregory VII. in the reform which he initiated, and which gradually raised the nations of Europe to the superb stage of civilization of the thirteenth century. The same theory underlay the purpose of Innocent III. when convoking the Fourth Lateran Council (1215). And such also was the correct theory of real reformers of the type of Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, St. John Capistran, John Bush and Andrew Proles, the founder of Luther's own congregation—men of exemplary lives who had been in the field long before Luther was born. If their fame today is less than his, it is because they took the more arduous up-hill course, whereas Luther went with the landslide he himself had started.

Between the time when Nicholas of Cusa went the round of Germany as Papal Legate in 1451 and the Lutheran outbreak, many diocesan and provincial synods had been held in all parts of the empire. The Carthusian Dionysius and the Franciscan John Brugmann had worked zealously for the reform of monastic and conventual life, as had also the Benedictine congregation of Bursfeld. Since the time of the great Western Schism the summoning of a general council had become a difficult and dangerous matter, owing to the prevalence of the false idea that the Pope was subject to the council—an idea which had spread with the writings of Marsiglio of Padua, of William of Occam and of Jean of Jeandun. In spite of this and in the face of the pseudo-conciliar movement that culminated at Basle, Pope Eugene IV. had succeeded in the year 1438 in gathering the ecumenical council of Ferrara-Florence, at which the churches of the East and the West, for the time once

more providentially united, testified in the most solemn way to the Primacy of the See of St. Peter and to the fact that by Christ's appointment the Pope is the head of the Church Universal. So much was settled, but two other problems prominently demanding consideration were the question of peace among the princes and the definite eradication of the principles of Gallicanism in France. Without peace among the princes, anything like a thorough reform in Europe seemed, under the circumstances, impossible, while on the other hand, Gallicanism had long threatened the very unity of the Church. Hence it was with this two-fold problem chiefly in view that the Fifth Lateran Council was convoked by Pope Julius II. in 1512. Had the Lutheran disturbance not started the very year of the council's adjournment (1517), it is certain that the effects of this council would have been very far-reaching. In the actual turn of events one of its objects was partially obtained, and its success in this one point has ever since proved of inestimable advantage to the cause of Christianity. For by the condemnation of the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, Gallicanism received a blow which, but for the Reformation, would have proved lastingly fatal, and, by the Concordat drawn up between Pope Leo X. and Francis I. of France with the purpose of eliminating the Gallican claims, the temptation, naturally strong, to seize the lands of the Church, was definitely removed, with the result that France was saved to the Church. For in Germany, England, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, at a time when the rulers influenced to such an extent the beliefs of their people, this temptation proved to be in the eyes of the former the clinching argument in favor of the views of Luther and the other reformers.

The Church then was willing, anxious to reform herself, and with herself the whole of Europe. That she was capable of doing so is proved by the Council of Trent and by the splendid Catholic revival that followed in its train, a revival that has elicited the following tribute from a Protestant authority:

> The anti-Protestant movement in the Roman Church which is generally called the Counter Reformation, is really at least as remarkable as the Reformation itself. Probably it would be no exaggeration to call it the most remarkable single episode that has ever occurred in the history of the Christian Church. Its immediate success was greater than that of the Protestant movement, and its permanent results are fully as large at the present day. It called forth a burst of missionary enthusiasm

> such as has not been seen since the first day of Pentecost. So far as organization is concerned, there can be no question that the mantle of the men who made the Roman Empire has fallen upon the Roman Church; and it has never given more striking proof of its vitality and power than it did at this time immediately after a large portion of Europe had been torn from its grasp. Printing presses poured forth literature not only to meet the controversial needs of the moment, but also admirable editions of the early Fathers to whom the Reformed Churches appealed—sometimes with more confidence than knowledge. Armies of devoted missionaries were scientifically marshaled. Regions of Europe which seemed lost forever.....were recovered to the Papacy, and the claims of the Vicar of Christ were carried far and wide through countries where they had never been heard before.[1]

Before launching his wanton attack, Luther, in his boasted study of the Scriptures, had done well to advert to the words of Gamaliel: "If.....this work be of men, it will come to naught. If it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God."

The history of the Middle Ages cannot be truly written nor the forces at work in modern civilization be properly understood, until we have gained a correct estimate of Luther's revolution. The chief obstacle in the way of such an estimate necessarily will be that peculiar psychological disposition of the Protestant mind noted at the beginning of this historical summary. In the attempt to arrive at such an estimate it will be by no means sufficient to refute express statements. Our chief work must be to reach back to the assumptions, the false suppositions that form the unstated major premises of the Protestant subjective method of argumentation. "For," in the words of Carlyle, "nature and fact, not red-tape and semblance, are to this hour the basis of man's life; and on those, through never such strata of these, man and his life and all his interests do, sooner or later, infallibly come to rest, and to be supported or be swallowed according as they agree with those."

With both nature and fact the Protestant mind has been at war ever since the day when Luther in the obstinacy of his scrupulous soul refused to see the obvious distinction between sin and concupiscence.

[1] R. H. Malden, Classical Lecturer, Selwyn College, Cambridge, in *Foreign Missions*, London, 1910, pp. 119, 120.

LUTHER AND SOCIAL SERVICE.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THERE is a tendency today to consider Social Service as not only the most important striving of our generation, but the climax of man's social evolution up to the present time. Human progress in its forward trend has at last brought us to the point where we think of others. Altruism is gradually replacing selfishness by a process of natural development, as it were, and Social Service comes into the foreground. The usual presumption is that the ideas connoted by the term Social Service are as new as the term itself, for it is a common fallacy of the age to think that new words mean new things. There is, however, as is well known by those familiar with its recently-developed history, not the slightest novelty about Social Service. It is doubtful even whether there is a single phase of the subject that cannot be traced definitely to many centuries before our time.

However, as is nearly always the case in such popular false impressions, a part truth is the basis for this assumption of the recent development of Social Service. Social history shows a gradual descent in social feeling from about the middle of the sixteenth century until almost our own generation, when the world waked up again to the recognition of the fact that care for others was one of the most important occupations of human life. As I have shown in previous articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on *The Care of the Ailing Poor, of Insane and Defectives,*[1] the organization of nursing, the guarding of the insane, the protection of orphans and foundling children, the ministration to the old, all sank during this period to what has been described by a recognized authority on the subject as "an indescribable level of degradation." This descent began in the sixteenth century and went on almost unchecked until, toward the end of the eighteenth century, the first glimmerings of a new light in the dark social places can be noted.

The present year celebrates the four hundredth anniversary of the initiation of Luther's movement, the posting of his thesis at Wittenberg, and it is interesting to study the genuine significance

[1] See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, September, October and November, 1916.

of Luther's life-work in the light of its coincidence with the beginning of this descent in Social Service. That this social decadence was not a mere incidental event subsequent to the Lutheran movement, but followed as an immediate effect, is a proposition that will come as a surprise to all sincere Protestants, because only now is the history of social effort being properly written. Hitherto history has concerned itself almost exclusively with wars and politics to the neglect of social things.

The reasons for this decadence in Social Service, then called simply charity, are not hard to find. It developed directly from certain favorite principles of the reformers, and especially of Luther—principles that were in direct contradiction to previous teaching. It is summed up in Luther's principal doctrine: that faith was everything in religion and good works meant nothing. The Protestant movement which came as a consequence of his teaching accepted this doctrine very literally, though common humanity led many people to continue the exercise of charity in spite of their acceptance of the discouraging dogma.

It is curious to reflect how, in our generation, Protestants generally have reached almost the opposite pole of thought. Now it makes little difference what a man believes provided he lives an upright life and does good to others. It is only with the gradual dissolution of Protestantism as a dogmatic religion that men have come to recognize their social duties as they did in the older, and especially, the mediæval time. For that is very striking in the history of Social Service. The mediæval Church taught and organized and managed social works very well; the Reformation rejected them. The return to them forms the most interesting commentary on the life and work of Luther that our generation can have.

Perhaps the best way to introduce the story of Social Service before Luther's movement is to tell the story of a well-known historical incident. In 1511 a young man of about thirty, whose monastic educational advantages among the Augustinian monks in Germany made him eminently capable of judging the value of what he saw, visited Florence and proved to be far more interested in its examples of finely organized Social Service than in its art, then at the height of the Renaissance. Raphael, Michelangelo and Leonardo were all alive, and some of the greatest art of all time was being produced there at just that time. The modern reader, interested in Social Service because of the present fine development

of it, will not be surprised at the German visitor's interest in Italian hospitals, for the details of his description show that they were eminently deserving of attention. To quote him:

> The hospitals of the Italians are built like palaces, supplied with the best of food and drink, and tended by diligent servants and skillful physicians. The painted bedsteads are covered with clean linen. When a patient is brought in, his clothes are taken off and given to a notary to keep honestly. Then they put a white bed gown on him, and lay him between the inviting sheets of the beautifully decorated bed, and two physicians are brought at once. Servants fetch food and drink in clean glass vessels, and do not touch the food even with the finger, but offer it to the patient on a tray.

Manifestly this young man was rather surprised by what he saw. Remark, also, that he speaks, not of a particular hospital, but of hospitals in the plural. Evidently he had examined and found a similar state of affairs sufficiently prevalent to realize that the best possible care of the ailing poor was taken in this Italian city. His account is all the more surprising to us because scarcely forty years ago our public hospitals were literally a disgrace. They were dirty, unventilated, with nursing badly organized; the "ten day women" were doing the nursing in Bellevue, and things were altogether as they ought not to be, whereas this young German traveling in Italy four hundred years ago found a magnificent organization of hospital work among the Italians. We know from many other sources that not only was his description true of the hospitals of Florence, but it was equally true of the hospitals of a number of other cities in Italy, notably of the *Ospedale Maggiore* of Milan, *Santo Spirito* at Rome and many others.

He was, furthermore, a gratified witness of the care of the Florentines for poor and dependent children, and seems to have taken special interest in the orphans and the details of the arrangements made for them. He says: "They have also foundling asylums where children are well sheltered and nourished and taught; they are dressed in uniforms and most paternally provided for." He might have added that the Florentine institution for the care of abandoned children was not called by any such rude name as the German term, *Findel Anstalt,* nor by our equally tactless one, foundling asylum, thus stamping on these children the fact that they had been abandoned by their parents. In the gentler Italian

tongue the institution was called the Hospital of the Innocents, thus recalling that whatever the evil in the transaction through which these children come to be abandoned by their parents, they, at least, are innocent sharers in it.

This young man who went down to Italy and recorded his observations with regard to the beautiful Italian hospitals and their magnificent organization, was Martin Luther who, some seven years later, was to break with the Roman Catholic Church and lead the revolt against her called the Reformation, which has split up European Christianity into sects ever since. Luther testified further to the beautiful charity of the Florentine ladies. He says of them: "Honorable matrons, veiled, come to serve the poor all day long without making their names known and at evening return home." Here was a charity that was not self-seeking, nor publicity seeking, that did not advertise its doer, but left her unrecognized in her good work. Here was true Christian charity which Luther's own teaching was to disturb so seriously. For the main doctrine of Lutheranism was that good works were of no avail and that faith alone brought salvation. No wonder hospitals degenerated where that doctrine gained a foothold. We learn from the German historian Jacobsohn that

> attention to the well-being of the sick entered on a period of complete and lasting stagnation after the middle of the seventeenth century.....The hospitals of cities were like prisons with bare undecorated walls and little dark rooms, small windows where no sun could enter, and dismal wards where fifty or one hundred patients were crowded together, deprived of all comforts and even of necessaries. In the municipal and state institutions of this period the beautiful gardens, roomy halls, and springs of water of the old cloister hospital of the Middle Ages were not heard of, still less the comforts of their friendly interiors.

The fact of the matter was that the so-called reform movement, in suppressing the religious orders, suppressed practically all organized care for the poor which had existed before, since hospitals and institutions were almost entirely in their hands. No provision for supplying their places was properly made until necessity required the State to take up the solution of these social problems. Then the ugly buildings, badly adapted for their purpose, ill situated and absolutely without any of the beauty or the comforts of the older

time, which Jacobsohn describes as having been erected in Germany, were the result. Exactly the same thing happened in England. The Rev. Augustus Jessop, an Anglican clergyman, has in his book, *The Great Pillage* (pillage being the name he uses for the confiscation movement that followed so hard upon the change of religion in England), a passage in which he emphasizes the serious destruction of social agencies that occurred at this time and the awful suffering which followed. He says:

> Almshouses in which old men and women were fed and clothed were robbed to the last pound, the poor alms-folk being turned out into the cold at an hour's warning to beg their bread. Hospitals for the sick and needy, sometimes magnificently provided with nurses and chaplains, whose very *raison d'etre* was that they were to look after and care for those who were past caring for themselves—these were stripped of all their belongings, the inmates sent out to hobble into some convenient dry ditch to lie down and die in, or to crawl into some barn or hovel, there to be tended, *not without fear of consequences, by some kindly man or woman who could not bear to see a suffering fellow-creature drop down and die at their own doorposts.*[2]

It was as if the endowments of our private institutions for the care of the poor and the needy should be confiscated, their buildings taken to serve for other purposes and the inmates ruthlessly thrust out to shift for themselves as they might. To understand the sufferings that ensued we must remember that then there were none other but these private institutions to meet social needs, and that practically all of these were suddenly diverted from their purpose.

There is a rather definite political solidarity in Europe in matters of social life, as we have had emphasized for us in recent years, and these suppressions of monastic institutions had an unfortunate *contre-coup* in Catholic countries. Their occurrence led to the assumption on the part of even the Catholic governments of a distinct spirit of opposition to social development, a very definite tendency to interfere with the work of charitable institutions, and to take over to the State such regulation of them as permitted the intrenchment of salaried officials and, in general, made them dependent on governmental control. Hence throughout Europe a decadence was noticeable in these institutions, though it was least

[2] Italics ours.

to be observed in Spain and in Italy where the reform movement had less effect. Pinel, the French psychiatrist, who reformed the asylums for the insane in France, praised the institutions of the Spaniards as the best in Europe for the care of the insane.

With the suppression of the monasteries at the Reformation time came, also, the suppression of other organizations devoted to Social Service. Among these the guilds were particularly efficient, and are most interesting to us at the present time. They have been faithfully studied, and research has shown surprisingly how much they anticipated practically all the developments of our most recent Social Service. They were, above all, of import for social insurance. They provided old age pensions, and usually built also the little cottages in which, in bitter contrast to our treatment of the old, old people lived together, man and wife, during their declining years. The typical example of this is to be seen in the almshouses of Stratford, where the old folks are still living on a pension that was established for them *in the later Middle Ages.* There were other insurance features anticipating most of our developments in the same line.

Disability pensions or insurance against accidents to workmen assured some compensation for a workman while he was unable to work. There was besides insurance against loss by fire, against loss by highway robbery or by burglary, insurance against loss at sea and against false imprisonment, as well as insurance against the loss of cattle by disease, or of crops from storms. In a word the guilds mutualized the life of the community, so that practically any misfortune which happened, fell not on a single individual with overwhelming effect, but was distributed over the community, and the individual was enabled thus to maintain himself and his family, as a rule, in his original style.

The guilds also cared for orphan children, providing special payments to the widow if the husband died, to enable her to keep the children together and maintain the family life. This was practically an anticipation of our widows' pensions, and as there were no orphan asylums until after the Reformation, it is easy to see how well they anticipated a great deal of our social thinking. If children were doubly orphaned, they were adopted into families in the neighborhood, and officials of the guilds saw to it that they were not imposed upon, but were treated as the other children in the family. When the proper time came they could learn a trade, or go to the guild school, and if they proved to be intellectually

inclined, there were bourses of the guild at the English universities available for these children of the guilds, as they were called, quite as much as for the children of living guild members.

Of course the guilds had to fulfill a very large and varied set of social obligations, but there were many guilds to a comparatively small population. England at the time of Elizabeth had not much more than four millions of population. Toulmin Smith, in his *History of the English Guilds,* estimates that when the guilds were suppressed in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., there were altogether nearly thirty thousand of these organizations in existence in the country. They are represented by the fraternal orders and religious societies of modern times, and it is easy to understand how much they could accomplish in the solution of social problems. They were suppressed by the government on the pretext that they were religious societies, but the real reason was that, while they were affiliated with the Church, their treasuries contained a very large amount of money, and suppression was an easy way to acquire their money, as well as that of the religious orders and the parish organizations of various kinds. It has been calculated on good authority that the guild treasuries held at the time of their suppression the equivalent in our money of some eighty millions of dollars.

In the reign of Edward VI. the government restored some of the foundations that had been overthrown at the time of the suppression of the guilds. For instance, in a great many towns in England the higher school of the town was supported by the guild. This was true at Stratford. The suppression of the guild led to the closing of the school and the cessation of other guild activities. As a consequence there was so much disaffection among the people that some compensation had to be made, hence a number of Edward VI. Grammar Schools, so called, were opened throughout the country, and certain foundations for charity were made to which Edward VI.'s name was attached. Mr. Gairdner, the English historian, a Non-Catholic, has declared very frankly and emphatically, after a careful study of the conditions of these grants, that the name of Edward VI. became attached to a number of foundations, educational and charitable, for which he deserves no credit. These Edwardine foundations were only utterly inadequate restorations of institutions which had been doing excellent work for centuries, and which had been suppressed, during what Rev. Augustus Jessopp has called so strikingly "the Great Pillage."

The guilds were, moreover, the social centres of the town life. There is no doubt at all that they provided playgrounds for children, kept them in order, offered prizes for athletic contests and in general took the place of our "playground societies." Most of the guilds gave several banquets annually for the members of the guild and their wives and "sweethearts." These occasions of jollity and innocent pleasure were usually followed by dancing on the village green and by games of various kinds. They financed besides such community entertainments as the Mystery and Morality plays, and the various festival celebrations throughout the year. Receipted bills show that the guilds paid for the costumes of various characters in the Passion and Nativity plays and other popular dramatics. They also had charge of the Yuletide festivals, so far as they were public, and the village Maypole and various other annual community events which were a recognized part of the life of the people.

In a word, the social life we are now trying to restore, the bringing together of people, so that they may know one another and have some relief from the monotony of work, was largely the care of the guilds in the older time. The vandalism which destroyed all this was completed in the reign of the boy king. As Rev. Augustus Jessopp says:

> The ring of the miscreants who robbed the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. was bad enough, but the ring of the robbers who robbed the poor and the helpless in the reign of Edward VI. was ten times worse than the first. The universities only just escaped the general confiscation; the friendly societies and benefit clubs and the guilds did not escape. The accumulated wealth of centuries, their houses and lands, their money, their vessels of silver and their vessels of gold, their ancient cups and goblets and salvers, even to their very chairs and tables, were all set down in inventories and catalogues, and all swept into the great robbers' hoard.

There were to be no more such religious societies under the new religious dispensation. The king was the head of the Church, and had power to direct all that should be done, and so in spite of some feeble protests confiscations went on. In a few places, as in London near the Court, some of these guilds found powerful patrons who secured for them, from the king and his advisers, some mitigation of the confiscation proclamation. Some of these guilds as, for instance, the Guild of the Barber Surgeons in London,

survive, but they have become narrow, "sociable" and not social organizations with a limited membership, and nothing like the fine purposes of the original foundation.

One of the most serious, if not absolutely the most serious, effect of Luther's movement and the so-called Reformation on the social life of Europe, was the obliteration from the calendar of the Saints' days. The celebration of these was set down as a superstitious practice, and as a consequence given up. Almost the same thing happened as regards many of the other holy days in the year. In the pre-Reformation period there were between thirty and forty holy days of obligation during the year. The number varied slightly in the different parts of Europe.

On all these days the people were required to go to Mass in the morning, and to refrain from all servile labor. Besides, partly in order that the people might have an opportunity to go to confession on Saturdays, the Church encouraged freedom from labor on Saturday afternoons, and as a matter of fact almost universally in Europe there was no labor on Saturdays after two o'clock. The same thing was true on the vigils of all first-class feasts, of which there were probably about a dozen in the year in the various places. Altogether, then, between holy days of obligation and the vigils of Sundays and holy days there was a great deal of free time during the year. More than once a fortnight there was a full free day. It has been calculated that in the year at least one-third of the time was free from the necessity of labor.

Practically all this stopped at the Reformation. The Sundays remained free from labor, but at least wherever Calvinism and Puritanism prevailed they were not in any sense days of recreation. The Catholic spirit was entirely in favor of recreation on Sunday, and had no sympathy at all with the Puritanic Sabbath-keeping. While often the beautiful ceremonial connected with the celebration of feast days kept the people occupied in church most of the morning, and sometimes summoned them back in the evening, though this was not compulsory, they always had the afternoons for innocent, healthy amusement.

The Puritans pushed all the holy days out of the year, and sat in dour solitude, or at least almost absolute silence, at home on Sundays. The old "blue laws" show very clearly what their customs were in this matter. With the loosening of the bonds of Protestantism our Sundays have become more human, for the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Unfor-

tunately the reaction against the old Puritanism has brought with it an exaggeration that carries people into anything but innocent amusement. We are definitely engaged, too, in putting back holidays into the year. They are no longer holy days, but they are days free from labor. We are, besides, celebrating the birthdays or other anniversaries of our American heroes. We have one of these days nearly every month, two, indeed, in February; then we have Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Columbus Day and Thanksgiving. And yet we are far from the number of holy days, free from labor, before the Reformation, and before Luther's time.

Standish O'Grady once pointed out that twice in the world's history men did things that will never be forgotten—in Greece in the fifth century before Christ and in Europe during the Middle Ages, and at both these periods one-third of all their time was spent in leisure. They used their leisure, however, in preparation for and in the celebration of religious mysteries, and in various literary and dramatic exercises connected with these celebrations. Their leisure was not spent in idle dissipation. It is only when men have the chance to do things in this way that we can expect much from them.

In mediæval England particularly nearly every holy day had its own mode of celebration, and most of these were popular as well as ecclesiastical. Scenes of various kinds were enacted in connection with the feast days of the liturgical year. These celebrations multiplied during the winter months, when the evenings were long, and in the farming regions there was less to do, and occupation of mind was more needed. There was Halloween with its night festivities and St. Catherine's Day (November 25th), spinster's day throughout all the world, and St. Nicholas Day—the children's special day early in December—and then Yuletide celebrations and the Childermas or Feast of the Holy Innocents, when one of the children was made a bishop of the occasion, and then there were other special celebrations: St. Stephen's Day in honor of the first martyrs, up to Twelfth Night, or Gift Day; then came Candlemas with its processions, and later the Passion and Morality plays, according to season. No wonder that England was called Merrie England.

All this disappeared almost entirely with Protestantism. The Puritans would have none of them, the Scotch Presbyterians still less. Social celebrations went on for a time in spite of religious intolerance, as they always do, and so it happened that portions or

shadows of these remained, but always under the frown and discouragement of the new church authorities.

In a word, Protestantism, exemplifying Luther's doctrine of faith without works, rubbed out of the Catholic liturgical year all the lovely social observances and privileges which the Church had fostered among the people. Not only were hospitals and almshouses and the friendly societies suppressed, but the holy days were dropped. Sunday was made anything but a day of rest and recreation, and the joy of living which the Church had nurtured for centuries until it was organized in beautiful fashion, faded away. This is the most striking direct consequence of the Lutheran movement.

"THE ROAD TO COOM."

BY ALICE M. CASHEL.

Mountain, moor and bogland, darken in the twilight,
Out across the half-lights, I see the light of home,
There upon the hillside, it gleams amid the pine trees;
Ah, mo chree, mo cushla, it's there my heart would roam.

Down along the bog-road, there lies a line of silver,
Winding midst the brown pools, it shows the way to Coom;
Ah, mo chreeveen eeving, it's there my heart would wander,
Along the open highway, that leads the way to home.

Out upon the hillside I hear the plover calling
Deep into the darkness, he cries his lonely croon;
Ah, mo stor, mo hael hu, it's there my heart is turning!
To the plover and Shuvawn na burth, my steps I'll turn soon.

Note.—In Irish coom—cúm, a hollow in the hills; mo chree—mo chroidhe, my heart; mo cusla—mo cuisle, my veins; chreevin eeving—chraolbhin aoibhinn, beautiful little branch; mo stor, my treasure; mo haal hu—mo zhaoghal thu, my life you; all terms of endearment; Shuvawn na burth—Suibhan na bport, Joan of the bogs, a kind of heron.

"DEMPSEY."

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

ANN pulled up the collar of her heavy coat and sunk her hands deep in her pockets as she hurried along the bleak, cold street. She had started out early enough, as she thought, to find the "case" on her list, but already the early winter afternoon was closing down, and she was beginning to fear she would have to give up the search, "for I can't go into a strange building after dark," she reminded herself. She was looking for 934 Winlane Street, where upstairs in a two-story building, she would find a "man called Dempsey," who, according to the report which had come to the University Extension Social Guild of which Ann Reedy was a shining light, was in imminent need of assistance.

Winlane Street had been unexpectedly hard to find. It was one of those confusing short streets set down in the midst of a city for the sole purpose, seemingly, of perplexing the unwary. Years ago it had been Winthrop Lane, leading through daisied meadows to the old Winthrop farmhouse, deep in other fragrant meadows. Gradually the city stretched out greedy arms and took the pretty, quiet lane into its embrace. Soon hedge and sapling were replaced by dwellings, and as the old lane took on an urban character, the name became corrupted, first to Winn Lane, and latterly to Winlane Street. The only reminder of other days was found in a few trees scattered along the little street. Today, the houses looked dingy and dilapidated, and the number Ann sought, was hard to find.

Ah! here it is over a second-hand store. There was a stairway at the side, and soon Ann found herself following directions and knocking at the first door to the left at the head of the stairs. There was a feeble response, and she entered. It was a small room, looking to the west, and the light shone on a dingy bed in the corner, where, under a pile of shabby blankets, a man was huddled. He started at the sight of a stranger, and his large, dark eyes, sunken in a pale face, seemed to have a curious fear in their depths.

"Pardon me," said Ann, in a carefully courteous tone, "I am looking for a man named Dempsey.

"They call me Dempsey," the man said. "And who are you?"

"My name is Reedy," returned the girl, smiling, "and I came to see you on behalf of our Social Guild. It was reported to us that you were sick, and alone, and that you might need—some—assistance. You know that's what we do—help the sick and unfortunate," she added hurriedly. She had found her speech somewhat difficult, under the bright, unblinking regard of the inquiring eyes.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the sick man, finally, with an effort at a smile. "It is very kind of you. I have been sick, but I am better now, and I don't need anything."

"Are you sure I can't help you in any way?" And as he shook his head, she went on: "Is there someone in the building who takes care of you?"

"There's no one here now," was the answer given unwillingly enough. "They have moved, and I'm going away myself tomorrow," fixing a defensive eye on his visitor as he drew the bedclothes up more closely about him.

"But you have someone to take care of you?" Ann persisted gently.

"Oh, yes," quickly. "I have my meals brought in, and anything I want," he finished vaguely, his gaze wandering toward the window where a gaunt tree waved ghostly branches against the house.

"Do you—" Ann hesitated. It was plain he was no ordinary "case." "I can see you are far from well," she went on. "Do you get proper nourishment?"

"Oh, I'm not so sick as I was. I'm on the mend now." The voice had weak cadences that were not so reassuring. "And the woman who waits on me brings me good things to eat. A while ago she brought me a nice porterhouse steak and a fine cup of coffee. Nothing could be better than that, could it, ma'am? I was always," the weak voice went on, "very fond of porterhouse steak and good coffee."

"Perhaps you would like some fruit?" The girl was convinced that the man needed something, but what could one do in the face of porterhouse steak?

"I never eat fruit," decidedly. "I never cared for it. No, ma'am, thank you kindly, there's nothing that I need. I'm well looked after, and I'll be leaving here tomorrow."

Ann was nonplussed. She had never encountered a case like this, and while she felt that perhaps he was needy, she could see that he was determined not to accept any assistance. Even to her inexperienced eye he looked very ill, "but if he's able to leave here tomorrow—"

"I'm sorry there's nothing I can do for you," she said, gently. "I've been looking for you all afternoon," with a smile. "You see I live away at the other end of town, and it's quite a journey out here."

"A long way from here?" he said. Ann thought he looked relieved. "And where did you get my name?" His tone was casual, but his eyes had an intently inquiring look.

"I think it was the woman who moved out of this building who telephoned to the Guild," replied Ann.

"I see. That was kind of her." His eyes closed. He seemed no longer interested; but he roused himself in a moment to say, with a smile which had an ingratiating quality all its own: "I am grateful to you and to her, ma'am, but I don't need anything."

"Very well," said Ann. "But I'm going to leave you my own card in case you should need anything," and she laid the bit of pasteboard on a small table near the bed among a motley collection of medicine bottles and dirty spoons. "You'll be sure to let me know?" she persisted. And he answered: "Yes, ma'am, if I need anything I'll let you know." And with that the representative of the University Extension Guild was fain to be content, though it was with an uneasy feeling that she took her way downstairs. "I believe I'll go in the store and see what they say about him in there," she thought. A slatternly woman came forward, and when interrogated about the man upstairs, said: "Oh, is he there yet? I guess he's going away with some friends tonight. He told my husband so this morning."

"He isn't going till tomorrow. Will you go up after awhile and see that he has something to eat?" And she gave a dollar to the woman, who promised volubly to do all she could for the sick man.

The uneasy feeling pursued Ann as she hurried to the nearest car.

"It's queer about some of the poor," she ruminated. "You don't know how to manage them. At least I don't," with a helpless feeling. "I have a fear that he needs something, and yet he was

determined not to take a thing from me—I could see that. I believe he's just proud and stubborn. I wonder if I ever saw him before? His face had a strangely familiar look—but I know I never did. Still I seem to have seen someone with just such large, dark, sad-looking eyes. Oh, well," as she tried to dismiss him from her mind, "he couldn't be in need, or he surely wouldn't have refused help."

Meanwhile in the little room on Winlane Street the shadows lengthened, and night came down apace. The man called Dempsey tossed restlessly under the thin covers, and huddled beneath them, vainly seeking a warmth that was not there. Once, after the door had closed on his visitor, he had smiled grimly. "That was a fine bunch of lies I told her," he said aloud. "But how do I know who she is? I fooled her that time. Porterhouse steak!" He groaned, as he turned his face to the wall. "Poor Bessie! She could cook the steak.....and her coffee....." His eyes closed and he drifted off into fitful dreams where porterhouse steak, and hot biscuits, and cups of coffee, were served up to him, only to be snatched away again as he awoke with a regretful shudder. Night, and the shade of the building adjoining, clothed the window in sable draperies, and the desolate room was black with many shadows besides those of the sick man's brain. But still the only vestige of a visitor was the gaunt tree outside, whose trembling fingers knocked—knocked—knocked—at the window, waking the occupant of the bed from troubled dreams. And when he woke, how cold it was, and oh, how far away morning seemed!

Cornelia, one of the "four brilliant Reedy sisters," as they were called, had guests at dinner that evening, and at a lull in the conversation bethought herself of Ann's last "case." Ann's "cases" could always be depended upon to yield something interesting. Her freshness in the work had not yet become jaded, and her youthfully vague desire to "help humanity," enveloped her efforts in a romantic mist, altogether delightful, and so far very satisfying to herself.

"Did you find your man, Ann?" asked Cornelia.

"Yes, after a long search. Do you know where Winlane Street is? Away down in the south end, near the rubber factory."

"Oh, has Ann got a new case? Tell us about him," came a a chorus.

"What's he like, Ann?" asked one of the young men. "Did he need as much coal as the last one?" A sly dig at one of Ann's

deeply mortifying mistakes. She had been victimized out of six tons of coal by the same man, under various aliases.

Ann felt curiously disinclined to talk about the sick man. "I found him, yes," she said, slowly, "but he wasn't in need. I didn't have to give him anything."

"That's queer," remarked Cornelia, "when the report you got of him said he was in absolute need, didn't it?"

"Well, he said he didn't need anything at all," said Ann.

"Most of them don't need anything," put in Bob, the brother, dryly, "but they manage to get a lot from you people before you get through with them."

"This man isn't that kind," Ann said. "In fact, he wouldn't take anything or let me do a thing for him. Yet he looked very ill, though he said he was almost well, and had just had," she smiled, "porterhouse steak and a fine cup of coffee."

"Porterhouse steak! Can you beat it?" murmured Bob.

Everybody laughed. "This is really one of Ann's interesting cases," smiled her younger sister. "She goes ten miles to hunt up a poor man, and finds him eating porterhouse steak."

"He wasn't eating it," protested Ann. "He said he had just had it, but in spite of that he certainly had a sort of famished look. Yes, that was it," she added with conviction, "he did look famished."

"Why, Ann," said her mother reproachfully, "if he looked so hungry I should think you would have gotten him something anyhow."

"He wouldn't take anything, mother. He said he had all he needed and was leaving there tomorrow. I left a dollar with the woman downstairs, and asked her to see after him tonight. But I have an uneasy feeling about him—I don't know why," she ended.

"It's that porterhouse steak," said Bob. "I'm sure it won't agree with him."

"Never fear, he's all right," said one of the other young men. "I shouldn't worry about him if I were you," with a reassuring smile into Ann's troubled face. "Men of that sort always have friends to look out for them. No doubt he's well taken care of."

"He said he was," returned the girl, thoughtfully. Nevertheless, as the talk drifted into other channels, she found her thoughts reverting again and again to the little room on Winlane

Street, and the haggard, haunting, famished-looking dark eyes. "Wouldn't it be terrible if he *was* hungry?" she thought with a pang.

The next afternoon she called up the woman at the second-hand store, and was informed that the sick man had gone away "with friends" that morning. Ann felt relieved, and immediately dismissed him from her mind.

It was nearly a week later that she was called to the telephone one morning. It was a message from St. Charles' Hospital. A man had been brought in from the southern part of the city in a starving condition, and in his pocket had been found a card bearing the name of Miss Ann Reedy, 40 Delaplaine Place. Conviction came to Ann in a moment, with a rush of horror. Was he taken from Winlane Street? No, but it was from a street in that vicinity. "It must be a man named Dempsey," she told her inquirer. "I will go over to see him."

In a starving condition! Her heart contracted sharply as she hung up the receiver. "Oh, the poor man!" she said, with bitter remorse. "Starving then, maybe, and he wouldn't let me help him. Oh, I knew he looked famished! Why didn't I get him something anyhow?" The girl had never been so close to anything so really tragic as starvation, and the realization of it shook her soul.

Her mother found her preparing to go out, with big tears dropping down her cheeks.

"Why, Ann, what's the matter?" in a startled tone.

"Oh, mother, that poor man!" And Ann's tears overflowed as she told her mother, with many reproachful words for her own lack of insight.

"How terrible!" said Mrs. Reedy. "But, my dear, I don't think you need blame yourself so severely. He really wouldn't let you help him. The poor are sometimes so exasperating," she added, with a worried air. "Now there's Bessie. Little Dan has been sick again, you know, and I've been wanting her to take him to the Children's hospital. She's worn out from staying up nights with him, and anyhow he would get such good care there. But do you think she'll listen to me? No, indeed! She just says no in that quiet way of hers that leaves no room for argument. Then I told her I'd get someone else to do her work here for a couple of weeks and let her have a rest. No again. 'I can't afford to stop,' she said to me awhile ago. 'I need the work and I can do it.' And

when I said, 'But of course I'd pay you just the same, Bessie,' she answered: 'Oh no, ma'am, I can't take charity while I'm able to work.'"

Mrs. Reedy raised her hand to smooth away a perplexed frown. "As though I considered it charity to help Bessie! She has washed, and ironed, and done my cleaning for me for nearly twelve years; and she has been so good and faithful and never stinted herself when any of you children were sick—she has always helped me so much—and yet she won't take what she calls charity from me! I declare it's enough to provoke a saint!"

"Isn't it?" murmured Ann, sympathetically. "Bessie *is* pig-headed! Never mind, mother, we'll go over to see little Dan this afternoon and take him some goodies. There's a book I've been wanting to get him for some time. She can't stop us from doing things for Dan, anyhow."

"Very well," said her mother, with a tired sigh. "It's certainly a problem sometimes how to do for people."

At the hospital Ann found that the new patient was indeed the "man called Dempsey," and he was in a very precarious condition. He was delirious from weakness, and though the sunken, dark eyes glanced around restlessly, there was no recognition for anyone in their depths. It was with a heavy heart that Ann left the small ward, pursued by the fearsome thought that the man's condition was all her fault. "If I had known what I was about," she mused, forlornly, "I would never have left a fellow-creature to starve to death." The fruits of her work, in which she had heretofore delighted, were now as dust and ashes in her mouth.

Two or three days later when she went back again she met Sister Marion, the Superior, in the hall.

"Your man is so much better," said the Superior, smiling a cordial greeting. "He's picked up wonderfully since yesterday. And he's the most grateful individual—I never saw the like. I suppose he's so glad to get a little care and attention."

Ann's smile froze on her lips. "But, Sister," she interrupted, "he could have had care and attention both, a week before. You know I visited him, and he told me most decidedly that he needed nothing. Why was that, I wonder? And he must have been nearly starving even then."

"Well, my dear," said the Superior, gently, "some people have a horror of accepting charity. They seem to shy at the very name of a charitable organization."

"But I would have been so glad to help him myself," said Ann, piteously. "And he has to take charity now from you."

Sister Marion smiled. "It isn't charity we give, my dear. It's just such help as one child of God might give to another."

"Well, I could give that, couldn't I?" asked the girl, defensively.

"I'm sure you could, and would," returned Sister Marion, smiling kindly into the troubled eyes.

"Then what's the difference?" went on Ann, rather resentfully. "Why does he take so gratefully from you what he absolutely refused from me?"

"That's a problem for your sociologists to solve," and there was a twinkle in the eye of the Superior.

"Our Guild does an immense amount of good," stated Ann, proudly. "If you knew the number of people we have helped this winter!"

"I'm sure you have," agreed Sister Marion, amicably.

"Still I see you think we don't go about it in the right way," said Ann, a latent note of irritation in her tone.

"Now what makes you think that?" asked Sister Marion, amused in spite of herself.

"*Don't* you think so?" countered Ann.

The Superior hesitated a bit. "Well, frankly, since you ask me, I do not think so highly of the charity that is supposed to be dispensed along scientific lines. Charity is from God, and should be dispensed as He gives it—without question and without stint. You know the poor—the deserving poor—are as sensitive as their more fortunate fellow-creatures; sometimes more so. They don't want their unhappy needs catalogued, and docketed, and made known to the world at large."

"But we don't do that," put in Ann, eagerly. "Our records are strictly private, except for investigators—statistics, you know—or for students of sociology."

"Exactly," interrupted Sister Marion, "there's the point. Don't you know the self-respecting poor don't want to be investigated? Here now is the reason, Miss Reedy, that this poor fellow is resting so easily in his little bed here. He knows we are only giving him what God has given us for such as he. We ask him no questions when he comes (unless he happens to be a Catholic), and we shall ask him no recompense when he goes, and

maybe we'll help him a little to get started. And he'll take it as we give it—in God's name."

"I see," said Ann, doubtfully. But it was quite plain to Sister Marion that she was not convinced. "*Is* he a Catholic?" she added, perfunctorily.

"He is, or should be," was the response. "Like many another wanderer, which he seems to have been, he has drifted away. But we'll bring him back, please God," with a confident smile.

Ann found the man weak, but rational, after three days of careful nourishment, and he smiled up at her peacefully as she introduced herself.

"I remember you," he said. "You're Miss Reedy, who came to see me on Winlane Street."

"I'm glad to see you better and so well taken care of," said Ann, tentatively.

"Oh, I haven't felt so comfortable in years," he replied in a weak voice.

"Why didn't you let me help you that day?" asked Ann, reproachfully.

"I didn't need anything that day, Miss," evasively.

"I know you told me you had just had a porterhouse steak," said Ann, with an accusing look.

The semblance of a twinkle came into the sick man's eyes. "I'm afraid I was wandering a little that day, Miss," he said, apologetically.

"I would have been so glad to help you—myself," said his visitor.

"I know you would, thank you kindly," smiling at her gratefully the man replied.

Ann found herself baffled again.

"So your name is Dempsey," taking a different tack. "I wonder if you could be any relation to the Dempseys here. They are—"

A startled, furtive look came into the sick man's eyes. "I'm not—I'm not related to any Dempseys here," he said, hurriedly.

"Well, there's no telling," persisted the girl.

"No, I'm not," he returned, decidedly. "In fact, my name's not Dempsey at all. It was this way," to the girl's inquiring look. "When I was a small lad—I wasn't raised in this town—I used to work around a hotel. I was a great little fellow to fight—not knowing any better, God help me—and the men about the place

got to calling me 'Dempsey' after a big fellow who was a fighter by profession. I was proud of the name then, and it stuck to me, as nicknames have a way of doing, and some of the boys always called me 'Dempsey.' But it isn't my own name, Miss Reedy. I've told the Sisters my name. It's their due, after all they've done for me. So you see," he finished, breathing quickly after such a long story. "I'm not related to anyone in this town."

"Oh!" was all Ann found to say, rather blankly. Evidently *she* was not to know his real name. Well, why should he tell her, a perfect stranger? But a curious feeling of mortification and disappointment came over her that she had not been able to win his confidence. "But he told the Sisters at once," she thought, with a little hurt, surprised feeling. Well!

"It *is* strange about nicknames," she found herself saying, "but I think 'Dempsey' is a pretty good one. Maybe I'll come to see you again," as she rose to go, "and could I bring you anything now? Some fruit?"

"Just bring yourself, Miss," was the quick reply, a fleeting smile in the sad, dark eyes, "and that will be fruit enough for a sick man."

Ann laughed quietly. "Maybe your name isn't Dempsey, but I know now it has the same relation to the blarney stone," she said.

It was the next afternoon that Ann drifted into the kitchen where Bessie was finishing up the week's ironing.

"How's little Dan, Bessie?" she asked.

"He's better again today, Miss Ann," the woman replied, with a happy smile. Bessie was a slender little woman, pale and tired looking, with a pathetic droop to her lips and a patient smile in her soft, blue eyes. Withal, she was brisk and capable, and was greatly beloved by all the Reedys, who had been petting her only child, "little Dan," as he was called, since he was three years old, when Bessie first came to their mother as a laundress and general helper. The little fellow was a cripple from hip disease, and his mother had had quite a struggle to take care of him and do her work. The Reedys helped her in every way possible, but she was very proud, and it was not always easy to do as much as they would like.

"Was the doctor able to relieve his pain?" pursued Ann.

"Yes, he slept well last night. How is your patient at the hospital?" Bessie always heard all about Ann's "cases."

"Oh, he's better. It was the same man. Wasn't it strange, Bessie, that he wouldn't let me help him, when he was actually starving—*starving,* mind you—at the time!"

"It was strange," said Bessie, thoughtfully. "What's his name?" idly.

"Dempsey," replied Ann. "At least, that *isn't* his name, he says, but that's what we thought his name was. He didn't tell me his real name, but he told the Sisters. Isn't it queer," she went on, "that he has always been called Dempsey since he was a little boy, because it was given to him as a nickname then?" Bessie stopped suddenly in her ironing and turned a startled, inquiring look on the girl, who went on unconcernedly: "He said he used to work in a hotel, and because he could take his own part so well, the men got to calling him 'Dempsey' after a prize-fighter."

The iron fell from Bessie's hand with a great clatter. "Oh, my God!" she said, as she sank into a chair. "Oh, my God, it's Dan—it's Dan—found at last! Thank God! Thank God!"

"Bessie! What is it?" exclaimed Ann in consternation, hastening to the almost fainting woman, while the hot iron scorched its imprint on the white floor.

"It's my husband, Miss Ann, I know it is! That was what they used to call him—I've heard him tell that a hundred times! Oh, I must go to him! The poor fellow!" she moaned, "gone since little Dan was a baby—wandering all these years—and he could have come back. Oh, Miss Ann, it's a long story, but he's a good man! I'll tell you all about it sometime, but now I must go to him."

She was trembling with eagerness, and tears were running down her pale cheeks.

At Bessie's first words, Ann had clasped her hands in comprehension.

"That's it!" she murmured, "that's the resemblance I saw! Bessie!" as the little woman rose unsteadily and began to remove her apron, "It is—I know it is—Dan's father! I knew there was something familiar about his face. Little Dan looks just like him—he has his father's eyes, hasn't he?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"Oh, it's wonderful!" said Ann, with a swelling heart. She had never known that Dan's father was living, nor had even Mrs. Reedy suspected the hidden sorrow of poor Bessie's life.

In an incredibly short space of time Bessie, accompanied by

Ann, was speeding across the city in a taxicab, requisitioned by Ann, "for she can't get to him too quickly," the sympathetic and interested Reedys had decided.

Meanwhile at the hospital, the "man called Dempsey" had been having an interview with the chaplain. In the quiet and seclusion of his little alcove in the ward, far removed from the world of trouble that had encompassed him, strength had come to the wanderer to seek that peace which had fled him so many years ago. It had not taken so long to tell the story; it was sordid enough.

Fifteen years before, in Cincinnati, he had a happy home, a wife and baby, and a good job in a factory. The foreman in the shop had been one of those "drivers" who have the unhappy faculty of driving the men, not to better work or increased efficiency, but to bitter resentment and fierce disgust. The men hated him intensely. One day he had angered the men by bringing in the superintendent to lecture them for short work, when the work was short only because he would not give them enough to do. After the superintendent left, he spoke sharply to the young apprentice who was working with Dan Holmes. The boy answered back, and in an instant the foreman had knocked the youngster down. This was too much for Holmes, whose anger flamed to white heat and he rushed at the foreman. As he did so, his foot slipped, and the hammer in his hand flew out and struck the foreman in the head, laying him low in a sudden and horrifying pool of blood.

"Father, I didn't mean to hit him with the hammer," the sick man said, earnestly. "The Lord will be my judge that I didn't. Oh, it was awful! When the men saw him fall, and realized what I had done, they got around me and told me I'd better skip out. They gathered up all the money they had with them, and hurried me away. I sneaked out to the railroad yards and stole into the first empty car I could find. I stayed there till I got to Chicago, and there I managed to get something to eat, and take some more with me, when I sneaked into another empty car in a train going west. I wanted to get a paper, but I was mortally afraid of being seen, so I couldn't find out anything that was happening back home. I landed in Kansas City. I got work there for awhile, and then I left and went farther west."

"Did they make a search for you?" asked the priest.

"I suppose they did," wearily. "I thought every man who looked at me the second time was after me. But there wasn't anything in the papers about it—nothing that I could find—there was some other sensation by that time, and so—"

"And you didn't let your wife or the men know where you were?"

"No, I was afraid to. I had read so much about people being caught that way—so I wouldn't even write to Bessie. The men said they would look after her and the boy till I could send for them. Oh, Father, I was bitter lonesome and homesick! Wherever I went it was the same thing over. I'd work awhile and then get a scare, and I'd run away to some other town. But it was no good. You can't run away from fear, Father," with a haggard look. "It runs with you every step you take."

"And you never went to church?" asked the chaplain.

"Oh, yes, Father, I went to church, but never to confession. What would be the use unless I was ready to come back and give myself up? I thought," with a heavy sigh, "that I never would be ready to do that; but I'm ready now. I'm so tired of being a runaway—so tired of myself and the fear that's always with me—that I'm ready to suffer for what I did. Suffer? I *have* suffered a thousand purgatories for it. Father, do you believe that?"

"I know it, my man," replied the priest. "You shouldn't have run away; you should have stayed and faced the trouble like a man, for your wife's sake."

"But it was mostly for her sake that I went, Father," said Holmes, defensively; "to save her and the boy the disgrace, and besides I had no time to think—it was all so sudden."

"Yes, I know," said the priest, kindly. "If we always had time to think, many of us might do differently. Well, now you rest quietly for a day or two, until I can make some inquiries."

"Father, if I could only see Bessie and the boy," put in the sick man, wistfully, "I think I could face whatever is before me."

The chaplain promised to write immediately to the addresses Holmes had given him, and he left the wanderer much comforted and cheered, and with a new peace in his heart so long estranged from anything but haunting fear.

When, a few hours later, Sister Marion met Ann in the hall with a pale, but eager-eyed and trembling woman, she sensed the truth at once.

"You must be Bessie," she said, taking the toilworn hand in a close clasp.

"Oh, has he told you?" breathed Bessie. "It *is* Dan, then!"

"Yes, it is Dan, anxious to see you, and willing to suffer for what he did, poor fellow." Sister Marion had also heard the story from his own lips.

"But, oh, Sister, he won't have to! He didn't kill the man. He's alive and well today! Oh, my poor Dan! He thought he had killed him, and so did the men, but if he had only waited—and the men tried every way to find him—we advertised, and did everything. They thought at last he was dead, but I never did! I knew he would come back sometime to little Dan and me. May I go to him now, Sister?"

"You poor child!" said Marion, tenderly. "And poor Dan! Come, I'll take you to him myself."

To Ann, walking impatiently up and down the long reception room, came presently Sister Marion.

"Oh, Sister, how did he take it? Isn't it wonderful? Did you ever hear of such a strange case?" all in one breath from the excited girl.

"They're the two happiest mortals on the face of the earth this minute," answered Sister Marion. "He stood it splendidly; it won't hurt him—it will make a well man of him."

"Isn't it wonderful?" repeated Ann.

"It is," replied Sister Marion; "but life is full of strange and wonderful things, especially life in a hospital," smiling. "This is only one of many."

They talked of Bessie and little Dan for awhile, Ann telling of her hard and laborious life, adding the points which Bessie had given her on the way to the hospital. She had left Cincinnati because the men wished to help her all the time, and her independent spirit was too proud to take anything from them. They felt it was their fault that Dan went away, and willingly charged themselves with the care of her and the boy. But she went away to escape their kindness. When she heard of the boy's affliction, Sister Marion thought at once of the great German doctor who was coming to this country, and who was able to cure just such afflictions as his might prove to be.

"How curious it was that he was brought here," remarked Ann, thoughtfully.

"Not curious, providential," corrected Sister Marion, with her quite smile.

Ann looked up quickly. "Yes it was providential, I see that," she amended. "And I see too, Sister," she added, shyly, "where I fall short in my work. *You* can give spiritual help too—*we* only help the physical individual. That's the reason we can't reach them as you do. I couldn't see the difference yesterday," with a frank smile. "I do now."

The Superior laughed gently with a caressing hand on the young shoulder. "That's the province of charity, isn't it, my dear, to help the sick soul as well as the sick body? And after all, you know, Our Lord cares more for souls than He does for bodies."

"It's a beautiful thing," remarked Ann, with unwonted soberness, "to have even a small part in the saving of souls, isn't it?"

But Ann said never a word—then!

"It's a great privilege," was Sister Marion's reply. "Wouldn't you like to help?"

TO A FRIEND.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

O FRIEND beloved, our paths lie far apart;
In dreams alone, I now may clasp your hand;
And yet—I think and hope you understand
That you are ever present in my heart.

Not silence, nor the years that come and go—
Nor distance, with its deep, dividing sea—
Can touch the flower that bloomed for you and me—
That rose of friendship, which will fairer grow

As time rolls on; and by God's grace some day,
When golden moments speed on winged feet,
We two in this glad world again shall meet—
Till then, dear friend, forget me not, I pray.

THE POOR STEP-DAME.

(Some Considerations of the Poetry of the Late Madison Cawein.)

BY JOYCE KILMER.

I.

THE temperament which admits the pathetic fallacy (said John Ruskin)[1] is .....that of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with what is before them or upon them; borne away, or over-clouded, or over-dazzled by emotion; and it is a more or less noble state according to the force of the emotion which has induced it. For it is no credit to a man that he is not morbid or inaccurate in his perceptions, when he has no strength or feeling to warp them; and it is in general a sign of higher capacity and stand in the ranks of being, that the emotions should be strong enough to vanquish, partly, the intellect, and make it believe what they choose. But it is a still grander condition when the intellect also rises, until it is strong enough to assert its rule against, or together with, the utmost efforts of the passions; and the whole man stands in an iron glow, white hot, perhaps, but still strong, and in no wise evaporating; even if he melts, losing none of his weight.

From this statement Ruskin went on to describe three sorts of men. There is, he said, the man who perceives rightly, because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose, because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly, because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose; a star, a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself—a little flower, apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be, that crowd around it. These three classes of men Ruskin rates in comparative order, as the men who are not poets at all, and the poets of the second order, and the poets of the first. And by Ruskin's standards of criticism Madison Cawein, a poet who died in Louisville, Kentucky, his birthplace, in nineteen fourteen, was a poet of the first order.

[1] *Of the Pathetic Fallacy,* by John Ruskin. Paragraph 8 *et seq.*

II.

As William Cullen Bryant drew his inspiration from the wooded hills and fertile valleys of his native New England, so Madison Cawein drew his from the meadows of the South, especially those of Kentucky. The term "nature poet" has been used in derision of some writers who lavish sentimental adulation upon every bird and flower, who pretend an admiration for things of which they have no real understanding. But Madison Cawein knew that about which he wrote; he had an amazing, we might say a perilous, intimacy with nature.

And Madison Cawein had no vague love for all nature—he knew too much for that. True, he knew nature in her delicate and in her splendid aspects—he watched the barberry redden in the lanes, he feasted his eyes on "the orange and amber of the marigold, the terra-cottas of the zinnia flowers,"[2] he learned lovely secrets from whippoorwill, swallow and cricket, and he could see drowsy summer rocking the world to sleep in her kindly arms. But also he knew (with a knowledge which only Algernon Blackwood among contemporary writers has equaled) that nature sometimes is cruel and terrible.

He knew that the daily life of bird and beast—yes, and the daily life of flower and tree—is as much a tragedy as a comedy. So (in the sonnet-sequence[3] he wrote by the Massachusetts shore in nineteen eleven) he saw a certain grove as "a sad room, devoted to the dead,"[4] he felt the relentlessness of the ocean mists invading the beach, he saw an autumn branch staining a pool like a blur of blood. He makes us share his terror of deserted mill-streams where "the cardinal flower, in the sun's broad beam, with sudden scarlet takes you by surprise,"[5] and of dark and menacing swamps, ominous with trembling moss, purple-veined pitcher-plants and wild grass trailing over the bank like the hair of a drowned girl.

Madison Cawein's studies of nature were comprehensive, and they were accurate enough to satisfy the most exacting botanist. Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse has said[6] that one might explore the

[2] *Woods and Waters,* Sonnet 9, *Flower Pageant.* In *The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries.* New York: Small, Maynard & Co.

[3] *Woods and Waters.* a sequence of thirteen sonnets written at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts, September, 1911.

[4] *Woods and Waters,* Sonnet 13, *A Forest Place.*

[5] *Woods and Waters,* Sonnet 3, *The Millstream.*

[6] The New York *Times Review of Books,* quoted in *The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries.*

Kentucky woods with a volume of Cawein's poems as a handbook, and identify many a lowly and exquisite flower first recognized in song. But his poems were not mere catalogues of natural beauties, any more than they were sentimental idealizations of them. They were reflections of nature, reflections painted rather than photographed, but interpreted rather than romanticized. And in the accuracy of the reflection was Cawein's greatest danger; his service was too faithful to merit reward.

III.

I have said that Cawein belonged to Ruskin's first order of poets; he was one of those men who feel strongly, think strongly and see truly. He never fell into the sentimental error which Ruskin condemned; he never transferred to nature his own emotions, seeing her weep because of his sorrow or smile because of his joy. Instead, he was filled with the gloom native to the swamps which he beheld, or with mirth that he caught from the lyric ecstasy of the dawn.

Now, it may be that this is sometimes the proper attitude of the poet. Certainly it has resulted in the production of much literature that the world will not willingly let die. But it is perilous as an habitual attitude; it necessitates a curiously perverted point of view, it takes from mankind his dominion over the other terrestrial creatures. It elevates the soulless forms of life; it lessens such dignity as man, fallen though he be, legitimately possesses. It puts into poetry, however beautiful, a quality which gives him who reads much of it a feeling of strange loneliness, almost of desolation.

Now, Madison Cawein resented the statement that humanity had no place in his poetic vision. And during the last years of his life, he seemed to be trying to escape from his bondage to nature, and to be contemplating his fellow human beings with pathetic eagerness of vision. But in most of his work, in, it must be acknowledged, the best of it, he wrote not of reasonable humanity but of the world of animal and vegetable things lacking reason, that had to him powers stranger and more interesting than reason.

Madison Cawein wrote well of a house full of men and women and children, but better and more often, of an empty house, with its hedges run wild, its paths hidden by flowering grass and swallows flying through its broken windows. He wrote well of a plowman, but better and more often of the field in which he

worked. He subordinated himself to wild nature, letting her speak to the world through him, instead of merely going to her for metaphors appropriate to his own emotional experiences, or regarding her as a setting for mankind, or a relatively unimportant part of the whole scheme of things. And this, it cannot be denied, was a dangerous thing to do. Consider *A Path to the Woods*:[7]

Its friendship and its carelessness
  Did lead me many a mile,
Through goat's-rue, with its dim caress,
  And pink and pearl-white smile;
Through crowfoot, with its golden lure,
  And promise of far things,
And sorrel with its glance demure
  And wide-eyed wonderings.

Charming, the reader says, most colorful and delicate! Yes; but notice that the path leads the poet, the poet does not "take the path." And as stanza follows stanza, the attentive reader feels that the poet has in very truth given himself over to the path, that he does not choose his way, that he does not even step by his own volition, that he is drawn on by a strange creature of brown earth and whispering grasses. The poet seems almost to have yielded his soul to the control of the path, as the subject at the planchette-board puts his will and motive powers into the guidance of some wanton and ominous unseen being.

So it is in poems so lovely as *The Dreams of Summer*[8] and *The Wood Stream*[9] and *Dragon Flies*[10] and *Autumn Storm*.[11] Nature seems actually too real in these poems, too immediately present. In real life we are not conscious of nature as a dominating influence; we are conscious of her as a background or as an accompaniment. In these poems we feel that nature is the one important thing, that we are her humble and uncomprehending subjects.

It is not that the moon and the twilight and the fire-flies and the wildflowers and the mountains and the trees of the forests are personified. Rather it is as if they always had personalities, now first revealed to us, personalities beautiful, perhaps, but vaguely terrifying. It is not the histrionic and unconvincing paganism of

[7] *A Path to the Woods*, p. 104, *The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries.*
[8] *The Dreams of Summer*, p. 107, *ibid.*
[9] *The Wood Stream*, p. 115, *ibid.*
[10] *Dragon Flies*, p. 123, *ibid.*
[11] *Autumn Storm*, p. 129, *ibid.*

Algernon Charles Swinburne, it is genuine paganism. For paganism is the reverence of mankind for something lower than mankind; paganism is the degradation of humanity in the sense that Christianity is exaltation.

It is not right—however interesting and romantic and exciting it may be—for a path to lead a man. The beauty of a path is that it is worn by the tread of human feet, that it is of service to man. A path goes to, rather than from, a place. It is a means of reaching a spring or a high road or a house or a town or some other friendly and serviceable thing. There had been only the woods or the moor—a thing sufficient to itself, external of, and indifferent to, humanity. Now there is the path, linking the inhuman to the human, a sign of the temporary but real sovereignty of man. The poet must not deny his manhood. In his interpretive adventures he may now and then voice the thoughts, so to speak, of lovely inhuman things. But for him habitually to adopt their supposed attitude is dangerous and in a sense treasonable. In itself, *A Path to the Woods* is interesting only as an example of deft and pleasantly pictorial versification. But taken in connection with many score similar poems of Madison Cawein, it is explanatory of much in this poet's life and work that is otherwise puzzling; it is explanatory of the melancholy which permeates much of his verse and finds almost oppressively complete expression in the thirteen sonnets called *Wood and Waters.*

That melancholy becomes explicit in the stanzas called *Worm and Fly.*[12] I quote them in full:

Unseen the lizard, in reptilian night,
  Evolves the hole wherein are placed its eggs,
Small, yolkly oblongs of membraneous white,
  Seed-like that put forth legs.

Beneath the stone, that lies where long it fell,
  The pale grub sleeps until the Summer sings,
Then, blindly groping, splits its locust shell
  And whirls rejoicing wings.

Upon the oak bough, swelling with the sap,
  The gray-green gall rounds like a wart, its sphere,
Wherein the woodfly's whining sting shall tap,
  And bore its thin way clear.

[12] *Worm and Fly*, p. 117, *ibid.*

I stand and wonder, pausing mid the trees,
And question what they purpose—worm and fly;
Unbeautiful; and made, it seems, to tease,
And weary ear and eye.

Does Nature blunder into forms? Does she
Count these as true expressions—fly and worm?
And Man?—perhaps her one mistake is he—
Slow-toiling out his term.

Hag-lights and fox-fire and the wisp that flies—
Are they not parts too of great Nature's scheme?—
'Tis flame that shows where buried treasure lies,
And night, that makes it gleam.

It is not easy to grasp the symbolism of the last four lines. But the stanza before the last he that runs may read. This is not "what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" This is man weighed in a natural, not a supernatural, balance and found wanting. The poem is almost desperately sad, with the sadness of humiliation. Upon the rivers of Babylon there we sat and wept.[13] And we did not remember Zion.

IV.

No one who knows Cawein's poetry could accuse him of deliberate distortion of the truth. He was a sincere and generous man, a good husband, a good friend, and a good citizen. He never wrote a line of which he had reason to be ashamed. All who knew him perceived the integrity, the nobility of his character. What I believe to be the falsity of his philosophic stand came from his over great love of nature. A conscientious artist, he brooded too long on his subject. He lacked a saving egotism. He would have been a happier man, and I think a greater poet, had he possessed some of the characteristics of those whom Ruskin placed in the second and inferior order of poets; those to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose, "a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield or a forsaken maiden." For as a matter of truth, as well as a matter of fact, a primrose is something else than a primrose, as everything is in terms of eternity something other than it is in terms of time. It is well for a poet to look at nature. But it is imperative that he shall look, as has been said, through nature up to nature's God.

[13] Psalm 136.

We have seen in our time many intellectual and spiritual travesties resulting from the acceptance of Pope's maxim: "The proper study of mankind is man." To love one's neighbors is a divine command. But there is a monstrous love of humanity which finds expression in some of the humanitarian cults of the day, a love of humanity that is really a blasphemous worship of humanity. We find an honored poet, in his generous devotion to the down-trodden laborer, praising that laborer for having, throughout the centuries, been "so patient with God." We find other poets saying that the age of God is passed and the age of man come. And we find ministers who have received some sort of Christian nomination or appointment, dedicating churches to the service of humanity instead of to the service of God.

Now, this is of course rank blasphemy. And there is a nature worship less obvious, but as pernicious as this humanity worship. It appears in the poetry of semi-orientals such as Rabindranath Tagore, and in that of their English and American imitators. When it is labeled "pantheism" or "paganism" as in Emerson and in a few of the modern English poets, it is easy to recognize and confute. But, it is insidious and dangerous when, as in the work of Madison Cawein, it comes in a dress of noble phrases when it is the honest expression of a sincere and gifted poet.

Such messages or symbolic significances as Cawein's poems contain usually are slight things, added, it often seems as afterthoughts, sometimes they mar the poems with anti-climaces. In *A Path to the Woods* the poet is led to think of his own childhood; in *Butterflies*[14] he thinks of "the hope within the heart which still assures the soul of many immortalities;" in *Dragon Flies* he thinks that he might follow the bright-winged creatures to Elfland; in *The Ghost Flower,*[15] the Indian pipe likewise gives him a longing for Elfland; sometimes a field or a grove of trees calls up human associations, but these associations usually are of one of two sorts —either the poet's own childhood, or some vague terrible tragedy. In *The Gray Land*[16] we find:

> The ovals of the acorns, split with rain,
> That sprout and spread,
> Splash mud and moss with many a sinister stain,
> Faint streaks of red:

[14] *Butterflies*, p. 121, *The Poet, The Fool, and the Faeries.*
[15] Page 127, *ibid.*
[16] Page 148, *ibid.*

No sound upon the hush intrudes
Except the drip of wet, that broods
Like some old crime upon the woods,
And holds them grim with dread.

The human associations of these lines are tragic—a sprouting acorn is sinister, and the life-giving rain "broods like some old crime." In most of Cawein's poems there is no attempt to relate the natural objects described to God or to man. When such an attempt is made, the relationship usually is like that of *The Gray Land* or else, as has been said, a wistful recollection of the poet's childhood. For the passing of the tempest to fill the tree-sheltered poet's soul with faith, as *In the Deep Forest,* was an experience which Cawein put into verse.

In *Woods and Waters,* the sonnet sequence to which I have already made several references, it is possible to find nearly all of Cawein's philosophies or attitudes or intuitions. In the first two sonnets, *On a Headland* and *The Forest* we find him possessed of that mighty range of vision which is characteristic of the great poet. We find him looking not only at things, but around things and through things. The sea and the shore are God's poem; he who surveys them perceives "the solemn splendors of invested law." The forest (to how many poets has this image occurred!) is a many-columned church; "yon woodland vista, with its sunset arch, seems a vast casement glorifying God." But with the second sonnet Cawein is done with the natural as a phase of the supernatural. In the remaining eleven sonnets, the natural alone is sufficient to the poet's purposes. It is sufficient, that is, to enable him to make interesting and hauntingly beautiful poetry, but it is not sufficient to give him the glow of exultation visible in *On a Headland* and *The Forest.* In *The Mill-stream* the poet senses the almost brutal glory of the cardinal-flower, and is filled with a vague fear of the mysterious less-than-human beings that may dwell in the forest—he experiences momentarily that feeling which is the literal significance of the word "panic." For him the ruined frame of *The Old Saw-mill* keeps "a memory of some perished crime." The lips of the pitcher-plant leer at him, and the swollen moss hides a pit of death. In *The Swamp* he imagines that the half-sunken rowboat has by night a corpse for passenger. *The Place of Pools,* even in the golden light of day, is ominous—"is that a crimson bough staining the water? or a blur of blood?" *Vesper Time* is the hour when the mist embraces sea and land.

Flower Pageant begins as gaily as its title would indicate, but we find that every bloom is:

> .....a torch
> Borne in September's train, whose funeral goes
> With pomp of purple down these woodland glades,
> Where melancholy sits beneath the larch
> Crumbling the crimson of the last late rose.

The *Wind From the Sea* beats with wild hands of terror at the door; *Sea Lure* gives us a picture of the ocean as a death-dealing siren—very different from the conception of the sea as "God's poem" in the first sonnet of this sequence; the "ocean mists are a ghastly army invading the land, and *A Forest Place* is:

> Like some sad room, devoted to the dead,
> Dim with the dust of love-begotten hours,
> Where dull decay sits, and gray memory lowers,
> And sorrow stands beside death's ancient bed.

I said that in all but the first two sonnets of this series the natural alone was sufficient to the poet's purposes. It may be objected that it is not of the purely natural that he wrote in *The Swamp* and *The Mill-stream* and the rest of these deeply melancholy poems. They are filled with intimations of things that are the more terrifying, because they are not clearly perceptible to mortal vision, things that are malicious, inhuman but related to humanity in some shameful way. These things are not supernatural in the sense that the visions of the first two sonnets are supernatural; they are not in the true sense of the word spiritual. They are manifestations of that instinct which in every land and time has peopled the woods and waste places with dryads and satyrs and all the soulless mischevious train of Pan. In these depressing studies, Cawein reveals to us, it may be said, the unnaturalness of nature.

There are today two ways in which a poet may regard the woods. One is the way in which Sidney Lanier regarded the woods in *A Ballad of Trees and the Master*,[17] and this is the way in which Madison Cawein regarded the woods when he began his sonnet sequence. The other way is to regard the woods without taking into consideration the Christian tradition. And when this is done the forest always becomes a place of shame and terror, full of beings hostile to mankind.

[17] Page 141, *Poems of Sidney Lanier*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

What is the reason for Cawein's change of attitude in this sonnet sequence? Why does nature remind him first of the more-than-human and then of the less-than-human? Why is he with God for two sonnets and—we might almost say—with devils for eleven sonnets?

I think that the reason for the failure of his poetic insight after the second sonnet of this series is because of the intensity and persistence of his study of nature. He could not see the woods for the trees. It is like an experiment familiar to students of psychology. If you look at the reflection of your own face in a mirror for several minutes, it will gradually become strange to you; you will feel that you are looking at someone other than yourself. If you repeat your own name or any other word fifty or sixty times, it will lose its associations and become meaningless to you. Madison Cawein looked at nature so long that nature became meaningless to him—she lost, that is, her true or divine meaning. All her associations dropped from her, and she became something without a beginning or an end or a place in the scheme of things.

V.

Madison Cawein never dabbled in theosophy, that bastard mysticism which has ruined so many a poet. His conscious and deliberate studies of the unseen were perfectly innocent; he wrote of Oberon and Puck and Ariel and other spirits of the Shakespearean tradition.[18] Some of his least successful poems have to do with these figures. It is not in these poems that we find the terrifying intimations of mysterious unhuman influences that are in the direct studies of forest and swamp.

I have said that Madison Cawein resented the criticism that his poetry lacked humanity. I know that he greatly prized something which William Dean Howells wrote of him: "Not one of his lovely landscapes but thrilled with a human presence penetrating to it from his most sensitive and subtle spirit until it was all but painfully alive with memories, with regrets, with longings, with hopes, with all that from time to time mutably constitutes men and women, and yet keeps us children."[19] I do not think that most readers of Cawein's poems feel this "human presence," and I believe that Cawein himself felt, towards the close of his life, that it was

[18] See *The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries*, especially the first five poems.

[19] *The North American Review*, quoted in *The Cup of Comus*. New York: The Cameo Press.

lacking. The poems written in the last two years of his life had much more to do with man and much more to do with God than had his earlier work. No reader of his posthumously published volume, *The Cup of Comus*,[20] can fail to see this.

During the year in which he died I had several talks with Madison Cawein, during his visits to New York, and I was impressed, as were many of his friends, by the change that had come over him. One night at a club of writers to which we both belonged he sat for about an hour with Clinton Scollard, two or three other poets and myself, and talked of the thing then uppermost in our minds—the War. He did not evade the subject of that great world-wide tragedy, much as it seemed to hurt him to think and talk about it. He did not take refuge among trees and flowers and mountain streams. His heart was aching with the sorrow of all the world. I honestly believe that the experience, greatly painful as it was, was good for him; that the contemplation of bloodshed thus forced upon him gave him an awareness of his humanity necessary for his development. He said to me that night—I remember—that the world had grown tired of nature-poems, that he felt that he must write more about people. I do not think that he had ever before admitted that his poems lacked humanity.

A week or two after this conversation I saw Madison Cawein at a meeting of the Poetry Society of America. One of his poems —I think it was *At the End of the Road*,[21] but it may instead have been *The Old Dreamer*[22]—had recently appeared in a magazine, and I had quoted it in my Current Poetry Department in *The Literary Digest*. I had prefaced it with a word or two of praise, and had expressed pleasure in the new humanity I found in the work of a poet in whom I had always delighted. Cawein knew that I had written the criticism and he thanked me for it. "You said just what I wanted said about that poem," he told me. "I want to put human nature into my verses; that is what I am trying to do now."

Well, I think he succeeded. There is more of man in *The Cup of Comus* than in any of the earlier books—and more of the Son of Man. The power of description, the sensitivity to the beauty of nature—these things are as evident as they were in *Blooms of the*

[20] *The Cup of Comus, Fact and Fancy*, by Madison Cawein. New York: The Cameo Press.

[21] *At the End of the Road*, p. 20, *The Cup of Comus*.

[22] *The Old Dreamer*, p. 47, *ibid.*

Berry. But the personality of the poet is more evident than ever before, and the poet seems interested in the reader and in the world of men. He writes of life and death and immortality, of human love and human friendship and human hatred—he is, as I have said, aware of his humanity. He has discovered humanity, the red glow of battle has revealed it to him. The passionate hatred of war in *The Iron Crags,*[23] *The Wanderer,*[24] *Nearing Christmas*[25] and *The Festival of the Aisne,*[26] shows the world a new Madison Cawein, a poet no longer aloof from his fellows, but thinking their thoughts, living their lives, dying their deaths.

And there is to be found in this book a moral sense surprising to those who knew Cawein only by his earlier poems. His attitude had not been immoral, but it often had been unmoral. He had been concerned with soulless things. Now, he had come to think of the soul—the proper theme of the true poet. Now it was not a ghostly hollow in the hills or an ominous purple-veined pitcher-plant that appalled him—it was sin. He saw that injustice and selfishness and cruelty possessed a terror of which the serpent-filled swamp and the blasted pine on the lonely hill were only pallid reflections. Likewise he saw that there was in humanity a beauty with which the beauty of a May dawn on a meadow of flowers could not compete. He saw suddenly the splendor of mankind made in God's image, and emulous of Him. It was a new Madison Cawein that wrote:

> Again I take
> My burden up of Truth for Jesus' sake,
> And stand for what He stood for, Peace and Thought,
> And all that's Beauty-wrought
> Through doubt and dread and ache,
> By which the world to good at last is brought![27]

VI.

There was a new seriousness, there was a new nobility, there was a new largeness of vision in the poems that Madison Cawein wrote during the year nineteen fourteen. When his frail body was put into the frozen earth one bleak December day, it seemed to me that he had died at the beginning of a new phase of his genius,

[23] *The Iron Crags,* p. 57, *ibid.*
[24] *The Wanderer,* p. 60, *ibid.*
[25] *Nearing Christmas,* p. 65, *ibid.*
[26] *The Festival of the Aisne,* p. 69, *ibid.*
[27] *Oglethorpe.* An Ode to be read on the laying of the Foundation Stone of the New Oglethorpe University, January, 1915, at Atlanta, Georgia, p. 90, *ibid.*

that his latest poems, vague and tentative as some of them were, showed that he was looking at the world with a new sense of proportion, and that hereafter his whole scheme of things would be differently arranged. Man would be the lord of created things, and God would be Lord of the universe. The universe would no longer be anarchic, and man would no longer be merely a wondering visitor to a world of plants and beasts. But death prevented the development of Madison Cawein, and what he might have written can only be guessed from such poems as *The Song of Songs*[28] and *Laus Deo*[29] and *The Iron Age*[30] in *The Cup of Comus*.

Madison Cawein put the meadows and forests of the South into poems as hauntingly beautiful as themselves. He was the greatest nature-poet of his time, and so far he has had no successor. But he came to know, I think, that he had served faithfully one who knows not gratitude. He had "drawn the bolt of nature's secrecies,"[31] and with him nature's children had shared their delicate fellowship. But in a year of blood and fire he came to the terrible and salutary knowledge that he was not nature's child. He had, he saw, almost repudiated his human and his more than human heritage. He had tried to force himself into a family lower than his own—the family of those without the precious and perilous gift of souls. He knew his mistake at last; he knew at last that nature has a mother's love for no man that ever breathed. "Nature, poor step-dame, cannot slake my drouth"[32] he might have said with another poet of his time. For her milk his mouth learned, in the last year of his life, to cease to thirst. Blind for a singing lifetime, his eyes were opened for a year before his death. To him was given a year of preparation. A study of his poetry convinces us that he learned at last Whose son he was, that he spent his last year on earth rehearsing the song that should busy his lyric voice in a timeless land.

[28] *The Song of Songs*, p. 84, *ibid.*
[29] *Laus Deo*, p. 78, *ibid.*
[30] *The Iron Age*, p. 74, *ibid.*
[31] *The Hound of Heaven*, by Francis Thompson, line 85.
[32] Line 109, *ibid.*

DEFINING DOSTOEVSKY.

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.

HE was a lady, a regular literary lady, and she spoke with the air of one who does not judge books without first reading them.

"But this Dostoevsky! He leaves me feeling like a jellied mass of gloom. I find nothing interesting in him, and much that is repellent. Why do the literati rage so furiously about him? Gloom, gloom and more gloom! His novels are without form and void!"

All of which, frankly, expresses the feeling many average readers have about Dostoevsky. He is either uninteresting or gloomy, or both.

The former objection may have sound basis. Dostoevsky seemed never to have been convinced of the necessity for following the contemporary conventional form in novel construction. He cannot be said to have copied the style of any one master. A man singularly devoid of the influence of any printed word, save that of the Gospels, his style reflects but one thing—his own nervous, visionary temperament. Moreover, he came before the day when Russian literature was to depend for its effectiveness and individuality upon unusual form, upon a succession of brilliant episodes, anecdotes and disjointed phrases set between rows of asterisks and ranks of dots. Dostoevsky was not a jeweler turning out unusual types of filigreed punctuation that one can pick up and examine in the hand as he would a brooch or a ring; rather, Dostoevsky was a weaver of great tapestries, a painfully conscientious craftsman. One must view his novels *en masse*, must "stand off" to appreciate the fullness and depth of their literary chiaroscuro.

To call him gloomy is a misnomer. One must use other standards of judgment than those created by his own peculiar native literature. Compared with the contemporary standards in America, he *is* gloomy; viewed as a product of Russian life, he is not. It were wiser then to study the Russ soul. After that, some semblance of definitive light and shade will emerge from the apparent murk of distressing realism.

In addition, such study of the Russ soul will throw into striking contrast other Russian authors who are generally regarded true sons of the race. It will show Turgenief to have had a European soul under his Slav exterior, the which Turgenief's life proved; it will show Tolstoi a mixture of the two elements, East and West, a veritable battleground on which they fought for dominion, which also is shown in Tolstoi's life and his flight at the end. Of the three, Dostoevsky more closely approaches an epitome of the Russ soul, which is the genus of the masses.

Again, we are apt to judge Russian literature in terms of the European influences which were brought to bear upon it during the past two hundred years. There was the Classical School of Ozerov, Derzhavin and Shishkov, who caught their inspiration from the Classics; and there was the Romantic School and the Natural School. When Dostoevsky arrived at notice he baffled his European critics because he did not fall into any category that European schools had produced. A boyish interest in Balzac, Goethe, Schiller, Byron and Racine passed away with adolescence. Epitomizing Russia, he stood alone. Hailed as great, he still was not wholly understood, for the Russian soul at the time was generally misinterpreted and, until Dostoevsky portrayed it in his novels, was but even slightly known to the Russ himself.

To reduce to a few defining words the spiritual characteristics of a people so paradoxical as the Slav, is, indeed, a difficult task. There are so many cross purposes, spiritual "spurts," breaks here and there that defy tracing. This much, however, can be said of the Russ soul: it has the rugged faith of old age and the rebellious ardor of youth. These two elements also characterized the life of Dostoevsky and were, in turn, reflected in his work.

Few men have felt more acutely than Dostoevsky the high cost of writing. Few men have paid for their writing so high a price in living and few turned to such good and direct account their investments of actual experience. The man who projects himself into the moods of a character may produce a faithful portrait, but his work will lack the ultimate depth and finesse of reality. He who has been born and lived with those moods stands better equipped to portray them in their just proportions. The one sketches a picture; the other keeps a diary. Therein lies a fundamental definition of Dostoevsky's work: his novels are diaries. *Poor Folk,* the first novel, is a diary of the surroundings of his early life, for, although of the hereditary nobility, he was born in

a workhouse and his family of nine lived in two rooms for the first ten years of his life, with the poor folk such as Makar Djevuschkin about on all sides. *Insult and Injury* is equally a diary of the Siberian experiences. Of the other novels no two works could be more striking examples of empirical authorship than *The Gambler* and *The Brothers Karamazoff,* representing, as they do, Dostoevsky's gambling in middle life at European spas and his struggle for the ideal man.

In a measure, this writing from personal experience may seem the easiest possible *metier.* Certainly it is the one chosen by the wise novice, for, to write about the things one knows and has experienced is almost a fundamental canon for beginners. But there are experiences and experiences, knowledge and knowledge. There are the physical adventures—the wild encounters, the quick turns of luck, the intensifying culmination of anecdotes which, set down with color and suspense, make capital reading for certain moods and states of mind. There are also spiritual adventures, and to recount these requires a pen more delicately adjusted and an eye more keen.

Dostoevsky would have been a spiritual adventurer had he never left his dooryard, had he never been condemned to death, exiled to Siberia, staggered under debt and physical torture all his life. From these physical actualities he extracted their spiritual realities. In portraying them he was paramount, even as in his writings he was predominantly a Russ. These too are contained in each other: that is, however deeply the physical aspects of life may move him, the Russ is stirred to greater depths by their spiritual reactions. It is, indeed, impossible to consider the Russian soul apart from this spiritual metabolism, apart from this clash between the rebellious ardor of youth and the sturdy faith of old age.

Sturdy faith is attained not alone by having it moulded into a philosophy of life in childhood, or by accepting it as a matter of course, as it may be in the case of illiterates, but by having it put to the test in life, by having battled for its existence in one's philosophy. The predominance of Orthodoxy in the Russian religion is, in the majority of cases, due to early training and to acceptance, since fully fifty per cent of the masses are illiterate. In many instances it is also due to the fact that it has proven invaluable in men's lives. Dostoevsky was one of those cases. The story is written plain in his life: he discovers the Bible not in a

period of adolescent religiosity, but in the boredom and confinement of the Peter and Paul Fortress. Writing to his brother Michael from his cell he asks for some books: "But best of all would be a Bible (both Testaments). I need one." He was then aged twenty-seven. Five years later from Omsk, after his term of exile, he writes his creed: "Because I myself have learned it and gone through it, I want to say to you that in such moments (time of grief) one does, 'like dry grass,' thirst after faith, and that one finds it in the end solely and simply because one sees the truth more clearly when one is unhappy. I want to say to you about myself, that I am a child of this age, a child of unfaith and skepticism, and probably (indeed, I know it) shall remain so to the end of my life. How dreadfully has it tormented me (and torments me now)—this longing for faith, which is all the stronger for the proofs I have against it. And yet God gives me sometimes moments of perfect peace; in such moments I love and believe that I am loved; in such moments I have formulated my creed, wherein all is clear and holy to me. This creed is extremely simple; here it is: I believe that there is nothing lovelier, deeper, more sympathetic, more rational, more manly and more perfect than the Saviour; I say to myself with jealous love that not only is there no one else like Him, but that there could be no one else. I would even say more: If anyone could prove to me that Christ is outside the truth, and if truth really did exclude Christ, I should prefer to stay with Christ and not with truth."

At fifty-six, despite his prophecy, he writes to a mother: "Your child is now eight years old; make him acquainted with the Gospel, teach him to believe in God, and that in the most orthodox fashion. This is a *sine qua non;* otherwise you can't make a fine human being out of your child, but at best a sufferer, and at worst a careless, lethargic 'success,' which is a still more deplorable fate. You will never find anything better than the Saviour anywhere, believe me."

His faith did not come easily then. He had to battle for it, but once established, it burned with a steady flame. It was a live thing, an intense, intimate, acute reality, placing its mark upon every page of his work.

Therein lies the difference between the school of realism of which Dostoevsky is the unquestioned leader and every other school. For there is a realism of the flesh and a realism of the spirit, and the greater realities are spiritual realities. That is why the realism

of Dostoevsky is so much more vital than the realism—say of our American Dreiser. Raskilnikoff, hero of *Crime and Punishment,* hounded down to the relief of confession by the growing realization of his sin, is a more important study of man than Eugene Whitla, hero of the *The Genius,* who is hounded into decency by his inability to succeed with the opposite course. The one is a study in spiritual realism, the other a study in fleshly realism.

It is this element of spiritual realism that the lady who was perfectly literary and many others, mistake for gloom. True, there are other dark realities—filth, poverty, lust, suicide, hunger, but behind them is always going on the battle, the brilliant contest of spiritual realities against the sham realities of the flesh. One can see it, just as behind the gray massed storm clouds he sees the flash and glow of lightning. Dostoevsky's characters are studies in spiritual metabolism. They are Russian. They are also human. To dismiss them as merely patients from a psychopathic ward is to disregard the presence of the spiritual struggle.

Consider his characters one by one through all the twenty-one works, and the rule holds. They are strong or weak literary figures just in that proportion in which this battle between flesh and spirit is depicted in them. Makad Djevuschkin of *Poor Folk,* Myshkin (a self-portrait) of *The Idiot,* Raskilnikoff of *Crime and Punishment,* Ilioscha Karamazoff, of his last novel of the two brothers of that name—all are folk who resist classification by nerve disorders. They are crystallized cross sections of the Russ soul.

This definition of Dostoevsky could find no better guarantee than in his own words. He is speaking of a proposed novel to be called *Atheism.* It was later produced as the *Brothers Karamazoff:*

> I have my principal figure ready in my mind. A Russian of our class, getting on in years, not particularly cultured, although not uncultured either, and of a certain degree of social importance, quite suddenly, in ripe age, loses his belief in God. His whole life long he has been taken up wholly by work, has never dreamed of escaping from the rut, and, up to his forty-fifth year, has distinguished himself in no wise. (The working out will be purely psychological, profound in feeling, human and thoroughly Russian.) The loss of faith has a colossal effect on him. He tries to attach to the younger generation—

> the atheists, Slavs, Occidentalists, the Russian Sects and anchorites, the mystics: among others he comes across a Polish Jesuit; thence he descends to the abyss of the Chlysty Sect; and finds at last salvation in Russian soil, the Russian Saviour and the Russian God.....My dear friend, I have a totally different conception of truth and realism from that of our realists and critics. My God! If one could but tell categorically all that we Russians have gone through during the last ten years in the way of spiritual development, all the realists would shriek that it was fantasy; and yet it would be pure realism! It is the one, true, deep realism, theirs is altogether too superficial.

And the amazing part of this letter is the fact that the two seemingly disjointed ideas follow one on the other. Dostoevsky could not, even in correspondence, consider realism apart from its spiritual actualities.

New Books.

THE CIRCUS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00 net.

One hears, almost daily, pleasant prophecies about the renascence of English poetry—and quite yearly there come agreeable auguries of the re-flowering of English drama. Meanwhile, and all unheralded, the revival of that delicate and delightful phase of art, the *English essay,* has become not a theory but a fact. To be sure the essay has never since the harvest days of Lamb and Hazlitt ceased to exist—even to persist. It has spoken with authority, better still, with charm; but it has lacked popular attention, and save for the chosen few it has lamentably lacked readers. The last ten years have changed all that. Where the best talents of Alice Meynell, of the Bensons, of Gilbert Chesterton and Agnes Repplier (to mention but a few) are exercised, we have not a byway but a highway of contemporary thought.

Now into this highway comes a new pilgrim: a pilgrim who, like the Piper of Hamlin Town, is likely to draw the world's big and little children after him with glad feet. We mean, of course, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, whom, having known as poet and critic, we here welcome as familiar essayist. *The Circus* is a very significant little volume: it is also a volume which nearly everyone will want to read. It is human and playful and poetic and ironic. It chats in a very modern, highly sympathetic and slightly satiric vein about alarm clocks, the abolition of poets, the joys of the subway, John Bunny, and the cosmopolitan character of the "commuter's" life. But it is essentially the chatting of one who thinks deeply—and, moreover, one who dreams still of the purple mountains. It requires more than facility or "democracy" to sense the thrilling "adventure" of the young clerk's noonday freedom, or the gentle "reconciliation" of the day after Christmas. Can any reader doubt just what quality it does take to write about the perennial American spectacle such a passage as the following—with its deft and subtle rise from banter to pathos?

> The stage's glories have been sung by many a poet. But the circus has had no laureate; it has had to content itself

with the passionate prose of its press agent. The loss is poetry's, not the circus'. For the circus is itself a poem and a poet—a poem in that it is a lovely and enduring expression of the soul of man, his mirth, and his romance, and a poet in that it is a maker, a creator of splendid fancies in the minds of those who see it.

And there are poets in the circus. They are not, perhaps, the men and women who make their living by their skill and daring, risking their lives to entertain the world.....No, the subjective artists, the poets, are to be found in the basement if the show is at the Garden, or, if the show be outside New York, they are to be found in the little tents—the side shows. This is not a mere sneer at the craft of poetry, a mere statement that poets are freaks. Poets are not freaks. But freaks are poets.....Behold, therefore, the man on whom a crushing misfortune has come. He puts his grief into fair words, and shows it to the public. Thereby he gets money and fame. Behold, therefore, a man whom misfortune touched before his birth, and dwarfed him, and made him a ridiculous image of humanity. He shows his misfortune to the public and gets money and fame thereby. This poet shows a soul scarred by the cruel whips of injustice; this man a back scarred by the tattooer's needle.

But the freaks would not like to change places with the poets. The freaks get large salaries (they seem large to poets) and they are carefully tended, for they are delicate. See, here is a man who lives although his back is broken. There is a crowd around him; how interested they are! Would they be as interested in a poet who lived although his heart was broken? Probably not. But then, there are not many freaks.

Mr. Kilmer has taken contemporary readers much into his debt, and many will be grateful for this original and refreshing little volume of a poet's prose. There is scarcely a word of direct Catholicism in it: yet one feels convinced that no one but a Catholic could have written it.

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE. By Rev. R. J. Campbell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00 net.

Mr. Campbell makes many interesting revelations in this book of his rather remarkable religious history and at the same time of the confusion and anarchy of contemporaneous Protestant thought. It was a mild sensation in war-bound England when the New Theology, which had been such a storm-centre, was deserted

by its chief advocate: the foremost preacher of England abandoned the non-Conformist pulpit, was ordained a priest of the Anglican Communion, and was counted even among High Churchmen. This development was most unusual, for the New Theology was the high-road to infidelity, and Mr. Campbell for some years gave much more promise of becoming a prophet of socialism and secularism than of developing into an exponent of quasi-Catholic doctrines.

The explanation is to be found chiefly in Mr. Campbell's temperament and early religious training. He was deeply religious from childhood, and learned from North-of-Ireland Presbyterianism a reverential regard for the communion service and a high conception of the Church and the ministerial office. This mystical, sacramental, High Church feeling persisted through all the intellectual changes of his religious career. It brought him in his Oxford days, after a short period of youthful worldliness and humdrum evangelicalism, to accept Anglicanism of High Church and Higher Criticism variety, as taught by Dr. Gore.

When the higher-critical trend of his mind caused him, after his withdrawal from Anglicanism, to shed more and more of Christian doctrine, this early feeling kept up in Mr. Campbell a religious attitude which he had great difficulty in distinguishing from Pantheism.

He was repelled by evangelical Protestantism, and found little satisfaction in the liberal, modernistic, anti-supernatural Christianity which he had accepted; and his religious instincts finally led him to an Anglicanism which, while leaving him great liberty in creed, satisfied him with a Christ Who was his Saviour and God, working out the salvation of mankind through the Church and the sacraments. In this way has Mr. Campbell passed from one extreme of Protestant thought to the other, and yet maintained a certain unity throughout.

The fact is that Mr. Campbell never had and apparently still lacks a strong hold on doctrines. He abandoned belief in the Divinity of Christ, in the Atonement, in the Christian idea of sin, in a God above and entirely distinct from the universe, and he abandoned these cardinal beliefs with little struggle, with little sense of loss; and he regained them again, with no violent struggle, with no apparent sense that he had passed from death to life.

He preached what all the world interpreted as a denial of Christianity, as a denial of sin, as a profession of a creed indistinguishable from Pantheism; his preaching upset many, yet he

expresses no compunction for spreading error, and now after having frequently changed his views radically and rapidly, he preaches without misgiving as one having authority, although preaching in his own name and following merely his own private judgment. He happens at present to preach many doctrines of the Catholic Church which are congenial to his own mind and heart, and he shows himself remarkably free from prejudice against Catholicism.

Many Catholics, accordingly, are asking themselves if the Established Church of England will long retain this restless intellect and heart, which they feel can hardly find rest anywhere except in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Prophecy is vain; what is certain is that Mr. Campbell never will become a sound Catholic, nor even a sound High Churchman, until he gets a clearer and stronger conviction of dogma as the soul of religion.

FRUIT GATHERING. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore must be numbered among those who have suffered greatly from overpraise. He might well pray to be delivered from unwise friends, from women's clubs and the press agent. When this aloof but active dreamer was singled out for the coveted Nobel Prize in 1913, he complained that the world had "stolen away his shelter." What he says today, when confronted by fatuous and frenzied magazine articles which laud him as a "reincarnation of the Christ Spirit," is not on record: at least, he seems to have become reconciled to the publicity of the printed sheet and the photographic half-tone.

But it is not good for a living poet to be advertised as a saint. It is not good for his poetry, and it is distinctly bad for his sanctity. And this today is the situation of one who came to us an Oriental scholar with Oxford training, an artist in words, a man sincerely interested in the contemplative side of life, and sincerely contemptuous of modern machine-made civilization. It is not the fault of Sir Rabindranath Tagore that a hasty world so soon made a cult of him—but it makes for disenchantment and confusion none the less.

In this newest volume from the pen of the Bengali poet, there are many delicate and beautiful and searching reveries. They are not epoch-making things: and they would never have been expected to be epoch-making if their author had not been heralded as a mystic teacher and seer. They are little prose poems in various moods, in the manner of *Gitanjali* but less radiant: musings upon divine

and human love, parables of the trumpet's call, and the passing of proud earthly things and the wisdom of silence and of pain. There are thoughts here which suggest Francis Thompson—with a difference; as in *Gitanjali* there were thoughts which suggested St. Teresa—with a difference. All this means that they could only have been written by a poet of spiritual genius and mystic expression. That they should travel into the Eternal Verities so far—and then no further—is for Catholic readers the double lesson of Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE. By Ernest A. Boyd. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Boyd has given us a very interesting book, for he is enthusiastic about his subject, and has made his work a labor of love. All lovers of Ireland will follow him with pleasure as he outlines the origin and progress of the movement of the old country that has produced within recent years a remarkable literary output admired not only at home but abroad. He traces the rise of the "Renaissance" back to the *History of Ireland: Heroic Period,* by Standish O'Grady, which appeared in 1878. This eloquent and impassioned account of early events in Ireland at once aroused great enthusiasm among certain responsive sons and daughters of Erin, and before long studies in Gaelic language and customs became quite the vogue. The result was two-fold, a reproduction of many of the old Gaelic texts and a renewed interest in the literary past of Ireland, and an attempt to draw inspiration from these old sources on the part of those who write only or chiefly in English. It is this latter that the author of the book before us calls the literary Renaissance in Ireland. He divides his treatment of the subject into Poetry, the Drama and Prose Writing. Most of his attention is claimed by W. B. Yeats, who illustrated all three branches of literature in his work. Many other authors, more or less familiar to the reading public, are introduced, and all are reviewed with great care and literary acumen. These writers have not given to the world a great literature in the sense that French literature or English literature is great, but they have already produced a body of work that is distinctly national, based principally on Irish ideas and ideals, and which by many competent critics is considered the most notable performance in the world of letters in our days. It has undoubtedly a high order of merit, and is full of promise for the future. For a detailed criticism of the move-

ment, together with an appreciation of the various writers, we must refer the reader to the author's work.

However deserving of commendation the book reviewed may be, we must not be understood as accepting everything we read as beyond cavil. Nor much as we may glory in the dead past of Ireland, should we forget that all ages, even the heroic, have much that does not deserve imitation or warrant resuscitation, once it is buried. No lover of Ireland, we are sure, would desire to see again, in the dear old land, the snakes that St. Patrick drove into the lough, nor would he long for the return of paganism that the grand old Saint banished from the land. Yet in this book we see signs of regret for the old pagan religion. We are told, too, by some of the authors quoted in the review that the mournful note heard even in recent times in Irish poetry is the persistence of the tone heard ages ago when certain bards lamented the disappearance of paganism before the forces of Christianity. We have labored under the impression that Ireland had other causes for tears.

In spite of some flaws like these, we welcome the appearance of this book, for it makes known to us much about the Revival of Irish Letters. We hope that the movement, so auspiciously begun, will continue and grow widespread. As Mr. Boyd says: "From the fifth to the ninth century Ireland was the guardian of European civilization, fostering the arts, and sending teachers to all parts of the Continent." Let the young Irishman, then, who aspires to serve his country with the pen, plunge deep into Gaelic lore, let him give his nights and his days to the pursuit of the traditions of his ancestors, but let him not dare forget that the glories of the past are not confined to one period. Let him fill himself with the learning and the piety of his ancestors who were the teachers of Europe, as well as with the mystic lore of the far distant time that borders on fable. Then will he be enabled to transmit a message not only from the heroes of antiquity, but likewise one that will spread light and faith and grace and dignity wherever it goes. An index to Mr. Boyd's work would render considerable service.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.50 net.

Were an inquiring foreigner to ask what American has done most to create an audience for American poetry, he would be told, says the February *Bookman,* that William Stanley Braithwaite was

the man. His articles as poetic critic in the *Boston Transcript* have attained something of the dignity of an institution. For a decade he has there summed up the magazine verse of the year, and for the past four years these summaries have been expanded into an annual anthology and year book of American poetry. The volume for 1916 contains a few less than one hundred selections; besides his short but valuable introduction, Mr. Braithwaite has added an extended index of poems appearing in American magazines during the past twelve months, with asterisks marking the poems of distinction, a list of the volumes of poems published during the same period, a list of books about poets and poetry, a short commentary upon each of fifteen important volumes of poems, and an index to magazine articles of the past year upon contemporary poets and their products. These supplemental lists provide, of course, an invaluable working source of reference.

The Poetry Review, of which Mr. Braithwaite is the founder and present editor, heads the list of credits, standing sponsor for fourteen selections; *Poetry* comes next with ten, *The Century* has eight, *Reedy's Mirror, Scribner's, The Bellman, The Yale Review,* and *Harper's,* five each. It is rather noteworthy that *The Poetry Journal,* of which Mr. Braithwaite was also the founder, *Poet Lore, Contemporary Verse* and *Others: A Magazine of the New Verse,* of all of which poetry is the main objective, receive but ten credits, while the *Forum, The New Republic* and the *Independent,* periodicals of general scope and of much less specialized appeal, can account for eleven.

The four separate groups of poets Mr. Braithwaite distinguishes can readily be combined into two, the traditionalists and all others. The traditionalists are those old-fashioned enough to believe that poetry must of necessity be rhythmical, and that rhythm is the regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables. The "others," be they vers librists, impressionists, imagists, or vorticists, be their names Service, Frost, Oppenheim or Masters, all agree in revolting from what they are pleased to call the "tyranny of form." That same dauntless quest for self-expression which has produced for our edification Cubism in art and riotous formlessness in music, is responsible for the new movement in poetry. It is not so new after all: Lowell protested against it in Whitman that it was not poetry. How his spirit must writhe at the fulminations of his great-granddaughter, Amy, against the hair-splitting critics, and the purists who rail at broken rules, thus showing

how narrow they are. In an interview given Joyce Kilmer for the *New York Times* about a year ago, Robert Underwood Johnson had some interesting opinions to express upon this subject, though they were scarcely such as would recommend themselves to Miss Lowell or Mr. Masters. He does not believe that the vers librists are at all responsible for the new interest in poetry, he does not believe that the vers librists are poets; more than that, he does not believe that the vers librists are vers librists, but calls them rather prose librists. Mr. Kilmer himself is not even so polite; in his recent book, *The Circus,* he says very pungently, "Poets are not freaks but some freaks are poets."

A BRIEF HISTORY OF POLAND. By Julia Swift Orvis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

"This is not the book of an investigator. It is simply an attempt to present the results of much work already done by others on a difficult and complicated subject, in such a way as to reach and interest the many to whom Poland's great past, as well as her present problems and their wide significance, are practically unknown."

Thus writes the author in the preface of her book, and these words give the best characterization of her *History of Poland.* It is a work of popularization, a work addressed to the great public, which is ignorant of the brilliant pages of Polish history and the sad misfortunes of the Polish race.

The writer does not aim at giving us an erudite and elaborate volume, crammed with notes and quotations. She writes simply, unaffectedly; she lays stress again and again upon the main thesis of her book: that is, that the Polish nobility is responsible to a great extent for the calamities which have overtaken the independent kingdom of Poland. No doubt there is a great deal of truth in that statement. It cannot be forgotten, however, that the Polish nobility contributed efficaciously to the military and literary glory of Poland in the times of her grandeur.

The writer shows herself to be not well acquainted with the history of the Catholic Church in the few passages in which she touches on ecclesiastical matters. To make the dogma that the Church is the representative of God's power on earth peculiar to Pope Gregory VII., is contrary to the truth. In every period of her life the Church has claimed for herself that prerogative. Several times the writer confuses the Union of Florence in 1434

with the Union of Brest, in 1595. She says that at a *convent* (by this "convent" she means an ecumenical council), the Orthodox Church conceded recognition of the Pope, and in return the Roman Church agreed to the use by Poles of their own ritual, the retention of their own creed, and the recognition of a married clergy. These data concern the Union of Brest, one of the most important episodes in the religious and political history of Poland, an episode, I hold, which should not have been passed over in silence in a history of the Polish nation. It seems exaggerated also to affirm that at the time of Gregory VII. Poland had a married clergy. Certainly, the corruption of the clergy had largely spread over the whole of Europe, and the law of celibacy was not observed in many cases; but the evil was not so general as the statement of the writer would lead one to suppose.

The narrative of the writer extends to 1915. At the close of that period, it is stated, "Poland is not yet sufficiently regenerated to be an independent state: her best chance of a safe future lies within the Russian empire." I do not believe that Poles will be satisfied with these pessimistic views on their ability to rule themselves according to their own minds. The recollections of Russian oppression in Poland are still vivid in Polish minds, the wounds she has caused are still bleeding in Polish hearts, and there is little hope that Russia will fulfill her oft-repeated promises to grant to her Polish subjects a true autonomy.

THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

This book, full of the glow and color of its subject, covers the years between 1240 and 1564, and gives a sympathetic narration of the lives and works of the Florentine painters from Cimabue to Michelangelo. Fortunate, indeed, was the artist of those days who "grew up in a free and prosperous city, surrounded by an atmosphere of culture in which the passion for beauty was allied with a keen critical faculty.....and where there were wealthy patrons to encourage and reward him"—verily an artistic paradise.

Not only the painters and their pictures are described, but the surroundings in which the work was done, the conditions that helped to develop the Italian Renaissance, the influence of Florentine art throughout Italy and how that influence was felt miles beyond her borders.

This is an excellent textbook for the student, illustrated with

well-selected photographs that interpret the story step by step, containing many interesting personal details not usually found in art histories, and having at the end of each chapter a list of the artist's chief works and where they are to be found. The language throughout is scholarly without being too technical for the general reader and traveler.

A SHEAF. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The greater part of the essays and articles here collected have already been published in various journals and periodicals, at dates extending as far back as 1909. These earlier writings are, as Mr. Galsworthy says, "mostly pleas." They are strong and eloquent, these pleas for more human treatment of animals, for the sparing of birds of plumage, for the freedom of the song birds that we cage; pleas for the righting of wrong prison and penal systems; and delightfully written pleas that the suffrage be granted to women, if for no other reason than because the conflict is disintegrating courtesy, kindliness and sense of fair play.

The second portion of the book is made up of writings on the War, and in these Mr. Galsworthy's characteristics are sharply accentuated, his depths and shallows clearly charted. Although *First Thoughts on This War* appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1914, it gives almost a shock of novelty to encounter it again and re-read those preposterous words: "God on the lips of each potentate, and under a hundred thousand spires prayer that twenty-two million servants of Christ may receive from God the blessed strength to tear and blow each other to pieces.....and everywhere destroy the works of the spirit.....Whatever else be the outcome of this business, let us at least realize the truth: It is the death of dogmatic Christianity!" And of that which is to take the place of "this superstitional Christianity" we are told: "And one thing is certain—it will be far more Christian than the so-called Christianity which has brought us to these present ends." Thus, with many similar expressions, Mr. Galsworthy forces us to realize his amazing limitations, disclosing a point of view not unlike that satirized by Mr. Mallock in speaking of the positivists, who "think, it would seem, that they had but to kill God, and that His inheritance shall be ours." He does not, in the succeeding essays, reiterate the opinions projected here, but neither does he make any retraction or modification; he merely ignores that which has arrested the at-

tention of the world, and cannot have wholly escaped his—the widespread spiritual awakening and the Catholic revival, the increasing recognition that we have been brought to "these present ends" not by too close an adherence to dogmatic Christianity, but by neglect of it. Self-deprived, therefore, of any clue to the tragedy now in progress, he points to the divine element in man as the salvation of humanity, and the burden of his prophecy is the solution of all problems by democracy, to which we must be educated, though he has already said that "the main and obvious difficulty in education, as in all the affairs of life, is to find the men." Nevertheless, he goes on to recommend that education should be intrusted to fine spirits and broad minds, that have an ideal and can be relied on "*to select and train the best men available for the propagation of that ideal.*" The italics are Mr. Galsworthy's. He depicts great results if these minds could be sifted out from among us "by some democratic process," but he gives no hint of what that process should be, nor does he feel it necessary to take account of the reactions that have, from time to time, operated to demolish democracies. His prolific brain sends forth countless brilliant reflections phrased with great force and beauty; but it is hard to find in the book the constructive quality that has been claimed for it by some reviewers. The ideals presented are not recorded as yet attained by any state, even when unhampered by dogmatic Christianity; nor does Mr. Galsworthy himself sound a note that is altogether reassuring. In the final essay, which contains much that is extremely beautiful and noble, as well as penetrating, he unveils a far horizon against which may be seen not only the England he loves ardently and loyally, but the whole earth also, transformed by a world-peace into "the islands of the blessed." Yet he asks: "Or do we only dream it.....And shall the Ironic Spirit fill the whole world with his laughter?"

DANTE. By C. H. Grandgent, L.H.D. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

Of books on Dante there is no end. Already their name is legion. Their ever-increasing number shows the fruitfulness of the theme and the perennial interest men take in the author and his work. Within the last sixty or seventy-five years, this many-sided genius has been studied from countless points of view. One student loves to peer into the spiritual sense of his poetry—as the late Brother Azarias; another reviews him as the exponent of Tho-

mistic Theology—as the erudite Doctor Hettinger; another traces his relation to Catholic Philosophy in the thirteenth century—as the brilliant Ozanam. In the present work, Doctor Grandgent considers him as "the mouthpiece of a great period of the world's history"—a period which has been termed "the greatest of the centuries." As spokesman of his generation, he is expected to express himself on a variety of topics, and a glance at the table of contents shows us how vast a field he covers. For instance: "Society and Politics in the Middle Ages;" "Church and State in Dante;" "Mediæval Songs;" "Mediæval Learning;" "Theology;" etc., etc.

To understand and appreciate Dante, one must have more than a superficial acquaintance with the learning of his age. Of this the extent and variety of commentaries on the *Commedia* is ample proof. It shows him to have been master of the arts and sciences of his day. But is this sufficient warrant for regarding him as the mouthpiece of his age? Doctor Grandgent has depicted for us most graphically, and, for the most part, correctly, the age in which Dante lived; but this he has done only by taking the poet's reference as suggestive hints, filling up the background and *milieu* of the picture from other sources. And it is well that he has done so—otherwise his views must have been not a little cramped and distorted. Where it is question of abstract science, it might be well enough to follow Dante's guidance, for he has put into verse the theology, philosophy and physics of the thirteenth century; but where the poet has to touch on the burning issues of the day, issues in which he was personally concerned, it is quite a different matter. Here the cautious reader makes allowance for judgment warped by temperament and fortune. Bear in mind the "*sæva indignatio*" of this ardent patriot exiled from his beloved city—the gloom of "this man who had been down in hell and was begrimed with its heat and smoke"—this victim of political chicanery and persecution, who had known "the salt savour of others' bread and the hard passage descending and climbing by others' stairs," and you will ask how much reliance can be placed upon his estimate of the agents and events that brought him to such a plight. Take for instance, his judgment of Celestine V. He does not hesitate to consign to his outer hell[1] this sainted pontiff, since canonized, because, forsooth, he made the "*gran rifiuto,*" which, in Dante's opinion, undid the political scheme of the Florentines. And this he

[1] Inferno III., 59.

does, notwithstanding his sincere claim to believe in the Holy Church that cannot lie—"*la santa chiesa che non puo dire menzogna.*"[2] Or, again,[3] he pronounces a like sentence on Pope Boniface VIII. because, as our author says, "he had both personal and political reasons for hating him." Yet, when his resentment cools, he pays tribute to this same venerable pontiff, as follows:[4]

> I see Anagni filled with fleurs-de-lis,
> And Christ, embodied in His Vicar, caught,
> A second time exposed to mockery:
> I see the vinegar and gall renewed:
> 'Twixt living thieves our butchered Lord I see.

Such inconsistencies as these—and others might be adduced—may be accounted for by ardent temperament and wounded self-interest; but, all the same, they show how untrustworthy objectively may be his appreciation of men and manners; and to this the author would have done well to call the reader's attention.

Judging by the specimens of his own rendering of Dante which our author has introduced into the text, we should say that this part of his task has been done particularly well. Whilst retaining the *terza-rima* of the original, he has succeeded in giving us an easy-flowing, rhythmical and idomatic version, more natural than that of Plumptre, inasmuch as he avoids many of the inversions which make that of the Anglican Dean rather difficult reading. Not that Doctor Grandgent has cleared up all the obscurities of the text, for that were not more possible in a translation than it is in the original. He has even, at times, added to our perplexity by paraphrasing that literal sense for the sake of metre and rhyme. We have an instance of this on page 230.[5] Still we should not be hypercritical, since such defects are seemingly inherent to any metrical version. On the whole, then, we have in this new discussion of the great Florentine poet an interesting and informing treatise. There is added a very complete index, which gives special value to it as a book of reference.

THE FACTS ABOUT LUTHER. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. F. O'Hare, LL.D. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. 25 cents.

In these interesting pages, Monsignor O'Hare has given the man in the street the conclusions of modern scholarship regarding the real Luther. He brings out clearly the fact that Protestant

[2] Conv. I., 4. [3] Inferno XIX., 52. [4] Purg. XX., 85-90.
[5] Par. I., 10-12.

prejudice for the past four hundred years has been painting a portrait of Luther that in no way resembles the real Luther. He shows Luther to have been an enemy to liberty of conscience, a fomenter of rebellion, the opponent of democracy, a man contemptuous of human reason and of the freedom of the will, and an advocate of polygamy. Monsignor O'Hare bases his work on Denifle and Grisar, cites for the most part Luther's own words, and describes fairly and accurately the life and teachings of Luther. It is a book of interest today in view of Luther's Fourth Centenary.

ENFORCED PEACE. Published by the League to Enforce Peace, New York.

The first annual assemblage of the League to Enforce Peace was held in Washington last May. The purpose of the meeting was to place before the public the aims of the society which counts among its members William H. Taft, Oscar Strauss, Charles W. Eliot, Samuel Gompers and Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The proceedings of this meeting are given in the volume issued by the League, together with an appendage which contains the proposals of the League on the question of international peace.

The speeches that were delivered at the Washington conference deserve serious attention, coming as they do at such a time as this. They explain, with splendid absence of hysteria, the need of peace, and plead for the establishment of some league, made up of representatives of all the nations, that could compel the signatories to obey the dictates of this international tribunal, jointly using "the economic and military forces" of the respective nations to prevent one nation from declaring war upon another.

The platform of the League to Enforce Peace, which is very similiar to the Diet plan proposed years ago by William Penn, has the inherent weakness common to all peace plans. It is essentially based upon treaties, and treaties are, as this war has shown us, at critical times "mere scraps of paper." The second and really fatal defect lies in the fact that nations are like individuals, reacting more strongly to the more intimate influences of fear, lust and selfishness than to the nobler but more abstract pleadings of international love. Consequently the bond between nations to guarantee peace cannot actually stand up under the severe burdens that national exigencies put upon it, and in the face of real trouble the international court would be rent by factional differences that would accentuate rather than diminish the chances for strife.

THE OLD BLOOD. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.

This is the story of Philip Sanford, a young American descendant of Colonial fighting stock, who in the summer of 1914 is making the acquaintance of family connections both English and French. He falls in love with a beautiful cousin, Henriette Ribot; and he is loved by her sister, Helen, mentally and morally her superior, but plain. The old blood in Philip's veins responds to the call of the war, and he volunteers in the British army. He receives a horrible wound in the jaw, and the sight of him, in the hospital, shockingly disfigured, blind and deaf, is too much for the strength of Henriette's love. Not so with Helen, however; her devotion and her cleverness coöperate with Philip's doctors to compass his recovery, and in the end she wins his heart.

A love story told in connection with the War challenges a formidable rival, and it must be admitted that the most interesting part in this drama is played by surgery. Like a highly up-to-date fairy godmother, it assumes command of the situation, not only restoring Philip's powers and repairing his mutilation, but also rewarding Helen with the gift of beauty by changing the shape of her nose. The book is fairly readable; but Mr. Palmer's facts, as it is his wont to present them, are more entertaining than his fiction.

THE SEMINARIAN: HIS CHARACTER AND WORK. By Rev. Albert Rung. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents net.

In simple and direct language Father Rung addresses the modern seminarian on the duties of his state of life, and the special virtues he should strive to attain. The volume is a common sense treatise on piety, zeal for souls, obedience, kindliness, love for study, clerical modesty and the like. It is a good book to put in the hands of the young aspirant for the priesthood.

THE DIVINE MASTER'S PORTRAIT. By Rev. Joseph Degen. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

This little book is written in protest against the counterfeit presentments or antagonistic portraits of Christ made by many moderns desirous of sheltering their false theories behind His name. In a score of chapters it presents in simple, devout language some of the main characteristics of the spirit of our Divine Lord—His holiness, humility, meekness, zeal, sincerity, justice, and self-denial.

YONDER? By Rev. T. Gavan Duffy. Boston: Society of the Propagation of the Faith.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to a new, popular edition of Father Duffy's charming volume on the missions of the Far East, reviewed last year in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. As the author well says it is not a treatise on the foreign missions, but "it questions whether we all do our share of knowing, loving, helping, going *Yonder.*" It ought to prove fruitful of vocations, and open wide the purse strings of Catholics in the United States.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST. By Rev. G. R. Roche, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 25 cents net.

Father Roche in these simple pages sets forth the proofs of the Divinity of Christ in a way calculated to win the earnest seeker to the truth. He lays particular stress upon the argument from miracles, the fulfillment of the prophecies, and the claims made by Christ Himself.

A BRIEF COMMENTARY ON THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By Charles Coppens, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

The Office of the Immaculate Conception was composed in imitation of the Divine Office which is recited daily by every Catholic priest. The purpose of this little work is "to explain the sacred figures which the author of the Office has so skillfully interwoven with each other in the elegant stanzas, the devout prayers, verses and responsories of this exquisite masterpiece."

A STORY OF LOVE. By Francis Cassily, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

These familiar talks on the love of God and the friendship of Christ will prove excellent spiritual reading for the devout soul. They treat of grace, the Christian brotherhood, the gifts of God, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the Eucharist, the beatific Vision. As the author well says, these gifts "make us perceive the splendid vision that lies beyond the veil of sense, and realize the object—God—that the heart-sick and weary of earth are born but to find and possess, and which not finding and not possessing, they had better by far have never been born."

THE MOTHERCRAFT MANUAL. By Mary L. Read, B.S. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

In these days of scientific parenthood a School of Mothercraft is but the logical outcome of the modern trend of thought. The opening paragraph of this manual, written by the director of the School in New York, gives the keynote to the whole scope of the work: "Mothercraft is the skillful, practical doing of all that is involved in the nourishing and training of children, in a sympathetic, happy, religious spirit.....Its practice is not dependent upon physical parenthood, but is part of the responsibility of every woman who has to do with children as teacher, nurse, friend or household associate."

The first chapters are devoted to the founding of the family, eugenics, heredity and the general fitness of those concerned. Then preparation for the coming of the new member with a daily régime for the expectant mother. After the advent of the child his every moment is accounted for: rules for feeding, bathing, clothing, sleeping are given in minute detail, with counter suggestions as to what should be avoided. As the child develops his playtime is marked out, his reading planned, his taste cultivated. The last chapter is given to home nursing and first aid in the nursery, followed by an appendix with tabulated lists of food values, and the principles of weight and growth. The text is pointed with numerous excellent illustrations.

Although of religion it is declared that no phase of education is more important, in all the three hundred and sixty-three pages it is but lightly touched upon, and then from the Non-Catholic point of view. Indeed, should the young mother observe faithfully the multitudinous regulations for her child's physical and mental well-being she would have no time for his spiritual life—nor for her own; no time to ponder in her heart the words that Mary kept.

THE ULTIMATE BELIEF. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

Mr. Clutton-Brock in most oracular fashion tells us that "the great evil in Germany is the unconscious worship of Germany, and the great evil of England is the conscious worship of money." The only hope of the future generation being free from both State worship and money worship is to have it indoctrinated with the true philosophy—Mr. Brock's philosophy—of the spirit. What this is in any definite way we did not succeed in ascertaining from

his volume; but apparently all will be well if the child of the future "loves truth, goodness and beauty for themselves alone." The author talks at length about an æsthetic conscience as if such a thing were possible; and foolishly asserts that a sense of beauty is one of the best remedies for sensuality.

THE WISER FOLLY. By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

We could scarcely fail to receive with pleasure a story from the same pen which produced *The Jester* and *The Peacock Feather.* The charming books by this writer make excellent reading for Catholics, and are likewise deservedly popular among our separated brethren. And in these days there is something hopeful and stimulating in the discovery of a novelist who shows variety of character without offensive caricature, who creates fiction and yet does not violate truth, who remains consistent to human nature and to adequate morality, and who pleases without offending.

The Wiser Folly is the story of an English legacy, the difference between legal right and moral justice, and the virtue of a complete understanding as opposed to disagreement and conflict. The most likable person in the book is a priest from Ireland, the most lovable a charming girl, the most stimulating a young architect-artist, who is engaged in repairing an old church to its pristine glory. This architect with the sensibilities of an artist describes the task in which he is employed and this description is interesting, for by the subtle skill of Leslie Moore it is so put as to be applicable to the English Church, as well as to a single small building: "I feel like an explorer of bygone centuries penetrating through modern hideosity, early Victorian rudeness, Puritan dreariness, and various other glories to the sweet, kindly simplicity, the grace, the freshness, the love of beauty, appertaining to the olden days. I am crumbling to pieces that which has hidden beauty, and exposing beauty to the light of day. In other words, I am scraping the plaster off the walls of the church."

THE INSURRECTION IN DUBLIN. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The author of *The Crock of Gold* and *The Demi-Gods* was an eyewitness of the unequal skirmish between the members of Sinn Fein and the English soldiery in the unfortunate rebellion in Ireland. In notebook fashion he has chronicled the events of that

stirring week, giving the reader an intimate recital of the outburst and progress of the short-lived insurrection.

The book is well written and, though seemingly too close to the events it chronicles to give them their proper perspective, it accords a vivid idea of what occurred during the seven days following last Easter Sunday. But in a large sense the book is more than a mere record of contemporaneous happenings. In the pages subsequent to the narrative of the disorder the author gives a clear, keenly analytical estimate of English misrule in Ireland, and points out the causes of Irish discontent. He pleads for an adjustment of the extremes of both factions in Ireland, hoping that in the land itself they will find a common bond that will weld them together. In England he sees a nation that has neglected to win the friendship of Ireland—a friendship that England sorely needs at the present time and will need more as the years pass.

GHENKO. The Mongol Invasion of Japan. By Nakaba Yamada, B.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Yamada describes in picturesque and attractive fashion the Mongol invasions of Japan at the close of the thirteenth century. After a few introductory chapters on the relations between the Koreans and the Japanese and the development of the Mongol Empire under Kublai Khan, the writer pictures in detail the battles on sea and land fought in the cause of Japanese independence.

The might of the Mongol Empire, the six embassies of Kublai Khan to Japan demanding homage, the three Mongol invasions covering the years 1275 to 1281, the patriotism and valor of the Japanese knights and sailors under the leadership of Shikken Tokimune, the utter destruction of the Mongol Armada of thirty-five hundred ships—all this is set forth by a Japanese Cambridge student who wishes to prove to Western minds the old-time valor of his people.

HALF LIGHTS. By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00.

This book is a collection of twenty-seven short stories varying in length from three to eleven pages, and written in the rapid-fire style of the newspaper reporter. They all deal with the obviously sordid side of life, whether it be in the trenches or in the respectable British home, and show the weaknesses of men and women in their least attractive forms. To instance but the first called *V. C.:* a dying soldier tells the attending physician the story of his life:

how he stole from his mother when a child, how he was always a sneak, how he betrayed the woman he was pledged to marry and who killed herself in consequence, how he sought refuge in the ranks rather than face the results of his cowardice, and in the end was rewarded with the Victoria Cross for assumed bravery—the whole story padded with unnecessary expletives.

A cynical atmosphere pervades everyone of these tales. The reader searches in vain for one wholesome sentiment to counteract in some measure the morbid outlook upon life and living; and on closing the book he is confronted with the unanswerable query of why it was ever written.

THE CRIMINAL IMBECILE. By Henry Herbert Goddard. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The stated purpose of this book is to impress upon society its responsibility toward mental defectives; to further the defence of the criminal high-grade imbecile when his cause is pleaded in court; and to aid the judge in administering that justice which, if it is to be worthy of the name, must be greatly tempered with mercy. The content is the description of three murder cases, the accused being very young men. The author tells us that these were the first cases "in which the Binet-Simon tests were admitted in evidence, the mental status of these persons under indictment being largely determined by this method." He also says: "This is not the place nor is it necessary to discuss the Binet tests themselves." Very probably this is true, but in that case it would have been better to say either less about them or much more, in a book presumably intended for general reading. In the first case, that of Jean Gianini, few would feel that his acquittal on the ground of imbecility was in the least a miscarriage of justice; but the youth's mental deficiency was indicated by many other circumstances than failure under the Binet tests. It is not by this failure, therefore, that the average reader would form his opinion; and the illustration selected by the author is to the uninitiated not wholly convincing. It is easy to understand the prosecuting attorney's contention, vigorously denied by the author, that the Binet Scale is "an arbitrary system;" and when Dr. Goddard affirms that if Jean responded correctly to the twelve-year tests, when they were put by the prosecution, "it could only have been because they were wrongly used," we do not dispute the assertion of such an authority, but our comprehension is not furthered.

Not many will differ with Dr. Goddard as to the menace to society in allowing the potential criminal to grow up in unrestricted freedom, nor the wisdom of examining the mentality of children, that preventive measures may be employed; but thoughtful members of society, noting the present tendency to excessive standardizing and classification in sociological work, are not all free from fears of a certain danger in the very means of protection. The conscientious layman may well desire a fairly close knowledge of the methods now advocated which, while they preserve the irresponsible from undue severity, also operate to impose restrictions upon many who are guiltless of offence. Such knowledge will not be gained from this book. Fuller demonstration of the tests is necessary to inspire the confidence in them that is obviously apparent in Dr. Goddard.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

These essays, which have for the most part, appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly,* do not gain by being presented in collective form; on the contrary, their flippant shallowness thus emphasized makes a reading of the book something like a test of endurance. Mr. George more than once confesses to being young—an unnecessary statement. His crudities of thought, his unreasonable deductions and his deliberate extravagances are not likely to impress any reader as the fruits of a mature mind. The depth and accuracy of his views may be gauged by the following: "The Christian religion has done everything it could to heap ignominy upon woman: head-coverings in church, practical tolerance of male infidelity, kingly repudiation of queens, compulsory child-bearing and a multiplicity of other injustices." He hails the "downfall of the home" and "the break-up of the family," to be accomplished by the action of woman, as gigantic strides of progress in feminism, of which he is a declared advocate, and he seems to consider himself a qualified and authorized spokesman for women at large. It is agreeable to remember that there are many women to whom his championship will be an unwelcome attention. Whatever the merits of feminism, it counts among its supporters a number of Catholic women who are both intelligent and devout. They have nothing to fear from any opponents, but may well be dismayed for their cause when it evokes such tributes of friendship as *The Intelligence of Woman.*

PHILIPPINE FOLK LORE. By Mabel Cook Cole. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25 net.

Folk tales are the nursery tales of the human family. They are wonder-stories of giants and superhumans, working, easily as thought, the tremendous deeds of their elemental struggles; they are the kindergarten stories of the world, depicting in human terms the traits of the animals and birds whose habitat has brought them into communion with man. These records the student of human life deciphers in aid to a basis of fact for patching together speculations concerning the history and habits of the crude life of primitive man. The taboo, the fetish, the spirits of the unseen world, that were so real to the ancestors of historic man, are revealed to the ethnologist in the folk lore of the nations.

Such a book is Mabel Cook Cole's *Philippine Folk Lore,* written after four years residence among the wild tribes of the islands. The stories she heard at first hand, while assisting her husband in his ethnological labors, as the natives recited them at home or round the camp fire, or when the pagan priests chanted them as part of their religious rites.

No pretension is made to scholarship. These are simply a selection of typical tales coming from tribes widely separated and diverse in culture. An occasional footnote throws light upon the meaning of a word, or the significance of a custom, or points the analogy between the tale and tales of other nations.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35 net.

This is a stirring romance of old New York in the days immediately following the accession of William of Orange. Miss Sadlier describes very vividly the home life of the Dutch patroons at the outset of the eighteenth century, the rivalries and factions of New York's leading families, the hatred of Catholics in general and of Jesuits in particular, the witchcraft craze in Salem, and the activities of the smugglers and pirates who were in the pay of both Governor and citizens. The course of true love does not run at all smooth, but the hero finally wins the daughter of Gerald de Lacey, and the villain leaves the colony in disgrace and dishonor. There is not a dull page in this most delightful story.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The America Press, of New York, has published in the latest numbers of *The Catholic Mind, Catholic Education in Mexico,* by Rev. G. Decorme, S.J.;

The Secularized State, by the Bishop of Northampton; *Shaw's Apologetics,* by Rev. D. A. Lord, S.J.; *The Dominicans' Seventh Centenary,* by Rev. Dr. Guilday.

The Catholic Bulletin, of Cleveland, has issued a pamphlet on *Single Tax,* which summarizes a debate carried on for over a year by Rev. F. S. Betten, S.J., and a number of Single Taxers in Cleveland.

The Catholic Truth Society, of Dublin, sends us *Our Duties to Our Dead,* by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hallinan, D.D.

The H. W. Wilson Co., of White Plains, N. Y., has issued a brochure on *The Seven Joys of Reading,* by Mary Wright Plummer.

The Catholic Book Co., of Wheeling, W. Va., has just published two interesting booklets for very young children, entitled *A Baby Catechism,* and *Little Rhymes for Little Christians,* by Roderick MacEachen. (10 cents each.)

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Monsignor Baudrillart has republished in pamphlet form a sermon which he delivered in September, 1914, under the title *L'âme de la France à Rheims.* It is issued by Gabriel Beauchesne of Paris, France.

For the aid and comfort of the sick and suffering Abbé Felix Klein has written a book, entitled *Les Douleurs qui Espèrent.* (Paris: Perrin et Cie.) The chapters treat of sin, of sacrifice, of penance, of the necessity for self-denial, and on the sure hope of a future life.

Pierre Téqui (Paris) issues an important pamphlet, entitled *St. Thomas Aquinas and War* and the grounds for waging a just war.

Bloud et Gay (Paris) continue their installments of *Pages Actuelles.* Among the latest are: *La Cathédrale de Rheims,* by Émile Mâle; *La Guerre,* by Morton Prince, M.D.; *Pro Patria,* by Victor Giraud; *Pour teutoniser la Belgique,* by Fernand Passeleco; *La Belgique boulevard du Droit,* by Henry Carton de Wiart; *Le Général Leman,* by Maurice des Ombiaux; *Du Subjectivisme Allemand à la Philosophie Catholique,* by Bishop du Vauroux, and *La Belgique en Angleterre,* by Henri Davignon.

Bishop Lacroix publishes through the same firm a small pamphlet, entitled *Le Clergé et la Guerre de 1914.*

The same house issues the plentifully illustrated volume by Abbé E. Foulon, entitled *Arras under Bombardment.* And another equally well illustrated by René le Cholleux on the Lourdes of the North, that is *Notre Dame de Brebières.*

Plon Nourrit et Cie (Paris) have published *Lettres d'un Officier de Chasseurs Alpins,* by Captain Ferdinand Belmond. The preface is written by Henry Bordeaux, who does not hesitate to say that in its provincial sentiment and its spirit of religious devotion the volume recalls *The Sister's Story,* by Mrs. Craven, and *The Journal of Eugenie de Guérin.*

In *L'Église* (Paris: J. Gabalda. 2 vols. 8 *fr.*) Prof. A. D. Sertillanges treats of the purpose and general characteristics of the Church, her sacramental life, her attitude towards other Churches and the various departments of human activity, and, finally, her organization. The author's point of view is at once theological and apologetic. We cannot better express our appreciation of his success than by making our own the approval given by the book's censors. "Soundest doctrine adapted to the deepest needs of modern society in language at once luminous and rich gives to this piece of apologetics an exceptional value. We believe that its publication will do much good to souls, and contribute in an important degree to making the Church known and loved."

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

Great Britain.

The submarine campaign is at the present time the chief cause of anxiety to the British public, inasmuch as it is forming a real danger to the food supply. The best informed man in Great Britain, and at the same time the one most ready to speak out unpleasant things, declares indeed that it is impossible to starve the country; there is no doubt, however, that great inconvenience may be caused. For a long time appeals have been made by the Government for the practice of economy, appeals which up to the present have fallen for the most part on deaf ears. The other modes of attack upon which the enemy relied have produced no results. Zeppelins are confessed to be a failure, and the invasion which might have been made within the first few months of the war is looked upon not as impossible, but as in the highest degree improbable, while its success is altogether impossible in view of the large armies which are now on guard.

The U-boat campaign was, a few weeks ago, declared by the First Sea Lord, Sir John Jellicoe, to have become more serious than ever before. The first efforts of the Germans had proved a failure. The larger submarines have been more difficult to deal with. Up to the end of 1916 the enemy had destroyed 1,245 British ships, with a total tonnage of 2,945,475. This was an average loss of 100,000 tons a month. In November the loss was no less than 300,000, while in December it reached 400,000. In January it was slightly less. All this was antecedent to the new declaration of war within a zone delimited by Germany. In addition to these losses inflicted upon the mercantile marine of the belligerents, must be reckoned the losses sustained by neutral powers.

Several means have been adopted by the British Government, with an ever-increasing degree of efficiency; and full confidence is felt in the ability of the navy to gain the victory in this campaign as decisively as they did in the previous. Great efforts are being made to increase the production of food at home. The new Min-

ister of Agriculture is working in complete harmony with the Food Controller in fostering the growth of cereals and potatoes upon waste and badly cultivated land, and in making a fair distribution among consumers. The great difficulty which is felt is the want of labor, so many men having enlisted in the army. Further efforts are being made to bring home to the nation at large the need of economy. The adoption of rationing has been discussed, but every hope is entertained that this may not be necessary, except for a few articles such as sugar and petrol. A strong movement is on foot for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcohol. This would be equivalent to the addition of nearly a million tons to the navy.

New construction, however, is what is chiefly relied upon to relieve the situation. The losses of the first phase of the submarine war were made good by the vessels which had been captured from the enemy. In the later stages the losses have been made good to a large extent by new construction. In the year before the war, 2,000,000 tons were built. Last year, however, 800,000 tons was the limit reached, the shipyards having been devoted almost exclusively to Admiralty work, by means of which the navy is said to have been doubled since the war began. Some little time ago, many shipyards were released for the ordinary requirements of commerce, and now the rate of construction of merchant ships is being largely increased. The standardization so widely adopted for automobiles is being applied to the construction of vessels, a thing which greatly accelerates the rate of construction. The new Shipping Controller is tackling the problem in yet another way. The powers conferred upon him enable him to make the existing vessels do a vast deal more work than when they were under private management, by accelerating the rate of discharge and the turning round of the vessel. The unprecedented increase of tonnage which has recently taken place in this country as well as in Japan, will also be of service to Great Britain's needs, especially after the stand which has been taken by our President. The chief difficulty, of course, is the want of man power, which involves a conflict between the Ministers of War and of Agriculture and the Controllers of Food and Shipping. Before the war it was not uncommon to look upon men as superfluous: now it is seen how necessary even unskilled labor is.

While the loss caused by the submarines is no doubt serious, yet it must be borne in mind that the number of British merchantmen, of whom happily there is no history, is far

larger. On each of the first ten days of the past month which saw not the inauguration, but the intensification, of the warfare at sea, eight ships on an average were destroyed. During the same period the arrivals at British ports of ships fully loaded with valuable contraband numbered above seven hundred, and in the same time more than four hundred left for various foreign ports. Each day sees a diminution of the number of ships sunk, so that by the latest report only one of thirty-five ships is lost. Meanwhile row upon row of captured Prussian submarines is said to occupy the ports of Great Britain. The Admiralty, however, gives no official endorsement of this statement, in order to avoid furnishing the enemy with information which might render him more cautious in his methods of sea warfare; possibly also with a view to make it difficult to find sailors willing to embark upon voyages from which few if any ever return, and where death is met without the glory of a battle.

It is worthy of note that while the submarine has caused to merchant vessels no little loss, the success of the U-boats against the fighting fleets of the British has been relatively negligible. With the exception of those sunk in the Dardanelles, the *Cornwallis* recently sunk and the *Formidable* are the only two battleships that have been torpedoed. The other ships have been lost by mines, while the vessels torpedoed in the first month of the war were not battleships but cruisers. The *Cornwallis* was a pre-Dreadnought battleship, and was not able to survive a torpedo attack. Dreadnought battleships, on the contrary, have proved their ability after having been struck by a torpedo to maintain their place in the battle line and to reach port. This was done by the *Marlborough* after the Battle of Jutland.

There are those even in Great Britain who are not quite satisfied with the achievements of the navy. The escape of the German navy at the Battle of Jutland was the cause of no little disappointment. The result of the battle which has amounted, indeed, to the demobilization of the German sea power, did not effect its complete neutralization, nor is the British navy powerful enough to force a battle. The German navy still remains a force in being, not able indeed to effect so complete a blockade of all German ports as to render it impossible for submarines to escape, although it can do much to render it impossible for them to return.

While, however, there are certain achievements which have proved to be beyond the strength of even the British navy,

the services which it has rendered to the cause not only of Great Britain, but of all the rest of the Allied nations, have been so great as to constitute not merely a useful but a decisive feature of the contest. In fact, had it not been for the control of the sea which it secured so early and so unexpectedly, the War would long ago have terminated in favor of Germany. The power of the British is, and has been from the beginning, silently indeed but surely, exerted in every sea, and has proved the basic factor of the War. On its activity and supremacy depend the transport not merely to Saloniki, East Africa and other places of soldiers' food and munitions, but also the daily and even hourly intercourse with France. Over seven millions of men have been transported to and fro in all parts of the world with all the supplies that are necessary for their daily support, and with their munitions and heavy guns. German impotence is disclosed by the fact that no single soldier has lost his life in the voyages to and from France, nor has there been an hour's interruption in the traffic. Were this all it would be a surprising achievement, but it is only a part. Spasmodic efforts have been made by Germany to bombard a few British seaports, but there has been no attempt to make even so much as a raid upon British land. On the other hand a strict commercial blockade has been maintained upon all the seaports of Germany, so that but little gets in or out without British consent. In every part of the world protection is being afforded to a mercantile marine larger than that of any nation. Hundreds of thousands of transport-voyages have been made in perfect safety from and to every part of the world, with mishaps fewer than a dozen in number. Not only have the German seaports been effectually blockaded, although at a distance, but the whole of the North Sea is enclosed in a network of ships, through which it has been possible for but a few to escape.

At the beginning of the War, Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, now Prime Minister, said that it would be won by the side which had at its disposal the greatest number of silver bullets. This so far has not proved a quite accurate statement, for it was not then realized that the people of Germany would be willing, as has been the case since the first months of the war, to trust a government which gives nothing but printed paper in exchange. The suspension of specie payment has not entered into serious consideration in Great Britain. The loan recently issued for an amount to which no limit was set, met at once with an enthusiastic response. On the first day of issue

arrivals of subscribers began quite early in the morning, and in such numbers as to dislocate the traffic. Many reasons existed for this enthusiasm: the generous terms of the loan, confidence in the future, and the desire to make sacrifices of their earthly possessions for the well-being of those who are giving their blood for the defence of their country.

The loan was issued on the twelfth of January and the subscription list was closed on the sixteenth of February. It proved even a greater success than was hoped for. The exact amount has not yet been published, but estimates made by experts place the amount subscribed at from three and one-half billions to five billions of dollars. Subscriptions ranged from one hundred millions of dollars apiece to twenty-five. A large proportion of the subscriptions were for small amounts and were made by the working classes. Of course, the more successful the loan the larger the burden will be which future generations will have to bear. It will not all fall upon Great Britain, for something like three billions have been spent in helping her Allies and her Colonies. Doubtless this will ultimately be repaid, but in the meantime Great Britain is responsible. Experience of the past shows that while for a short period British wars have caused a temporary set-back, the set-back has been only temporary. The struggle which put an end to Napoleon's plans proved a profitable business investment. After these wars it proved no more difficult to pay interest on four billions than it was for their ancestors to pay interest on four hundred millions. Whether it will be so as a result of the present gigantic struggle, the event alone will prove. The national income is estimated at the present time at from thirteen to fifteen billions, while two billions and a half are being raised in taxation. Preparations are being made for the after-war period. Capitalists and workingmen are coming together with a view to harmonious working instead of the fierce rivalry which had become characteristic of the period which preceded the War. The full energy of the nation is going to be directed into the production of the largest possible output, as the only way that will be open to pay even the interest of the huge debt. From the British Empire's enemy competition will be eliminated, if the plans of a large section of the community are realized. National development of the resources of the empire is to be brought into play, and coöperative methods on a large scale are to be introduced. The experiences of the War have done a great deal to familiarize labor and capital alike with the intervention of the State, and to show

how much injury is done by a too fully developed individualism. Hence in the period after the war it is probable that there will be a great development of State Socialism.

Belgium.

The heroic Belgian resistance to the invading hordes excited the admiration of the world, the more so as many of their admirers felt that they were themselves incapable of a like bravery. This resistance might indeed have proved to be a mere spasmodic effort not incapable of being long continued. The contrary, however, has turned out to be the case. To the Allies' reply to Mr. Wilson, the Belgian Government made a distinct statement of its entire adhesion. Nor is this merely an act of the Government. The people of Belgium are in complete accord. This is established by inquiries that have been made in the occupied parts of Belgium since the German Chancellor made his appeal. Practical unanimity exists in the demand for the return of the occupied territory, for reparation of the damage done by the invaders, and for a guarantee against the repetition of a similar crime. The suggestion which has been made in German quarters that in exchange for the evacuation of Belgian territory in Europe, the Congo should be ceded to Germany, has not been listened to for a moment. The utterances of Belgians of such different points of view as are Cardinal Mercier and M. Maeterlinck show complete the unanimity of every class. The latter is indignant at the apathy of neutrals, a name which he affirms will one day weigh heavy upon them to whom it is now given. Even the Socialists, who were before the War so closely united to those of Germany, have refused to listen to the recent peace manœuvres, and demand the complete evacuation of Belgian territory before any consideration will be given to invitations of further intercourse. The deportations which are now taking place they denounce as the most odious slavery, not to be condoned by the few words of pity for their "brethren" (!) to which German Socialists have recently given utterance.

Yet another evidence of Belgian feeling—were one needed—is found in the absolute failure of the German effort, by the foundation of a university at Ghent, to divide the Belgians. In spite of an intense propaganda in German prison camps, and of the fact that absolute immunity from deportation is secured to all students, there are only eighty who are following the course of studies. By the rest of the population this group of traitors, for so they

are called, is absolutely boycotted, and no one will associate with them. It is already decided that those who have in this way helped the oppressors have lost their nationality and forfeited all their rights. On the joyful day of the German departure, of whose near approach the nation is convinced, these students will be driven out along with the masters whom they have chosen. The indomitable spirit of the vast majority is further shown by the way in which, in spite of every effort made by their captors, Belgian workmen refuse to do the tasks imposed upon them. They prefer every kind of suffering to submission. It is a fine manifestation of the Catholic hatred of oppression and injustice, and has met with a response even in distant Guatemala, where the children have sent relief to the extent of several thousands of dollars for the children of a Belgium "crucified and lifeless." Two brothers of the Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary are serving the Belgian cause in Flanders.

Austria-Hungary. Whatever may be the outcome of the War, the prospect for Austria-Hungary is gloomy, especially for Austria. If the Entente wins, not only is Serbia to be restored with due compensation for the outrageous treatment which she has received, but the Serbs at present included within the confines of the Dual Monarchy are to be liberated, while Galicia is to be united to the re-constituted Poland, which has been solemnly promised by the Tsar. Something doubtless will be done for the Czechs of Bohemia who have suffered so much during the present War. On the other hand, if the War is won by the Central Powers, Prussia, whose motto is *do ut des,* will have to be paid for having succored her Ally, and for having saved the situation after the defeats inflicted by Russia. Not Germany alone but Hungary also is making demands which are disadvantageous to the other partner in the Dual Monarchy. The Hungarian proposal is to set up a Southern Slav State, to include the territories of Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia, together with Bosnia and Herzegovina and possibly Montenegro. This new State, it is proposed, will be under Magyar control. If carried out the number of Slav members in the Austrian Reichsrath would be diminished by eleven, and in this way the power of the other nationalities will be increased, especially as Galicia is also to be eliminated. Combined with this plan to augment Magyar influence is the proposal so to arrange the administrative districts of Bohemia as to place the Czechs at the mercy of the Germans, and to declare Ger-

man to be the State language to the exclusion of the eight languages which have hitherto received State recognition. The exclusion of Galicia from the Reichsrath has in view a still further diminution of every other but German influence.

These proposals were rejected by Dr. von Körber, the Premier who succeeded Count Stürgkh, and he was forced to resign. A more pliant tool was found in Dr. von Spitzmüller, but he was unable to form a Cabinet, or at least he formed one which lasted only three days. To all these schemes so strong an opposition has arisen that a new Prime Minister has been chosen, who belongs to the one of the nationalities which has suffered most in the War, and which it was the object of the new projects practically to suppress. Count Clam-Martinitz belongs to an old Bohemian family of Czech origin. It is thought that he has been chosen as a compromise candidate, and as one less repugnant to the vast majority of the inhabitants of Bohemia than was such an out-and-out instrument of Germanism like Dr. von Spitzmüller. A counter-balance may be found in the person of a prominent German-Bohemian who also is in the Cabinet.

Further changes which have taken place indicate the growth of the opposition to Magyar-German influence. The appointment of Count Czernin as Foreign Minister of the Dual Monarchy can scarcely be agreeable to Count Tisza, for the Count belongs, like the new Austrian Premier, to a Bohemian Slav family, and is particularly obnoxious to the Magyars, because he made the offer to the Rumanians when Minister at Bucharest of large concessions of Transylvanian territory. Moreover, the Foreign Minister whom Count Czernin has superseded, Baron Burian, was generally recognized as a mere instrument in the hands of Count Tisza. The resignation of the President of the Reichsrath, who was a warm advocate of the extension of German influence, is yet another sign of the existence within the Dual Monarchy of a spirit of resistance to the demands of the dominant partner. There are, of course, other questions which have had their influence in bringing about these somewhat confusing changes. There is, for example, the periodical adjustment of the financial arrangement between Austria and Hungary, the "Central Europe" proposal which is to settle the relations between the Central Powers and the rest of the world, the distribution of food supplies, which are becoming scantier every day. There is, however, reason to believe that the conflict between the Germanization of the Empire and the preservation of something of national spirit of the other races is the chief cause of the recent changes.

With Our Readers.

IT is startling to consider the effect of a stock phrase upon many minds. A stock phrase saves one the burden of proving anything, for it is taken out of the accepted scientific and literary supply room of the world. It has been used by so many that to question it were like questioning the veracity of mankind; indeed it would be equal to questioning all that body of scientific and literary criticism to which we have been taught to look with enduring respect.

* * * *

TO the average reader the writer of the stock phrase stands out as one who knows its full meaning; else why does he use it so aptly? If put to it he could give evidence of the erudition necessary to show that it has been admitted to stock because everything it stands for has been proved beyond question. For example, we read a letter to a newspaper a few days ago in which the writer used "mediævalism" six times in five hundred words. Of course, anybody who would accept his meaning of it as ignorant, inhuman and brutal, ought to go to school again and learn the first lessons of history.

Again we met with a learned discourse on the "movies," in which it was said that the "movies" appealed to the primitive in man. It continued to tell us just how much lower the primitive man was than the modern man; how much more bestial he was; how the "evolutionary" process had evolved him to his present high estate.

* * * *

THE truth is that we are living in many of our accepted notions and theories more on stock phrases than on knowledge. "Christianity without Christ," "Christianity without Churchianity," "The Church of the People," "No Authority but God," "The Progress of Human Reason," "Education the Great Leveler," "Evolution the Key to History," "The Supremacy of the State," all these and thousands of others indicate rather the lack than the presence of accurate knowledge.

* * * *

WE might illustrate the subject in many ways, but we have a particularly happy illustration at hand from a paper recently contributed to *The Nation* by Agnes Repplier. The yeoman's work which Miss Repplier is doing in trying to keep steady this reeling

world is worthy of much praise. "It is always hard," she wisely says, "to make an elastic phrase fit with precision."

* * * *

THE phrase that she selects for her criticism is "Victorian"—a formula which has been in popular use for many years and to which we attach no very exact significance. Amy Lowell, in a recent essay, said that the influence of Zola on the younger writers of France and Belgium was necessary "to down the long set of sentimental hypocrisies known in England as 'Victorian.'"

"If love were all," Miss Repplier states that she might admit such a contention; "but, happily for the great adventures we call life and death, love is not all. The world swings on its way, peopled by other men and lovers; and it is to Tennyson we owe the most splendid denial of domesticity—and duty—that was ever made deathless by verse. The great Victorian novelists were well aware that, albeit the average man does his share of love-making, he neither lives nor dies for love."

* * * *

THACKERAY accepted the restrictions and the reticences common to every gentleman of his day; and "they leave him an uncrippled spectator and analyst of the complicated business of living. The world is not nearly so simple a place as the sexualists seem to consider it. It is not the decency of Thackeray's novels which affronts us (we are seldom unduly aware that they are decent), but the severity with which he judged his own creations and his rank and shameless favoritism."

"We know what we mean by Victorian conventions and hypocrisies," Miss Repplier adds, "but the perpetual intrusion of blinding truths disturbs our point of view. The new Reform bill and the extension of the suffrage were hardy denials of convention. *The Origin of Species* and *Zoölogical Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature* were not published in the interests of hypocrisy. There was nothing oppressively respectable about *The Ring and the Book;* and *Laus Veneris* can hardly be said to have needed the fine corrective of Zola. These mid-Victorian products have a savor of freedom about them, and so have *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* and Carlyle's plain-spoken *Frederick the Great.* Even the Homeric eloquence of Ruskin was essentially the eloquence of the free. The two lessons it sought to drive home to his reluctant readers were, first, that Englishmen were not living on an illuminated earth spot, under the especial patronage of the Almighty; and, secondly, that no one was called by Providence

to the enjoyment of wealth and security. If these unpleasant and reiterated truths—as applicable to the United States today as they were to Victoria's England—are 'smug,' then Jeremiah was sugar-coated, and the Baptist an apostle of ease."

* * * *

THE reticence of the Victorians has stood for strength as well as stiffness.

"The Victorian giants were of mighty girth. They trod the earth with proud and heavy steps, and with a strength of conviction which was as vast and tranquil as the plains. We have parted with their convictions and with their tranquillity. We have also parted with their binding prejudices and with their standards of taste. Freedom has come to us, not broadening down 'from precedent to precedent,' but swiftly and comprehensively. There are no more taboos, no more silent or sentimental hypocrisies. We should now know a great many interesting details concerning the Marquis of Steyne and the Duke of Omnium, if these two imposing figures had not passed forever from our ken. We should have searchlights thrown upon Becky Sharp, if Becky had not escaped into the gloom. Her successors sin exhaustively, and with a lamentable lack of *esprit*. We are bidden to scrutinize their transgressions, but Becky's least peccadillo is more engaging than all their broken commandments. The possibility of profound tediousness accompanying perfect candor dawns slowly on the truth-tellers of fiction. It takes a great artist, like Edith Wharton, to recognize and deplore the 'freedom of speech which never arrives at wit, and the freedom of act which never makes for romance.'"

* * * *

THE tendency of writers of today is to interpret all things in terms of sex. The world seems obsessed by it, that is the world of writers and of artists. It has been called, and is called "realism" in art; a much truer word would be "sexualism." And sex being a medium, not an end, this so-called art of itself arrives nowhere and speaks no elevating or abiding message.

THE vote polled by the Socialist Party in the recent Presidential election was a great disappointment to its leaders. Immediately after the election, they claimed 1,300,000 votes. It now appears that the total vote of the party in the Presidential election of 1916 was 590,166. Gustavus Myers, writing in *The Nation,* states that while this is apparently less than a one-third decrease from the 1912 vote,

it is really more than a one-third decrease, because to the voters of 1916 must be added 150,000 of the suffrage States.

* * * *

THE Socialists now explain the unexpected decrease by saying that those lost to the Socialist vote were not true Socialists; that they were the unstable and easily persuaded ones, not the class-conscious Socialists. Yet the same party spokesmen did not hesitate to claim former increases in their party vote as valuable and telling accessions to the growing and permanent power of the Socialist Party.

Gustavus Myers claims that the loss of those votes is an indication of the loss of prestige by the party itself. It is due to widespread dissatisfaction on the part of members with the leaders and the practices of the party. The leaders will not admit this, for it would be their undoing. They, who constantly accuse their opponents of concealing facts in order to defend a cause or a system, are guilty of the same procedure themselves.

"Their own system of ethics comprises not only the refusal of information about themselves, but the penalizing of the publication of it." As an example, which he says is one of many, Mr. Myers cites the fate of *The New Review,* an independent Socialist periodical. This *Review* stated that in a single year 75,000 dues-paying members of the party had left the organization. As a result *The Review* was formally boycotted and blacklisted by the Socialist local in New York City.

* * * *

THOSE who have imagined that the Socialist Party is the champion of liberty, that it is the true defender of the proletariat will be surprised to learn that Socialist "bolters" are lamenting the lack of freedom of expression within the Socialist Party; and that an orthodox member demands that the "mechanism of discipline" be more stringently applied; that suspensions and expulsions of the unruly ones be increased, since to criticize is "to play into the hands of the capitalist class."

The Socialist Party has claimed, and does claim, that it alone professes and champions the only true and intelligent philosophy of life. Against all past and present institutions in power it has protested with vehement emphasis. No limit of tempered judgment in spoken or written word has bound it. The classes, the theories, the systems, the institutions, the whole underlying foundation of the economic, industrial, social and religious system of our day, are not only wrong, but are the instruments of a tyranny that thrives upon deceit and monopoly. They are all intrenched by privilege. The Socialist Party was to be the pioneer of man's redemption; it was to assault the trenches at whatever cost of life; deliver the servile crea-

tures who were ignorantly fighting the cause of their tyrants, and lead them into the daylight of victorious reason and material prosperity.

"In the very act of proclaiming this," says the present writer, "Socialists fail to comprehend that overdone materialism—the real basis of their philosophy—breeds the most vicious kinds of bigotry, since it excludes any true understanding of the mental and spiritual depths of man. Theological bigotry has had its terrors, but unmitigated economic bigotry threatens greater. 'The real trouble with our party,' declares a critic in a Socialist publication, 'is that it lacks ideas.' He demands 'a new vision,' but this is as far as he gets. Although he sees the insufficiency, if not the emptiness, of the party as it is, the materialistic concept has been so drummed into him that he is unable to get a glimpse of what that vision might be."

* * * *

MANY idealists have entered the party not accepting the materialistic philosophy of life, but willing to bear with it that it might be the stepping-stone to a more spiritual outlook and interpretation. The accession of such men was of course widely advertised by the party, but, adds Mr. Myers, who is well qualified to speak: "Now came the astonishing sight of a party in professed rebellion against wealth and its standards revealing itself as a worshipper of wealth and a truckler to it. Shortly after their admission some of these rich men were elected by this 'proletarian party' to the National Executive Committee, the highest of its functioning bodies. One of them, finding himself thus suddenly exalted, was so amazed and disillusioned that he soon betook himself out of the party. Far from deprecating such a display of sycophancy, certain elements among what were called 'the parlor Socialists' demonstrated by their conduct that no one can be so consummate a toady as the radical toady. But all self-respecting idealists were deeply distressed at seeing a professed 'working-class party' imitate the worst of those 'bourgeois methods' against which it had so insistently declaimed. Other seriously disquieting symptoms obtruded themselves. A party denouncing existing authority as tyrannical exalted its own intimidating inquisitional authority as sacred and supreme. A party fulminating against other political parties as machine ridden evolved a machine which in arbitrariness has exceeded all others."

TO anticipate inquiries, and to forewarn our readers if they chance to meet with it, we wish to say that a recent volume published by Dodd, Mead & Co., entitled *The Last Days of Archduke Rudolph,* is an irresponsible and unreliable book. The author refuses to give his name, and claims to have been the private secretary to the ill-fated

heir to the throne of the Dual Monarchy. F. Cunliffe Owen, a man of diplomatic experience, and at present one of the editors of the *New York Tribune,* in a detailed review of this volume, contributed to the *New York Evening Sun,* states that the book "is full of such glaring inaccuracies and errors as to preclude the possibility of its having been written by any man filling the position which the author claims to have held in the intimate entourage of Crown Prince Rudolph."

* * * *

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH of Austria killed himself at Meyerling in 1889. The reason we refer to this book is that it charges that the late Pope Leo XIII., his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, the Emperor William of Germany, and the Berlin government entered into a conspiracy and hired four Prussian agents who killed the Archduke. Mr. Cunliffe Owen shows how absolutely unfounded and false this charge is. Plentiful evidence exists to prove the actual manner of the Archduke's death. The letters written by him on the eve of his death contained secret information and directions as to where private papers would be found, that no one else could know. They were in his own handwriting. The Emperor and Empress never doubted the authenticity of these letters. Mr. Cunliffe Owen states that he has in his own possession the letter of Professor Angeli, the portrait painter of the Austrian Court. This letter was written a few days after Professor Angeli had been summoned to Vienna by the Empress to make a number of sketches of her son as he lay dead. The letter describes the wound in the head as one that could be only self-inflicted, and there was never a doubt in Angeli's mind as to how the Archduke met his death. We have but briefly indicated the sweeping refutation made by Mr. Cunliffe Owen of this outrageous charge. And we cannot but register our protest that reputable publishers should father this "farrago of nonsense."

FATHER AVELING'S article on the work of the Catholic chaplains in France, judging from letters received, was of much interest to our readers. The following touching piece of realism from the firing line gives further evidence of the heroism and devotion of the Catholic chaplain. The writer had seen service from the very beginning of the present European War and was killed in August, 1916. The letter was written last April.

.....We have a Church of England chaplain attached to the battery—a youngster and a very decent chap; been with us for a month now, and we have a lot of fun with him. And this brings me round to a subject that must be of the greatest possible interest to you—speaking of chaplains.

The chaplain at the front is not present in great numbers. There are about twelve to a division (twenty thousand men)—four Roman Catholics,

four Church of England, and four non-Conformists. Every Sunday there are compulsory church parades, and I have as yet failed to find a single man of Protestant persuasion whose religion means anything whatsoever to him. Church parades are the most completely perfunctory affairs that I have ever seen in my life. The men hate them like poison, and growl mightily at being drawn for them.

The experience of all these Non-Catholic chaplains is alike in this—they meet with the most desperate sort of discouragement in their work out here that it would be possible to imagine. Respect, of course, they get on all sides, and comradeship outside of religious matters; but always are made to feel that their services are an imposition, and that professionally they are not wanted. To see one of them in the trenches is the rarest experience in the world. It must be tragedy to them, and it is a problem to me how any of them can last six months out here without complete disillusionment. Contrast this with what I am now going to tell you.

Of late I have been shooting over an Irish regiment, who (an ancient privilege) have their own chaplain, and imagine my delight to find him an old friend and mentor of my Father Tim Carey of Beaumont College. Father Doyle is his name, an English Jesuit, and in the two or three nights that we have spent together, I have howled with joy over the tales of the Catholic side of the case. This good man, instead of having to work up interest in the minds of his fighting parish, is *worked hard* to satisfy their spiritual needs. Every morning he says Mass for the reserve company behind the trenches, at which every free man is present a couple of times each week. Every evening he says the rosary in the front line fire trench for the whole battalion, and at the end administers general absolution to every man there.

Quite as often as not he is cut down to two or three decades by hostile shelling, and once, at least, men have been killed and wounded by German fire while the rosary was being said. Add to this that when the regiment is out at rest, every man comes faithfully to the sacraments, and that in times of strafeing this intrepid priest goes straight to the front lines and absolves the wounded and the dying, and you have a picture of what the Church can mean to men of faith in the midst of sudden death. He has told me that some of the acts of contrition of the wounded men have been the most wonderful things he has ever listened to—*perfect contrition,* such as he never before thought could be put into words at all.

The other morning I was at Mass just behind the lines—two planes overhead most of the time; machine guns from the enemy trenches popping away to beat the band; an occasional shell somewhere in the rear—the whole thing was intensely dramatic. A number of Anglican chaplains have " gone over to Rome" here in the middle of war; that or agnosticism was all that was left to the ones who faced the truth.

* * * * * * * *

Easter rolled up yesterday, and I attended one of the most beautiful open air Masses I have ever seen offered by Father Doyle. Half of his regiment was present, the other half having attended early Mass, and in the interim he journeyed around the camp to give Communion to the sentries—kneeling with a rifle and fixed bayonet. It was stirring.

* * * * * * * *

Father Doyle spoken of in the above is the one to whom the writer made his last confession, and who was killed ten days before the latter died.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Where the Protestant Episcopal Church Stands. By E. McCrady. $1.75 net. *The Wave.* By A. Blackwood. $1.50 net. *Foster's Pirate Bridge.* By R. L. Foster. $1.50 net. *From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles.* 60 cents net. *A Student in Arms.* By D. Hankey. $1.50 net.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
The Prince of Peace. By Rev. A. Goodier, S.J. *The Progress of a Soul.* Edited by Kate U. Brock. *Catholic Christianity.* By Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.SS.R.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Catholic Church from Within. By Alice Lady Lovat. $1.25. *Form and Content in the Christian Tradition.* By W. Sanday, D.D., and N. P. Williams, M.A. $2.00 net. *The History of Mother Seton's Daughters.* By Sister Mary A. McCann, M.A. Two volumes. $5.00 net.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Art of Looking at Pictures. By C. H. P. Thurston. $1.50 net. *Mahomet: Founder of Islam.* By G. M. Draycott. $3.00 net.

The Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Songs of Creelabeg. By Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.G.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The Battles of the Somme. By Philip Gibbs. $2.00 net.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
The New Life. By Rev. S. McComb, D.D. 50 cents net. *The White People.* By Frances H. Burnett. $1.20 net.

Columbia University Press, New York:
American Literature in Spain. By J. de Lancey Ferguson, Ph.D. $1.50 net.

The America Press, New York:
Canada's Language Controversy; How Catholic Colleges Exist. Pamphlets. 5 cents.

The Encyclopedia Press, New York:
A Lily of the Snow (A Play). By F. A. Forbes.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
Great Inspirers. By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C. $1.50 net.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
Getting Together. By Ian Hay. 50 cents net.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
The Poetical Works of Thomas MacDonagh. $1.75 net. *The Poems of Joseph Mary Plunkett.* $1.50 net.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson. $1.00.

Oxford University Press, New York:
The Provocation of France. By Jean C. Bracq, LL.D.

The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Volume X.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston:
The Best Short Stories of 1916. Edited by E. J. O'Brien. $1.50 net.

John Murphy Co., Baltimore:
A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By James Cardinal Gibbons.

Carnegie Institution of Washington, Washington, D. C.:
Guide to Materials for the History of the United States in the Principal Archives of Mexico. By H. E. Bolton, Ph.D.

Peter Reilly, Philadelphia:
The Sacrament of Friendship. By H. C. Schuyler, S.T.L. $1.10 net.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Rings for the Finger. By G. F. Kunz, Ph.D. $6.50 net.

John Horsch, Scottdale, Pa.:
Infant Baptism. By J. Horsch. Pamphlet.

D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago:
The Communion Prayer Book. By a Sister of St. Joseph. 25 cents. *The Way of the Cross.* By Rev. D. P. O'Brien. Pamphlet.

The University Press, Chicago, Ill.:
American Prose. By W. C. Bronson, Litt.D.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy. By Cardinal Mercier. Volume I. $3.50 net. *Father Tim's Talks.* By C. D. McEnniry, C.SS.R. 75 cents net. *The Sacraments.* By Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. Pohle, D.D. Revised by A. Preuss. Volume III. $1.50 net. *Life and Letters of Mother Teresa Dease.* By a Member of the Community. $1.50. *"Beauty."* By Rev. A. Rother, S.J. 50 cents. *Dreams and Realities.* By Rosa Mulholland. $1.50 net. *The Interdependence of Literature.* By Georgina P. Curtis. 60 cents. *God's Fairy Tales.* By E. M. Dinnis. $1.10. *A Book of Essays.* By R. H. Benson. 70 cents.

AP
2
C3
v.104

The Catholic world

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY